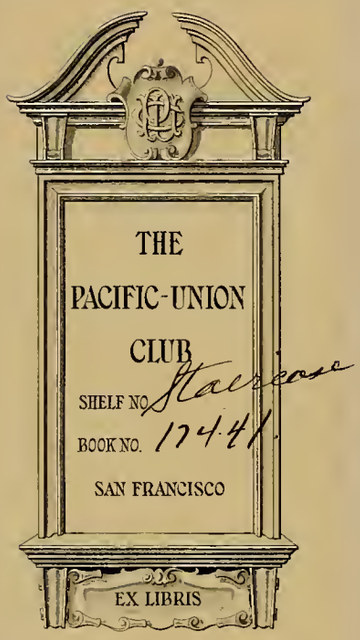
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## L'ASSOMMOIR--THE LOADED BLUDGEON.

Emile Zola's Famous French Novel.

THE FRIGHTFUL DELIRIUM TREMENS AND CLOSING SCENE.

Coupeau spreed it that night. The next day Gervaise received ten francs from her son, Etienne, who was serving as a mechanic at the railroad works. The boy sent her five-franc pieces from time to time, knowing that there was not much at home. She made a stew, and ate it all alone, for Coupeau did not return the next day either. Monday no one came, and Tuesday no one. All the week passed. Ah, *nom d'un chien!* if some lady had run away with him that would be luck! But on Sunday Gervaise received a printed paper, which at first made her afraid, because it looked as though it might be a letter from the Commissary of Police. Then she became reassured; it was something to inform her that her man was likely to die at Saint-Anne's. The paper said so in a more polite way, only it came to the same thing in the end. Yes, it was a lady who had carried Coupeau off, and her name was *Sophie Tourne de l'œil*, the friend of all sots to the very end.

In fact, Gervaise didn't trouble herself about it. He knew the way, and could come home alone from the asylum. He'd been cured there so often, and now once more they wanted to go through the poor farce of putting him on his feet again. Hadn't she heard that morning that, for a week, Coupeau had been seen as round as a barrel, rolling through the wine-shops of Belleville in company with Mes-Bottes? Yes, it was even Mes-Bottes who paid the scot. He must have gobbled up the hoard of his *bourgeoise*, the savings she had earned at the game we know of. Ah, they drank up fit money then! So much the better, if Coupeau had got the stomach-ache by it. And Gervaise became furious thinking that those two beasts of egotists had never come to offer to pay for a single drop for her. Did one ever? A week's spree, and not a bit of gallantry toward the ladies! When one drinks alone, one dies alone—that's all.

Nevertheless, on Monday, as Gervaise had had a nice little repast in the evening, the remains of beans and a *chopine*, she pretended that a walk would give her an appetite. That asylum letter on the bureau bothered her. The snow had melted, the weather was mild, and the air clear, which cheered one. So she went off at noon, for the journey was long and she had to cross Paris, and her legs were always dragging. And, with all that, there were lots of people in the streets; but the people amused her, and she arrived pretty fresh. When her name was given in they had enough to tell her. It seems that they had fished up Coupeau at Pont Neuf. He had jumped off the parapet, thinking he saw a thickly bearded man who barred his way. A nice jump, wasn't it? And to find out how Coupeau happened on Pont Neuf—it was a thing he couldn't explain himself. When the keeper had led Gervaise up a flight of stairs, she heard screams which made her blood run cold.

"Hey! he makes fine music," said the keeper.

"Who?" asked she.

"Well, your man. He has howled in that manner since the day before yesterday, and you'll see how he dances."

Ah, *mon Dieu!* what a sight. She was paralyzed by it. The cell was wadded from top to bottom, and on the floor were two mattresses one on top of the other, and in a corner a mattress and a bolster—nothing more. And there was Coupeau, dancing and screaming—a real *chienlit de la Courtille*, with his blouse in tatters and his limbs beating the air. But he was not a funny *chienlit*. Oh, no—a *chienlit* whose dance was fearful, making your hair stand on end. He looked like one about to die. *Cré nom!* what a *cavalier seul*. He banged against the windows, then returned backward, his arms keeping time; then squeezed his hands as though he wished to break them and throw them to the winds. You see fellows in the low balls who do something like it, only they do it badly; they should have seen this *rigodon* of sots if they wanted an idea of the *chic* it takes when it is well done. The singing had also its stamp: a continued carnival squall, a large open mouth letting out for hours the notes of a hoarse trombone. Coupeau had the cry of an animal whose foot is being broken. "Come begin, orchestra; balance to your partners."

"Good Lord! What then is the matter with him? What's the matter with him?" repeated Gervaise, overcome with fear.

A large, blonde, and rosy complexioned young student in white apron was quietly seated taking notes, for it was a curious case, and he never lost sight of his man.

"You may remain a little while, if you choose," said he to the washerwoman; "but keep quiet. If you should try to speak to him, he wouldn't know you."

In fact, Coupeau didn't seem even to perceive her. She had but imperfectly seen him when she entered, so completely was he distorted; but when she came to look at him, her arms fell by her side. Great God! is it possible that there can be such a face with such bloody eyes and puffed out lips? She certainly would not have recognized him, he made so many faces, squinting his eyes, wrinkling his nose, and drawing his cheeks into a perfect snout. His skin was so warm that it steamed about him. He looked as though he was varnished, the perspiration dripping from him. In his dance of *chicard enragé* one could see that he was not at his ease, that his head was heavy, and that all his limbs were suffering with pain.

"Tell me, sir, is it not serious this time?"

He shook his head without answering.

"Say, isn't he going to run down? Hey? You understand it—what is it?"

"Things that he sees," murmured the young man. "Hush, let me listen."

Coupeau was speaking with a jerk, but yet a droll expression brightened his eyes. He looked on the ground, first to the right and then to the left, and turned about as though he were loafing in the Bois de Vincennes and talking to himself:

"Ah, that's nice—that's bully! There are cottages and a real fair, and music, which is fine. *Quel balthazar!* they are breaking dishes inside there. *Très chic!* There, they are firing up red balloons in the air, and they jump up and fly away. Oh, oh, and lanterns among the trees! It's extremely good! Fountains, cascades, water which sings, oh, with the voice of a choir boy! *Epatant les cascades!*"

And he held himself, as though better to listen to the delicious songs of the water; he breathed strongly, thinking that he drank in the freshest dews from the fountain; but, little by little, his face assumed an expression of anguish Then he bent over, and ran along the walls of his cell quickly and threateningly:

"All those are cheats. I feared so. Silence, you pack of fools! Yes, you laugh at me, and try to banter me as you drink and brawl. I'm going to quash you in your cottage."

He shook his fists, made a hoarse cry, then fell flat as he was running around, and stammered through his teeth, which chattered with fear:

"You want me to kill myself. No, I'll not throw myself over in the water! That signifies that I have no courage. No, I will not throw myself over."

The cascades, which went away when he approached them, approached him when he receded. All at once he looked stupidly about him, and uttered in an indistinct voice:

"It isn't possible they have seduced the doctors to go against me."

"I am going, sir. Good evening," said Gervaise to the student. "It's too hard; but I'll come back."

She was as white as a sheet. Coupeau continued his *cavalier seul* [gentleman, forward] from the window to the mattress, red, sweating, and beating time. She went away. But she might go down stairs, she could still hear from below the cursed *chahut* of her man. Ah, *mon Dieu!* how good it felt to be out of doors; at least one could breathe there.

That evening all the house of La Goutte d'Or were talking about the strange illness of Père Coupeau. The Boches, who treated the cripple worse than her leg did, offered her some black currant wine in the lodge, so that they might hear the details. Madame Lorilleux arrived, and Madame Poisson also. There were interminable commentaries upon it. Boche had known a carpenter who ran naked about Rue Saint-Martin, and who died dancing the polka; he drank absinthe. The ladies almost died laughing because it seemed so funny, but it was sad nevertheless. Then, as they didn't well understand, Gervaise pushed them back, cried out for more room, and, in the middle of the lodge, while they looked on, she showed how Coupeau squalled and jumped, disfiguring herself with horrible grimaces. Yes, word of honor, it was just so! Then the others were astonished; it wasn't possible; a man couldn't last three hours in such a business. Well, she would swear on what she held most dear, Coupeau had gone on since the day before, thirty-six hours already; they might go there and see for themselves if they didn't believe her. But Madame Lorilleux said, "No, thank you;" she had come from Saint-Anne; she would prevent Lorilleux from putting his foot there. As for Virginie, whose shop was going from bad to worse, and who wore a mourner's face, she only muttered that life wasn't always happy. Ah, *sacredi non!* They finished the black currant wine, and Gervaise wished the company good night. When she stopped speaking, her head seemed like that of an *ahuri de Chaillot* with its wide open eyes. Doubtless she again saw her husband waltzing. Next day, when she arose, she promised herself not to go there again. What good did it do? She didn't want to lose her reason, too, and yet at every ten minutes she reflected and got into a brown study, as they say. It would be curious, however, if he always made his legs turn so. When noon struck she could no longer wait; she didn't notice the length of the way, so much did the desire and the fear of what awaited her occupy her mind.

Oh, it was not necessary to ask the news. From the bottom of the stairs she heard Coupeau singing the same tune and dancing the same dance. She might have supposed that she came down only just now, and was about to reascend. The keeper of the day before, who was carrying pots of *tisane* through the hall, winked his eye on seeing her, to show how pleasant he was.

"Always the same?" said she.

"Oh, always," replied he, without stopping.

She went in, but she kept near the door, for there was company with Coupeau. The fair rosy student was standing, having given up his chair to an old bald-headed gentleman, who was decorated, and who had the snout of a weasel. It must have been the head physician, for he had sharp looks piercing as a gimlet. All those merchants of sudden death have such looks.

But Gervaise, who had not come to look at that gentleman, stretched her head up over his pate and was devouring Coupeau with her eyes. The madman danced and screamed more than the day before. Formerly she had seen stout wash-house boys go it for a whole night at the mid-lent balls; but never, never could she have imagined that a man could have any pleasure in dancing so long. When she said "pleasure," it was only a way of talking, for there could be no pleasure jumping about in spite of oneself, as though one had swallowed a powder flask. Coupeau, dripping with sweat, smoked worse than ever—that was all. His mouth seemed larger from having cried so much. He had gone so often from the mattress to the window that you saw his tracks on the ground, and the mattress was worn by his slippers. No, truly it offered nothing agreeable, and Gervaise, trembling, asked herself why she had come back again. And to think that last evening at the Boches' they accused her of exaggerating the scene! Ah, she hadn't shown one half of it. Now she saw better how Coupeau set himself to work; she would never more forget it, or his wide-open eyes looking at nothing. She caught a few words which passed between the student and the physician. The former gave the details of what had passed during the night in words which she could not understand; but all night her man had talked and pirouetted—that's what it signified in the end. Then the old bald-headed gentleman, not very polite though, appeared to be aware of her presence, and when the student told him that it was the sick man's wife, he began to question her with the severe look of a Commissary of Police:

"Did the man's father drink?"

"Yes, sir, a very little, like all the world. He killed himself by tumbling from a roof when he was on a spree one day."

"Did his mother drink?"

"*Dame*, monsieur! like all the world, you know—a drop here and a drop there. Oh, the family is respectable. There was a brother who died very young in convulsions."

The doctor looked at her with his piercing eye, and continued in his brutal voice:

"You also drink?"

Gervaise stammered, defended herself, put her hand on her heart to give her word of honor.

"You drink. Take care; see where drinking will lead you. One day or another, you will die in this same way."

There she remained stuck against the wall. The doctor had turned his back. He stooped down, without fearing to get any of the straw-dust on his coat, and studied for a long while Coupeau's tremblings, waiting as he passed and following him with his eyes. That day the legs shook in their turn, for the trembling had descended to the feet—a real punchinello, whose string seemed drawn to make the members dance, leaving the body as stiff as a log. The disease was gaining little by little. One would have said that there was music under the skin, which began every three or four seconds, continued for an instant, then stopped, began again, exactly the little shiver which lost dogs have when they are lying cold under a door in winter. Already the belly and the shoulders had the trembling of water which is on the point of boiling. What a strange breaking up!"

Coupeau complained, however, in a low tone, and seemed to suffer much more than on the previous day. His complaints were abruptly cut short, leaving one to divine all sorts of pains. Thousands of pins were pricking him; he had something heavy all over his skin; a cold, slimy creature dragged itself over his thighs, and made his skin creep, and other animals seized his shoulders and tore them to pieces with their claws.

"I'm thirty! I'm thirsty!" cried he, continually.

The student took a pot of lemonade from a shelf and gave it to him. He seized it with his two hands, drew in a mouthful, spilling half on himself, but he immediately spit it out, crying:

"*Nom de nom!* It's brandy."

Then the student, on a sign from the doctor, wanted to make him drink water without giving up the decanter. This time he drank, but he yelled as though he had drank fire:

"It's brandy, it's brandy!"

Since the day before, all that he drank seemed to him to be brandy. It increased his thirst, and he could not drink, for it burned him. They brought him some soup, but he said they wanted to poison him, certainly, for the soup smelt of vitriol. The bread was sour and spoiled; there was only poison about him. The cell smelt of sulphur, he said, and he accused the men of scraping matches under his nose to suffocate him. The doctor had just risen, and was listening to Coupeau, who now saw phantoms at noonday. Didn't he think he saw on the walls spider's webs as large as a vessel's sails? Then these webs became nets with rings, which opened and shut in a queer way. Black balls were sailing around in the rings, real juggler's balls, at first as large as billiard balls, and then the size of bullets, and they kept growing large and small just to puzzle him. All at once he cried out:

"Oh, the rats! See the rats at this hour!"

The balls had turned into rats. Those dirty animals grew larger, got through the net, jumped on the mattress, and disappeared. And there was a monkey which came out of the wall and went in again, coming so near him each time that he drew back for fear of having his nose pulled. Quickly all that changed again; the walls seemed to move, for he repeated, suffocating with fear and rage:

"That's it. Hey, there, help me! I'm fastened [illegible] there, the room! Hey, there, falling! Oh, [illegible]

you crows. Play the organ to prevent my calling the guard. And they have put a machine behind the wall, the riff-raff! I can hear it snore; they are going to blow us up. Fire! fire! They are crying fire. See how it blazes! Oh, it is bright! All the heavens are bright—with red fires, green fires, yellow fires. Help me! help! fire!"

His cries sank into a rattle. He mumbled only words without end, foaming at the mouth and his chin covered with saliva. The doctor rubbed his nose with his finger—a habit doubtless common with him on such grave occasions. He turned to the student, and asked in a low tone:

"Is the temperature still at forty?"

"Yes, sir."

The doctor made a wry face. He remained still for ten minutes, with his eyes fixed on Coupeau. Then he shrugged his shoulders, adding:

"The same treatment—beef tea, milk, citric lemonade, extract, a little quinine in potions. Don't leave him, and call me."

He left, Gervaise following him to ask if there was no hope. But he marched so stiffly along the entry that she did not dare to. She remained planted there a moment, hesitating about going in to see her man. The *séance* seemed to her very rough, as she heard him cry again that the lemonade really smelt of brandy. She went off, having had enough in one representation. In the streets the galloping of the horses and the noise of the carriages made her feel as though all Saint-Anne was going it. And that doctor who had threatened her! True, she felt that she had the disease already.

Naturally, Rue de la Goutte d'Or, the Boches and the rest, were waiting for her. As soon as she appeared at the door they invited her to enter the lodge.

"Well, was Père Coupeau still alive?"

*Mon Dieu!* yes, he was alive.

Boche seemed stupefied and alarmed. He had bet a *litre* that Père Coupeau couldn't last till evening. How, he was alive still! All the company slapped their legs in surprise. There was a fellow who held on for you. Madame Lorilleux calculated the hours: thirty-six hours and twenty-four hours, sixty hours. *Sacré matin!* sixty hours already that he had played at skittles and screamed. Such a *tour de force* had never been heard of before. But Boche, who laughed on the wrong side of his mouth on account of his *litre*, questioned Gervaise with an appearance of doubt, asking if she was very sure, if he had not disappeared behind her back. Oh, no; he jumped too high—he didn't want to. Then Boche, insisting, begged her to show again how he looked. Yes, yes, a little, was the general demand. They said they hoped she would be kind enough to do it, for there happened to be two of the neighbors there who had not seen her the day before, and who came down expressly to see it. The *concierge* cried out to the company to draw back, and elbowing each other in a perfect frenzy of curiosity, they left the middle of the room bare. But Gervaise hung her head. She really feared to make herself sick by it. However, desiring to prove that she didn't want to make them beg, she began two or three little jumps; but she lost herself, and threw herself backward. Word of honor! she could not do it. A murmur of disappointment arose. It was a pity, she imitated it so perfectly. But if she couldn't!

Virginie returned to her shop, Père Coupeau was forgotten, and the Poisson household was taken up, and what a racket there was then! The day before the constables had come; the *sergeant de ville* would lose his place. As for Lantier, he was keeping around the daughter of the restaurateur alongside, a magnificent woman, who talked of establishing herself as a tripe merchant. *Dame!* how glad they were, they already saw a tripe-seller established in the shop; after dainties, solids. Poisson had a long head in all that. How the devil could a man whose business was that of detective show himself such a simpleton in his own house? But they stopped when they perceived Gervaise, whom they had forgotten, seated at the end of the lodge, her hands and feet all of a tremble, and doing Coupeau.

"Bravo! that's it; one could ask no more."

She looked as astonished as though she came out of a dream, and then went quickly away. Good-night to the company, and she went up stairs to try to sleep.

The next day the Boches saw her leave at noon again, just as on the two previous days. They wished her much pleasure. That day at Saint-Anne's the entry shook with the cries and the stamps of Coupeau. She was still holding on to the railing of the stairs when she heard him scream:

"Oh, look at the bed-bugs! Apply a little here. Ah, they want to cover me. Ah, the bed-bugs! I am more cunning than all of you. Clear! *Nom de Dieu!*"

For a moment she drew breath before the door. Was he fighting an army then? When she entered, the show was increased, embellished; Coupeau was furious, and looked like a madman who had escaped from Charenton. He struggled in the centre of his cell, throwing his hands about—sometimes on himself, on the walls, on the ground—then falling over, striking at nothing; he tried to open the window, hid himself, stood on the defense, called and answered, making it a very devil's meeting with the exasperated air of a man to whom a noisy crowd had given a nightmare. And then she made out that he imagined himself putting the plates on a zinc roof. He blew with his mouth, he moved the irons in the heater, got on his knees to pass his thumb along the edge of the mattress, believing that he was soldering. Yes, his trade came back to him, just as he was dying; and if he cried so loud, if he crouched on his roof, it was because the muffs prevented his doing his work properly. On all the adjacent roofs were knaves who were teasing him; and, with all that, those scamps let loose lots of rats which ran up his legs. Ah, the dirty beasts! He saw them all the time. He might crush them by scraping his foot on the ground with all his strength. Other bands of them came; the roof was black with them, and weren't there spiders, too? He squeezed his pantaloons hard against his leg to kill the big spiders which had crept in there. *Sacré tonnerre!* he would never finish his work; they would ruin him; his patron would send him to Mazas. Then, hurrying, he thought he had a steam engine in his belly; with wide open mouth he blew out thick smoke which filled the cell and went out of the window; and stooping, but always blowing, he looked out upon the ribbon of smoke which was unrolling itself, and which, mounting heavenward, was hiding the sun.

"Look!" cried he; "there is the band of the Chaussée d'Antincourt, disguised as bears and flourishing along."

He continued squatting before the window as though he were looking from the top of a roof at a procession in the street.

"There's the cavalcade of lions and panthers which are making faces, and there are brats dressed as dogs and cats. There is the tall Clemence, with her old wig full of feathers. Ah, *sacredie!* she has fallen. Say, my bitch, you must go on all fours. Eh! *bougres de roussins*, won't you catch her? Don't shoot, *tonnerre!* Don't shoot."

His hoarse voice rose, and, as though frightened, he quickly stooped, repeating that the reds and the red pants were below—men who took aim at him with their guns. In the wall he saw the barrel of a pistol directed toward his breast. They came to take the girl from him.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot!"

Then the houses were falling; he imitated the cracking of a quarter which went down; and it all disappeared, all went off. But he hadn't time to blow before other pictures passed before him with an extraordinary rapidity. A furious desire to talk filled his mouth with words, which he mumbled out without end; and his voice rose:

"Ah, it's you. Good day! No nonsense. Don't make me swallow your hair."

He passed his hand before his face, and blew to get rid of the hair. The student asked:

"What do you see?"

"My wife, *pardi!*"

He looked at the wall, turning his back to Gervaise. She had a nice shock, and examined the wall also, to see if she could see herself there. He continued to talk:

"You know. Don't tie me. I don't want you to tie me. *Fichtre!* how nice you look; you have a stylish dress. Where did you get it, you camel? Wait a little till I can fix you. Hey? You are hiding your gentleman behind your skirts. Who is he? Stoop down so I can see. *Nom de Dieu!* it's still he."

With a terrible jump he was going to hit his head against the wall, but the stuffed hangings deadened the blow. One heard only the rebound of his body on the mattress, where the blow threw him.

"Who do you see there?" repeated the student.

"The hat-maker, the hat-maker," screamed Coupeau.

And the student having interrogated Gervaise, she stammered without being able to answer, for this scene brought before her all the troubles of her life. The zinc-maker doubled his fists.

"We'll settle it, my young fellow. At last I must drub you. Ah, you come with that drug on your arm to shame me in public. Well, I'm going to strangle you. Yes, yes, I! and without gloves! Don't come the bully. Pocket that. There's a trump! trump! trump!"

He gave blows in the air. Then he became furious. Having encountered the wall in stepping back, he thought he was being attacked from behind. He turned around angry with the hangings. He bounded, jumped from one corner to the other, slapped his belly, his back, his shoulder, rolled, got up again. His bones seemed to soften, his flesh had the sound of wet oakum, and he added to all this atrocious threats and guttural and savage cries. But the battle turned out badly for him, for his breathing became short, his eyes came out of their sockets, and he appeared little by little to be overcome by the pusillanimity of a child.

"The assassin! the assassin! Ah, the brigand, he has killed her! He is cutting off a leg with his knife. The other leg is on the ground, the belly is in two and full of blood. Oh, *mon Dieu!*"

Bathed in perspiration, with his hair standing on end, and frightful to behold, he was going backward, violently moving his arms as though to put away the abominable scene. He gave forth two harrowing cries, and threw himself face downward on the mattress, in which his heels became entangled.

"Monsieur, monsieur, he is dead!" said Gervaise, with hands joined.

The student advanced, and drew Coupeau to the middle of the mattress. No, he was not dead. His shoes were taken off; his naked feet appeared at the end, and they danced all alone, one beside the other, in the time of a fast dance, quick and regular.

The doctor came in just then, bringing his two colleagues—a thin man and a stout one, both decorated as he was. All three stooped over without uttering a word, looking the man all over; then they talked together in a low tone and very rapidly. They uncovered the man from his legs to his shoulders, and Gervaise, by raising herself a little, saw the naked trunk displayed. Well, it was complete; the trembling had descended the arms and come up the legs; the trunk itself was lively now. And the belly *polichinelle* danced also; there were smiles along the sides, a breathlessness at the stomach, which seemed to die a-langhing, and that all was moving on; it couldn't be gainsaid, the muscles made *vis-à-vis*, the skin vibrated like a drum—it was the last gallop, when the day appears and when the dancers hold by their feet while tapping with their heels.

"He sleeps," said the doctor-in-chief.

And he called the two others' attention to the man's face. Coupeau, whose lids were closed, had little nervous shakes which drew his whole face. He was more frightful than ever—so broken, the jaw sticking out—with the deformed look of a man who had died with the nightmare. But the doctors, having noticed the feet, put their noses over them with an air of profound interest. The feet were always dancing. Coupeau might sleep, but the feet danced. Oh, their patron might snore; it didn't regard them; they continued their *train, train*, without hurrying or relaxing. Mechanical feet, feet which took their pleasure when they could get it.

Gervaise having seen the doctors put their hands on the body of her man, wished to touch him also. She approached gently, and put her hand on his shoulder. She left it there for a minute. *Mon Dieu!* what was passing in there? It danced to the very bottom of the flesh; the bones themselves must be jumping. Shiverings, undulations, came from afar and ran along under the skin like a river. When she pressed a little she felt the suffering cries of the marrow. With the naked eye one saw only the little waves making dimples on the surface of an eddy, but on the inside there must be destruction indeed. What a cursed work! A mole's work! It was the brandy of l'Assommoir which was giving pickaxe blows down there. The whole body was feeling them; and *dame!* the work would end by crumbling, and carrying Coupeau off in the general and continued trembling of his carcass.

The doctors had gone. At the end of an hour Gervaise, who remained with the student, repeated in low tone:

"Monsieur, monsieur, he is dead."

But the student who examined his feet shook his head. The naked feet outside the bed danced still. They were not very clean, and had long nails. Several hours more were passed, when all at once they stiffened and were immovable. Then the student turned toward Gervaise, saying:

"It has come."

Death alone had stopped the feet.

When Gervaise reëntered La Goutte d'Or she found a lot of gossips at the Boches', who were chattering in animated tones. She thought they were waiting for her to have news, as on the other days.

"He has gone," she said, as she gently pushed open the door, looking broken and dejected.

But they did not notice her. All the house was upside down. Oh, the wonderful story! Poisson had caught his wife with Lantier. They didn't know exactly how, but every one related it in her own way. At any rate, he had come upon them when they didn't expect him; and they gave such details as made the ladies pinch their lips in repeating them. Such a sight naturally made Poisson beside himself—a real tiger! That man of few words, who looked as though he had swallowed a ramrod, jumped up and down and roared. And then they had heard nothing more. Lantier must have explained the matter to him. But it couldn't go on so any longer; and Boche announced that the restaurateur's daughter next door was decidedly going to take the shop to establish a tripe store there. That scamp of a hat-maker adored tripe.

Gervaise, seeing Madame Lorilleux arrive with Madame Lerat, repeated softly:

"He has gone. *Mon Dieu!* after four days of jigging and howling."

Then the two sisters couldn't do less than take out their handkerchiefs. Their brother had done some wrong things, but after all he was their brother. Boche shrugged his shoulders, saying loud enough to be heard by everyone:

"Bah! There is one drunkard less."

After that day Gervaise often lost her head. One of the amusements of the house was to see her do Coupeau. It wasn't necessary to beg her, she gave the tableau gratis, trembling in her hands and feet, and giving forth involuntary cries. Without question she had caught the trick at Saint-Anne's in watching her man too long. But she wasn't lucky; she didn't die like him. It was only his grimaces, like those of an escaped monkey who was being pelted with cabbage stalks by the *gamins*.

Gervaise lasted months in this way. She fell lower still, taking insults uncomplainingly, and dying little by little with hunger every day. As soon as she got four sous, she drank and beat the walls. She was charged with the distant errands of the quarter. One night they bet that she wouldn't eat something disgusting, and she did eat it to earn ten sous. Monsieur Marescot decided to turn her out of the sixth story room; but as they found Père Bru dead in his hole under the stairs, the proprietor consented to let her occupy that niche.

It was in there, on some old straw, that her jaws chattered over her empty stomach and her chilled bones. The world wanted nothing further of her, it appeared, and she became idiotic, not even thinking of throwing herself from the sixth story to the pavement in the yard to end it all. Death was to take her little by little, bit by bit, dragging her even to the very end of the cursed existence which she had made for herself. They didn't even know exactly of what she died. They spoke of a cold and fever—according to the Lorilleux's account, it was faintness. But the truth was that she died from misery, from filth, and from the fatigue of her ruined life. One morning, as it smelt badly in the entry, they remembered that she had not been seen for two days, and they found her already green in her niche.

And it was really Père Bazouge who came with a poor-man's coffin under his arm to pack her in. He was very drunk on that day, but a good *zig* for all that, and as gay as a lark. When he had recognized the customer with whom he had to do, he let off some philosophical reflections in preparing her little box:

"Every body has to pass through this. It is not necessary to crowd for there is room for every one; and it is stupid to be in a hurry, for one arrives only the later for it. I only ask to have a good time. Some want to and some don't—let's try this and see. There was one who didn't want to, and then she did. Then they made her wait; and at last there she really is! She has won. May she go pleasantly!"

And when he seized Gervaise with his great black hands a tender feeling came over him. He raised the woman who had had so great a longing for him, and in stretching her in the coffin with proper care, he stammered between two hiccoughs:

"Listen now—you know—it's me, Bibi-la-Gaieté, called the ladies' comforter. Now you are happy. So, go to sleep, my pretty one!"

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An amusing story of feminine curiosity is going the round in Paris just now. A lady of rank, who much admired a well known actor, was fired with a desire to verify the statements of her friends that these inspired souls were frequently stupid clods in private life. Being of an adventurous spirit she disguised herself as a *femme de chambre*, and gained access to his dressing-room at the theatre armed with an enormous bouquet which she asserted she was commissioned to deliver. She found the object of her curiosity enduring the tortures of tying with success his white tie, while "failures" numerous as those of Beau Brummell strewed the floor. Bidding the trembling lady to place her bouquet on the table, her requested her to assist him with his tie; and when the business was achieved he rewarded the supposed domestic with a kiss on each cheek. Wild with anger at the audacity and the denseness of the man in not recogniziog her superiority to her disguise, the lady wrote to the actor reproaching him as a dolt for his stupidity. The actor replied in a few words to this effect: "Madam: I have hardly proved my self so stupid as you aver, considering that I have achieved what many men who would have valued it much more than I have hitherto failed to do."

## PUNISHING A "SHACKER."

An Episode of Southern Life.

In the year 1870 I had business that called me to the scene of operations on the Savannah and Memphis Railroad, in the eastern part of Alabama. The work was then in the hands of contractors, who were grading the road and laying iron about nine miles from Opelika. They were pushing forward with a large force of negroes, and the original method for obtaining a maximum of labor from each employé presented one of those curious phases of negro character which can never be imitated by the droll artists of the minstrel stage. My friend, one of the contractors, had charge of the work at this point.

"I never fine my bands for neglect of duty," he remarked to me, "but you will see something to-night that will appear strange to you, while it will explain the operation of a system of punishment in which I take no active part, and which is far more effective than fines."

It was natural that the more faithful laborers should take an interest in seeing that where all are paid alike they should perform the same amount of labor; and to enforce this idea of justice there was in operation among the negroes a system more despotic than a court-martial, and more unrelenting than an inquisition. Prominent in the camp was a negro from the rice fields of South Carolina. His head was shaped like a wedge; he was black as ebony; his hair was tied up with a white cotton string in small rolls over his head; he was tall and gaunt, and had the strength of Hercules. He was called Long Henry.

The unsophisticated "country niggers" in those days were not known among their acquaintance by any surname, though in registering to vote they gave a name that suited their fancy; and it was seldom that brothers, or even father and sons, had the same family name. But where, as in this case, there were several in a community who bore the same Christian name, they were distinguished by an *à propos* prefixed adjective. Sometimes this was applied to an individual merely for some marked peculiarity, and thus it was with Long Henry. He was a marvel of length. Then there was "Wattle-head Ellick," and "Knock-kneed Ellick;" there was "Yaller Tom," with a tinge of Seminole blood that straightened his hair and accounted for his laziness, and "Kinky-head Tom;" there was a "Big-mouth Jake," and a "Bow-legged Jake"—and so on through the gang. These names actually appeared on the books of the time-keeper.

At sundown a horn was blown, and all hands, after depositing their shovels, spades, and picks in a log cabin, proceeded to the "Commissary" with an alacrity of step and an expectancy of manner that puzzled me. I approached the "Commissary" with my friend. The man in charge was bringing to the door something in a wooden bucket. In one hand he held a tin cup.

"Water?" I asked my friend.

"Whisky," he replied.

Long Henry had taken the first drink as it was handed out by the store-keeper—a privilege invariably accorded him on account of the dignity of his office. Long Henry had never been known to "shack," as shirking work, or "lying up" in the cabins, was called. He cleared his throat and stepped upon an empty soap-box near the door, looked around until his glance found my friend's face—from which it did not wander an instant—folded his black, brawny arms, and leaned against the house, a magnificent picture of strength.

Soon came Yaller Tom's turn at the cup, and there was an expression on his face that attracted my attention. He seemed to feel that he was treading on a hidden mine that might be sprung without a moment's warning. While the store-keeper was stooping to refill the cup a quick, meaning look passed between my friend and Long Henry. The mine had been sprung. My friend had discovered during the day some "shacking" from Yaller Tom.

No sooner had Long Henry recognized the glance than his eyes flashed, his huge muscles knotted; he drew a deep inspiration and shouted at the top of his powerful voice:

"Fre-e-e-sh fish!"

"Salt bim down!" was immediately responded by a voice in the crowd.

These cries were as terrifying as is the shrill scream of a panther to a benighted hunter who, alone, has lost his way in the swamp.

Then followed a remarkable scene. Yaller Tom was siezed by six strong men, who were apparently as ravenous as wolves and as ferocious as tigers; a rope was fastened securely around his ankles, firmly binding his feet together; the other end was thrown over the branch of a tree, and Yaller Tom was suspended, head downward. His hands were tied to two stakes in the ground about four feet apart, and he looked like an inverted cross, stretched taut and immovable.

Long Henry had moved from the box, and watched the proceedings with a grand, grim satisfaction. The important moment had arrived. He drew from a niche between the poles of which the "Commissary" was built a smooth oaken board, four feet long, four inches wide, and one inch thick. It was called "Betsy."

"Prepar!" he commanded, in a stern voice.

The flesh of the victim was immediately exposed. Gervaise had Virginie in chancery. The wash-house scene in *l'Assommoir* was a reality.

Long Henry left his box, approached Yaller Tom, assumed an attitude, and raised the board on high. His glance followed it. He was majestic at this moment, slow and full of dignity. His eye fell from the board to the exposed part of his victim, and the terrible flail fell, crushing and crashing. As he raised it he sang "hey!" as it fell, "HE!" in that sing-song rhythm so dear to the heart of a timber-cutter in the pine forests of the South. It was cruel—terrific. There was a marker to count the blows.

"Hey—HE!"

"One!"

"Hey—HE?"

"Two!"

"Hey—HE!"

"Three!"

"Hey—HE!"

"Four!"

The flesh of the victim quivered and writhed under the deadening thud of the blows, which fell slowly and in perfect time to the cadence of the singular and monotonous song. With invariable regularity did the eye of Long Henry follow the board as he raised it to strike, and as regularly did he glance down at the spot before striking—all the time keeping up his song while the marker called the number.

Great blisters that had the color of ashes soon appeared on the dark brown skin of Yaller Tom. At the tenth blow they assumed a dark, purpleish hue; then a little blood trickled down Yaller Tom's back. Long Henry was proficient, and "Betsy" was doing her work well.

Twenty times did the merciless board heavily fall; twenty times had Long Henry sung his monotonous chant; twenty times had his eye followed the board upward and then fell on his victim—then Long Henry ceased.

He drew a deep breath, whistled "phew!" as if quite exhausted, scraped the perspiration from his forehead with the fingers of his left hand, and slung it off with a dexterous flip of the fingers. He looked at the board caressingly, carefully wiped the blood from the smooth surface, polished it anew with a little tallow and a woolen rag that he drew from a chink in the wall; took out his old pocket-knife, which was simply an old case-knife with half the blade broken off; cut a small notch in the board at the end of a long row of other notches, yawned, and returned the board to the niche between the poles of the "Commissary." Negro justice had been most thoroughly vindicated. W. C. MORROW, JR.

OAKLAND, June 23, 1879.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE TO THE TUOLUMNEITE.

OAKLAND, June 30, 1879.

OLD SON:—Thought I'd drop ye a line or two fur old acquaintance. Got kinder lonesome thinkin' o' the boys up 'round Rawhide an' Table Mountin, so I grabs my pen to let ye know how I'm makin' it down yere. I'm takin' it all in, ye bet yer sweet life, an' I don't think I'll let up till I strikes the bedrock—mebbe I'll sink on the hard pan; ther's no tellin'. Talk about rackets! Why, I've tackled more reg'lar out an' out skin games, an' more hoggin' deals, 'n 'd patch Montezuma Flat a mile. I've hed more jobs put up on me sence I've bin browsin' round Frisco 'n this yer camp 'n 'd set up a three-keerd monte sbarp in bizness. Ev'rybody's on the make—dead on it, an' no mistake—an' they don't make no more bones about layin' fur ye to rob ye 'n you would to set 'em up fur the crowd. They've got it down fine, old son, an' don't ye furgit it. To tell ye the truth, I hevn't struck a squar' game sence I come down, an' ef I don't keep my eyes peeled they'll knock h—l's delights out o' my profits on thet Little Humbug sale; the chances are two to one thet ef I let these yere *friends* o' mine swing my sack fur me one week you'd see me back at Jackass pirootin fur grub money. But I ain't thet kind—you hear me; an' ef they beat me *too* bad I'll stand it like a little man—I'll ante an' pass the buck too quick. Talkin' 'bout jobs, mebbe ye'll think I'm lyin' w'en I mentions "a little real estate transaction," ez they called it, that they fired me into. Hedn't bin over yere in Oakland two days w'en Si Comstock—ye know Si; used ter go it heavy in politics in Tuolumne 'ith George Evans an' John Sedgwick an' thet crowd—sends up his keerd to me at the Gran' Central tavern. Now, Si an' I use ter bunk together in '53 down on Injun Bar, an' I always thought he was purty squar'; I'd a bet high on Si standin' in fur a straight top keerd deal all the time, an' I'd a bin very apt to a turned loose on the rooster thet didn't stand in 'ith me on them sentiments. But Si Comstock hez played it too low down fur yours truly, an' ef I ken ketch him out late some night I'll make it mighty lively fur him, you betcherlife.

Ez I was sayin, Si sends up his keered, an' I prances down stairs expectin' to hev a good ol'-time talk about the boys we run with on the Tuolumne. But I found thet wasn't his gait. Sed he'd heered o' my big strike in Bodie, an' thought he'd put me in the way o' doublin' my pile—hed the tallest kind of an inves'ment fur me in the real estate line. Thinks I to myself, here's the genuine article, here's w'at I call friendship. So I straddles his blind, an' calls fur keerds. But Si 'lowed he wasn't the operator—I've seen sech a d—d sight o' "operators" an' "operations" sence I come to the Bay, thet I'm given'-ye the dips an' spurs o' a true fissure vein w'en I calls "operators" thieves, an' "operations" top an' bottom deals, sarvey?—an' w'at does he do but pilot me round to a shop on Broadway, w'ere a red-whiskered duck shows me a big leather map streaked all over 'ith red, white, an' blue squares like a sweat-cloth. Thinkin' o' sweat-cloths, I looks round the shop, an' I hope I'll be shot to-morrer mornin' ef I didn't come to he conclusion thet I'd bin roped into a bunko game. I'd hed a little o' thet racket w'en I fust come to 'Frisco, an' I was on the look-out fur sech snaps. The red, white, an' blue maps on the walls, the big black safe in the corner, an' the gab o' the red-whiskered galoot was so much sim'lar to a game I'd ben run into in Frisco thet I took a good squar' squint at Si to make out w'ether he hedn't gone into the bizness o' steerer fur the house. Thet was the fust suspicion I hed thet ther' was anythin' wrong, an' it wasn't long afore I dropped on another little game my *friend* Si Comstock an' the red-whiskered duck was fixin' up fur my benefit. It was a town lot deal they was on. They hed lots staked off all over the leather map, an' they was explainin' to me w'ere the parks was goin' to be, how many artesian wells ther' was to the squar' mile, an' how fur it was from the railroad. It was the biggest spec in the market—everybody was goin' to settle down on them town lots, an' pay the biggest kind o' prices fur the priv'lege.

"How much?" sez I, purtendin' to understand the hull layout.

"Five hundred dollars a lot," sez the red whiskered man; "and you'll never git sech another chance ef ye live five hundred years. These lots is jest agoin' ter boom clean up into the thousan's in the fall. Take ten lots an' make yer everlastin' fortune afore Chris'mas."

"W'ere is these lots?" sez I.

"On San Pablo Bay," sez the lot sharp, "we're right w'ere we ken bring ship an' keer together. I tell you w'at," he sez, tacklin' a new lay, "ther's goin' ter be a city ten times bigger'n 'Frisco afore many years on these very lots I'm a showin' ye. Why, look at the stretch o' back kentry." And thet red-whiskered duck run his finger over a yaller patch marked "Contra Costa." "Ther's wheat land enough," he sez, "to supply the world, an' they've got ter ship it from our wharves."

"Good enough," sez I. "I'll take a lot on spec." An' arter some more palaver I planks down the coin.

Talk 'bout yer monumental fools! I'm the tallest monument in the bone-yard. But it was thet old son of a thief, Si Comstock, I was placin' dependence on. Ev'ry time the red-whiskered chap 'd chip Si'd come to the centre 'ith some remark 'bout commerce an' nat'ral progress of growin' cities. So I invests—goes it blind—an' you needn't larf w'en I tell ye thet my *friends* rakes down the pot, col' soul. The nex' day I takes a trip down to New Philadelphy—thet's the high toned name o' the place w'ere my town lot is. It didn't take me long to find out w'ere New Philadelphy was. Ev'rybody in thet section kin pint out w'ere it's *goin' ter be* ez soon ez they fills in out to ther water front. I ain't much on divin' games, so I didn't find out w'ether the mud on my lot is solid enough fur foundations or not. Talk 'bout swindles, Bill, the town lot racket beats 'em all. 'Tain't the $500 I'm squealin' 'bout, it's the ijit I made o' myself. I've bin huntin' fur Si Comstock, my Injun Bar pard, but he's keepin' shady—gone to the Springs, the other town-lot sharps say. Well, I reckon 'tis a little healthier up 'round them springs 'n 'tis down yere jest now, you hear me shout. Don't you go investin' in town lots in no New Philadelphy ef you know w'at's good fur ye. I've got one satisfaction, though—thet red-whiskered rooster was yanked inter quod the other day fur robbin' widders an' orphins—"embezzlin' socierty fun's," these diamon'-plated galoots calls it. I call it robbin', an' the wust in the deck. W'at's your 'pinion, old son?

Tell the boys down to Frisbie's thet I'm jest a-throwin' myself. It's the biggest spree I ever tackled, an' I ain't nigh a let up on it either. I've got coin enough to run 'ith the nobs o' this yer camp, an I'm hevin' a h—l of a time you betcher. You oughter jes' see me floppin' 'round the fang-dangos an' sich—balls an' parties the nobs calls 'em. O' coarse the nobs don't keer a whoopin' cuss fur Jim Snaggleby, but they're mighty lovin' w'en they hears his sack jingle. Why, Bill, old son, I've got five Pine Street stock sharps on a string, an' I don't know how many small fry speculators is tryin' to make me think they've got a dead open an' shut game on my bank 'count. Two or three o' them want to ring me in on the son-in-law lead, but I ain't goin' to hev it, not much. Ever sence that town lot break I've tumbled, an' I don't yield a color to the pan ef I knows it. I'll keep ye posted on w'at I'm doin', so 's ye ken let the boys down to Frisbie's know the rackets I'm on, an' I won't hev to spend all my valooable time scratchin' billy doos to 'em. Mebbe I'll move up to Tubbs' tavern nex' week, so, ef ye write to me, send yer letter to Oakland an' I'll git it. W'en ye write, let me know how Tom White is makin' out 'ith his gravel claim, an' don't furgit to give my regards—regards is good—to the widder. I s'pose Sandy got them back numbers o' the *'Zaminer;* I sent 'em las' Saturday; an' you ken tell him I was speakin' to the sup'rintendent o' the *'Zaminer*, and he sez Tilden's chances is fust class. Did Rufe Simons git them patent socks I sent up, an' w'at's he think o' them? The patent's on the heels an' the toes. Tell Jack Cummings I'll 'tend to thet roomatic remedy bizness ez soon 's I ken git over to Frisco. The pill shops over yere ain't got the brand he sent fur. Don't furgit ter drop me a line er two, an' b'lieve me

Yer Old Pard, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

WILLIAM BELCHER, Tuttletown,
Tuolumne County, *via* Copperopolis.

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The Rev. Lysander D. Palmer resigned from the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Jackson, Michigan, several years ago, in consequence of charges affecting his morality. A committee had been appointed to investigate his conduct, but his resignation, coupled with a confession that he had, by paying innocent but indiscreet attention to some of his sisters, injured his influence for good, caused the matter to be dropped. He is now endeavoring to get back into the ministry, and the case is reopened. One of the documents brought to light is a love letter written by him to a married woman. It is addressed to "My priceless jewel, my heart's love, my own best beloved," and proceeds as follows: "I have wandered about to-day like one in dreamland. My heart cries for its treasure and will not be satisfied. I will not attempt to tell you how I have spent the time since my idol left me, for you might think me foolish; but I am thankful that I may in a few hours gaze into your face again and see those precious eyes speak love to my heart, and feel again the thrill of bliss your presence gives." He confesses and laments his inability to express in words all that he feels, but he makes an effort thus: "Know this, beloved: there are no words human lips ever pronounced that could express my devotion to you. It controls my whole being. I live but in thy love, my darling; I plan but for thy comfort. I desire only to make thee happy. I pray that heaven's choicest gifts may fall on thee, my charmer. May angels kiss thy eyelids and whisper sweet thoughts of me in thine ears. Good night, my heavenly treasure." The reverend gentleman closes with the following parody:

"Precious lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
For my heart is past control,
And my love is burning high.
Hide me, oh, my darling, hide—
Hold me, loved one, hold me fast;
Fold me closely to thy side,
And thy arms around me clasp."

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There is in Switzerland a little inn much frequented by travelers, which has no other attractions to commend it except the healthiness of the locality and the beauty of the scenery.

During the first days of their sojourn the visitors pass most of the dinner-hour gazing on the lovely scene before them, but as their health is restored and they take long mountain rambles in the bracing air they develop remarkable appetites.

The innkeeper, though he has made his calculations for this contingency and charges accordingly, is none the less horrified and disgusted.

"Big, big D—the Alps!" he says at last, shaking his fist at them; "if it wasn't for those infernal excrescences I'd make my fortune here."

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"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why do [illegible] four days or five days, or a week?" "Becaus[illegible] fresh," replied the ingenuous child.

## HOSTAGES TO JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STOODARD.

Within an hour's sail of San Francisco, on a small promitory blessed with warmer air and sweeter sunshine than is vouchsafed to the peninsulated city of the Golden Gate, is a walled town inhabited by nearly sixteen hundred malefactors. Cannon bristle on the neighboring heights, sentinels pace to and fro on the broad and lofty walls, guns challenge the stranger at the great gate which opens only to the touch of the turnkey. Without the walls one sees the ascending smoke of the furnaces, hears the whir of wheels, the clatter of hammers, the subdued hum of voices; the cannon and the watchful guards alone arouse the suspicion of the transient visitor. If we ascend to the small gallery upon the wall that overhangs the plaza of this sad town, we see at first a lovely garden in full flower, with well-kept walks and a fountain sparkling in the sunshine. On three sides of this garden there are buildings; on our right the officers look frank and cheerful; on our left a massive structure with several courts; tier upon tier of tiny chambers with huge iron doors open in rows upon long, narrow galleries; some of the doors are shut and barred, but most of them are ajar; between these two buildings, in front of us, on the further side of the plaza, is an extensive factory. One wonders how in this small town these fifteen hundred and sixty odd souls may be manœuvred night and day, month after month, year after year, without disastrous collision.

It is thus: Let us reënter the gallery, which is approached from without, and has no connection with the interior of the the town, at a few minutes before 6 A.M. The relief guard, having mustered at the great gate, enters in a body, and the business of the day begins; almost immediately the air rings with the clanging of a thousand locks, the sliding of a thousand bolts, the creaking of a thousand doors that turn heavily upon their hinges, and the population of the town, like swarming bees, darkens the prison-yard. For ten minutes every one is busy, hurrying to and fro, completing the toilet, attending to the necessary duties of the cells, until gradually all fall in line and pace to and fro, awaiting breakfast-call. Breakfast in the long eating-room is soon over; so are the few moments sacred to cigarettes and pedestrianism, and then to work; some to the shops, some to the brick-yard or the excavations on the hill-top—these latter under strict surveillance, some back to their cells as there is no work for them to do. The boys, aged from eighteen to twenty years, repair to the schoolroom nursery, and are kept carefully separated from their elders. The invalids lounge in the sunshine or lodge in the hospital, where during the next hour or two the doctor receives his patients. It is amusing to listen to the thousand pleas for a respite from labor: head-ache, tooth-ache, fever, loss of appetite, weakness, etc., etc. A Chinaman approaches, one of the three hundred; his prison number is "2,765." The Doctor says, "Well, John, what is the matter?" John answers at once, "Doctor, eight o'clock too hot, nine o'clock too cold, half past nine o'clock too hot!" Chills and fever of course. The Doctor hands the apothecary a slip of paper with numbers on it, and by this ingenious method of short-hand infinite time and labor are saved all parties concerned. Some of these patients are relieved for a day or two; most of them are ordered back to work with a prescription which probably regulates them without more ado.

At 11 A. M. the men come in from the brickyard and the hill; labor ceases and dinner is served. At 3 P. M. they are again gathered within the walls, and at 4 P. M. we hear the pealing thunders of the first "lock up." The boys have gone to their gallery, and are grouped about the open doors; they are young and must be watched. The hard cases are standing in the mouths of their living sepulchres, or leaning from the balcony taking a last look at the garden and the sunshine on the hills. A column of men approaches; it is the Captain and his trusties. The prisoners retire into their cells, and stand close against the doors; the Captain, with a tablet on which each cell is marked, and the number of its occupants recorded, passes from one end of the gallery to the other at a brisk pace. A single glance is sufficient to score off the record. The first trusty—a few steps behind the Captain—then throws his whole weight against the doors, and they swing back with a crash that must appall the prisoner who hears it for the first time; a second trusty inserts a padlock; a third locks it with a key which is worn smooth with constant usage; then others slide the huge bolts, and the cells are secured for the night. Half an hour later, at the second "lock up," the remaining prisoners are housed. At 9 P. M. the guards call the hour from one end of the town to the other; the lights in the cells are extinguished; the watchman, with his bull's-eye lantern, examines all the bolts and peers into every cell through the narrow slit in the door, to see that the occupants have retired. This watchman is unarmed; for, should some ingenious prisoner cut loose his lock and lie in wait to spring upon the watchman, a weapon might be seized and turned against him. An armed comrade follows him through the courts below, ready at the slightest warning to give the alarm in case of danger, and to defend him in his ghostly round. At intervals during the night the locks are re-examined. Nor are these precautions superfluous; for, in spite of the utmost vigilance, prisoners have dug out of their cells; false locks have been substituted for the true ones, and occasional escapes are inevitable. This is the work-day life at San Quentin. On Sunday there is no work, and therefore more solitude in the cells, for there are too many restless souls to be turned loose in the prison yard for ten tempting hours.

Before me lies one of the biennial reports of the Board of Directors of the California State prison. It is filled with curious information concerning that class of the human family which of necessity is sequestered for a season in expiation of offenses more or less rank. Glancing through the prison account, covering a period of five and twenty years, I find that of the 6,836 prisoners received, 5,775 were discharged at the expiration of their alloted sentences. There were also 684 escapes, and but 310 recaptures. The natural or violent deaths number 226. Of the 66 transferred to the Insane Asylum, 10 were returned to the prison as cured or feigning insanity. There are but few of the prisoners, even though condemned for life, who do not hope to get back again into the world. Taking the record of two years only—a fair average—of 1,088 prisoners, but 49 are sentenced for life, 1 for 45 years, 8 for 30 years, 10 for 25 years; others for a less number—23 for 15 years, 136 for 10 years, 111 for 5 years, and those for 3 and 2 years go considerably beyond a hundred each. It would seem that, once at liberty, a man who had served his term would profit by experience; yet, of the 1,088 prisoners above referred to, 3 are serving their sixth term; in the fifth term there are 6, fourth term 18, third term 44, and second term 163. Of these, 223 are up for grand larceny, 188 for burglary, 135 for robbery, 100 for murder in the second degree.

Who are they that dress alike in a fashion that knows no change? There are 452 horny-handed sons of toil; 66 cooks, whose heated brains have driven them to desperation; 57 farmers, maddened by drought and the potato-bug; clerks, miners, waiters, teamsters, seamen, and workmen, range all the way from 26 to 44. There are 10 tailors, goaded to despair by unprofitable customers: 7 printers, distracted by bad copy; 4 druggists, 2 physicians, a teacher, an artist, and a clergyman—but not one lawyer in all that motley crew. Still ringing the changes on the unfortunate 1,088, I discover that of that number San Francisco County furnished 431; Sacramento County, 86. The 46 from Los Angeles are rivaled by the 45 from Alameda. Alpine and Lassen each send but a single delegate, while the innocent El Dorado, Inyo, Klamath, and Lake counties are unrepresented. There was a youngster, the pet of the prison, aged 14 years; he was followed by his elders in swift succession. From the age of 18 to 27, crime seems on the increase; after which it gradually subsides, with an occasional spurt at uncertain intervals. The 25th and 26th years are the most fruitful, each boasting a round 60. At the age of 50 there is a turning point; only 5 follow the 12 who are in their 49th year. But the 51-sters make an effort, and marshal 9. The 52d year declines to 5; after which the gallant 53d looms up to 10. Then the numbers decrease rapidly. There is but one prisoner aged 60. At 61 and 62 all men seem virtuous; at least there is no representative in the catalogue. A quartet falls from grace at the ripe age of 63, and we conclude with 3 hale old men who answer respectively to 65, 73, and 78 years.

There are now in this penitentiary nearly 300 lads under 20 years of age. They are mostly street arabs, without homes or friends, and but a very small proportion of them can either read or write. To refer again to the report concerning the 1088: Of those born in the United States 430 read and write, 138 are unable to do either; of the latter all but 30 are Indians and Mexicans born in California. Of 520 foreigners 252 neither read nor write. The report of the moral instructor shows that those who read, read diligently; the average number of books read by each is 29 volumes in a single year. Romances are the least popular of the classified books. The demand for volumes of poetry, science, travel, history, biography, and Protestant religious works increases in the order in which the works are mentioned. Many of those who read little or not at all employ their leisure hours in handicraft, chiefly in wood-carving, using such primitive and harmless tools as are allowable in the cells. The sale of these often ingenious articles brings quite a revenue to the industrious. But there are many whose lazy hours are passed in absolute idleness. From the moment the cell-door is shut upon them at 4 P. M., until it is opened at 6 A. M. on the morning following, they are the victims of merciless *ennui*. The light that steals through the narrow aperture in the door seems only to emphasize the oppressive gloom within. These, and the majority, who are in solitary confinement, become the prey of morbid fancies. How is spiritual health possible in this unwholesome atmosphere? Even by day, when the doors stand wide open and the sunshine floods the cells in the south galleries, there is little to encourage one in the belief that a man may long withstand the tortures of this compulsory monachism. The upper gallery in the south wing, which has been playfully styled "Nob Hill," appeals strongly to the sympathy of the inspector. Some of the cells are prettily furnished; the neatly frescoed walls are decorated with a few pictures; a lamp with books or ornaments are upon the small table in the corner. Perhaps a linnet chirps in a rustic cage by the door, and a few carefully tended flowers flourish in the portable garden in a box about a foot square.

Can you look at these evidences of a desire to keep near one something to love and care for without thinking of Picciola? Is there any evidence that at least a portion of these prisoners are any worse at heart than you or I? Opportunity offered and they broke the law; we might have done as much a dozen times over, had the same opportunity favored us. Moreover, many of the prisoners at San Quentin are sent thither for a peccadillo, or for the want of a house of refuge—a reformatory establishment, the character of which shall be less odious than that of any we now possess. The intercourse of the prisoners, prescribed as it is, is attended with a thousand dangers. Men of brutal natures, who have shed innocent blood willfully, are brought face to face with those whose temperaments are delicate, and whose wills are weak, or they would not to-day be marshaled under the eye of armed sentinels. Confine thsee monsters for a term of years, and what must be the inevitable consequences of this unnatural prohibition. Passion does not perish in a solitude which is peopled with silent but greedy souls. The brief companionship of the more innocent, a glimpse of a face that is still fresh and youthful, the ingenuous and artless manners of the lads who are certainly out of place in the society of those bloody-minded slaughter men, all this stirs the riotous blood of the caged criminal, and not even the lynx eye of the detective can always see far enough into the natural, or unnatural, course of events to shape, or at least postpone, a climax.

It is a question how these almost inevitable results are to be avoided. The silent system may prevent the intercourse which is, sooner or later, certain to lead to the same end; yet under these circumstances the prisoners who are brought day by day into the work-shops, and who are exercised at intervals in the prison yard, learn to communicate with one another by an ingenious method of telegraphy, so that in tapping with the finger-ends on the work-bench questions are asked and answered, and dispatches sent by means of pipes or ventilators from cell to cell. But Henry Mayhew, author of *London Labor and the London Poor*, *The Criminal Prisons of London*, etc., says the silent system at Pentonville prison produces ten times more lunatics than any other. The separate system, on the other hand, where the prisoners work in their own cells, and are not thrown together, more effectually prevents communication, and makes labor a welcome relief from the monotony of solitude. Yet here the peccant imagination must run riot and the prisoner incline to habits which at last enthrall him. No willing or unwilling bardash may minister to him, as is possible and not uncommon in a sequestered community of criminals thrown together at certain hours of the day. Is it not astonishing that a youth of fourteen should be incarcerated with the worst fellows in the State?—that lads who are not yet out of their teens should be condemned to a second term in the penitentiary? Is it not a proof of original sin?—is it hereditary? There are fathers and sons, and there are brothers at this moment in San Quentin! Should there be no discrimination in a law which, while it is framed for the protection of the masses, as surely sweeps the precocious into a channel from which there is but one escape, and that at the wrong end of it? Why are there so many lads cast into a prison, the memory of which will cling to them while they live? I find in Mayhew's volumes above referred to, that in the House of Correction, Tothill Fields, a boy eleven years of age was six times incarcerated for "spinning a top." A boy of fourteen was twice imprisoned for "getting over a wall;" one of sixteen was sentenced for one month for sleeping in Kensington Gardeos; his father had refused him shelter. Boys of thirteen, fifteen, and sixteen were arrested and condemned—two of them twice—"on suspicion," and it is so entered on the prison books. There is work enough to keep forty John Howards busy as long as justice is thus mocked. Why not at once transport these baby culprits to Siberia or the Caucasus and save the courts some trouble?

Through the kindness of Lieutenant-Governor Johnson and the Captains of the prison, I was permitted to interrogate, privately, any prisoner whose case interested me. Some were reticent and suspicious; some were probably unreliable; but there were those whose testimony bore the unmistakable imprint of truth. To one of the latter, a youth of eighteen, who was serving his second term in the prison, I said: "When you were once free why could you not avoid returning to this life?" He said:

"Well, you see, sir, my sisters sent for me to come and live with them. It all went well enough for the first few months, and then they got mad at something and threw the State's prison in my face. That's what sent me back here, sir!"

I asked what he would do when his time was out.

"Oh, I'll try to get honest work; and if I can't get it I'll steal and come back again. I'm not going to starve!"

Is he to be blamed? In a volume entitled *Prisons and Reformatories at Home and Abroad*—Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1872—containing the transactions of the International Penitentiary Congress, you will find Question No. 67, which runs as follows: "Are efforts made to aid liberated prisoners in finding work, thus saving them from a relapse?" The answer from Belgium is "No;" Austria, France, and Germany make a slight effort; the representatives from some of the countries make no reply.

Question No. 68 is: "Do prisoners' aid societies exist in your country?"

Austria says, one in Vienna—a failure; France and Germany say, *yes;* Belgium replies in the negative. The first society of this character was established at St. Petersburg; there are now 34 of them in England and Scotland. Why have we not these aids for the unfortunate? Mary Carpenter has written feelingly on the subject in her work on *Our Convicts*. Probably thousands have dreamed of it, longed for it, hoped for it, but no one has will enough to identify himself with the work and see that it is accomplished.

When a liberated prisoner leaves San Quentin he is given money to pay his fare to San Francisco, and to keep him from hunger for two or three days. At the expiration of that time, if he hasn't fallen into the hands of his friends—how few of them have friends ready to receive them—he is obliged to beg, or steal, or starve.

The Lieutenant-Governor—I trust he will pardon me for making public a fact which I didn't get from his lips—has many a time interested himself in deserving men, whose lives have been one long penance, and secured for them positions where they have given entire satisfaction. They parted with him richer, happier, more hopeful, for his unostentatious charity.

In Switzerland a law, passed in 1838, declared in Art. 6: "After his deliverance it will be the duty of every prisoner, who is a citizen of the Canton, to place himself for three months at least, to three years at most, under the protection of a patronage society." The Grand Council of St. Gall adopted, in regard to the administration of its penitentiary, the following resolution:

"ART. IV. The Commission of Direction will take care that all the liberated prisoners find an honest support, and be placed under patronage."

Is anything lost by this reasonable consideration for the requirements of the case? Is it better to cast men and boys into prison on the slightest provocation, humiliate them, make them the companions of the most degraded class in the community, and then, when they are set free again with bitter disgrace rankling in their hearts, to drive them heartlessly back to this dungeon with a new crime to answer for?

When the streets of London were haunted by garroters they laughed at prison locks and even sneered at death, but the moment they were tied to the whipping-post and flogged garroting ceased. Was it not better to flog the culprit and let him hide his stripes—he is not likely to ask for more than you give him at one sitting—than to waste his years in a prison-house, from the shadow of which his spirit is never freed?

There is one man in San Quentin who has passed twenty-five Christmases within its walls. Again and again he has served his time, but the madness which first brought him there—it was a mere stage robbery—seizes him when the outer world grows dull, and always gets him in in season for the Christmas dinner. There is a child within those walls who graduated from the Industrial School and the Training Ship. I asked him when his time would be up; without a moment's hesitation he told me the months and the *days*—in every case the prisoners tell you the years and the months and the *days*. I said to the child, "Every morning when you wake do you say to yourself, 'It is one day less?'" Of

course he did! "But do you never forget it?" I continued; and, as I live, he replied in high falsetto, "Well, hardly ever!"

One old stager told me he had only three years and seven months more to serve. When I answered him it seemed a long time yet, he laughed scornfully, and vowed he could finish that standing on his head.

Many letters are written from the prison—more than are received there—letters proving that the hearts of the writers are not wholly hardened, and that there is salvation for most of them if only the means were at hand. In the evening, before the lights are out, you hear the tinkling of guitars, the wail of violins, the swift feet of the dancers. It is a brief hour of revelry, in strange contrast to the occasional shrieks of one of the half dozen maniacs whose reason has fled since their imprisonment. Too soon it is over, for night and silence wrap that sorrowful city in unutterable gloom. They may well cry, "What shall we do to be saved?"

There should be a reformatory establishment which can in no wise be called a prison. Let no slight offense brand a man for life! Picture the thoughtless youth who is plunged at once into the depths of despair, sharing the murderer's doom! Six months of this fellowship marks him with lasting shame. And when he is free, though he were beautiful as Apollo and silent as the grave, there is an accusing voice that will pursue him like a blight to the uttermost parts of the earth.

I offer this as a plea for the unfortunate. I crave your charity for those of them who have been well born and well bred, but who, in a thoughtless moment, or in a fit of passion, have unwittingly done that which they ought not to have done, and whose lives are darkened for evermore; and for the irresponsible waifs that have been suffered to sin, or been driven to despair and desperation by bitter fate. And you, Judge, upon whose lips hangs life or death; and you, jurors, whose duty it is to weigh well the evidence in the scale between justice and charity; and you, advocate, in whose skill lies the power to save or to slay—think of the culprit's fate, kind sirs. Put yourself in his place for one hour, and may God have mercy on your souls!

### A Navy-blue Veil.

I wonder if every city has not its veiled lady? Certainly San Francisco has.

Medium sized, large blue eyes, a wealth of brown curls! She wears a black walking-sacque, trimmed with gray fur; and, with a step as light as the flight of a bird, she walks from Black Point to the Park; from Rincon Hill to Lake Merced; there is no place she does not walk, and always veiled. If you lived near her, as I do, you would often hear the wicket gate click, and, looking out, see her set forth for a four or five hours' walk. I often wonderingly question—is she walking trouble off?

How nice it is to have a real mystery, in these humdrum days, living near neighbor to me. A mystery! Dare I whisper that the veil was bought at less a place than the genuine "Hub" of America; the owner, a poetess and comic writer. 'Way back I see a home, and a surly husband, and a dangerous "mutual friend." I frequently read of the indiscreet use of pistols in similar cases; but, from outside observation of her quiet life, I have come to the conclusion that a navy-blue veil is to be preferred to the navy revolver in such emergencies.

I see a divorce court; a secret marriage; and then a little lady, of perfect form and feature, writing in the early morning until ten A. M.; then, veiled, walking the day away; and at evening, with piano, in her one room, telling in wild music the hidden story of her heart.

She lives in the dingy house across the way, where the sign used to read, under the window, "Room to Let." A little stove cooks her tea and peaches, and a loaf bought at the corner grocery serves her for dinner. Alone in this busy city, with pen, and health, and music of voice, and inspiration—I can conceive of many a sadder lot.

"Lost." I saw the advertisement in an Eastern paper. I followed to the "City of Homes," where she had an up-town house for just what she pays for a room in this "City of Rooms."

Am I whispering too loud or too particularly? I must not divulge the secret for fear of an Amazonian challenge.

Dare not to lift the veil, of whatever color, from anybody's life; if you do, it is at the risk of "you lie" from the mouth of the revolver, for character is now sustained by more forcible manner than the old plodding way of exemplary life; and if you dare suggest that suspicion will lurk about manners that can only stand guarded by shell and shot, you are hushed by some patent reproof of lead. KENNEDIA.

### "Chronicle" Small Beer.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I was surprised the other day at discovering an evident allusion to the New Constitution party and its journalistic progenitor in Shakspeare. These lines will be recognized as "Iago's" description of the new movement: P.

"They that sought offices, a motley crowd,
Had tongues at will, and were ever loud;
Always lacked gold, and yet tried to be gay,
Never saw a vacancy but said, *now I may;*
They that were angered no office being nigh,
Bade displeasure fly before a fat salary;
They that in wisdom ever were so frail
Thought that with assurance they could never fail;
They that could not think because they had no mind,
But willing to take pap of almost any kind.
This were a party, if ever party were,
To suckle fools and *Chronicle* small beer."

D. is one of the wittiest slanderers to be met with in a mile's walk. He had just been disposing, in his way, of an absent friend, when some one, losing patience with him, exclaimed:

"And do you think yourself perfect?"

"Oh, no!" replied D.; "far from it. Only I forgive my own shortcomings."

A constable who went to the house of a Pennsylvania man to sell his household effects was fatally shot in the stomach, and then his assailant shot himself dead. The papers say the parties "enjoyed the confidence of the community."

## "MY DREAM BRIDE."

Said to be an Unpublished Poem of Joaquin Miller.

From out the South the night-wind blew
O'er lands as dark as Afric's shore;
O'er seas that, radiant, mile on mile,
Stretched southward 'neath the harvest moon.
Each wave was stilled, each breaker dead;
And, this being the case, I concluded to dream
A dream, and drome one. And as I drem
There came sweet scents of tropic isles,
Fair odors from perfumy seas,
Of shores where palm trees bended low
O'er waves that kissed the pearly sands;
And all that summer-land was sweet
As fairy realms in worlds of song.
Then stole sweet music on my ear,
And called my starboard eye to where
The little mud-crabs by the wave
In tearful sadness mournful grouped
About a clam, a little clam,
That fell from out its palm-tree nest
Into the water and was drowned.
They clasped their little claws, and sang,
In accents tender, "Baby Mine;"
At which I immediately got up,
And went over to the other side of the tropic isle,
And drome the rest of my dream.
And then there stole a languor sweet
O'er all my dreaming sense; and then
I saw the being and the bride,
That lingers yet in loveliness
Within the shrine that all men rear
To spring-time loves of other days.
Oh, she was fair—as they are fair
Who come to us a such a time!
Her eyebrows in rich masses hung
Below her chin, and through the veil
There beamed two dreamful eyes on me.
I started in mad ecstacy,
For one was blue and one was gray.
Her mouth was not like other mouths,
But placed beneath her dexter ear
Whence smiled it five sweet smiles at me.
She fixed the azure orb on mine,
And gently wooed me with her arms,
Till I, half mad in their embrace,
Went round and found her smiling gash,
And kissed it soft as mothers kiss
The velvet nose of a favorite horse.
It made her wild with tropic love,
For she had drunken of the balm,
The lotus balm of Circe's home,
In Grecian isles of long ago.
She'd turn her head around a while,
And gaze on me with childish love;
Then turn it back and press her lips
In tempting ripeness full on mine.
And so, while palm-leaves drooped with love
And air was sweet with balm of bees,
And sang in melody the seas,
While worlds sat silent 'neath the moon,
And throbbing hearts in love kept tune,
We chummed through all that summer night.

### Castles in the Air.

Stone on stone the castle-builder reared, in monumental splendor,
A castle tall to triumph over Time's decaying hand;
By its broad foundations, mellowed in the sun-rays soft and tender,
Stood the builder of this castle as a mighty king might stand.

As he marked the stately arches, in strength and beauty spanning
Gateways bearing the insignia of their owner's honored birth,
"Mine the lofty mind," he shouted, "whose genius and whose planning,
Guided onward, guided upward, this castle from the earth."

Alas! how vain, how fleeting, were his dear, heart-nourished wishes
For the glory of this castle, all in keeping with his rank!
In a year his Hebrew uncle had his silver plates and dishes,
And the castle was quite swallowed in a mortgage to a bank.

"At last," exclaimed the poet, with bright eyes proudly flashing,
"I have plucked my glowing laurels, I have won a deathless fame.
Up the steep hill of Parnassus in impetuous ardor dashing,
Sped I on unto the temple, on its portals writ my name."

He gave it to an editor in haughty exultation,
And waited for the glory the return mail would bring;
But when he got the MS. marked, "Unfit for publication,"
He fainted on the thoroughfare, a limp and lifeless thing.

"She loves me, ah, she loves me!" sighed a youth, with pulses throbbing.
(Oh, how quite too full of sweetness is the lover's early dream!)
When last night I left the garden I know I heard her sobbing:
And her blushes, how they've thrilled me when I took her to ice cream!"

He called another evening, arrayed in garb of fashion,
His shirt-front white and stainless as the restless ocean's foam;
He saw her at the window, but retreated in a passion
When her sweet voice shouted, "Bridget, tell that goose I'm not at home."

So this world, my dear Bohemians, is teeming with illusion,
As the flea that haunts the Irishman—you grasp it, 'tis not there;
And from out the thoughts and fancies that make up the brain's confusion
We are, men and women, ever building castles in the air.

But our castles of Bohemia are only made to crumble,
Like the foam upon the lager—yet still we little care
If we wander from those palaces to haunts so ever humble,
If the underlying substance of the beer be only there.

To some the glass of lager restricted in dimensions
Is accorded by that Providence protecting man and beast;
To some the stately schooner, in monarchical extension,
Is preferred—but nine-tenths of them lack flavor for the feast.

Howsoever, dear Bohemians, we architects remaining
(Not of fortunes, which but seldom will stand the wear and tear),
Indifferent to troubles, never gloomy or complaining,
Go on building for our pleasure, gorgeous castles in the air.

OAKLAND, July, 1879. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The widow Ashlock, aged forty-eight, lived on her own extensive farm at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and one of her employees was William Lewis, aged eighteen. She fell in love with him, and he doubtless fell in love with her money. The relatives opposed a marriage, and drove William away from the place with guns; but the determined widow joined him in Indianapolis, bought him a new suit of clothes, married him, and took him home.

Never hurry a hen in spring-time. She might lay a scrambled egg.

## EDUCATION AND POLITICS.

At the present period of political unrest and social disquiet it is found that the thoroughly educated man is the one to whom sober people look for counsel and guidance. Around him seem to cling both responsibility for the good order of the State and the power to bring order out of chaos. Somehow we have become imbued with the idea that the man of brain, of intellect, of thought, is the one who is to pilot the ship of State amid the storms of socialism, and, if necessary, through the whirlpool of civil strife. And it is certainly an encouraging sign that amid all the turmoil the last thing an American citizen neglects is the education of his children. There is a marked tendency among our people to make every reasonable sacrifice rather than let the schools suffer any loss of energy or of power. This must be accepted as a fact; and yet men may differ as to the manner in which this important element of our social life shall be handled. There may be different ideas as to what constitutes a perfect school—a school in which true culture and true education find the most congenial resting-place. Thorough training—that training to be secured in a thorough school—makes thorough men; and it seems to us that the University of the State, which is, or ought to be, the crowning point of the educational fabric, must be regarded as the place where exact modes of thought are to be sought for and found. We hold that, all other things being equal, a young man who has passed with credit through the curriculum of studies to be found in such institutions as our own State University is better able to meet and conquer the difficulties which present themselves in life than one who has not done this. Statistics show it to be a fact, and the people of California especially are not slow to appreciate the advantage. Our University was never more popular than it is to-day. It is prosperous; it has been, and is now, doing excellent work; has been encouraged by magnificent donations; is well manned; is rigorous in its courses of study, and is beginning to be so in its discipline, and has altogether the prospect before it of becoming one of the first institutions of learning in the land.

Yet while this is all true, there has been felt a want in the direction of preparatory schools. With the exception of one or two schools, the students coming from public institutions have not given evidence of that thorough preparatory training which is necessary in order that the student may make the best use of his time and talents. The provisions of the new Constitution tend, indirectly at least, to dwarf the growth of higher schools. It gives no encouragement for the establishment of any institution essential to the existence of a grand system of education in which the University shall be the centre. Shall we, then, look to the various private schools? We fear we shall look in vain. There never has been a greater farce, never a greater lie, than the pretended preparatory courses in the so-called military academies and colleges of this State. It is a fraud, practiced for the purpose of draining the pockets of parents, and without the shadow of merit. The idea has naturally and justly gone abroad that the average "military" college or academy is a place for the confinement and correction of evilly disposed and unruly boys; where the rules smack of the laws of Draco, and the guard-house never gets dusty for the want of occupants. The idea has had a natural growth, because it is founded on fact. A great many things, some humorous and some pathetic, might be written about the rules and discipline and general conduct of the typical private school of California. But we are constrained to acknowledge one exception to this all-prevading law; and further, we believe that a philanthropist seeking to benefit our State University and the general cause of education could accomplish this result in no surer or better way than by richly endowing the Berkeley Gymnasium.

The best evidence of the need of such a school is the fact that, although established only two years ago with scarcely half a dozen students, it closed the present academical year with an attendance of one hundred and twenty-five pupils, and has sent into the University more than thirty well prepared applicants. Its opposition to the cramming system, so generally prevailing in the schools of the State; its non-sectarian character; its thorough, healthy discipline; and, above all, the competency and permanency of its faculty, composed of thoroughly educated gentlemen, trained for their profession, indicate the broad and generous principles upon which the Berkeley Gymnasium has been founded. It does not seek to develop Methodist minds, or Presbyterian minds, or Baptist minds—it seeks only to develop and to render capable of the grandest achievements, the *human* mind. Under its frank and kindly discipline a student with an element of honor will find the most favorable circumstances for its fullest development; a student who has brains will find the field broad enough for laying the foundations of an *independent character.*

The men who were "in at the birth" of our fair State, who uncovered the treasures of her mountains and made known the wealth of her valleys, were men of fearless independence of character; and after thirty years of educational humbug it is refreshing to return to a system which will lay the basis for the production of more such men as those of '49. Our commonwealth will be nicely endowed when men of sterling thought, of accuracy, thoroughness, and independence, shall constitute the majority.

The great tides of sudden wealth have ebbed from California forever; and now, in this period of most remarkable political agitation throughout the world, the education of the youth and the character that they shall form are of greater importance to parents and to the State than all heritage of money and land.

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Queer taste—stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

M. Da Porta, of Galveston, publishes the following sanguinary announcement: "I am willing and ready to shoot any amateur in Texas for sport or money. The sooner the better!" *Pinafore* troupes give Galveston the go-by.

Some men forget childhood so slowly that th[illegible] the fact that a table-napkin is not a bib.

## FOURTH OF JULY IN THE FAR EAST.

We'll say it was in Koopoo, China. That is not the name, of course, but it will do. Koopoo was a place in which all the American and English interests, requiring the presence of the fleets, concentrated—in the summer. It was a mere coincidence that Koopoo was a delightful place in the summer; and when the intense heat drove all American and English interests up there the fleets followed them naturally. About the end of September they moved down south, and generally about October the vital interests of the two foreign powers were immovably fixed at Shanghai. The American and English interests were undoubtedly important. I have known them to assume such immense importance as to necessitate the dispatch of several naval officers at one time, in well provisioned house-boats, armed with No. 12 and 16 mortars, a distance of two or three hundred miles up the Grand Canal. It was not at all unusual for a few hundred pheasant, deer, wild boar, and other game, to come directly in the way of English and American interests at such times, and they were brought back of course. But in the summer the fleet was imperatively necessary at Koopoo, except when there were premonitions of serious trouble in some of the pleasant harbors of Japan. We liked the fleet amazingly. We were, all told, about three hundred white people at Koopoo, and the arrival of a man-of-war was hailed with delight, and made quite a difference in the life of our little community. We were a mixture of all nations, and cordial and friendly throughout. No Englishman was too stuck-up to help a man home from the club after a hard night's bowling, because he was a German; and I never heard of an American too proud to shake a Frenchman for the drinks and beat him, too. Our dinner parties generally comprised representatives of all Western peoples, with an allowance extra for the Smiths. But everybody liked the naval brigade, and the officers of the fleet were heartily welcome wherever they cared to go. None brought so much life into the place as the American, and that was where the trouble began. You see, Lieutenant Kidd, of the United States steamship *Squaller*, and Doctor Bark, the Assistant Surgeon of the same ship, were the pets of the place. Whatever they did was somehow admitted to be quite in order, even if it were some joke upon the residents. Their jokes were generally funny, and always enjoyable, so they got reckless. It was a standing rule at Koopoo, that no Englishman allowed himself to be overcome with toasting the Queen on the 24th of May, and that no American should neglect the solemn duty of drinking the health of Her Majesty with every British subject in the settlement. The rule was made reciprocal, inasmuch as no Englishman was expected to be quite sober on the Fourth of July; but due decorum was exacted from all the American citizens up till dinner time. I am an Englishman, and Lieutenant Kidd and Doctor Bark were special friends of mine, and this was how it all happened. Although it was cool and delightful on the water, it was hotter than Yuma on shore. I don't know where the thermometer was; I fancy the temperature was too hot for it and it went out. It was early morning of the 4th of July, 18—; indeed, I may say it was very early morning, seeing two o'clock had just struck on the ship's bells. I lay tossing and twisting on my Canton mat, which I had laid over the mattress to keep me cool. A mosquito had got in under my net somehow, and kept buzzing round me in a most exasperating way. I had raised my temper considerably higher than 100° in the shade over the obnoxious intruder, and mentally offered a reward of $500 for its head. An hour went past, and just as three o'clock struck I sank into a peaceful slumber. The mosquito had made a good meal off my wearied body and slept calmly on my forehead, as I found by a spot of blood—all that was left of him—there when I got up. Suddenly I heard loud voices, and I sat up in bed just as the Lieutenant's thunder tones commanded the coolie to open the gate "in a pig's whisper," on penalty of having his head broken. I could not imagine what was the matter, but I determined I would not encourage anything by getting up; so I lay still. Heavy steps on the stairs told of their approach, and in a minute or so the door of my bed-room quietly opened and two dark figures entered. I knew too well who they were. I determined to let them develop their fiendish plans. They stole up to my bedside and the Lieutenant bent over me and said:

"He's fast."

"'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,'" quoted the Doctor. "'He hates him that would upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out longer.' Let's yank him out."

And I found myself stretched at full length upon the floor before I could remonstrate with them. I have a decided impression that I used several strong expressions; but they were useless. The Doctor and the Lieutenant were performing a war dance over me, and silenced all my abjurgations. When I got a chance to speak, I said I would be obliged to them if they would tell me what all this was about.

"Have you forgotten," said the Doctor, solemnly, "that a hundred years ago we licked the stuffing out of you in a Declaration of Independence? Do you not remember George Washington? Sit up, young man, and I'll tell you the story of George and his little hatchet."

"That's enough. In heaven's name, be quiet. I suppose you want to drink his health or something of the kind?"

"In good time," said the Doctor; "all in good time. First, just put on what clothes you have handy."

"I'll see you in Jericho first. I can give you a drink, just as I am, in my pyjamas and sleeping jacket. When you come to see a fellow at three o'clock in the morning, you mustn't expect to find him in full evening costume."

"You will immediately proceed to dress," said the Lieutenant. "No insubordination. Doctor, how's the patient's pulse?"

"Going steady. He's working up beautifully."

"I am working up, I tell you; and if you expect I'm going to—"

"Young man! We come on important business. About a hundred years ago we knocked the entire stuffing out of you, and we come this morning to complete the good work."

I swore I would not dress. I was determined I would not.

"Doctor, read the Declaration of Independence to him."

The Doctor pulled a document out of his pocket and began to read:

"When in the course of human events—"

"Amen," broke in the Lieutenant.

"For heaven's sake," said I, "I'll dress. I am resigned. I will die if necessary; but do not inflict that upon me."

"I fear the patient is not yet strong enough for it," said the Doctor.

"Well, let him off for the present," said the Lieutenant.

It was no use getting angry. I knew, of course, it was only one of their jokes, and I had found the easiest way of dealing with such things was to humor the jokers. So the Doctor put the Declaration of Independence back in his pocket, and I dressed myself as quietly as I could. Then I led the way to the dining-room and placed before them the liquor-stand.

"Help yourselves, gentlemen," said I.

"The patient is getting better," said the Doctor, as he took a trifle of whisky in a glass.

"He'll do now," said the Lieutenant, taking the bottle from the Doctor's hands. "We drink to that Declaration of Independence that knocked the stuffing—"

"Lieutenant! He is not yet naturalized. Be polite."

"Naturalized? No, I hope not," said I.

The Lieutenant raised his eyes heavenward and said: "The immortal George. Long life to him."

"He's dead," said the Doctor.

"But his spirit lives," said the Lieutenant. "He always drank Bourbon."

The Lieutenant then grasped the Doctor by the hand, and said he was the only genuine successor of George Washington. To which the Doctor feelingly responded that the Father of his Country lived again in the Lieutenant.

"As for him," said the Doctor, waving his hand toward me, "we knocked the stuffing out of him a century ago; but this is his whisky, so all I can say of him is that he comes from a fatherless country. He is not an American cititzen."

"Thank you," said I; "and if it's all the same to you—"

"Young man, it is not all the same to us."

"It is not all the same to us," echoed the Lieutenant. "Our object to-night is—"

"Your reformation, your regeneration," broke in the Doctor.

"Your complete and perfect reconstruction," added the Lieutenant.

"Once more to the immortal George," said the Doctor.

"The immortal George," said the Lieutenant, and they touched glasses.

"Yes, sir," continued the Doctor; "you must become an American citizen."

"It's lucky I can't, here."

"Can't, can't, my dear boy, can't! Of course you can, and you will."

"I will be —," said I.

"Doctor," interrupted the Lieutenant, "how's his pulse?"

"Strong," said the Doctor, seizing me by the wrist.

"Then give him the Declaration of Independence now."

"No, no; anything but that. How do you propose to naturalize me into an American citizen?"

"We deeply regret that we can only give you temporary papers, but they can be confirmed easily."

"We are empowered by the President and people of the United States," said the Lieutenant, "to make you a citizen of the Republic, and we're come to do it. Doctor, make out the certificate."

The Doctor sat down, and, taking a card from his pocket, began to write:

"This is to certify that P— R—, Esq., of the settlement of Koopoo, China, at present an acknowledged subject of the nation out of whom we knocked the stuffing a century ago, being of sound body and reasonable mind—"

"Doctor, don't you think you'd better leave that out? He calls himself an Englishman."

"Yes; but when he signs this he'll be all right," said the Doctor.

"Ah, I forgot that. Forge ahead."

"—is hereby, from this time forward, for the space of forty-eight hours—"

"Doctor, do you think you've given him time to get over the Fourth?"

"Certainly. Twenty-four hours are enough. He doesn't drink so much as you."

"—a naturalized American citizen. He is, during the force of this certificate, entitled to all the privileges of such citizen, including the priceless one of drinking as much as he can hold on the Fourth, and the more inestimable one of getting over it on the fifth.

"Signed, for the President and People of the United States of America. GEORGE B. KIDD, U. S. N., Lieut. U. S. S. *Squaller*.
W. P. BARK, U. S. N., Assistant Surgeon."

"Now you are all right," said the Doctor. "Sign that."

"I'll see you hanged first," was my reply.

"How's his pulse, Doctor?"

"Ninety-two—high."

"Give him the Declaration of Independence again."

"I'll sign it; I'll sign it!" And I put my name on the curious document.

So I became for forty-eight hours a citizen of the United States. I gave them another drink, and then I said, meekly:

"Now I suppose you'll let me go back to bed?"

"Back to bed? Ain't you an American now?"

"I suppose I am."

"No good American goes to bed on the Fourth of July."

"Well, I'll be the first."

"Will you?" said the Doctor, sententiously. "You must go with us. We have work for you to do."

"What?" yelled I. "Go where?"

"We have a solemn duty to perform. We must naturalize every darned Englishman in this settlement, and you must come with us."

I emphatically declined.

"Doctor! bring out your weapon, the Declaration of Independence."

I rushed off and got my hat, and we started at four o'clock in the morning to naturalize the community of Koopoo. I do not believe I ever before or since heard such a lot of good-natured cursing. Of course the married people were left undisturbed. Our course was to enter a house very quietly—for the watchman knew us, and knew that there was some joke on foot—and steal into the victim's room. The Doctor invariable advised us that it was dangerous to waken a man with a light touch or by speaking to him, and the only safe plan was to "yank" him out; which we did in most cases. We had naturalized only three or four by five o'clock; but our party had been constantly increasing, and at that hour we stood in a ring round the bed of a victim who slept so soundly that our entrance had not aroused him.

"Shall we yank him out?" whispered one.

"No," said the Doctor gently. "Let us wake him with slow music. He will dream of heaven, and think he is with the angels. 'Soft be thy slumbers,' as well as you can together, gentlemen."

So we began that plaintive ballad; but as some mistake had been made about the key, and as the Doctor tried to sing tenor, while the Lieutenant struck bass chords that would have astounded Wagner, the victim, much to the Doctor's disappointment, jumped up holding both his ears, and almost scared out of his senses. About six o'clock we came to the conclusion that the work was done, especially as the Doctor's last certificate was written in a fearfully unsteady hand, and much of it had to be altered frequently. It read as follows:

"This cetifeat cettfies tht W. P. Bark is a good fellow, and that John Smith of the Unted Stats of Amricka is hereby entitled to all the privileges of another drink, thank you. Also of the immortal George and his little hatchet. Hoorah! Again! Tiger!

"Sind. GEORGE B. BARK, N. U. S.
W. B. KIDD, S. N. U."

The joke went round the settlement merrily, and the Doctor and the Lieutenant went back to the *Squaller* to recruit for the evening. The big celebration was to be at the house of a noted bachelor American, and all the bachelors in the settlement were invited. The dinner was an excellent one, and, as the papers say, was done full justice to. But the fun did not begin until the fruit and sweets had given place to the decanter and the cigar box. Then the host rose, amid tremendous knocking on the table, to propose the toast of the immortal George Washington. The effect of the day's celebration was beginning to show itself, and an allusion to the hatchet story brought a *sotto voce* remark from a young American that "he didn't believe the darned yarn." An excited Englishman rose, and declared that he could not allow such skepticism to pass. He had a deep respect for George Washington. He knew what it was to lie, and he respected the quality in others that he did not possess himself. The young American apologized, and the Doctor solemnly shook hands with the enthusiastic Englishman. The Lieutenant rose and begged to propose the health of the Briton, saying that though he knew he lied occasionally, he had never had the courage to admit it in public, and he, on his part, honored the courage in others which he did not possess himself. The host said he would take their words for it, which piece of magnanimity was received with deafening applause, the company rising and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow" at the top of their voices. A rising American merchant then addressed the chair, and said that at such a time as this, although it was an American festival, it was most appropriate that the health of the Queen of Great Britain should be duly honored. He eulogized her and her reign, and said that had the same wisdom and justice tempered the policy of Britain a hundred years ago, the tea would never have found a watery grave in Boston harbor. The enthusiastic Englishman begged to differ from the honorable gentleman. He was one who honored the pluck of the Americans in throwing the tea overboard. A thin-weazened old fellow said, "That was all right if it was insured." An insurance company's agent said the underwriters would not be liable. The dispute was waxing warm, when the enthusiastic Englishman objected to the great question of liberty being debased to a point of mere business, and the health of the Queen was drunk with enthusiasm. Mr. Jones, the partner of a leading English house, begged permission to propose the President of the United States. He eulogized General Grant highly, and went on to remark that he had come across lately a curious document, with which most of them doubtless were unfamiliar, but which possessed considerable interest on an occasion like this. It was neither more nor less than the Declaration of Independence, which he would read to them. The Lieutenant had gone to sleep, and when Mr. Jones had finished his reading, amidst great applause, he went round the table and shook hands with Jones, and said that he had never given him credit for being able to make such a display of eloquence. A call was made for a song, and "The Star Spangled Banner" was attempted by an Englishman. He was, unfortunately, the only man who knew the words, so the company could only join in a bit of the chorus and applaud vociferously. As a return a young American started "God Save the Queen," which brought out the whole strength of the company for four lines; after that they dwindled off, till the last verse was a solo. At this point the Doctor rose solemnly, and said that there was one toast which had been seriously overlooked so far. He had the pleasure of welcoming around him many Englishmen whose feelings toward him and toward his country were of that cordial kind which did credit to human nature. He was an American, and he was proud of it. [Hear, hear, from the Englishmen.] But though he was an American, he appreciated the English character highly, and he reckoned among his friends, the truest and best, many of that nation. Much had been said about George Washington, and a great deal about the Boston tea business. Let that pass. For one thing he was grateful. The American people had never refused to pay the tax on whisky! [Immense cheering.] "When in the course of human events," he went on. [Hear, hear, from the Americans.] "When in the course of human events—"

"That was what Jones said," interrupted the Lieutenant.

"The interruption is unnecessary," said the Doctor. "'When in the course of human events'—"

"You said that before," commented the skeptical youth, who had doubted the hatchet story.

"I did, and I may have occasion to say it again. 'When in the course of human events'—"

"I tell you, sir, you are one of those demd conservatives who object to everything that William the Conqueror didn't do. The American Republic is as superior to our old machine"—burst out an English merchant, who had got into a quiet discussion with a consular official during the Doctor's speech.

"And I tell you, sir, that that old machine—"

"Your pardon, gentlemen," said Captain Stock of the *Squaller*. "I can not permit the British monarchy to be called a machine."

"'When in the course of human events,'" called out the Doctor, trying to raise his voice above the din.

"Order, order, if you please," said the host; "the Doctor—"

"Barks," broke in the Lieutenant.

A laugh went round in which the Doctor joined, and the discussion between the Englishmen dropped.

"'When in the course of human events,' as I was remarking," the Doctor began afresh.

An independent party at the other end of the table, who had been quietly considering the merits of the various national anthems, suddenly began "Hail Columbia," in which the company joined, utterly forgetful of the speaker. The Doctor remained standing, and finding "Hail Columbia" well under weigh, he joined in himself. When that was finished, he resumed:

"I was saying that there is a toast which has been seriously overlooked."

"A toast, a toast!" broke from all sides of the table.

"'When in the course of human events'—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted a polite man, "is that original?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jones, "that is a quotation from the Declaration."

"'Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,'" began a young Scotchman, who had been pressed by those next him to give them a song.

The applause which greeted him showed that that was what was wanted, and the Doctor sat down. The singer, having pathetically described Annie Laurie's eyes, and hair, and neck, and having several times declared his perfect willingness to "lay down and dee" for her, the Doctor again rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen, the toast I am about to propose is one of the most vital interest to us: 'When in the course of human events'—"

The Lieutenant suddenly and violently pulled his coat-tail and brought him down so quietly that the audience could not for a time distinguish which of them had been making a speech.

The culmination had arrived. Not a word had passed that had not been said and accepted in the most thorough good nature and fun. The company got mixed up somehow, and the Lieutenant was embracing Mr. Jones in the corner and informing him that he liked him because he resembled an elder brother of his. This may not have been a Washingtonian statement, because the Lieutenant had said the same thing to three other young bachelors in the room. Another officer of the U. S. steamship *Squaller* had left early in the evening, saying that he would go and have the band of the ship sent on shore to celebrate the occasion; but as he never returned, it is safe to infer that they had put him to bed with due regard to his condition.

"'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,'" called out somebody, meaning to sing the customary "Auld Lang Syne" on breaking up.

"Certainly not," said the Doctor. "How are you, anyhow? I am glad to see you!"

Then they all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." As they left the Lieutenant nearly burned his nose off lighting his cigar with a fire-cracker which the Doctor took out of his pocket under the impression it was a lucifer, but the only remark he made was that those matches went off too suddenly and had too much sulphur in them. For half an hour the voices could be heard, in loud laughter, singing snatches of song and peculiar sounds of mirth, gradually moving farther off. Then all was quiet, but about an hour afterward, as I was going to bed, the Doctor and the Lieutenant called me softly under my window, and explained that they had not been able up to that time to find the jetty; evidently somebody had taken it away. Could I direct them? I did. It was at the end of the street, about five hundred yards off.

Next morning I had a call from the Doctor, fresh and bright as a daisy.

"How are you, old fellow? What a glorious night we had of it."

"Yes," said I, "delightful, indeed. I'm not sure that I remember much about it."

"I remember everything—every word."

"Did you find the jetty?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why you woke me up about three to ask who had taken it away."

"You surprise me. You are joking."

"Not a word of joke about it."

"I see. That accounts for it. What time did I go on board?"

"About three o'clock."

"Great heavens! I thought I went away early. I don't remember anything after the soup."

"Ha-ha-ha! After the soup," and I burst into laughter.

"Yes, I do remember, or forgot, I don't know which. Tell me, what toast did I propose last night?"

"I never found out. You never told us."

"Give me a cock-tail, there's a good fellow."

And we adjourned on the fifth of July, 18—. P. R.

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**LXXXVI.—Sunday, July 6.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Maccaroni Soup, clear, with grated Cheese.
Melon.
Boiled Salmon, Anchovy Sauce.
Sweetbreads, in cases, Bechamel Sauce.
Baked Tomatoes. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Blackberries, Bavarian Cream. Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Figs, Pears, Plums, and Apricots.

To Make Bechamel Sauce.—Put a piece of butter the size of a walnut into a stewpan, and when it bubbles stir in an even tablespoonful of flour; cook well without letting it brown. Mix into this a cupful of steaming hot veal stock, a cupful of boiling cream, and one grating of nutmeg. Let it simmer for a few minutes, stirring well. Strain, and it is ready for use.

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"Father, please tell me the difference between a conservative and a radical?"

"Well, my son, I will tell you in as few words as I can. Thieves are being pursued by gendarmes. One of the gendarmes is killed and the thieves are captured. On hearing this the conservative would exclaim, 'Poor gendarme!' while the radical would pity the robbers. That's the only difference."

## OUR OWN POETS.

**Venus to Adonis.**

Look at me, am I not beautiful?
Didst ever see beauty like mine?
Bow down adoring and dutiful,
Worship my figure divine.

You look at my feet so admiringly—
Are they not fair little feet?
Lift up your glances aspiringly
To charms for a lover more sweet.

Look on my neck's taper slenderness
Gaze on my breasts in their bloom,
And in my eyes' liquid tenderness
Read thy unspeakable doom.

Look at my tresses luxuriant,
Look on my limbs in their pride—
Shame would but prove itself prurient
My perfect proportions to hide.

No part of my figure defective is,
Why should I covering wear?
Dress from the weather protective is,
Here there's no weather but fair.

Away with thy bashful timidity,
Come, put thine arm round my waist,
Free from coquettish frigidity
I offer my lips to thy taste.

Nearer, Adon! thou canst never be
Cold to a goddess's charms!
Closer, Adon, I would ever be
Thus folded close in thine arms.

San Francisco, June, 1879. Aooni-Bezek.

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**Die Wanderer.**

Come back to me,
Thy longer stay is treason;
Come back to me,
Nor wait convenient season.
As in the desert one of thirst is dying,
So is my heart within its casket lying.
Woo not the world, but seek again thy haven,
Ach, Lieb', ich kann nicht ohne Dich zu leben!

Come back to me,
What has the world to offer?
Come back to me,
*She'll* turn from thee a scoffer.
Here constant love awaits thee for the asking,
That will not, can not, grow the less for tasking.
Woo not the world, but seek again thy haven,
Ach, Lieb', ich kann nicht ohne Dich zu leben!

Come back to me,
Why wand'rest thou forgetting?
Come back to me,
Where Love, enthroned, is sitting,
Waiting to hear thy accent and thy wooing,
To hear again thy voice in earnest suing.
Woo not the world, but seek again thy haven,
Ach, Lieb', ich kann nicht ohne Dich zu leben!

Come back to me,
And take again my kisses;
Come back to me,
And to my fond caresses.
The breath of Summer sweet is in thy presence,
While Winter-cold lingers in thy absence.
Woo not the world, but seek again thy haven,
Ach, Lieb', ich kann nicht ohne Dich zu leben!

San Francisco, June, 1879. Jos. E. Lynn.

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**To the Statue of a Bride.**

Fair marble maiden, standing mutely there
With side-turned head half hid in the white mist
Of thy veil's carven folds, raise thy drooped brow—
Look on me! let the light ray from thine eyes,
Lifting the down-dropped lids that I may see
The mystery of love held in their depths.
Speak to me with those perfect parted lips,
And tell thy being's secret unto me,
That I may hold it closer in my heart
From the rare joy of having heard thy voice.
Nay, silent still? Yet as I gazed methought
That bent head took a gold tinge from the sun,
And those lips fluttered as at a caress;
And if I dreamed it not I would be sworn
There was a faint sweet odor in the air
As from the orange blossoms on thy brow.

Alas! sweet statue, it is not my lips
Laid warmly on those perfect ones of thine
Will wake thy beauty from enchanted sleep.
Thy ling'ring bridegroom can not know his power,
For he who gazes on thy carven grace
Would offer sacrament to fate
If at his kiss the life-blood should uprise,
And thrill thy soul to claim him as thy lord.

North Columbia, June, 1879. May N. Hawley.

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**Brown-Eyed Thekla.**

[Who has not heard of the famous Russian air, "Troika?"—a wailing melody, born of high winds over endless steppes, one of the airs sung by the Russian peasantry, serfs, and gypsies—the song loved by seventy millions of Sclavonians.]

*Slawa Bogu!* in moonlight gloaming
I see the spires of Irkutsk shine.
Now, faster, *yamschek*, lash your horses—
Thekla, the brown-eyed maid, is mine!
In light *telyega*, o'er the ice-girl
Of Lake Baikal, like birds we fly;
Four Tartar horses, sharp-shod, clatter—
But hark! the wolves behind us cry.

Ha, *yamschek!* faster lash your horses—
I see their red eyes flashing gleam.
Where are the pistols, Thekla?—quickly!
God and the Czar! now hear them scream.
The blood in streams poured o'er our faces
When the blue ball went through his heart,
And with a yell the black wolf, snarling,
Fell as if pinned by Cossack dart.

Again red eyes, white teeth, are shining—
We feel their cursed blood-thirsty breath;
Three, four, fall dead—on fly our horses—
Thekla, the brown-eyed maid, is saved from death!
Throw off your furs—bring in the *vodka*—
We'll drink while stars above us shine;
Then reel to bed and sleep till sober—
Thekla, the brown-eyed maid, is mine!

Marysville, June, 1879. Omnium Gatherum.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

[The following incident of the Franco-German war is given as it was narrated to me by the chief actor in it. He served with the volunteer "Irish Ambulance," which did good service during the war.]

Weary and travel-worn, I and my two companions presented ourselves to Dr. B., the director of the Irish Ambulance Corps, to which we belonged. It was at Châteaudun, in the latter part of 1870. We had been in charge of an ambulance wagon (a duty for which previous sedentary pursuits had not added to my fitness), and had been wearily toiling to come up with the main body of the corps, whose movements were necessarily erratic and uncertain. We were nearly worn out with fatigue and want of sleep, of which we had but short allowance on the two previous nights. We had been short of provisions, too, and had reason to be thankful for coming across a band of *Franc-tireurs*, who, with the spirit of *camaraderie* which distinguished that daring corps, shared the contents of their haversacks with us. Dr. B. had established his temporary headquarters at a convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and he and his staff, with the invaluable assistance of the good sisters, were hard at work—for there had been fighting close by, and every hour brought batches of wounded to the temporary hospital. On my arrival nearly all the available space was occupied, and the energies of the Doctor and his assistants were taxed to the utmost. Having reported myself, and made a hearty meal, I was about to seek a place in which I might obtain a few hours' sleep, of which I was in urgent need, when I was requested to assist at an amputation then about to be performed on a French soldier. This over, I rolled my cloak into a pillow, and, thoroughly exhausted, threw myself on the floor in a corner of the room, and was immediately sound asleep.

I had slept a couple of hours when I was aroused by Doctor B. A Prussian Colonel had been brought in with a bad wound in his head; and, as he was delirious, it was necessary that he should be closely attended. The Doctor expressed regret at being compelled to disturb me, but as his staff was fully employed he was constrained to ask me to volunteer this service; to which I demurred, pleading the hardships which I had recently undergone, and my consequent fatigue. He, however, placed it in the light of a personal favor, and I submitted with the best grace I could muster.

The body of the French soldier above referred to (who had not survived the operation) was removed to make room for the Prussian. The latter was a man of splendid physique, and in appearance the *beau ideal* of a soldier. He was in a high fever, and very restless, and my instructions were simply to watch by him, and to relieve his thirst by occasionally administering a cooling draught. The Doctor, again thanking me for my assistance, bade me good night. A few minutes afterward his messenger brought the draught, and, on his departure, I was alone for the night with the wounded soldier. I quite disregarded the mutilated corpse of the poor Frenchman, which lay on the floor at the opposite side of the room, covered with a military cloak. A table at the bedside was strewn with medicine vessels, bandages, some surgical appliances, etc., lately used in the operation alluded to, which in the pressure of hospital duty had not been removed.

Having cooled the patient's thirst, and made him as comfortable as circumstances permitted, I sat on the floor, with my back resting against the wall, and directed my efforts to combat the sense of drowsiness which threatened to overpower me. In this I was but partially successful, as, despite my utmost efforts to the contrary, I dozed off occasionally for short periods. I was, however, sufficiently attentive to my charge, and I noticed that his draught had the immediate effect of composing him. My naps became of longer and longer duration, and eventually I abandoned myself to the fullest indulgence in heavy sleep.

I must have been in this state a couple of hours when I struggled into wakefulness, and sprang up, alarmed to find the patient in a wild paroxysm. He was throwing his arms about wildly and making incoherent exclamations, which I interpreted as expressing a desire for a drink. Stupid from drowsiness and serious alarm, I staggered to the bedside, and, supporting him with one arm, held a tumbler to his lips. He drank the contents with the ravenous avidity of consuming thirst, and fell back relieved. I took a turn or two around the room to calm my nervous agitation, and resumed my resting position. The patient seemed to have fallen into a calm slumber; the silence was complete, and once more I resigned myself to the enjoyment of profound sleep, which was undisturbed till daybreak, when I awoke refreshed. Everything was perfectly quiet, and on glancing at my patient I was gratified to observe that he was calmly sleeping.

Shortly afterward I arose to receive two of the sisters, who had come to inquire as to the condition of the sufferer. I informed the elder of them that he had been very restless in the earlier part of the night, but that he had been sleeping placidly for several hours. During this conversation the younger nun had gone to the bedside, and was gazing intently at the wounded man. She placed her hand on his wrist, and, starting back, exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* he is dead!"

We were at his side in a moment. It was true. He lay on his back with his mouth open, the eyes staring, and the flesh cold and rigid. He was dead, indeed. They looked inquiringly at me. I was amazed and could say nothing. But a glance at the table revealed all. The goblet which contained his drink was still partly full. His last draught had been nearly half a pint of *laudanum*, which had occupied a similar vessel, and which I administered to him in my agitation and haste. I had, indeed, quieted him.

Dr. B. was dreadfully disturbed, and we anticipated the most serious results from a threatened investigation by the Prussian military authorities; but a general engagement took place next day, and all parties had something else to think of beside the fate of a wounded soldier, albeit a Prussian and a Colonel of Dragoons. W. P. M.

San Francisco, June, 1879.

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It is a beautiful sight to get up early in the morning and see the sun rise, but the wise man will continue to lie abed until the atmosphere is charged with the aroma of [illegible] fast coffee.

*PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.*

George C. Gorham has a political history which it is worth while to understand. Unimportant as he is when considered of himself, he is the type of a character that may be profitably analyzed, in the endeavor to come to a knowledge of political affairs as they are now being managed in our country. Taking his attitude to-day we may consider him retrospectively, and thus may be able to understand what he is driving at. He was a member of the late Republican State Convention, and of the District Convention to choose a Railroad Commissioner. He is seemingly animated with a double hate, in the exercise of which he may serve a double purpose. He hates the Central Pacific Railroad Company, whose servant, beneficiary, and ally he once was, and he hates the Republican party, a member, candidate, and leader of which he has been. He thinks by injuring the one he may destroy the other. If we are not misinformed, Mr. Gorham's politics and business have for some years gone hand in hand. If we are correct, he is the partner of Wm. B. Carr, and if not bound by legal instruments his friendship makes the pecuniary and political interests of the two run in harmony. Mr. Carr, as we understand it, was a grantee of the franchise of the Western Pacific Railroad in interest with Gorham, Phelps, McLaughlin and others, obtained through the influence of Senator Conness, whom these men aided to the senatorial position, and who in turn served them by political favors. Carr, Gorham & Co. disposed of this franchise to the Central Pacific people for a large moneyed consideration. [Here we note for the reflection of our readers the fact that the political aid of two unknown and then obscure local politicians, without money, character, or standing in the business or social world, can convert their ward and primary service into grants of valuable franchise, subsidies, and pecuniary aid, which without performing any labor, or demanding any other brains than is required to do the dirty work of lobbying, results in pecuniary benefit.] After this—as we understand—Mr. Wm. B. Carr became one of the political agents and disbursing servants of the road. Its business seemed to demand, and did demand, the use of such tools. A railroad demanding the protection of the law is at the mercy of the law-makers, and so long as law-makers are corrupt and may be controlled by a lobby, so long must a lobby be employed. It is not creditable to employer, or legislator, or middleman, but it is the law of self-defense, and necessity neither knows law nor recognizes the nicer moral obligations. Carr and his partner—if partner—became rich. On their way to wealth and political honors—for this was a copartnership of ambition and greed, of office and coin, of politics and business—Mr. Gorham conceived the idea of making himself Governor. He had been a lawyer's clerk, a notary public, a clerk of a court, private secretary to Governor Low, and he conceived the idea that he might perhaps step from the obscurity of a village politician to the gubernatorial chair. His cheek was equal to the attempt, and so long as he had only politicians to deal with he advanced through San Francisco primary ward politics, through groggeries, sailor boarding houses, venal county committeemen, unprincipled office-seekers, and stupid country delegates at a State Convention, to the gubernatorial nomination. It was a splendid triumph of machine politics; it was the magnificent display of a mud volcano; it was an achievement worthy of the genius of Gorham; it crowned his reputation as a "smart" politician; it was an apotheosis of impudence, insolence, and political cheek; it murdered the Republican party. From the splendid majorities given for Stanford, Lincoln, and Low, it was sent into an humiliating and disgraceful defeat. Not the traditions of the party, nor money, nor faithful service, nor eloquence, nor party fealty, could save it from overthrow, and Mr. Gorham was beaten by nearly 10,000 majority.

Another four years passed along, and again the party endeavored to gather itself together for a victory. But Sargent had been made Senator. Gorham, by his tears, his supplications, his large family, had gained the soft side of Senator Cole, and asked that he might obtain the party crumbs that fell from the Senate of the United States to its Secretary. He gained the office. He became the enemy of Senator Cole. He was still the servant and the friend of the railroad, and in its interest he fought Governor Booth. Booth was elected. We will not follow Gorham's quarrel down its most vile track, nor recall his filthy assaults upon Booth as Governor and Senator. He held his position at Washington, and Carr held his position with the railroad. Gorham came to California at regular intervals to attend to the political interests of the firm here, and Carr went to Washington at regular intervals to attend to the business there. It is not necessary to suggest free passes, or loans obtained, from the railroad during these years. It is not necessary to fill up this history of ingratitude, treachery, chicanery, misrepresentation, and lies, by any detail of the dirty work that gave us, in Custom House, Post-office, Mint, Internal Revenue, and Navy department, a Federal brigade of Federal brigands. that planned, and robbed, and lied, and disgraced, and dishonored the party. It is not necessary here to suggest the extent to which such politics disgraced the later years of General Grant's administration. We need not recall the history of appointments upon this coast, nor remind our Republican readers how utterly impossible it was for anybody but the Carr and Gorham gang to get appointments in any place; nor to recall to business men and merchants the kind of impecunious blackguards that used to deal with all branches and departments of Government for supplies. There were eight years of utterly dirty work, during which a gentleman blushed to be considered a good Republican and an honest man was a stranger in Republican ranks. Just when the Kern Island desert land speculation was conceived, and just how it was carried out, we are not informed. It was business at this end, and politics at the other end, of the line. Mr. Haggin comes into the grand scheme of irrigation—"Haggin & Carr." The proportions of political influence and coin in this new firm we have no means of understanding, nor do we care to comment unkindly upon a business proposition that converts, by the expenditure of two millions of dollars, a dry and worthless desert into productive farms. We are disposed to think that it is a venture that deserves success; and if Mr. Carr had done nothing in his career less deserving of approval than this he would have been a good citizen in our estimation.

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And now comes a change over the political business outlook of this enterprising firm. Some things we guess, and some things we know. We guess the railroad company had its bellyful of Wm. B. Carr, Esq., and that it began to realize that a great share of its unpopularity came from this firm that it had used as its intermediary with the people. We guess the money drain was too constant and too strong. We guess that Gorham, Carr & Co. was one of those luxuries that an established and successful enterprise might do without, and we guess that the personal arrogance of servants grown rich, insolent, and dictatorial, was no longer endurable by people who had no further use for them. We guess they were discharged without a character, and that they found it difficult to get a new place. At all events—and now we stop guessing and get back upon the ground of solid facts—another convention was called at Sacramento to choose candidates for office. We attended it as an humble spectator. We had been tossed in this political blanket, and tossed out. Sargent, Gorham, and Carr were there in all their glory. The programme was prepared. Sargent should preside, Gorham should introduce the resolutions, Guy Phelps should be Governor. Each had their headquarters. Open barouches plied from hotel to capitol. Tom Rodgers was in his grandeur. All the Federal officials, from Pinney to La Grange, flourished; all the favorites and flatterers, and ward loafers, and county court-house *habitués* and sons of *habitués*, spread themselves around. Then it was that Mr. Gorham insolently proclaimed that unless the Republican party was strong enough to bear him it might sink. It was then that he had the audacity to declare himself a candidate for the United States Senate, and it was then that Messrs. Sargent, Carr, and Gorham first demonstrated their opposition to the Central Pacific Railroad. Then and there, for the first time, Mr. Gorham introduced and fathered resolutions inimical to the corporation whose slave and beneficiary he had been, whose collar he had worn, whose money he had used, and upon whose free passes he had traveled to and from Washington. The old Haight and Gorham campaign was reproduced; the Republican party was divided; Phelps was beaten. For the second time the Republican party had accepted defeat from the selfish audacity and unprincipled politics of Mr. George C. Gorham and his friends. Twice had the Republican party given away the State administration and Governor rather than submit to the insolence of this clique. In the meantime—and here we guess again—Mr. Sargent had realized his mistake, and abandoned his political copartnership with Carr and Gorham. We guess Mr. Sargent never had any pecuniary interest in the firm, and we guess that he had found it unprofitable to sleep in the same political bed with G. & C.

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Another and the last State Convention assembled. Mr. Sargent was noticeable by his absence. Gorham and Carr were present, not with head-quarters, not in open barouches, not with a gang of Federal bandits—for the Mint, the Navy Yard, the Internal Revenue, is cleaned, and even the Custom House and Post-office sent no delegation of political claquers to encourage the actors. Gorham and Carr were no longer chieftains; they were on foot and modest. It was a Convention of Republicans, an old-fashioned Convention of the honest men of the Republican party. It seemed like old times. The low-browed, scowling plug-uglies gave room to the faces of gentlemen, and from all quarters of the State there was convened an assemblage of honest men. There was no Federal dictation, there was no machine, there was no programme. There was good feeling, and a desire for harmony, for a united party, for victory. There was only one malcontent out of the four hundred and six who had been convened, and he came into the Convention by a proxy from the First Ward and water front of San Francisco. He was not a resident of the State; he had no home in it; he had never paid—as we guess—one dollar of taxes; he had no intention of remaining in the State after the Convention adjourned; he had never—as we guess—earned one dollar in California except in office, and by politics, and the employments that came by politics; he has held an office at Washington for more than a decade. But he had been Clerk of the U. S. Senate; he was Secretary of the National Republican Party, and the chairman of the Convention fearing his malignity, hearing that he intended to spring a mine, desiring to be generous, to heal the party breach, made him one of the Committee on Resolutions. The idea was conceived in a generous impulse, and from a desire to draw the gentleman's cork and let him effervesce in committee rather than explode in Convention. He did both. He fizzed in committee, he popped in Convention. He introduced a series of resolutions leveled at the railroad. Loaded with figures that are false, he made a speech bristling with angry points, and either not knowing that the new Constitution had provided a mode of controlling and regulating fares and oppressive freights by the appointment of commissioners clothed with judicial powers, or in reckless defiance of all law, propriety, policy, and decency, he sought to pledge the Commissioners before election with an iron-clad oath to make a decision reducing fares and freights 33⅓ per cent. This he modified to 25 per cent. This modification was to be made in defiance of any facts to be ascertained by the Commissioners. It was a blow at the company inspired by hate of it, and hate of the Republican party. If the pledge was rejected by the Republican party it would harm it; if adopted it would harm it. If publicly discussed it would harm it; if rejected without debate it would harm it. If passed it would harm the railroad; if not passed it would harm the party. It was a Pandora's box filled with evil and evil results. The Convention disposed of the whole affair by referring it to the district conventions. This gave Mr. Gorham another opportunity to load and fire, and, on Tuesday of last week he got off the same speech, with the same figures, asking the adoption of the same pledge. Again he effervesced, and fizzed, and popped, and threatened that he would not abide the decision of the Convention, but would stump the State in opposition to the party that would not honor and the corporation that would not pay him.

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We understand that one of the most pressing motives that prompts Mr. Gorham to this vindictive course, is because Mr. Carr is at variance with the railroad in reference to special rates, desired and demanded by him to and from his property in Kern County. We wish the road could discriminate in favor of all the colonists, farmers, and workingmen who live along the line of their roads. Cheap fares and cheap freights would encourage the settlement and cultivation of interior lands, would build up and encourage industries, and promote the development of the resources of the country. But if there is any reason why Messrs. Haggin, Carr & Co. should have especial and favorable rates we are not advised of it. We have given this matter so much at length because we recognize Mr. Gorham's inclination and ability to injure the Republican party. He is a man of brains; desperate, unscrupulous, and, having lost his hold upon the Republicans of this State, there is nothing he would not do to destroy the party that has failed to acknowledge his leadership. His is not the temper that acknowledges defeat. He is bold, active, and resolute. His ability and power of evil must not be underrated. He has a small but vicious following. He is one of the kind of politicians who, when his motives are exposed, ceases to be formidable. The Republican party can not be injured by open enemies; it may be by the subtle ingenuity and perfidy of pretended friends. The Republican party is composed of honest, and honorable, and high-minded men. They recognize the right of sovereign authority in the State to legislate upon the subject of fares and freights of transportation companies. They understand that authority is properly vested in the political power to control, to an extent, their business. The Republican party would exercise

that power legally, justly, and moderately. It would not hinder the company from performing their service, nor from earning generous profits. It would not vex their management, nor destroy their property. It would not give this power into the hands of enemies or demagogues, nor turn over the authority of the State to the ignorant, the mercenary, or the vicious. Hence we assert, that when this anti-railroad situation is analyzed, and when it is understood that Mr. Gorham is governed by selfish and personal motives, he will not prove a very dangerous infernal machine. When it is understood that the gentleman came to the country, with his family, and returned a year ago, upon free passes; and that he came this time upon a free pass of the company he now assaults, the purity of his motives and the dignity of his course may be appreciated. We sincerely hope that nothing we have herein written will prevent the company from giving him a pass out of the country, lest he should become a permanent resident among us by reason of his inability to leave.

No one knows better than Mr. Gorham how utterly wicked and unprincipled his proposition of reducing the gross earnings of railroads 33⅓ or 25 per cent. is. He knows that such an interference as he suggests, and as is possible under the provisions of the new Constitution, amounts to a destruction of the railroad property. He knows that while the Legislature is properly vested with a general supervisory authority over all transportation companies, that authority must be exercised with the greatest care, and after the most careful and well considered investigation of facts. To enable a commission to fix fares and freights is to arm it with power to confiscate railroad property. It is a dangerous power when vested in men of the highest intelligence and most unquestioned integrity. It is an outrage, and in violation of all rights of property, when confided to demagogues and impecunious political adventurers—to which class, we take it, Mr. Corham belongs. It is certain that the stockholders and managers of the Central Pacific Company will not be compelled to run their roads at a loss. When political interference has made profits impossible, there is no power to compel the company to move a car. Commissioners may say, "you shall carry at such a fare and at such a freight if "you carry at all," but it can not compel the company to carry passengers or tonnage. The State may take away the franchise, may destroy the charter, leaving the company at liberty to close its business. The State can not seize nor use the track, nor employ the engines or cars; these are private property, and are beyond the reach of any seizure except by process of law for any debt. It follows, therefore, that when the company can no longer do a profitable business it will suspend operations. If demagogues can get control of public affairs, if political wolves are to be made commissioners, the consequences may be of a serious character to the business of this State. There is no reason why the managers may not suspend operations, run the engines into their round-houses, and say to the people of this State, "Do "your transportation without our aid;" or if popular force should threaten to seize the railroad property, it may be sent beyond the borders of California to Nevada or Arizona. These things are worth consideration by men who are interested in the welfare and progress of the State. Such reflections will not suggest themselves to Mr. Gorham, as he has neither property to peril nor occupation to lose. Chaos and confusion bring profit to his class. But the Republican party is composed of intelligent men and property owners, and all this demagogy and political charlatanism will have but little weight with reflecting minds.

Mr. Gorham is not the friend of the Republican party, When in the Convention he appealed from the Committee on Resolutions to the general body, and with angry denunciation and false figures, he endeavored to put it in a false relation to the railroad; and again in a District Convention when he arrayed the party as the friend and defender of the corporation; and again, after adjournment, when he reiterated his vituperative argument, dragging in the Chinese question to pile the Pelion of prejudice upon the Ossa of hate—he knew he was simply making a campaign document for the enemies of the Republican party. Mr. Gorham knows that this is not a party but a national question; that it has been discussed in the National Congress; that the Thurman bill, having become a law, has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States; that the Constitution newly adopted in our State has provided Commissioners to deal with this railroad question, and for that purpose clothed them with ample power. He knew that the Republican State Convention had disposed of the question by recommending a reduction of 25 per cent. on all fares and freights. He knows that his persistent effort to bring his iron pledge for a candidate to take was for the purpose of injuring the Republican party; a malicious and pre-determined effort to destroy it. He threatens to appeal from the Conventions to the people, and to denounce "for the next seventy days, from every stump and box where he may find an audience," the party as wearing the brand of the corporation. He is now printing this speech for a campaign document against the party, and it will be scattered broadcast throughout the State. Mr. Gorham is the secret, insidious enemy of the Republican organization. He will do all he can to injure and destroy it. He is its foe in disguise. He is a spy in its counsels, a traitor in its ranks. He has twice destroyed the party in this State by attempting to lead it. He now intends to make one more final effort by betraying it. His first political prominence was gained by denouncing Republican principles and vilifying those who taught them. When the party came to power he lived upon it, and now that it has detected and spurned him, he would murder it by secret assassination. He would stab it in the back, and then return to Washington prepared, in event of victory, to proclaim the patent lie that he aided in its achievement, and in event of its defeat, that it was because it did not follow his counsel. In either event he will seek an office from the Republican administration as a reward for his double treason.

The Republican party can afford to respect individual and corporate rights. It ought to have the firmness to resist their encroachment. It knows that if it permits the law guarding indivldual rights and individual property from spoliation to be evaded that chaos will soon follow, and that the wild theories of agrarians will soon be carried into practical effect. It is time that our community divided into two parts —men of intelligence, property, honesty, good morals on one side; knaves and demagogues, the profligate, the ignorant, the adventurous, on the other. In this argument we constitute ourselves not the partisan of any corporate interest, but we plant ourselves in the front to prevent, if possible, the laying of sacrilegious hands upon rights that are guarded by law by such men as we think Kearney, the De Youngs, and Gorham to be. Unprincipled men who have nothing to lose and everything to gain are dangerous agitators and dangerous leaders in times like these. We would not alarm the business community by suggestions like the foregoing, if it were not well in our judgment to suggest the possibilities to which extremes may lead. We do not anticipate any such extreme measures. We are quite sure that authority under the law to restrain invasion of corporate rights must be vested somewhere. Foreign stockholders have the right to appeal to Federal courts. There are questions of a broader character than that of State jurisdiction involved. Shippers of freight from India to Europe crossing the line of our State and continent are to be considered. Questions involving commercial considerations, not alone affecting California, are to be weighed. There are Federal courts of higher authority than those created under our new Constitution, and there are laws of binding force not enacted by our Legislature, and there are questions, considerations, and interests, affecting the general government, that will enter into the discussion of these propositions which the people of California will be compelled to respect. The Republican party is the party of law. It is united. Its candidates are reliable and honorable men. Let it mind its own business, and go steadily forward in the line of its duty, and it will triumph, and not even George C. Gorham shall destroy it.

As a rule we do not like preachers. Of course there are marked exceptions of learned, pious, God-fearing gentlemen, whose lives are devoted to spiritual teaching, and who illustrate their teaching in the purity of their living. We have a kindly memory of this old and honored style of clergymen to whom politics was a sealed book, and who had no idea of a sensational sermon. It is not of this kind we think the Reverend Joseph Cook to be. We do not like the sensational traveling preacher who lectures for coin. We do not like anybody who knows it all. We do not like anyone who after one week's stay in California knows more about it and its institutions than we who have lived here for thirty years. It makes us feel small to sit at the foot of this Bunker Hill Gamaliel to be taught concerning our own affairs. In reference to our Chinese question we do not care what may be the feelings and opinions of the Eastern people. We think we know more about the Chinese and can form a better opinion upon the influence they are likely to exert upon our State, our national interests, and our civilization, than all the preachers that have ever lived or are likely to live in Boston —at least all that are likely to leave their pulpits to lecture us at two bits a head admission. We are advised as to our geographical position in relation to China, as to its prospective trade, its steam lines. We have read the testimony before the Congressional Commission, we have been taking evidence for thirty years, we do not yield our opinions for those of Senator Morton, or Mr. Seward, or the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, or Wendell Phillips, or the Rev. Cook—not even for Joseph. As to the Rev. Joseph's opinions concerning the amount paid by Catholic servants to the Catholic Church, we think we see evidence of bigotry and unchristian intolerence, and when he assures us that the opinions of our people and our press are formed by the subtle activity of the Romish Church, we think Joseph is a clerical ass, and that he insults our intelligence and our sense. When a clergyman tell us that we need manufactures more than any thing else, and that we must use the cheap labor of Chinese in competition with white labor, we can but think this oily man of God is preaching the religion of a cotton factory, and worshiping Mammon rather than teaching Christ and preaching godliness. We resent the insolence and cant of these traveling, money-making ministers from New England and Brooklyn, who come here to make money by teaching us bad morals, and endeavoring to instruct us in affairs of which they are entirely ignorant. Mr. Cook thinks that the press of this city has not expressed the true sentiment of the people of California on the Chinese question, and that intelligent men and women who have permanent interests, and are able to think for themselves, do not agree with the commonly expressed opinions on this subject. He will go home to Boston, and he will so declare. It will be a false statement, and whether made in ignorance or mistake, it will be equally hurtful to us. This Rev. Joseph will be all the more bitter and intolerant against our State and our people, and will misrepresent us with all the more zeal, because his lecture business has proved a failure, and he will not carry away enough of our money to sweeten the recollections of his visit. Every Eastern ass, that like Balaam's can talk, seems to think that all he has to do is to visit California and reap a harvest of coin. Those able men who visit us without any mercenary object usually go away and speak kindly of our new State—find something to commend and praise; recognize that in the short period of our occupation we have done something for civilization, and show some signs of progress. It is left to the disappointed money-seeker, who came as a mendicant and was denied alms, to go away and abuse. Look out for a mud shower when Joseph the Reverend gets back to Boston.

The Democratic Convention has met and labored. In its angry dissensions, bitter and passionate exhibition of party feeling, it rivaled the earlier days when the struggle in convention decided the officers to be chosen, when a nomination was equivalent to an election. This was not a contest for victory, but a struggle for existence. It had not even the consolation to believe that it might safely trust itself to the hope conveyed in the Hudibrastic couplet. It dared not to run away, lest it should never live to see another fighting day. The old Bourbons and the honester portion of the Democratic gentlemen from the country, still retaining some memory of the prouder days of the Democracy, and still thinking that the days of its usefulness and its power might come back to it, resenting the treachey of the men who have betrayed it by joining the organization of the Honorable Bilks, and the still meaner defection that follows the Irish drayman, determined, as the phrase is, "to stand by the or-"ganization." Dr. Glenn was unanimously indorsed, and this was a greater and more pointed rebuke to the H. B's than the rejection of the balance of the ticket. He was nominated because he refused to indorse the H. B. ticket or accept their nomination, and he does accept the nomination of the Democracy, pledging himself in express terms to make a Democratic administration. The balance, indeed the whole ticket, is "straight."

Independence Day coming on Friday we go to press Thursday evening. At this writing we can only guess that there will be four tickets in the field; that the Honorable Bilks will endeavor to take Dr. Glenn from their ticket, and that they will fail, for the Honorable B's are high-toned chivalry gentlemen, and the crooked-caned old hickories of the Southern Democracy will not "go back" on the Doctor. We prophecy that the *Chronicle* will be placed in a very ridiculous position, and that it will squirm and bite its own tail in anger and disgust at the narrow hole into which it has wriggled itself. It is said that in the prairie dog villages the owl, the rattlesnake, and the prairie dog dwell in harmony; this is possible, but it is not possible for the *Chronicle*, the chivalry, and the manly element of the Democratic party to live harmoniously in the same hole, the *Chronicle* being boss of the whole. Kearney will go about his business in his own pig-headed, obstinate, honest way, yet astonish the plug-hat brigade with his strength. The *Chronicle* has burnt its bridges with Kearney, as it has with everybody, Republicans, Democrats, Workingmen, old Constitutionalists, merchants, bankers, corporations, and everybody except a little gang of immediate followers.

Dr. Glenn was a forced nomination, but the Democracy stood forcing. He is a typical Democrat. He was born in old Virginia; he was raised in Missouri, sir; he drove oxen across the plains. He is a high-toned gentleman, one of the first families. He has an "estate" in Colusa—not a farm, not a ranch, not a plantation, but an estate of one hundred and ten thousand acres. He would own slaves if the d——d Yankees had not made California a free State, and the war had not followed. He does the next best thing—he hires the Chinese. He was a secessionist during the war, and he owes nearly a million of dollars. There is no better Democrat in the State of California than Dr. Glenn of Colusa.

The Republican party looks calmly on upon this triangular Democratic duel. It has had its Convention of most respectable citizens. It has declared its platform of principles in temperate language. Its nominee for Governor is an honorable and intelligent business gentleman of the merchant class, whose whole past life is a guarantee of his ability and disposition to discharge the executive duties properly. The balance of the Republican ticket is a good one. [illegible] ly nominated, and there is every fair presumption [illegible]

## INTAGLIOS.

### Change.

Men are no longer what they were
In the old Grecian days, when youth
Looked not beyond itself for truth,
Nor age beyond its trodden ways;
When love was never wont to err
From tranquil woods and streams, to find
In the vague voices of the wind
Strange murmurs of unearthly lays.

Men are no longer what they were
When the young Christ was newly born,
Or when amid a golden morn
Rome tottered on her ancient throne;
When hearts went out to minister
Unto the idolatrous far and wide
Sweet hope and mercy sanctified,
And all that love had made its own.

Men are no longer what they were
When souls began to doubt, and hope
To fade—like mist upon a slope
Dissolved in dawning floods of light;
When faith seemed half a thing of air
Built on the moving sands of dream—
A creed of empty sound, supreme
In dull, cold splendor of the night.

Then priest and poet bowed before
The awful, august face of her
Whose deeply mystic voice would stir
The chill and ghostly voids of death:
Nature, whose speech is like the roar
Of mad, melodious waves, or low
As faint June breezes when they blow
On lowly flowers with languid breath.

Their lofty souls were racked with doubt,
And in sad, yearning tones they cried
To her, the loved, the deified,
For peace which is the grace of grief;
With patient ardor and devout
They sought the light of truth divine,
Yet found that God had left no sign
For them whose faith was unbelief.

Men are no longer what they were—
Lo! they have turned away their gaze
From mournful nights and darkened days,
And life that faltered in its path;
With brave and willing hearts they bear
Their heavy burdens, and sing
Of love's inspired awakening,
And hope that each man truly hath.

The world is changing, and the years
Are sweeping to their radiant goal,
Like torrents breaking from control,
And rushing onward to the sea;
And he who listens vaguely hears
A sound of many waters lulled
To calm, and winds to slumber dulled,
Or roused to life melodiously.

The thunder of false gods, the gloom
Of blind and erring faith, and death
Whose kiss makes poison of our breath,
And all dark shadows of our lives,
These shall not shake us, nor entomb
The joy within our souls, for time
Has filled us with a trust sublime
And given us glory for our gyves.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

### In the Fall.

My soul is like a bird in autumn woods,
Where gold-brown leaves lie withered, dry, and sere,
And o'er tree-tops dank mist sullen broods,
As 'twere a shroud to wrap the dying year.

The fruit has ripened—fallen—and rotting lies,
The nuts are scattered, cankered at the core;
The berries sickly sweet; the hushed wind sighs
In lingering cadence: "Summer days are o'er."

Once, in the green spring-tide, so fresh and fair,
From bough to bough it fluttered gay and free,
And reveled in the bright and ambient air
With bursts of joy and native minstrelsy;

No thought of falling leaves or nipping frost
Disturbed its glee, or hushed its carol gay;
It reveled with its mates—a giddy host—
And the free greenwood echoed with its lay.

But now, the fresh spring-time is gone and past,
And the fresh summer's golden joys are o'er;
E'en autumn's graver hours are fading fast,
And nought is left save gloom of winter hoar.

And thus my soul in youth's spring-tide has joyed;
In manhood's summer reveled with the best;
And now, with autumn's over-ripeness cloyed,
Sees winter beckoning to its ice-bound rest.

FRED LYSTER.

### Wild Aster-blooms.

While all the fields were bright and rich
With golden-rod, there crept along,
By every roadway, hedge, and ditch,
A modest white and purple throng
Of blossoms. Oh, the aster-bloom!
Its purple not the royal tint
Companioned with the sword and plume,
Its white less bright than diamond glint
Of coronet on queenly brow;
But less pretentious colors, found
When nature chooses to endow,
Not all her princely clans renowned,
But humbler folks whose tastes are 'tween
The garish glare and cultured sheen.

Oh, aster-blooms! Ye cluster so
In quaint fence-corners and in rifts
Of hedges, that a dream of snow
Ye seem; soft, dainty drifts
Of shining snow, from distance viewed;
Of snow that soon shall gather there,
When winds shall grow more stern and rude,
And skies in azure tints less fair.
But not till lower, lower still,
The sun shall swing through southern skies,
And over every northern hill
Shall glance in less distinctive guise,
And tiny trees at noon-day cast
Such lengthened shadows as those vast
And century-aged failed to throw
'Neath June's high sun long weeks ago.

## THE MINNESINGER OF GERMANY.

The Minnesinger of Germany, like his brother minstrel, the French *Trouvère*, flourished in the so-called dark ages of the world. The fraternity to which he belonged owed its origin to the spirit of discontent engendered by the Crusades. Having tasted the pleasures of unlimited indulgence, the novelty of foreign travel, and the excitement of war, the people were restless under the restraints of peace. Science had escaped from the cloister, and opposition to dogmatism was openly manifested. The Church, with characteristic tact, instituted the mendicant orders as a conversion to the popular feeling, at the time secular melodies were almost unknown. Song was chiefly devotional in character, and music was confined to the service of religion. Near the close of the eleventh century the barriers of custom were broken, the long-neglected lyre again was strung, and the study of poetry was resumed. The French *chanson* and the German minnesong were the first fruits of this poetic revival. Marvelous lyrics they were: not expressing discontent with the existing order of things; not martial in tone, stirring the people to deeds of arms; but airy and amorous, breathing the freshness of May-time, and seeming to rejoice at their own freedom. Though sometimes tinted with satire, yet even then the sting was not too keen, and was directed chiefly against the minor follies of mankind. The tumultuous temper of the times was calmed, and the Minnesinger became the apostle of harmony. About the middle of the twelfth century there went forth through Germany the first of these pilgrims of song. From castle to castle they wandered, with lute and sword, welcomed alike by prince and peasant. Kings, lords, and barons, seized with the prevailing passion, joined the minstrel throng, and made merry with their vagabond companions, asking no reward but the applause of men and the approving smile of women. King Wenzel, of Bohemia, deemed the wreath of roses received in tribute to his song more priceless than his regal crown. Duke John of Brabant, Duke Henry of Bresslau, Duke Leopold of Austria, and Margrave Henry of Messen were numbered among those knightly troubadours. The illustrious Emperor Fredrich Barbarosa, and his even more renowned successor, Fredrich II., in their lighter moods sometimes struck the lyre in accompaniment to their own improvisations. During the glorious reign of the Hoenstauffen family the mellow Swabian tongue was spoken almost universally throughout the German Empire. Never was there a language better adapted to the expression of poetry. Possessing an almost barbaric splendor of ornament, rich in sensuous beauty, and musical withal, it fulfilled perfectly the requirements of the Minnesinger.

"The olden, golden time is dead,
The Minnesinger gone forever;
His harp unstrung, his weary head
At rest by tranquil German river.
The minnesong can never die;
Its pathos deep, its tender feeling,
Its ringing notes, its lover sigh,
For aye to human hearts appealing."

Many of the Minnesingers could neither read nor write. It is related of Ulrich von Lichtenstein that a letter from his sweetheart remained in his possession for several weeks before he found any one able to decipher its contents, yet the metrical melody attained by these untutored bards has never been surpassed even by such masters of versification as Heine, Goethe, Tennyson, and Swinburne. Every minnesong, according to Kroeger, had a triplicity of strophe form; each strophe being divided into three parts, the first two corresponding perfectly with each other in the slightest matter of rhyme and rhythm; and the third forming a rhythmically and metrically connected, but otherwise independent, whole. In other words each stanza had it strophe, anti-strophe, and epode. From the minneleider of Ulrich von Lichtenstein is collected this

LOVE SONG:

"Ah, why care we for the morrow?
Joy is good
From the women we must borrow
Lightsome mood.
Happy who can win its blessing—
Faith, he is a happy man;
Joy we gain from love's caressing;
Honor follows e'er its van.

We must dancing, laughing, singing,
Ever learn
From fair women; to them clinging
Man can earn
Worthily their love and favor,
If he serve them faithfully;
Who repents their service ever
With great grief will covered be.

Love, have pity! I am flowing
O'er with woe;
Touch me, feel my pulses glowing!
Coldest snow
Would he quickly set a-burning
By my heart's consuming heat.
Love, if thou canst help my yearning,
Turn to me with kisses sweet."

A poem in which this triplicity was departed from was called a minnélay. It was considered very inartistic to use the same kind of verse for two different poems; and no poet was allowed to use the strophe form of another. Nearly twelve hundred distinct metrical forms appear in the works of the Minnesingers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The rondeau, triolet and other varieties of verse have recently been introduced into our language from the French. Might we not also study with profit the construction of German minnepoetry? A minnesong by Ulrich von Lichtenstein is quoted above. By the same author, but in a more serious vein, is this

ADMONITION.

"Where have joy and honor vanished?
Where are all good teachings banished?
World, thy manners are ill planished;
Thy praise limpeth on a staff.
Courteous shone thy crown forever,
What time man won woman's favor
Without guile, in chaste endeavor—
Thou hast cast it off as chaff.
Of pure women, hearty greeting
Would set often grief retreating
From the head to feet, and heating,
Anxious hearts again would laugh.

Woman, thy name joy enhances;
God to thee gives blissful trances;
Thy life knows no dissonances;
Of sure comfort thou'rt a roof.
Woman, all unchasteness flying,
Ne'er let shame on thee be prying;
That thy glory stay undying,
Keep thou from all taint aloof;
For if falseness be thy lover,
O'er thy name disgrace will hover;
Yea, thy name will scandal cover,
And a checkmate to thee prove.

Knighthood, how stands now thy order?
Where is now thy worth's recorder?
Erst we saw thee virtue's warder;
Ah, how proud flashed then thy glance!
Now, the women mourn thee, lusty,
That thy shield stays cobwebbed, dusty—
Wholly unused and untrusty;
Where the tourney now, and dance?
Thy life thou so keep'st betraying,
Even shame abhors thy staying,
Prowess in the street displaying—
Once more take up honor's lance!"

As in every age the leading theme of poets has been love, so it was with the Minnesinger. Oftentimes a thread of religious feeling was interwoven amid the glowing texture of their verse—a golden chord of harmony vibrating in the halls of feudal superstition. Lyrics, expressive of feeling or passion, were invariably sung to improvised airs; those which partook more of a didactic nature were merely spoken. The first form was known as the *minneleid*, the second as the *spruch*, or saying.

Among the noblest of the Minnesingers was Walther von der Vogelweide, who was born about the year 1170. At the age of twenty years he went into Austria for the purpose of studying under Rienman the Old, a minstrel of great renown. Young Walther was an apt scholar, and soon became the favorite of Duke Frederick II. of Barbenbergia, for whose entertainment he composed a large number of songs, noted for their purity of sentiment and constant tone of cheerfulness. The death, in 1192, of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, was followed by a series of political disturbances in which Walther was an active participant. Pope Innocent III. having refused to recognize the authority of Fredrich II., the legally elected successor of Henry IV., there arose two other aspirants for the throne, Otto of Bavaria and Philip of Swabia, son of Fredrich Barbarosa. Walther espoused the cause of Philip, and vigorously opposed the the claims of Otto, the favorite of the Pope. His lyrics of this period were bold and spirited, and struck vigorous blows at the iniquities of the Court of Rome.

During the Crusade of 1228 the poet composed a stirring "Crusaders' Hymn," from which the following lines are extracted. The metre, it will be observed, is the same which Swinburne has employed in several of his most musical hymns:

"God's love for us when given
Unlocked the gates of heaven,
And bravely have we striven
To gain the promise land.
Our wealth and blood grows thinner,
Yet God will make us winner
'Gainst him who many a sinner
Holds captive in his hand."

After the crusade, Walther retired to his estate near Wurtzburg, where he died in 1230, deeply mourned by the whole German people. Longfellow, in his poem of "Walter von der Vogelweide," relates a beautiful legend connected with the minstrel's death:

"Vogelweide, the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg minster towers;

"And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feeds the birds at noontide,
Daily, on his place of rest.

*Saying*—"From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught me well and long."

In compliance with this request the birds were feasted on the poet's tomb, and "day by day, in vaster numbers," they flocked to receive the expected noontime meal, sounding, amid their sweetest carols, the name of Vogelweide,

"Till at length the holy Abbott
Murmured: "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to live henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Around the Gothic spires of the cathedral the "feathered minnesingers" gathered each day, clamoring vainly for the food which the monks had appropriated. The poem thus concludes:

"Time has long effaced the inscriptions
On the cloistered funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

"But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide."

Each Minnesinger had a trusty page, whose duty it was to memorize the songs of his master and repeat them to the fair damsel whose praises they celebrated. To this system of repetition are we indebted for what has been preserved by the Minnesinger, which else would have died with those who gave them birth. Transmitted from generation to generation, they were treasured in the memory of the people until the Swiss Knight Rudiger, of Manners, with the aid of a noted Minnesinger, Johann Hadbouh, collected them into a volume, which is now in the great Parisian library. Although eclipsed by the brighter genius of Heine, Goethe, and Schiller, the fame of the Minnesinger will live through the ages, for the sweetness and truth of their songs, which must ever constitute the greatest glory of mediæval Germany.

"Then fill the cup, and here's to those
Old singers of the age romantic;
Fathers of purest song, and foes
To all things base, to all pedantic;
And from their dust a memory springs,
In Time's forgetful race the winner,
And from our hearts a full toast rings—
The dead, remembered Minnesinger."

SAN QUENTIN, June, 1879. HOWARD R. JOHNSON.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

The element of what is called love exists only where there is languor.

Mrs. Jones says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.

"Oh," she said, "I think soda water is soda licious." He took the hint and soda dime on the harvest field of love.

"Darling husband," she said, "am I not your treasure?" "Certainly," he replied, "and I should like to lay you up in heaven."

The taste for pottery decoration has reached Cincinnati. There the girls paint roses on the bowls of their mothers' clay pipes.

With uncommon gallantry a man will resign his seat in a horse car to a colored woman who is eating peppermint drops and perspiring.

A lot of American corsets shipped to Mexico were supposed to be a new kind of saddle, and they were returned as not giving satisfaction.

The Women's Debating Society of Jasper, Florida, has decided that the women of the United States are worthy of suffrage, but do not desire it.

Miss Ames has a story entitled "The Longest Hour of My Life." That was doubtless the hour she knew her beau was calling on another girl across the street.

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the theatre," she answered. Tickets for two.

Women must affirm that they are twenty-one years old before they will be allowed to vote in Massachusetts for members of the School Committee. This effectually bars them out.

Whenever a woman does a wicked or a foolish thing the newspapers designate her as beautiful and accomplished. Perhaps that is the reason why some good, homely women become bad.

It is said that the woman who hesitates is lost. This is not always so, however. Quite frequently it is the other woman who is coming right back of her and doesn't see her stop to pick up her dress.

Simpkins has his sister keeping house for him. The other day she disposed of his favorite light pants for a work of Italian art, and when he came home there was a time with his sister, his cussin', and his pants.

Mrs. Mackay, wife of the bonanza king, now residing in Paris, contemplates giving a dinner this month, when the *menu* will be, as usual, engraved on silver, but, in addition, with the portrait of each guest artistically fitted in.

The woman who took a box of corn plasters to an entertainment, thinking they were lonzenges, couldn't imagine why they didn't dissolve until she got back home and examined the label, when the mystery was at once cleared up.

"Well, my dear, are you coming on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma; last month, when I played four-hand pieces with my music teacher, I was always a couple of bars behind. Now, I'm always at least three bars ahead."

Miss Susan B. Anthony says that the failure of woman suffrage as a reformatory influence in Wyoming Territory is due to the unfairness of the United States officers, who refuse to permit women to sit on juries when persons accused of transgressing the moral laws are to be tried.

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine house."

A young lady in town well connected,
In her talk was very affected,
For neither she always said nither;
And one day at the dentist's,
Before the tooth was ejected,
She said she believed she'd take "ither."

When a St. Louis husband asked his young wife to tell him, "for heaven's sake," why she had changed so toward him, she frankly replied: "Oscar, do you want to make two hearts happy? You can do so by setting me at liberty. I never truly loved you. Now I know what true, warm love is, and you can be our papa."

A natural philosopher remarks: "That a man should in a general way be liable for his wife's debts is a sweetly reasonable doctrine. If matrimony has many pains, celibacy, according to a high authority, has no pleasures; and it is therefore only fair that the quantity of such pains should be undiminished and their quality unimpaired."

When a girl wants to have a good picture taken she should try to counterfeit that expression which takes charge of her features while she gazes fondly over the shoulder of her young man when he is writing something about doves and forget-me-nots in her autograph album, or when he goes down deep into his pockets and rises to surface with a paper of gum drops for her "fairy suction."

A maiden with a young man stood,
Her hair with flowers was decked;
The scene it was a trying one,
The girl's back hair was wrecked.

The maiden gazed into his eyes
With thoughts of love, the witch
Had dropped a curl upon his arm,
"Another misplaced switch."

A Michigan lady apostrophizes her sex as follows: "Beautiful, glorious womanhood and motherhood, I want your lives to shine out like a meteor to the world, making a grand flash of light wherever fate wills you to fall, and making everything glorified around you." Just the moment that those sort of meteors begin to shine we shall try to step within their effulgent rays; but, alas! we do not, can not take any stock in such a glorious good time coming.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### Two Loves and a Life.

To the scaffold's foot she came;
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast—
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb—
Heard the price upon his head.
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him, too;
She will *weep*, but Ruth will *do*.
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came;
On her lips there rose a name—
Rose, and yet in silence died—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife," he called her—called her "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life.

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay,
But she coldly turned away;
"He has sealed his traitor fate—
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said,
"Be it wife, then, to the dead,
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate."

"What their sin! They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight:
"I can love, and I can hate."

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate."

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent;
All the air was quick with cries:
"See the traitor! See, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam;
All her woman's anger died—
"From the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unrolled,
Paused the axe in upward swing—
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long,
All about the scaffold throng;
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold;

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move:
"I can hate—but I can love."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

### Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt in glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

N. A. W. PRIEST.

A Minister of State is waited upon by an old employé with a letter of recommendation from some influential personage. After reading the letter the Minister says:

"Let me see—you are asking for a pension in the quality of *chef de bureau;* but are you entitled to it—have you ever filled the office?"

"No, I have not; but I have been seeking to do so for more than thirty years."

Several men on the scaffold recently have spoken a warning against whisky. But, mark you, they were immediately hanged.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

A schoolmaster to a pupil:

"But, my dear child, how is it that you don't get on with your reading? When I was your age I could read fluently without spelling a word."

"Probably," retorted the boy, "you had a better master than I have."

Every one does not appreciate in the same way the new curative means employed by modern physicians, as the following dialogue will go to prove:

"Have you tried electricity for your complaint?" was the question put to an elderly lady who had been suffering for some time.

"Electricity? I should say I have. Last summer I was struck by lightning, but it does not seem to have done me much good."

A few variations on widowhood. We begin with the ladies:

*First Widow.*—"I was happy with my first husband. I may be happy with a second. Men are better than they are said to be. I shall marry again."

*Second Widow.*—"I was not happy with my first husband. I may have better luck with a second. I shall marry again."

*Third Widow.*—"I was happy with my first husband, unhappy with my second. I must now play the rubber. I shall marry again."

Now for the men:

*First Widower.*—"I was happy with my wife—yes, very happy. I could never be happier. I shall not marry again."

*Second Widower.*—My married life was an inferno upon earth. I am now free. No, I shall not marry again."

*Third Widower.*—"I did not lead a very happy life with my first wife; it was worse still with my second. I am not anxious to know what a third would be like. I shall not marry again."

François, at two o'clock in the morning, is sitting up for his master and falls asleep before a good fire. The master comes home, and, seeing his servant in such a comfortable position, retires to bed without waking him. After a few minutes, however, François opens his eyes, looks at the clock, gapes, and exclaims:

"But isn't that old fool coming home to-night?"

A voice from behind the curtains:

"François, you can go to bed; the old fool has returned!"

A dialogue between two *concierges:*

"Take great care, Mme. Picard; they say small-pox is very prevalent. You should have your child vaccinated."

"Never, my dear! There was a lodger in the house and he had his child vaccinated, and the little one died two months after."

"What! of the small-pox?"

"No, he fell out of a window on the pavement."

"Baptiste, you did not dust that furniture this morning."

Baptiste replies somewhat ironically:

"Madame can plainly see that this is not to-day's dust—it lies too thick."

"How many sacraments are there?" says the fond mother, who is teaching her daughter the catechism.

"None, ma; the priest has just given the last one to the sick gentleman across the way."

To noble sportsman, enter Clerk:

*Clerk*—Monseigneur, M. le boss has sent me round to say that now you have won the Grand Prix he thinks you might pay him something on that little account.

*Noble Sportsman*—Tell your honored employer that I haven't won the Grand Prix. My horse has; let him go and dun the horse.

Local item from *Le Gaulois:* "M. Kugelmann, Sr., a printer of the *Gaulois*, has failed yesterday to be the victim of an accident of vehicle. In traversing toward midnight the Boulevard Poissonière, at the height of the restaurant Brébant, he was shocked by the vehicle 1750, which threw him on the sidewalk. Transported immediately to the *Gaulois* he received there the first cares while waiting the arrival of a doctor. This one here, after having examined him, reported that M. Kugelmann had received two light contusions, the one at the visage, the other at the shoulder, and he declared that the state of our sympathetic printer was not offering, happily, any character of gravity."

They were speaking yesterday of X., who has been appointed to a foreign mission.

"He's a bad egg," says, tersely, one of the interlocutors, who had had frequent cause to complain of him.

"Oh, but you know," said the other, "that he is very capable."

"Yes—capable—of anything."

"My dear sir, I adore your daughter and I wish to ask for her hand."

"But I have two, which one will you have?"

"Either."

Calino, who spends his summers in the country, has two electric bells at the head of his bed.

"One of these bells is for your servant," remarks one of his friends, "but what use do you make of the other?"

"Oh, that one leads to the dog-house to notify my dog to bark if I should hear burglars in the house."

The following was whispered the other evening at the Théâtre des Variétés:

"Do look at that lady! What a low-necked dress she wears!"

"That's a postal-card costume."

"How so?"

"No envelope to it!"

Although it is Fourth of July week, and the usual crowd of pleasure-seekers have been noticeable at the theatres, there are no novelties offered for their entertainment. At Baldwin's J. C. Williamson and his pleasant little wife interrupted *A Marriage by Moonlight* to present the still favorite *Struck Oil*. At the California, Joe Murphy, the worst actor and the luckiest star on the stage, has done fairly well with *Kerry Gow*. I am afraid, in contrast with the high art of the previous two weeks, to mention the sparring match, which is the additional attraction. At the Standard the society *Pinafore* runs along as smoothly as ever; and opposite, Denman Thompson has had his share of the bounties of the people. But theatrical matters are in a parlous state, and I have not the least doubt that the late craze for *Pinafore* has turned the ideas of the public in a new direction, which, until it is overdone, will seriously interfere with the legitimate performances. For weeks the two first class theatres have been almost deserted, and, while Eastern managers have been counting their gains and showing their books to the newspaper men, ours have been down in the blues. Tom Maguire, whose popularity is in an inverse ratio to his success, stands at the entrance to Baldwin's, pulling his flowing moustache, and, quite unconscious of the dust driving down Market Street, waits impatiently while Mr. Goodwin wrestles with the books in the box office, in a vain endeavor to make out the balance on the right side. General Barton and Mr. Lawlor watch the stream of human life, which represents to them so many dollars, halves, or quarters, as it passes unceasingly along Kearny Street, bitter in spirit against the ungenerous and unjust public who have apparently forgotten the old favorite establishment. They think of Lester Wallack, with all his fashionable clothes, flying eastward, and they turn occasionally with doubtful look to the frame in which the delightfully immoral Aimée presents herself in all sorts of dresses and attitudes. I fancy they almost fear that the merry little Frenchwoman is no longer the magnet she was. They have relieved the monotony, during the last engagement more especially, by strolling down and gloomily contemplating the smiling Locke and the beaming Kennedy. I have thought at times that they looked as if they could have taken those crowds by the neck and hustled them into the house in the next block. But still the dollars have kept dropping into the two little places, and a dreary exchequer has represented the interest inspired by the others. It can not be denied that the present condition of things theatrical is not satisfactory, at least to managers. The question before them is, How are we to make money by competing against operas that amateurs and children can sing, and plays which only require a few cheap actors and actresses—with stars at $500 a night, and stock companies, the leading members of which are paid $200 a week? A year ago the California solved it, by going in for a cheap company, and soon found that the public would not accept them. Baldwin's, on the other hand, took the different—the correct—view, and procured the best actors and actresses they could; but the result was the same. I am willing to admit that the public taste has changed of late, and does not run to heavy dramatic plays as much as before. But there is one reason for failure, which is also sufficient of itself to account for the present indifference shown by the public to the best efforts of both theatres. Last season opened with every sign of prosperity. The people craved for amusement, for entertainment, and even four theatres did not appear to be too many for the possible patronage. A little consideration will show that that excitement only died away under oft-repeated disappointments. Last year Mr. Maguire went to Europe, and his return was preceded by a flourish of trumpets never before heard over such an event. He came back loaded with the spoils of the dramatic markets in which he had been rummaging. Everything he had done was immense. An arrangement had been made with Sardou, by which all his productions were to be given at Baldwin's with the full advantages of the French prompt-book! Engagements had been made of such wonderful importance that they were suppressed in case they should astonish the public too much! Plays had been bought of the most attractive and brilliant kind, and everything had been arranged for that was in the faintest degree necessary to place Baldwin's Theatre at the head of the list. Mr. Maguire's announcement enthused the public, because they knew that it might be true, since Mr. Baldwin stood at his back with untold millions. What has been the result of all this fuss? Out of all Mr. Maguire's brilliant achievements during his trip to Europe but one success has been recorded, and that success was with an American actress, Clara Morris. The first play which Sardou produced after the famous agreement was played at the California by a New York combination. It turned out that the new pieces, over which Mr. Maguire grew excited himself, were old exhausted Surry Theatre dramas, which had grown yellow in Lacy's and French's catalogues at fifteen cents, plays of that primitive age when country people cried over "Clarissa," and sympathized with "Tom Jones" on the sly. Even Barry Sullivan has not been heard from yet. So Clara Morris was all that redeemed a season of disappointment. The public showed that they were willing to forgive him even then, for they packed the house whenever Miss Morris played. The succeeding programmes showed that there was nothing to follow, and Max Strakosch came along with a kind of traveling opera company, which brought Mr. Maguire's mistakes and misfortunes to a climax. Throughout the entire season there was mainly mismanagement, not by Mr. Maguire entirely, but by the incompetent crowd who surrounded him in the control. There has been no discipline observed at any time, save when Mr. Harriott looked after his wife's interests. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and Baldwin's Theatre, having no responsible manager behind the scenes, presented the best pieces with little regard to the fact that people paid their dollars to see them. That is the story of Baldwin's for last season, and lately it has been thrown more deeply into the mire than ever by the despicable attempt to pass off a well known New York success under a new title, and with the names of two employees of the theatre advertised as authors. I do not remember any such example of "cold cheek," to use an expressive slang phrase, anywhere at any time, for the two individuals had not added or taken off the faintest iota from the MS., save what they gleaned from reports of the New York performance. Mr. Maguire pays James O'Neill about two hundred dollars a week. He is said to pay Miss Coghlan two hundred and twenty-five. And yet with these and others, who are most of them good and reliable actors, he has blunderingly wasted all his chances, mainly for the want of a manager. I might further lecture Mr. Maguire. I might point out the injustice done to a strong dramatic company in playing them with little boys, who are utilized as speculations in the theatrical business. I might suggest that it is an unsound business policy which assists outside speculators to enter into direct competition with his regular theatre. And I might also hint that if he must pay salaries of forty or fifty dollars a week he can find superior, tried actresses in the East, who will be only too glad to take the places of a few amateurs who have done a good deal through their incompetency to spoil the best plays he has produced. The remedy lies in Mr. Maguire's hands, and there is no reason, if he wills it, why Baldwin's Theatre should not be run as a first-class theatre should be, on business principles. He has at least three good men, any one of whom is qualified to guide the interior arrangements. The California's disastrous financial career of late can be traced equally clearly to the same cause in a different way. If, to-day, it is not the favorite haunt of theatre-goers it once was, the fact is mainly due to a mistaken economy, which has materially added to the unfortunate results of errors of judgment. The California had in a small way made money. It had succeeded, by giving cheap performances to gallery audiences, in getting a balance on the right side, but it had not calculated anything for loss of *clientèle;* and when the management brought out their high class and expensive stars, they were surprised to find that the class of the public upon which they had relied to patronize them had grown cold and indifferent. It was all very well when Frank Mayo and Buffalo Bill crowded the gallery and made the old walls ring again with applause. Then dollars counted, whoever paid them. But when Ada Cavendish, Fanny Davenport, Barrett, and Lester Wallack came to claim our attention, they found that the smoke of the tenement and the smell of Buffalo Bill's powder still hung round the building, and both gallery and dress circle were deserted. Something might be said of the persistency with which the management played old stars in old pieces; and there one of the weaknesses of economy came out strongly. We had seen the old company in them all, and I do not remember a single performance of the kind in which comparisons were not freely and adversely made. Even the engagement of Miss Jeffreys-Lewis, the spirited and unusually artistic acting of Miss Ada Gilman, and the strong support of Mr. Keene and Mr. Felix Morris (who of the new company were the most deserving), could not redeem the *prestige* of the old theatre, although the leading star was Wallack. It is of no use denying that the *clientèle* of the California has seriously changed, and only some vigorous movement will bring it back to its old place in public favor. The Standard came to grief, as it deserved to do, but the luck that saved Mr. Kennedy more than once has come to him again. He has secured the only entertainment that could at once clear the theatre from the cloud of the cancan, and if he only avoids that rock of low variety business, he has one of the best chances in the city. Mr. Locke has not made his fortune, I suppose; indeed, some say he has lost a good deal of money. But Mr. Locke has an invaluable faculty. I have seen him smile as pleasantly on an empty house as on a full audience; and he does not abuse the public and the newspapers if he finds that another theatre gets a bigger house and a more favorable notice than he does. He expects dull times occasionally, and makes his average the deciding result. His enterprise embraces everything; but, then, he places his companies where the audience he wishes for them will find them. And he does not require any condolence at present. It will be well for managers to study this present *Pinafore* fever, for it is of great importance to them. They will find that it is opening the eyes of the public to the feebleness of some of the performances they have heretofore accepted, and it is developing the fact that only first class professional actors and singers deserve patronage, since amateurs can do so well.

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Watts Phillips' old drama, *Camilla's Husband*, rechristened by Herne and Belasco *A Marriage by Moonlight*, has been produced at Baldwin's. It is a strong play of the improbable school, and might be successful if it were rearranged by somebody of literary and dramatic taste and culture. As it is, it has been if anything disfigured by the alterations which are supposed to justify the title of authors taken by the new dramatic firm. It is well acted on the whole, Mr. O'Neil and Miss Coghlan making a good deal out of the scenes between them. The story is not very reasonable, and the stranger situations are badly managed. But, in any case, it is safe to say that if Sardou's pieces can not draw audiences, the exhausted melo-drama revived by Herne and Belasco can scarcely be expected to be more successful.

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At the Standard the *Pinafore* is running to such large houses that it will not be withdrawn, at least for another week. After the city has got tired of it, the children will keep the stage, while the country enjoys the adult performance. And then it is in contemplation to produce a French comic opera, possibly *Les Cloches de Corneville*, which, being played by the Aimée Company at the California, will give the public an opportunity for comparison.

Of the success of *L'Assommoir* in London a correspondent writes: Every one remembers how Croisette thrilled all Paris by the death agonies of "Blanche" in *Le Sphinx*—the part also in which Clara Morris created a sensation in America, and the powerful acting of Irving as the murderer in *The Bells*, is also familiar to the followers of dramatic art. Charles Warner has made just such another success by his death scene in *Drink*, Mr. Reed's dramatization of M. Zola's great novel. The horribly realistic death from delirium tremens, so repulsive that one shudders at the sight, has proved the most marked of individual successes on this stage for years, and Warner has leaped into fame at a bound. The manager of the Princess Theatre has doubled the actor's salary, and given him an engagement for three years. The *Times* refused to criticise Warner's acting because the critic had never seen a man die of delirium tremens, and could not, therefore, say whether the acting was true to nature or not.

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Subsidies to the following amounts are granted by the principal cities of Europe to their lyric theatres: Berlin, 700,000 francs; Stuttgart, 625,000 francs; Dresden, 400,000 francs; Naples, San Carlo, 300,000 francs; Vienna, Imperial Theatre, 300,000 francs; Rome, Apollo, 290,000 francs; Copenhagen, 250,000 francs; Carlsruhe and Weimar Theatres, 250,000 francs; Munich, 195,000 francs; Milan, La Scala, 175,000 francs; Stockholm, 150,000 francs; Palermo, Bellini, 120,000 francs; Turin, 60,000 francs; Florence, Pergola, 40,000 francs; Genoa, Carlo Felice, 10,000 francs.

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Pretty little Mlle. Marie Van Zandt's *début* as "Amina" in London reminds divers critics of that of Patti seventeen years ago, and some of them are not backward in saying that the young lady is to be the famous *prima donna* of the future. Mlle. Van Zandt has a charming and promising voice, and if her health can endure the strain of hard work she will probably fulfill these agreeable prophecies. She is a remarkably pretty young creature, with an expressive face and a bright coloring; but she has a most fragile and delicate-looking frame.

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I fail to see why the inner life of an actress should be more open to public remark than that of any other woman. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis is the latest victim of the inventive genius of the newspaper correspondent. She is credited with various manœuvres to shift this mortal coil, and a legal attempt to dissolve the bonds of matrimony. Whatever Miss Lewis' domestic life may be, happy or unhappy, is no business of the public, and it is sufficient for them to take cognizance of such matters as divorce when the legal step has been announced. There is no divorce suit pending.

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*L'Assommoir*, a new and original play by Herne and Belasco, will probably be shortly produced in San Francisco. The impression that this was a dramatization of a novel by Emile Zola is a mistake; as is also the long-believed statement that *Hamlet* was written by Shakspeare. The veil of modesty which has long hidden the real authors has now been rent in twain, and a vexed question has been finally settled.

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All sorts of rumors are floating about concerning the theatres. Some say that Baldwin's was offered to Haverly in Chicago by Mr. Baldwin. Others that another manager has been hanging round it longingly. Others again mix Mr. Barrett up with either the California or Baldwin's; but so far as things appear to stand with Mr. Maguire and Gen. Barton, there is no change expected.

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The Metropolitan *Pinafore* troupe is doing well; but it is perhaps advisable to take off the children's uniforms before they are allowed to promenade the streets. The performance of the opera is quite pleasing; but using the little things as advertisements is demoralizing.

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Denman Thompson runs to fair houses still, and he seems to have taken a firm hold on the public. I do not remember any other play that, after a run of eighty-eight performances, has returned within a year to four weeks' good business in this city.

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Miss Ada Gilman goes East to-morrow morning. She joins Boucicault's company next season, and we can only regret that the California loses one of the few who, of late, have made an impression in San Francisco.

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Mr. Barrett appeared as "Hamlet" on Tuesday before an immense audience at the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of the Masonic Board of Relief. His success in Oregon was quite unparalleled.

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The Aimée Opera Bouffe Company open at the California on Monday night in *Les Cloches de Corneville*. We shall have an opportunity of hearing what Mrs. Oates cut out of "Germain's" part in the music.

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Miss Minnie Walton, wife of Mr. Fred Lyster, late of Baldwin's Theatre, and a reigning beauty at the California a few years ago, died on Tuesday. She was only twenty-seven years of age.

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Aimée is said to have a most attractive lady in her company, M'lle Raphael. So all the disappointed admirers of the star may find some solace in worshipping the new beauty.

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*Snowflake* is being played at the Grand as a holiday attraction. It will be remembered that the theatre was opened with that piece over three years ago.

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Sin is a thing to be hated as long as you have strength to hate anything. It is said that Cain hated his brother as long as he was Abel.

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The Williamsons go on another tour of the world, starting from here and going first to Australia.

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Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste death but once.—*Cæsar.*

The principal of Vassar College stepped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said: "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord toward the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid beneath her tongue and said: "Leally, guls, I'm surpriseled."

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, republished by the LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York, we have the conclusion of the serial, "John Caldigate," and a spirited continuation of "Reata, or What's in a Name. The new chapter on "Contemporary Literature" takes up French novels, to which it devotes twenty-six pages, describes them as characterized by an intensity of realism, and gives a running commentary on the productions of the modern French school, from Victor Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, George Sand, and Sue, down to Flaubert, Belot, Sandeau, Claretie, Daudet, and Zola, the last named author being proclaimed the most popular and successful of French novelists. The other articles are "The Destruction of Szegedin," from the notes of a member of a volunteer life-saving corps which was organized and sent out from Buda-Pesth on the first news of serious danger; "Bank Failures and their Remedies," some form of limited liability being suggested; and a short criticism on the Duke of Argyll's late speech on the Eastern policy of the Government. The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay Street, N. Y., are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the publishers.

Among the new operas to be produced this autumn in Italy are *Amy Robsart*, by Cajani; *Love and Death*, by Bona; *Theodore*, by Meola; *The Daughter of the Devil*, by Arienzo; *Ines*, by Pannain; *Yole di Svezia*, by Giribaldi.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

The young woman who desires to have herself published in the newspapers as "fascinating, beautiful and accomplished," will please pack up her clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back upstairs window some dark, rainy night, and elope with the man who curries and feeds her dad's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments, but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain-water barrel will beget musquitoes in July.

FURNISHED HOUSE.

To Rent, furnished, an elegant cottage of nine rooms, on Grove Street, between Webster and Buchanan, north side, with stable, garden and hothouse. This is an elegant home, elegantly furnished; everything new, and in complete order. It is for rent under peculiar circumstances, and cheap. Inquire of Cox, Teall & Co., Nevada Block, corner of Pine and Montgomery Streets.

There are three kinds of aristocracy: the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of intellect, and the aristocracy of good clothes. The rich man needs neither intellect nor good clothes, the intelligent man neither wealth nor rich apparel, and the party in good clothes usually gets along without either dollars or sense.

An elegant assortment of Gold Watches and Chains at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Zola's new drama, *Son Excellence Eugene Rougon*, is in five acts and a prologue, and will include all the startling situations in his novel, *Rougon-Macquart*.

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FRECKLES, MOLES, SALLOWNESS, BLACK WORMS, POCKMARKS, WARTS, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, instantly and permanently removed by MONS. A. MOREL, with FEISTEL & GERRARD, Chiropodists, who remove skillfully and without pain CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, etc. Finger-nails made almond shape and rose-tinted. Sole Agents for the Genuine Sozopado, for disinfecting and modifying excessive perspiration. Highest testimonials. Specifics sent to any part of the world, on application at our office, 838 Market Street, opposite Fourth. Parlors 2, 3, and 4.

Charles the Simple once remarked to his fool, Jean, that he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at this proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. "Oh, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

At a Methodist conference meeting a henpecked dominie said he had long wished to speak, but his wife wouldn't let him. His wife had died, however, and having his liberty at last he proposed to exercise it. In about two minutes the entire conference wept over the death of the lady as over the loss of a personal friend.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The donkey is a pretty bird,
So gentle and so wise;
It has a silky little tail
With which to whisk the flies.
Upon its head two ears it bears,
So silky, long, and soft,
That when its tail can't reach the flies
The ears can whisk them off.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

"When you go into a dramatic agency now," remarks Harry Hawk, the comedian, "but two questions are asked: 1. 'Can you sing?' 2. 'Can you walk?' If you can sing, they ship you off with a *Pinafore* party. If you can't sing, they match you for $10,000 to walk against the Canadian pet."

WANTED.

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.

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EVERY EVENING.

DENMAN THOMPSON

....AS....

JOSHUA WHITCOMB

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Every Afternoon during the week, except Saturday, at 2 P.M.

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Sunday Evening, July 6th, by general request, the

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Monday and Tuesday, July 7th and 8th,

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE

(The Chimes of Normandy). M'lle Aimee as Serpolette.

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LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

Friday and Saturday, July 11th and 12th,

LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE,

In which M'lle Aimee will introduce her world-renowned song and dance, "Pretty as a Picture."

Saturday Matinee at 2 o'clock. Seats at the Box Office.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, July 5th, farewell appearance in America, prior to their second tour of the world, of

MAGGIE MOORE

—AND—

J. C. WILLIAMSON.

STRUCK OIL and THE CHINESE QUESTION.

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Monday, July 7, and every evening during the week and Matinee Saturday, brilliant success of the new play,

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LUCIEN BRAND, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE* INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 74.—The monthly dividend for June, 1879, will be paid on July 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, July 5, 1879.

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LOMPOC—J. Rudolph.

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**REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!**

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTE,
Rooms Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, 703 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1879.

The vital importance of immediate Registration must be apparent to every Republican, when the fact is announced that the entire Registration of this City and County has been wiped out, and that no one will be allowed to vote at the September Election unless RE-REGISTERED. The State Central Committee calls the earnest attention of Republicans to this matter, and requests them, without delay, to REGISTER themselves, so as to strengthen the hands of the organization and place it in a position to win the approaching contest. No true Republican will neglect this most imperative and urgent duty. By order of the Committee.

W. W. MORROW, Chairman.

M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning [illegible] Evening at 7. Sunday School at [illegible] Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

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Medicated Baths for the sick; Swimming Baths, Bowling Alleys, Shooting Gallery; pleasant Picnic Grounds for the well. In remodeling the Medicated NATURAL Steam Bath, due regard has been observed to give special privacy to ladies. This Bath removes TAN-FRECKLES, SALLOWNESS, BLOTCHES, and all IMPERFECTIONS from the skin, and is recommended by many physicians who have tested its value. A magnificent Swimming Bath has been constructed at a large outlay.

The house has been completely remodeled since last summer, and now is not surpassed by any in the State. The stage ride to this glorious mountain resort can not be surpassed in the world, while the very atmosphere, rarified and aromatic from the breath of fragrant pines, fir, and laurel, stimulates the senses like old wine.

For tickets and all information call at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, and 214 and 426 Montgomery Street. Rooms may be engaged by letter or telegraph.

Special arrangements can be made by the week and for families. W. FORSYTH, Proprietor.

NOOK FARM.

THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and Improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

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Indigestion,
Constipation,
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Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
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Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with June 30, 1879, a dividend has been declared at the rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five and five-sixths (5 5-6) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, payable on and after 16th July, 1879.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

ANNUAL MEETING.—OFFICE OF the Best & Belcher Mining Company, San Francisco, June 27, 1879.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company, for the election of Trustees, and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, July 14th, 1879 (second Monday in July), at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of that day, at the office of the Company, in this city. Transfer books will be closed on Monday, July 7th, at 3 o'clock P. M.
WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

OFFICE, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of seven and one-fifth (7 1-5) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1879. By order: GEO. LETIE, Secretary.
San Francisco, June 30th, 1879.

BERKELEY BRANCH RAILROAD Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Berkeley Branch Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

AMADOR BRANCH RAILROAD Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Amador Branch Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

STOCKTON AND COPPEROPOLIS Railroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879. J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

SACRAMENTO AND PLACERville Railroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sacramento and Placerville Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879. J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

LOS ANGELES AND INDEPENDence Railroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad Company, to elect Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879. F. S. DOUTY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the California Pacific Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879. J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

SAN PABLO AND TULARE RAILroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the San Pablo and Tulare Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879. J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Railway Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business at may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

TERMINAL RAILWAY COMPANY—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Terminal Railway Company, for the election of Directors of the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mission Bay Bridge Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten o'clock A. M. and close at twelve o'clock M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten o'clock A. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los Angeles and San Diego Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten o'clock A. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Potrero and Bay View Railroad Company will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at one o'clock P. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Market Street Railroad Company of San Francisco will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at twelve o'clock M. and close at one o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco a 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also. EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

### SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

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H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Cast with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Ferniside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Ferniside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ..... | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED to 25 cents.

### SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1879.

*Between San Francisco and San Rafael.*

WEEK DAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. | 8.00 and 11.00 A. M. |
| 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). |
| 5.45 P. M. | 7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M. |

SUNDAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. | 8.50 and 11.30 A. M. |
| 12.50, 3.45 and 6.00 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 2.15 and 4.30 P. M. |
| 8.00 A. M. | |

†*8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* Saucelito Ferry, for all points between Saucelito and Junction.

††*9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

†††*1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays,* from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.23 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Saucelito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Saucelito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. from Saucelito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. via San Quentin 7.55 P. M. and via Saucelito 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, $2 00; Tomales, $3 00; Duncan Mills, $4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

August.....15 | September ....13 | July.....15

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequaled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital paid up*.....$10,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.

This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$5,000,000

D. O. MILLS.....President.
WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.


## IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MALISSA KING, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETENSON, Deputy Clerk.

SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome Street.

## SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the twelfth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 58) of three dollars ($3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fifth (5th) day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.


# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


## PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,

WILLIAM POOLA[illegible]

Office No. [illegible]

**SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED**

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Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

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HOME INDUSTRY
THE
MUSIC
FIRST CLASS
HEMME & LONG
PRICES LOW
PIANOS
31
DUPONT ST., S.F.

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# CHICKERING
## PIANOS AT COST.

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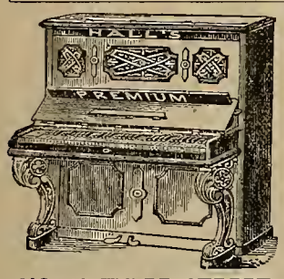


**PIANOS**

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

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# HERRMANN
THE HATTER
*336 KEARNY, ST.*
& 910 MARKET, ST. S.F.

## SPRING STYLES
**ALL IN NOW!**
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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BOUND VOLUMES
.....OF.....
# "THE ARGONAUT."
*Volumes I, II, and III.*

*ANY ONE CAN BE ACCOMMO*dated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, 522 California Street.

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# ORIENTAL BOUQUET
# SOAP.

EXCELLED BY NONE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY
AT BERKELEY.

**Office, No. 204 Sacramento St.**

*THE ORIENTAL BOUQUET SOAP* is manufactured to compete with Cashmere Bouquet. It claims to have no superior as a toilet soap, equaling the best in quality, and offered to the trade at a much less price.

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MULLER'S
# OPTOMETER!

The only reliable instrument for Testing Defective Vision.

*135 Montgomery Street,*
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental Hotel.

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THE
# Automatic
## SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,
124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

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# NICOLL THE TAILOR
*No. 727 MARKET STREET,*
BRANCH OF NEW YORK,
IS NOW OPENING THE LARGEST AND MOST ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
## SPRING STYLES
Just received from his London and New York Houses of
## FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND DOMESTIC GOODS,
Of the very newest styles ever seen.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

| TO ORDER: | | TO ORDER: | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pants, | $5 | Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 |
| Suits, | 20 | White Vests, fm | 3 |
| Overcoats, | 15 | Fancy Vests, | 6 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 | Beaver Suits, | $55. |
| Genuine 6 X | | | |

Not to be equaled by any house on the Pacific Coast for largeness, variety, or quality of stock, for workmanship or elegance of style, only WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.

**FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.**

The only house in the city that receives fresh Patterns and New York and Paris Fashions weekly. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our own make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

## NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,
NO. 727 MARKET STREET.

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# NEW GOODS!

**We have just received a choice assortment of REPOUSSE and DECORATED SILVER. Also, a collection of NOVELTIES in JEWELRY, at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.**

## GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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LEE D. CRAIG,

*Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.*

*TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS, Search*ing of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating Mining Companies, specialties.
NO 600 MONTGOMERY STREET, N. E. CORNER OF CLAY, SAN FRANCISCO.
☞ Successor to F. V. Scudder.

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COOS BAY
# COAL.

**$7.50 per Ton; $4 per Half Ton.**

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,
Office and Yard, 14 Post Street. Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street. Branch Office, J. MIDDLETON & SON, 419 Pine Street, opposite California market.

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# S. W. RAVELEY,
STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER
**And Printer of the Argonaut,**
518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

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RUBBER GOODS.


TRADE MARK,
**Maltese Cross.**

**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

*FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF* RUBBER GOODS.
JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER,
501 Market Street, San Francisco.

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# THE BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

**A Preparatory School to the University.**

*The only fully organized Preparatory School on the Coast.*

*THE INSTRUCTORS IN THE GYM*nasium consist of refined and educated gentlemen, who are permanently connected with the institution. Boarding establishment strictly first class. Location healthful and accessible. The third school year will commence on the 14th of July. Examination of candidates for admission, 11th and 12th. For catalogues, address
JOHN F. BURRIS, Berkeley, Cal.

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# NEPTUNE AND MERMAID SWIMMING BATHS
FOOT OF
**LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.**

*TAKE NORTH BEACH OR CLAY* Street cars—transfer at Leavenworth Street.

*Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe,*
When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?

*Why wade in a tank,*
When you can disport in the clear, crisp, invigorating, untainted tide?

*These are points for swimmers to consider.*
Good accommodations, comfortable dressing rooms, long distance, rafts, splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect.
*An entire renovation under the new management.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT,
Under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed.
☞ Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde. ☜
W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

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*OFFICE OF THE SAVAGE MINING* Company, June 20th, 1879.—The regular annual meeting of stockholders in the Savage Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on THURSDAY, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1879, at one o'clock P. M. The transfer books will be closed on Saturday, the twelfth day of July, at twelve o'clock M.
E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

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PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court.
A. D. SHARON.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 2. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 12, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE RAILROAD BUGABOO.

To such an extent has prejudice been aroused against corporations, monopolies, and rich men, that it requires something of moral courage to dare even to tell the truth concerning them. It demands a degree of boldness to assert any axiom of political economy, or to announce any maxims of fundamental law, that tell in favor of property or individual rights, so completely has public opinion been debauched by a sensational press and by incendiary declamation. Under the inspiration of the vilest passions our people have seemingly lost their reason. We have destroyed our old Constitution, and in its place decreed one of dangerous experiment in the direction of agrarian and communistic leveling. We have built up two strong parties, one from the sand-lot, and one from the men of broken fortunes and desperate ambitions to endeavor to grasp the political power of the State. This sentiment has almost destroyed the Democracy, and has so demoralized the Republican party that it is bidding in demagogy for the applause of the mob. The old landmarks of the law are almost swept away, and from courts and legislatures, from the hustings to the supreme tribunal of the nation, we are startled with the announcement of new and dangerous political doctrines, and the declaration of new and startling legal decisions. This conditon of things is not altogether new nor entirely phenomenal; other parts of our country have been visited with the same epidemic. The fever raged to an alarming extent in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. It passed away from there, and it will pass away from California. It demands something of intellectual vigor and moral courage to make a stand against these dangerous doctrines. The mere politician, the man who hopes for an elective office, has not the hardihood to set himself in defiance of public opinion. A most vicious press and a most desperate popular prejudice brands every public man and every journal as slave and hireling to wealth who is not willing to consent to its destruction. The expression of an opinion in defense of property and individual rights is declared to be evidence that the one who expresses them is the born thrall and branded property of some corporate owner. Newspapers and politicians are wrestling with each other like trained athletes to see which shall be victor, each watching for the opportunity to destroy the other for the applause of the mob. Just today popular vengeance directs itself toward railroad property, and in defiance of the fact that a new organic law has devised a mode of controlling railroads and established a Commission for the regulation of their fares and freights. Three political parties are rivaling each other as to which shall strike the most destructive blow at their prosperity, and which shall choose the most implacable of enemies for their annoyance. Railroads, water companies, steam navigation companies, mining companies, indeed all the great enterprises that demand money, brains, genius, toil, and daring, are involved in the same holocast.

The mad and fanatic idiots who are lighting these destructive fires are unmindful of the fact that themselves will be the first consumed, and their property the first to be destroyed; that while capital is intimidated and driven from circulation labor starves; that if money be driven out of the country all our trades and industries must languish, and that no blow can be struck at the wealth of a State that is not felt through all the nerves and arteries of our industrial vocations. Railroads are not an unmixed evil, and the men who own them are not necessarily the enemies of the community in which they are operated. A hundred or two millions of property may not be administered without perpetrating some wrongs, and in some places bearing with unequal and disastrous weight. Among seven thousand employed agents many will be insolent and unreasonable. In the adjustment of the relations of so great an institution as the Pacific Railroad to the Government and the people there will be necessarily many difficulties to overcome. In a country like California—a country of broad empire and sparse population—it will take a longer time to adjust these relations than in a more populous community, where competition and business rivalries lend their aid. The history of this railroad company is not fully understood by our people, and while we always believed that it would have been better if the managers had established a more frank intercourse with our citizens, and given them a better knowledge of the affairs of the company, and had regarded themselves more in the light of trustees of a great public trust, than as a close corporation, yet we are constrained to admit that the financial affairs of a great moneyed corporation can not be managed at a town meeting. There are facts and figures necessarily prepared for the establishment and maintenance of a credit that can not be exposed to the criticism of the public. There are statements and exhibits sent to Frankfort, Amsterdam, Paris, and London that can not be used as the basis of valuation for the assessor or tax-collector. The administration and management of a railroad system can not with safety and propriety be thrown open to the investigation of a jealous, sensational, and hostile press. There are complications and busines entanglements beyond the comprehension of the sand-lot intellect, and it is impossible to explain rates, fares, curves, allignments, gradients, distances, differences of commodities and values, discriminations, and adjustments to the comprehension and satisfaction of the ordinary Granger mind. The railroad system must be considered as a whole in its bearing upon the interest and welfare of the whole State, and not in reference to some particular incident as it has affected some particular locality, interest, or individual.

The Central Pacific Railroad, under the management of Governor Stanford and his associates, has proved of incalculable benefit to the State of California, and we shall ask the indulgence of our readers to point out some of them, although in doing this we invoke the hostility and brave the slanders of that portion of the press and the public that delight to impugn the honesty of better men to illustrate their own unpurchasable independence. We are apt here in California to be unmindful of our geographical position and to forget our isolation; we fail sometimes to remember that we are two thousand miles removed from the westernmost border of our Eastern civilization, separated from the Missouri by mountains, plains, and deserts; that ours is an empire of magnificent distances, of mountains and valleys, of sparse settlements difficult of railroad construction, of an expensive railroad management—we are too young yet to have the competition and rivalry of roads accommodating a dense population; that we are new, and pioneers to a new country. We have forgotten our long and perilous voyages around the stormy Cape, and our equally hazardous risks of crossing the Isthmus. We have forgotten the wearisome vexations of the journey overland. It has become a dim recollection how we petitioned for an overland wagon road, to give us some relief from the exactions of a foreign steamship company; and that, by way of Panama or Nicaragua, we paid $300 for a three weeks' passage. Now, in palace cars, sleeping in comfortable beds, for half that price, in six days' time, escaping the dangers of storms, tropical fevers, and the Indian scalping knives, we cross the continent from ocean to ocean. We forget the tedious delays and frequent embarrassments of bringing merchandise by the sea route. We were placed at the mercy of commercial corners, on more than one occasion our newspapers coming to us printed on hardware and wrapping papers of fantastic colors. We fail to recall our condition before the railroad and now. It might not be unprofitable if some of our latter-day grumblers, especially those who have come from foreign lands since the completion of the railroad, to contrast the California and the San Francisco of to-day with the State and city of fifteen years ago; our population then and now; our taxable wealth then and now; our resources then and now; our commercial condition, our mining statistics, our agricultural development, and our social position then and to-day. A city then of less than 50,000 people, now of more than 300,000; its taxable wealth was then some $78,000,000, it is now $244,000,000. Then our city was but a collection of rude dwellings and commercial buildings of unpretending architecture; now palaces crown our hills and splendid edifices adorn our business streets. In 1863 the total agricultural product of California was, in round numbers, $15,000,000; this year it may be estimated at $100,000,000. In 1863 we produced of wheat 4,000,000 of bushels; this year our crop is estimated at 40,000,000 of bushels. In 1862 the total assessed value of property in the State was $160,000,000. It is not an over estimate to place the present value at $1,000,000,000. In 1863 there were $8,000,000 deposited in our savings banks; now we bave on deposit in our various institutions of safety over $70,000,000. Then we had but a narrow belt of our ocean, bay, and river coast under cultivation; now our agricultural domain stretches out to our northern hills, to the tops of our eastern Sierra, and far away across our southern plains o ne remotest boundaries ot our State. Farms, vineyards, and fruit orchards multiply on every side, the railroad giving value to otherwise valueless lands and opportunities for the transportation of products that would otherwise not be grown, or, if grown, would be left to decay.

Let us estimate the advantage we have received in bringing tourists and pleasure travelers to our State—persons of intelligence and wealth thus being made acquainted with our attractions of soil, climate, and commercial position. Let us consider how far the railroad has contributed to the development of the mineral resources of Nevada, and how vastly many more of millions in value have been contributed to the treasure-box of the world by the transportation by rail of the ponderous engines, pumps, and lifting works that would have been impossible by ox or mule team over the mountain barrier of the Sierra; how this wealth has been poured into San Francisco, giving us a trade and mechanical employment without which we would have languished; building dwellings and palaces that now adorn and beautify the city. Let us contemplate the railroad with the later discoveries, and not destroy it by our envious and senseless legislation till it has sent the iron horse to Bodie, and gridironed Nevada with its tracks. Let us reflect that the earnings of our trans-continental road is aiding to construct another across that broad empire of desolation—those trackless deserts that lie within and beyond our southern borders, and which it is necessary to span in order to reach the Gulf of Mexico, and bring to our city of San Francisco by a direct line (snowless line) the trans-Atlantic traffic, and to gather up the trades of New and Old Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. Let us not forget that in the construction of these trans-continental highways we are realizing the Spanish navigators' dream of the new-found track to India; that the exhaustless commerce of Asia and the islands of the Pacific, the oriental trade that has enriched empires and builded up vast commercial emporiums that in earlier times gave supremacy to the merchants of Spain, Portugal, Venice, and Holland, and in later days has made England mistress of the seas and pawn-broker of the nations, is now being directed to our port through the agency of the Central Pacific Railroad. Let us close our ears to the carpings of small farmers and small politicians, and open our eyes to the splendid possibilities of business and enterprise which will follow the bringing to our wharves of the bales and boxes, the silks and spices, the wealth and opulence of an East Indian commerce; of making San Francisco the central point for the receipt and distribution of this great trade; of opening up to ourselves and the world the inexhaustible treasures of our hills, and developing an agricultural wealth upon this our Pacific Coast with which no other part of God's earth can compare—grain-fields more prolific than those of the ancient Nile or the present Baltic; vineyards, the flow of whose purpurple wealth shall be more constant and of greater volume than those of France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal.

These are the things that small minds forget, that narrow heads do not consider. The small farmer is vexed by the non-return of his butter box; the small politician is denied a pass; the small trader that, for want of enterprise, finds his stock of peanuts does not meet with ready sale; the tramp who sees the train go flying by while he must trudge, because he will not work and can not pay; the office-seeking aspirant, the lazy vagabond of the sand-lot, the ambitious statesman of the demagogue class who swims the wave of popular clamor, and who is upheld in political positions by the greasy palms that will not work and walks upon the heads that will not think; the disappointed, demoralized, impecunious, adventurer; the native-born idiot, and the foreign-born ass—these are the men who find railroads an unmixed evil and their managers enemies of the community in which they live. The railroad system of our State is in one sense a monopoly, and it must necessarily be so. But it has destroyed many monopolies. Before its construction all merchandise was capable of monopoly. Our traders made corners in everything, from coin in the banks down the whole line of commercial commodities. We had monopoly in lands, mines, acids, coffee, sugar, flour, meat, ice, iron, paper, rice, tacks, brooms, pins, lumber, bricks, paving-

stones. We forget the Panama line, that monopolized the passenger trade; that in one year declared a dividend of fifty per cent.; that charged us $300 for a ticket to New York; that did its business without coming to our wharves; that had its office in a hired building, and the stockholders of which spent their enormous profits in the City of New York, and fought us in our courts that we might not tax their ships as a portion of the property of our State. Let us contrast these foreign stockholders with our railroad kings, who are of us, who live among us, who build palaces on our hills, every stone an ornament, which from frescoed ceilings to marble roadways represent labor and money paid to mechanic, artisan, and artist. Let us not forget that all the money and earnings gained from foreign and through traffic, all the money of government subsidies, all the hundred millions of foreign loans have been spent within our borders, and that all the fares and freights obtained from our own people, and all the money from our counties and State treasury, are disbursed and expended among us, and are here laid out in roads, buildings, warehouses, improvements, engines, cars, and equipments, increasing the taxable wealth of our State; that the shops of the company are here, giving employment to our labor; that some seven thousand men are upon their pay-rolls with their dependent families, and that the dividends and profits of all this vast system are being expended in building more roads—in a California Street wire cable, in a Market Street horse railroad, in filling the slough at Sacramento, the mud-hole at Mission Bay, in removing the sand bar at Oakland, and that even the extravagances of Leland Stanford have taken no worse shape than in his endeavor to bring to California the best breed of horses that can be obtained in the world with a view to improve them, and to demonstrate that California can rival the world in the raising of thoroughbred horses. Who is it that complains of railroad exactions, of tyrannies that are insupportable, and of burdens that can not be borne? Is it the merchants, mechanics, foundrymen, and farmers that do business with the company? Is it the Chamber of Commerce, or the Corn Exchange, or the Mechanics' Institute? Is it Dr. Glenn and General Bidwell, or the grand orchardists, farmers, or wine-growers? Or is it Judge Terry, John Lord Love, Sam Seabough, and Denis Kearney? Is it the wealth, and enterprise, and energy of the State that finds its profit diminished or its arm paralyzed? Or is it the impecunious vagabonds and political loafers who fringe our political parties?—the statesmen who ride on passes, the bummers and tramps who ride on train axles? We are getting uneasy of this long jeremiad; we are getting somewhat suspicious of the politicians who make their living off their lamentations of corporations, and the mendicants who bum free rides upon the railroad. We are just the least bit incredulous of that virtuous indignation of writers that is loudest when drunk, and that independence of journalism that is only manifest when not purchased and that patriotism of politicians that is most clamorous at conventions.

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We close the present discussion of this question by disproving one most serious argument made against the railroad company: The corporate owners have had too much money given them, too many subsidies, too great donations of land; they have made colossal fortunes; they have become too rich. San Francisco has given, say, $600,000; Sacramento and Placer Counties as much more; while the State pays interest, at six per cent. for thirty years, on $1,500,000. This is all that this gigantic enterprise of a transcontinental railroad has cost this State—all that two transcontinental roads, when completed, will cost it. The land donations are given by the General Government; the guarantee of first mortgage bonds by accepting for Government bonds a second place, and all the aid that the General Government has given does not come out of our people—except in taxes, and in the ratio of payment that less than one million of people bears to more than forty millions. Eastern States and Eastern tax-payers might complain with some show of reason; but California and Californians ought—being themselves the recipients of the bounty—to be the last to complain. In fact, the nation has built this road. It was a war measure, to bind together the extremes of the continent. It is the military highway—the iron band to bind us in loyalty to the Union. The subsidies were magnificent; the grantees have been in royal luck; but it is not California that has been generous, nor Californians that have been compelled to contribute to the construction of this great national enterprise. Neither the *Chronicle*, nor Sam Seabough, nor Bonnet the French hair dresser, nor Vaquerel the French cook, nor George Gorham, nor Denis Kearney, nor Beerstecher, nor Judge Terry, nor Volney E. Howard, nor the Workingmen's piece party, nor the Honorable Bilks, nor the impecunious political vagabonds that vex their souls in primary politics, have ever paid a dollar to this undertaking; nor are they taxed for transportation of their products, nor their goods, nor their merchandise, for merchandise, goods, or products they have none. And yet these are the men, and this the worthless class, that clamors loudest about the oppressions of the monopoly. From bankers, merchants, manufacturers, real farmers, and working mechanics we hear less complaint than from the noisy, blatant, and propertyless demagogues and politicians. These are the vile and incendiary agitators, communists, and agrarians who would divide the earnings of honest men, the accumulations of their toil, and the results of the economical lives of the prudent. These are the men who desire to drive the rich men out of the State, and persecute capital till it can not safely venture itself in our enterprises. In New York capital is welcomed, and rich men hospitably received. The Eastern metropolis gives generous encouragement to our millionaires, and says to them "come among us with your millions and multiply them if you can." Our blind, stupid, and ignorant barbarians say to our rich men "you are too rich;" to our enterprising man, "you have been too successful;" to our adventurous merchants and prosperous bankers and lucky miners, "leave the country, or we will rob you." This is the brutal logic of fools; it is the short-sighted policy of idiots; it is the reasoning of rats who expect to live by eating each other.

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There's a good deal of human nature about strawberries. The big fellows naturally trample on the little ones and as a consequence are always seen at the top of the box. This is the charming explanation of a Santa Clara granger, and it's good.

## A NEW ALCHEMY.

Confessions Respecting the Mysterious Death of William Hunsdecker.

Newspaper readers may remember reading the following paragraphs in one of the San Francisco morning papers during the latter part of last year, relating to an incident which probably lost some of its prominence through falling in a week unusually prolific in suicide and bloodshed, and which failed to interest the public generally, owing to the fact that little was known regarding the subject, who was apparently a stranger in the city:

"DEATH BY EXPLOSION.—Last night, about half-past eleven o'clock, the residents of Broadway in the vicinity of Stockton Street were startled by a loud explosion resembling the report of a piece of ordnance, proceeding from the basement of a building lately occupied as a Chinese laundry, though apparently untenanted at this time. Officers Biven and McElvaney were speedily on the spot, and, bursting the doors open, found the body of a man stretched upon the floor among the *debris* of broken glass and metal which lay strewn on every side. A small portable Baxter engine was running vigorously at the time of the entry of the officers, though whatever machinery had been belted to the pulley had been destroyed, and the pulley and crank-shaft strained. The steam was turned off by Officer Biven. An examination of the body showed discoloration, but no trace of death from external injury. Fragments of quartz exceedingly rich in free gold, which were picked up by the officers among the *debris*, would seem to indicate that the unfortunate man was experimenting on some new process for the reduction of ores, and this solution of the affair is rendered more plausible by the secrecy with which he was evidently conducting his experiments. No clue was gained as to the cause of the explosion. Memorandum-books, papers, and letters where found upon his person, the latter addressed to 'Mr. W. Hunsdecker, San Francisco,' and evidently written by relations in the East. These and the rest of his effects found in the place were taken charge of by the officers. The dial-plate of a watch was found in the watch-pocket of the dead man, who was lying on the left side when discovered, and a burnt hole furrowed his clothing terminating in a small globular lump of alloy firmly imbedded in the planking of the floor at his side. No explanation of this singular circumstance was ventured on by those who had collected to the scene of accident."

Next morning the following further paragraph appeared:

"CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held yesterday on the body of the man killed by an explosion in a Broadway basement night before last. The jury found that the deceased was William Hunsdecker, a native of the State of Pennsylvania, and that he came to his death by an explosion of the machinery he was working with; cause and nature of said explosion unknown."

I do not know whether I am justified in making public the facts to which the above paragraphs refer. I have been swayed by so many conflicting emotions that possibly I may be wrong in doing so. I have even been fearful of taking advice on the subject, morbidly dreading that on so important a matter even the most sincere advice might not be so disinterested as I could wish. The conflicting emotions to which I allude have been, first, the burdening sense of being the repository of a secret which I was too timid to confess to at the time, and only do so now under the assurance that the officers of the law have no power to compel the production of my name; and, secondly, the knowledge that in my statement of the facts I most necessarily trench upon matters which will invite the attention and scrutiny of men of science, who may be able to supply details which are lacking in my narrative, and thereby furnish clues to enterprising physicists to actually put in practice the operations I describe, thus putting society in the same peril to which it was exposed by the experiments of the subject of the above paragraph. If I published the facts (I argued) I might jeopardize the mining interests of California; if I kept them secret I should bear an intolerable mental strain. That I took the former course I believe to be due solely to the inherent selfishness of human nature, and so must throw myself upon the mercy of my fellow-men. As, at the same time, I have to confess to some weakness and obliquity of moral character, it will serve to show that if I have not sufficiently considered others, at least I have not spared myself.

"My friend, you are a writer?"

"I sometimes do a little in that line."

"And you have facilities for publishing to the world what I am going to tell you?"

"I think so, provided there is nothing objectionable in it."

"Objectionable! My dear sir, anything but that. It is all-important. It is of vital interest not only to this community, but to the world at large. It affects the greatest interests of modern times. It deals with a problem that has baffled the ingenuity of financiers, the statesmanship of the ablest ministers, the astute sagacity of political economists of all nations. It is rooted in the same soil as our strongest passions and desires. The revelation I am about to make will convulse and terrify the world." Here he took a long and deep draught of beer from a tankard at his elbow.

It was in one of the populous beer halls of San Francisco that the foregoing dialogue took place—one of those resorts for loungers of every class and description—artists, authors, actors, men of leisure, men of business—hoodlums, however, proletarians, and the *plebs* in general, barring themselves out on purely pecuniary grounds. It was, in fact, a *quasi* endorsement and *primâ facie* evidence of respectability to be there at all. It implied that the *habitué*, if he did drink beer, took into consideration the circumstances of his imbibition, as well as the imbibition *per se*. Good-fellowship was the rule, excess decidedly the exception. I therefore looked critically at my interlocutor, and tried to form an opinion of him during the lull in our conversation—a conversation which had been begun some few minutes before by a commonplace remark, and had suddenly developed into the foregoing startling observations.

He was a man apparently of about forty-five years of age, tall, rather lean, somewhat stoop-shouldered, hair long and black, nose aquiline, complexion pale, beard long and straight—black like his hair—eyes bright and piercing: his *tout ensemble* conveying the impression of a man of good abilities and education, and tolerably good breeding, but one on whom fortune had not showered her brightest smiles. This I judged partly from his dress, which, though neat, was neither superfine nor new, its strong feature being a black coat of almost clerical dimensions, and a well-worn silk hat of the curb-stone broker pattern; partly, too, from a hardness in the lines of his face, a concentrated expression of eye, and a firmness of his tightly-closed, nearly bloodless lips.

He was a tolerable representative of a type common enough in San Francisco—a type which preserves through its infinite phases of kaleidoscopic variety an unmistakable generic similarity, bred from those multitudinous Californian experiences which make the sojourner in a fresh, fervent, volcanic State like this as far the superior in intellectual acumen and resources to the components of any other community, whether American or European, as were those grim voyagers who "toiled, and wrought, and fought" with Ulysses, those determined spirits who

> "Ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine,"

superior to the mild-eyed, melancholy lotus-eaters, or the burly, dull-witted Cyclops, with whom they came in contact.

Mentally noting this, I did not put him down as either a drunkard or a lunatic, as with a less complete acquaintance with Californian nature I might, and naturally would, have done, but determined to hear what he had to say.

"You have heard, my friend," he went on, "of the ancient alchemists?"

I yawned and nodded.

"What is your opinion of them?" he interrogated.

I told him that I considered the alchemists of the middle ages to have been men of keen brains and grasping intellect, who, aided only by the glimmering rays of dawning science, grappled with problems which a thorough scientific education would have shown them had no basis to stand upon; children who blindly grasped at the moon; travelers who discovered in a dim light those weird goblins and spectres of the forest which the full sunshine of day would resolve into nothing but the gnarled trunks of common trees; men whose imaginations were untempered by experience; scouts whose spirits were forced by the prospects and possibilities of their first ventures into an unknown land.

"But," said he, "what would you say if I told you that the dream of the alchemist has become within the last few weeks an accomplished fact?"

"I should say," replied I, "that you were either a lunatic, a fool, a rogue, or, perhaps, to give you the benefit of the doubt, an enthusiast."

He was not in the least offended, but smiled a peculiarly assured and meaning smile.

"Your convictions are based upon what?" he queried.

"Upon thoroughly established chemical analysis; on the authority of the first metallurgists, geologists, and physicists of the age; on the unvarying experience of the past; on the invariable failure of the alchemists themselves to substantiate their claims to success when put to the test; finally, on the scarcity of gold itself, perhaps the best proof of all, for had the method of its production been discovered, who can doubt that the world would have been already flooded with this comparatively useless metal, and that the avarice which produced it would have been inexorably avenged by its over-production."

"Your arguments," answered he, with a smile, "are good as far as they go; but do they go far enough. To assert that a thing can not be done because it has not yet been done, and is contrary to our appreciation of exact science at the present time, is to admit the impossibility of new combinations in the different departments of discovery, and to claim a thorough scientific acquaintance with all the laws of nature; both of which positions I feel sure that a man of your apparently sound judgment would think twice before assuming. You are somewhat in the condition of the King of Siam, whose faith in the tenets of a certain missionary was badly shaken by the assertion of the said missionary that there existed a country called Holland where the horses walked on water. Still you are not more blamable than his barbarous kingship who had never seen ice or had a description of it, and could not, therefore, be censured for what was simply his ignorance."

I writhed under the rebuke, and did the best I could do under the circumstances—gained time by making a remark to the white-aproned waiter, who responded with his customary alacrity.

"But," said I, "supposing that it were possible to produce gold to order in any desired quantities, have you ever considered the disastrous effect it would have upon the human race in general? Have you pictured to yourself the financial earthquake which would shake the entrails of commerce to their very centre? the dead weight that would cause the balance of exchange to kick the beam amid the wails and anathemas of the civilized world? the failures of trades, the dismay of capitalists, the utter bewilderment of those myriad units which compose a country—the men of small means? I hold, sir, that the man who possessed the power to do this would be a criminal—a criminal, if you like, in the sense that Napoleon was a criminal, in that he would subvert the existing conditions of society and bring ruin to thousands, yes, millions; but none the less a criminal, and as a criminal to be pitilessly overthrown and exterminated."

I had been somewhat carried away by excitement in the foregoing peroration, but was at once brought back to myself by my strange companion putting his hand across the table, grasping mine warmly, and exclaiming:

"Just my own sentiments. You are right; it must not be permitted. I am glad that I struck the right man; I feel sure that you will help me."

"In what?" said I.

"In defeating the machinations of the party who is at present engaged in making gold; in saving the world from the tremendous crisis that is about to burst upon it."

I eyed my interlocutor narrowly to see if I could detect any indications of lunacy in his eye or manner. I failed to do so, as he appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed, and drank his beer with the evident relish of a sane man. He did not seem to be a lunatic; his language was certainly not that of a fool. Could he be a rogue? I determined to wait developments and then decide.

"Sir," said I, "I scarcely see how I can help you, even if I had the will. I am not a man of means, and my time, though certainly my own, must be utilized in my ordinary manner and for my ordinary ends. You would find me, I fear, but a poor auxiliary in a matter like this."

"You mistake," said he; "that which I want your assistance in will be an actual benefit to you. You are a writer, are you not? Well, you must have something to write about, and that I engage to provide you with."

I was forced to admit to myself that this was a reasonable argument, and one possessing a certain degree of weight.

"Would you object," said I, "since you propose to me an

arrangement of this nature, to make me acquainted with your name and business?"

"My name," said he, "is Philip Hall. I came from the State of New York, and am a civil engineer by profession. I have spent many years upon this coast, and have for the last three been experimenting with another party in the true method of producing gold."

"Then you really believe in the feasibility of transmuting metals?"

"Pardon me. I said nothing about the transmutation of metals. I do not believe in anything so foolish—at least with our present poor mastery over natural forces."

"What!" I exclaimed, my mind inclining back to the original idea of lunacy; "you do not believe in the transmutation of metals, and yet you assure me you can make gold! Ah! I see you have been joking all along."

"No," said he gravely, and in tones of very deliberate emphasis, "I have not been joking. I repeat that I said nothing about the transmutation of metals, nor did I say that I could make gold."

"Please explain yourself," said I.

"The facts are these," he replied; "there is no doubt that gold can be produced by a natural process without being converted or transmuted from other metals. The result of this process I have actually witnessed; it was not, however, accomplished by myself, but by the party whose designs I mean to thwart."

"I understood you to say he was your partner?"

"So he was."

"How then does it happen that, if you have really made the important discovery you say you have, you should not use your best efforts to keep it secret, and enjoy the fruits of it? This is what most men would do. It seems to me you are acting what the world would call a very weak and foolish part in disclosing the matter at all—unless, indeed, you are simply a man of science, working for the cause of science alone and not for yourself—which, excuse me for saying it, you do not seem to be; or a philanthropist, working for the good of your fellow men, and determined that all shall have enough gold to warrant them in doing no more work to their lives' ends; in which case I beg to refer you to the sand-lot, and have the honor to wish you a very good evening;" and I rose, and, taking up my hat, prepared to go.

"Stop," said my companion; "wait a few moments and I will explain all this."

Some earnestness in his eye, some impressiveness of gesture, brought me again to a sitting posture, and he went on.

"I admit that it does seem strange to part with so vast a secret. I admit that it seems more than strange—that it seems incredibly weak and foolish. I admit that the publishing of it will ruin the mining interests of this coast, and paralyze for a time the industry and commerce of the world. There is but one reason which could prompt me to so strange a course, but, when I name it, you will recognize its force."

"Name it," said I.

"Revenge!" he shouted, bringing down his clenched fist upon the table with an energy that caused all the glasses on tables within an extended area to jump and jingle, and abruptly stopped three waiters in their ceaseless meander.

I looked at him steadily, and said, "Go on."

"The party I mentioned as being my partner has betrayed the confidence I reposed in him, or, to speak more exactly, has failed to confide to me what it was his duty to do. For three years we experimented together. I gave him the benefit of my theoretical and mechanical experience. I planned and constructed the implements we used. I supplied the skill and brains; he the money. By one of those lucky chances which have frequently disclosed principles or natural combinations, wrongly styled inventions, he one day stumbled on the final step of the process we had together been laboring to perfect. I happened to be absent from our work-shop at the time; when I returned I saw the result. I saw the smile of triumph which illuminated his face, but I saw also the devilish and sardonic grin of malignity which lay beneath it. I challenged him at once to explain the steps of the process—to repeat it in my presence. He merely stood with folded arms and smiled. I abjured him by his manhood, by his ideas of justice and good faith, not to dishonor himself by acting so basely toward one who had worked by his side for so many years. I saw by his hard, implacable face, and the steely resolution in his eye, that avarice and selfishness had changed in a few short moments the whole nature of the man, or, perhaps, more properly, developed traits in his character that were always latent there, and merely required circumstance and opportunity for their demonstration. He replied by saying that the final step in the process was *his* discovery and not a joint one, that I could not possibly lay any claim to it either in law or equity, and taking up a lump of quartz, which when I had left the room a few hours previously had been of virgin whiteness and purity; he pointed triumphantly to the dense free gold with which it was seamed and mottled, and told me if I could produce *that* to go and do so. My passions rose. I would have sprang upon him had I dared, but he was physically much more powerful than myself, and I well knew what the issue of such a contact would be. He knew this, too, and smiled with still more aggravating and imperturbable coolness. Had I had a weapon of any kind I might have used it, but for my knowledge that no good results could come from the employment of force, and that my real ends would be retarded and injured by any such action—for I never allow even passion to sway my reason. I then told him that sooner than he should enjoy the benefits of the discovery alone, I would publish the whole facts to the world. He dared me to do it. He told me that I should only be considered a fool or a madman at the outset, and when I failed to produce any result, as I surely would do, I should only deepen the impression I had first made. I shrieked out in impotent fury that I would prosecute the experiments alone. He laughed a low, satisfied laugh, and tantalizingly informed me that I had no money. In the extremity of my passion I raised my arms aloft to heaven and swore that I would accomplish my revenge if it took years, and, shaking my fist in his face, left the place. That evening I returned prepared to carry out a portion of my programme. He had been too quick for me, and, having divined my intentions, had removed all his apparatus, and not a vestige nor a sign remained. Baffled, I instituted inquiries for days among the express wagons in the neighborhood, for several of these I knew he must have employed in so speedy a removal, but he had either bribed them to silence, or else engaged them from some remote point. I could gain no clue till yesterday. Yesterday while wandering curiously about the streets, trying to detect by some sign the presence of what I sought, my ears caught a sound from the basement of a building upon Broadway near Stockton, once occupied as a Chinese laundry, but to all appearance tenantless now, which caused my heart to leap for joy; it was the low, regular, muffled beat of a steam engine, and as a wife recognizes the step of her husband at night a block off on the street, so did I recognize the beat of that steam engine—for had I not lived and worked with it for three years? I stopped short in my walk, and as I stopped the sound stopped. Could I possibly have been mistaken? I looked carefully at the basement for an instant, but only for an instant, and resumed my walk in a listless mechanical way. If the stoppage of the engine, I argued, was the effect of my stoppage on the street, I had been observed from within; and to betray any knowledge of this fact in my actions would simply be to put the other party on his guard, and defeat the very ends I was aiming to accomplish. That a basement on so frequented a thoroughfare as this should be unoccupied was in itself suspicious. The doors and windows were securely boarded and barred. Nothing indicated the presence of life or action within. That my old partner should choose so public a position for his workshop did not strike me as strange. I knew that he had sense enough to be aware that the axiom that man is never so lonely as in populous cities was susceptible of a wide application, and as the neighborhood is almost wholly relegated to southern Europeans, I knew that ways which would have attracted notice elsewhere would be suffered to pass unnoticed here.

"As dusk drew over the city, and I flattered myself that I would not be an object of observation, I again approached the place, but on the opposite side of the street. I entered a little saloon or groggery whence I could command the situation, and about seven o'clock I observed emerging from a narrow alley at the side of the house I was watching the figure of a man, closely muffled in cloak and hat, so that it was impossible to recognize him by figure or features. But I knew him instantly by his walk; it was he; it was Hunsdecker! He looked cautiously about him, and then walked slowly toward Dupont. I followed him stealthily and at a distance, saw him enter a French restaurant some distance down the street, and seeing him seated at dinner through the door as I passed down the other side of the street, I knew that I had at least a quarter of an hour to spare for uninterrupted scrutiny, and so returned as fast as I could to the house I had been watching. The shop above on the street level was occupied by an Italian junk-dealer, who was uncommunicative, and pretended not to understand when questioned regarding the basement. I went up the alley at the side of the house to the rear, and saw the door which communicated with the basement. I had unearthed my quarry; my next step was to find some means to accomplish what I wanted—namely, to observe his proceedings unobserved myself. It was a frame structure, and I immediately saw that by boring an auger-hole from the alley in a slanting direction through the side of the house I could obtain a tolerable view of what was going on in the basement. But, as I was uncertain which would be the best spot to command a view of the apparatus, I judged it would be necessary to bore a trial hole first in order to get my true bearings. I dreaded the return of Hunsdecker—that is my old partner's name—so I retreated, determining to go back this evening with everything necessary for my explorations. This I did while he was absent at dinner at the same hour, and succeeded not only in boring a hole, but two other holes commanding the apparatus, during his absence. I could judge from an enormous block of quartz lying ready on a sled, and in close proximity to a crane, that he purposed applying his discovery this evening on a more ambitious scale than he had yet attempted; and under pretense of buying something that I did not want from the Italian junk-dealer, who also sleeps in the shop, that guarded individual reluctantly admitted (when confronted with the assurance that I positively knew of the existence of an engine in the basement) that he believed the machinist who owned it made his living by night-work, as he usually heard it running between eleven and twelve. To-night at eleven I am going to be at this house, and ascertain by actual observation the nature of the last step of the process which he employs—that is to say, if I can do it by simple scrutiny, which I am by no means sure of, for I incline to think that he uses something which may require analysis to determine its nature; and if so, as I am fully resolved to get to the bottom of the matter, I must use other means. I am desperate. I have nothing to live for now, excepting the knowledge of this. I am past my youth: without money I can have none of the enjoyments of life. Am I to be thwarted in my prospects of obtaining the money I desire by the avarice of this wretch, this scoundrel, this low, unprincipled villain? Sir, I am determined sooner to die at once. It may be that I shall fail in my endeavors. It may be that my antagonist, who is as crafty as Lucifer, may prove more than a match for me if the worst comes to the worst, and, therefore, I have determined to go accompanied by some one connected with the press, who can still thwart the consummation of this rascal's designs in the event of any accident happening to me by publishing the full particulars to the world. You gentlemen of the press usually have sense enough to appreciate everything that goes on, and are generally scientific enough to understand it. You, or one of your class, are the only persons in the world with whom I would intrust an affair like this, since the necessary requisites of knowledge, tact, discrimination, love of adventure, and the pluck to go into it, are found in you alone. Will you go?" And he ended his harangue by settling himself in his chair squarely before me, and looking keenly and earnestly into my face.

I confess that his story had interested me. I felt a sympathy for him, and the last little delicate compliments turned the scale. I told him I would go, and act in the capacity of spectator, but in no other. I told him that so long as nothing like house-breaking or breach of the peace was attempted I would preserve a neutral part; but that if there should be any violence or other illegal act even suggested, I should instantly see that the proper authorities were apprised.

"Had I wished to employ the police in this matter," my companion went on, "I could of course have done so, but how could I possibly have explained to men of little or no education the nature of my injury and the object of my revenge? It is *I* who am acting illegally, and I am well aware of it. I have not the shadow of a charge against Hunsdecker. He has money enough to buy justice—even murder itself—and he could laugh a few years' confinement, with a probable pardon in half the time. No; my only chance to checkmate him, if he gets away with me, is by securing the coöperation of some one who has the ability and the will to publish the facts, so that all may have the benefit of the secret which he would otherwise enjoy alone. I know that you must be trusted with the process, too, and perhaps may use it to your own ends. This risk I am willing to run—in short, I am willing to take every chance, and do everything to beat Hunsdecker."

His face was flushed. I looked at my watch. It was but ten. Ten minutes' walk would take us to Broadway; so it was clearly not time to move yet. My blood was fired by the prospect of a stirring night-adventure tinged somewhat with romance; but it was still dubious respecting the sound sense, if not the sanity, of my friend. I therefore thought it would be well to draw him out upon the process he had mentioned before going, more especially as there was time to do so.

"If you wish me," said I, "to publish this process to the world under certain conditions, it will be, of course, necessary for me to have some preliminary idea of its nature, or I may find myself confronted with apparatus and mechanism the meaning of which, without a preceptor, would be a sealed book, and instead of being enlightened by what I am going to see, I should be simply confused and stultified. Is this process of yours very intricate, very scientific? Tell me something about it now, so that I may be able to understand what I see."

"My friend," said he, looking at me fixedly as usual, and speaking very deliberately, "the process is perfectly simple so far as I am master of its steps, and I believe the last step, which I do not know, to be perfectly simple also. In the production of gold my object was simply to imitate nature. I saw nothing in nature to justify the position that she ever constructed one metal out of another. I saw everything to convince me that all metals—yes, all mineral substances—had a common basis. Just as in organic structures bioplasm is the common basis of all, though we are still ignorant of the laws which lead it to develop itself into the different species and genera, so, in inorganic matter, the molecules themselves are identical, though we are ignorant of the physical causes and chemical affinities which have led them to assume the different forms in which we see them. That we can not by heat—the most powerful natural force which we are yet thoroughly cognizant of—change the atomic collocation of elementary substances so as to demonstrate them in other forms, is only to suggest the idea that heat may not in reality be the most powerful physical force in the universe. By applying great heat we can reduce the most refractory solids to a fluid state; by applying it in a still more intense degree we can render them volatile—but an element, whether as a solid or as a gas, is still the same element. If we reduce quicksilver to vapor we can recondense it into nothing but quicksilver. All minerals and metals follow the same rule. Heat alone will not produce such a change in their molecular condition as to induce those atomic differences which we denominate density, specific gravity, color, texture, hardness, etc., etc. That there is no force in nature competent to do this would indicate either supreme stability or supreme inefficiency in nature. I do not think that our present imperfect acquaintance with the physical universe justifies us in assuming either position as proved. The error of the mediæval alchemists was an error not of kind but of degree. The instinct which led them to think they could construct or reconstruct a material substance—call, if you like, that material substance a metal, and call that metal gold (the concrete thing does not interfere with the principle)—was no more liable to be faulty than the instinct of immortality which is said to be general to the human race. If there is an inherent force in nature to effect the latter, why not the former? To advance the argument that man dare not, or can not, interfere with natural phenomena—can not bridle physical forces to his will—is simply to advance an argument which is confuted by the every-day experience of the present age. Columbus was sneered at for his presumption in imagining he could find the east in the west, but it was ignorance that sneered, not knowledge. Had the ancient alchemists followed nature in their construction of gold, and produced it in and from its natural matrix, they would have been spared that disappointment which always dogs the investigator who is too self-opinionated, or too lazy, to track principles only, and to track them to their roots. It may be that in some well-ordered scheme of Providence the time had not then come for such a discovery to be made. That, however, is neither here nor there in our business. Gold, I reasoned, is rarely found outside of quartz in its free state. Chemical action may combine other elements with the gold, but these elements are separable. The relationship, however, of gold and quartz could only be explained on two assumptions: either that the gold and the quartz had solidified contemporaneously, and the former been entangled by the latter in the very act of solidification; or that the gold had been subsequently produced within the quartz. The former assumption would, at least, seem to argue an extraordinary affinity between the two substances, since why should not gold while cooling from a fluid into a solid state have been caught by other minerals as well as quartz? The latter would seem to argue an unprecedented and inconceivable property of matter. Here were indeed the horns of a dilemma. The latter horn of the bull seemed, however, to be the horn to take. It seemed more reasonable to suppose that gold had been formed within the quartz as its natural matrix by some swift, violent, and transcendent force, than that it should have been invariably entangled therein during the slow process of cooling. The chances against the latter having been the case stood, in my estimation at least, in the ratio of many millions to one. The chances stood about even for or against the former, supposing there could be found in nature a force powerful enough to change that collocation of atoms in mineral substances, which I believed to be equivalent to changing their intrinsic qualities. Was there a force in nature, I asked myself, competent to do this? Heat has been scientifically reduced to a mere vibration or convulsion of the atoms comprising the substance heated. Was there any force in nature, which could apply this heat

and so violently, as to cause those atoms, in their sore distress, to change their collocation, and writhe, as it were, under the intolerable assault into a new form? That force which we call electricity was certainly capable of supplying this sudden, violent, and transcendent heat. The most refractory substances had been fused instantaneously by its action in the form of lightning. How could I tell that vast, violent, and sudden discharges of this principle, or fluid, might not have actually formed the metals we are acquainted with within the respective minerals which bear them? How could I tell that such a process might not be going on yet unseen and unknown? What chance would there be to arrive at any knowledge on a subject which would require the investigator to be possessed of vision keen enough to penetrate the bowels of the earth, and acute enough to detect instantaneous changes in their organization? If rock known to have been barren of metal should suddenly be discovered to be seamed with a vein of gold—at one place, perhaps, in a dense ore body as if some force had there expended its solid strength, at another shooting off into dips, spurs, and angles with the aimless vagaries of a flash of lightning—the fact would assuredly be explained on the hypothesis that the previous prospect had been faulty. Who could tell that such operations might not be in force in mines at present opened, and that the miner might not come on a vein of gold which had not been there one minute previously, and yet be totally ignorant of the fact, unless it happened to occur at the very point where he was striking the drill. Reason told me that all this *might* be so, but that yet there were many chances against it. What might actually be true in principle, might nevertheless be difficult to reduce to practice. The paucity of gold-bearing quartz upon our globe, and the paucity of the gold even in that rock which was gold-bearing, all seemed to point to the fact that conditions had to be fulfilled which were not easy of fulfillment. Still, I determined to experiment on this theory, and about three years ago managed to interest Hunsdecker in my enterprise. I convinced him by argument of the feasibility of the idea, and he purchased a small portable engine of two-horse power, to which we attached a plate electrical generator, and conducted our experiments as secretly as possible upon masses of virgin rock. Our *modus operandi* at the outset had been simply to collect our electricity in Leyden jars, and when we had a powerful head collected, to send it through the mass of quartz, insulated or conducting as our ideas led us, but without producing any result. We administered shocks powerful enough to fuse small bodies of rock, still we did not succeed. We tried varities of temperature; we tried to induce such natural conditions as might be presumed to exist in the operations of nature. But success did not follow. A strange fascination seemed to bind us fast to our self-imposed task, and Hunsdecker continued to furnish the means, which, after the first cost of engine and electrical apparatus, to tell the truth, was no great tax upon him. Sometimes we would not experiment for weeks at a time, and then, as some new idea seized us, would work almost uninterruptedly day and night. I can not say that we were any nearer the discovery on the day that Hunsdecker stumbled upon it than we were at the first; and, had he arrived at this result by experiment and logical deduction, I would be the last person in the world to deny him the credit of it. But my knowledge of the man assures me that this was not the case. Had it not been for my original idea success could never have been achieved by any one; and the thought that a base, low, ignorant dullard like this should be the one favored by destiny to enjoy the fruits of this sublime discovery, to the exclusion of myself who am truly the originator and deviser of the process, is sufficient to fill me with madness, and cause me to doubt whether there is really any justice in the universe at all. I am certain that the final step by which he achieved success must be perfectly simple, or chance could never have thrown it in his way, nor could he have ever seen or understood it. I doubt whether he could develop any idea to its full capacity, though as he once worked at the trade of plumbing, he can certainly construct any article in his line. You now know the principle points of the business, and as I see it only wants a quarter to eleven we had better be moving along Kearny."

We picked up our hats and started along the street till we reached Montgomery Avenue, by which we came to Broadway. Arriving here, under the guidance of Hall, we walked up one side of the street for two blocks, and noiselessly came down the other side till we halted by a little narrow alley running back from the street. Here Hall bent his head and listened. He next straightened himself and shook his head. Then he walked on tiptoe several yards along the alley, holding up his open hand as a warning sign to me, and finally stopped, and kneeling on the ground, applied his eye to the side of the house near the ground. After retaining this position for about a minute, he looked up and beckoned me to come to him, which I immediately did as noiselessly as I could, and upon reaching him observed two moderate sized auger holes in the side of the house where he was kneeling. He put his eye to one, and, following his example, I knelt down and put my eye to the other. I found I was looking down on the interior of the basement of an ordinary sized building about thirty feet long by sixteen wide from a point only a few inches from the ceiling. A cursory glance revealed that one of the sides of the room was still occupied by the deal tables employed by the Chinese laundrymen in ironing their linen, but the space in the centre of the floor contained a small portable Baxter engine of about two-horse power, from the pulley of which ran a belt to another pulley keyed to a shaft on which hung a large wheel of thick plate glass about four feet in diameter. The periphery of this glass wheel at one point ran through silken pads or buffers, the friction of which upon the glass was, I knew, the ordinary method of producing electricity. The side of the wheel revolved in close proximity to a metal cylinder, which I knew was the ordinary conductor or receiver of the fluid of which the wheel was the generator. From the cylindrical conductor there ran a metal rod to another piece of mechanism which I must describe in detail. It was to all intents and purposes an immense Leyden jar, but its construction was original. Resting on a broad base of what seemed to be wax there stood a structure which resembled a large cylindrical cauldron or vat, but which was composed of successive tiers of wide glass rings overlapping each other so as to form a continuous vessel. The diameter of this composite cylindrical vessel or jar was about six feet, and the height about the same. It was coated with tin foil within and without to within about a foot from the bottom; its lid or top was simply a circular cover of glass coated like the sides with tin foil, and through an orifice in the top ran an iron rod terminating in a knob about a foot above the top of the lid. It was in fact an enormous Leyden jar with a capacity, so far as I could judge, of from six to eight hundred gallons—a formidable magazine when charged. Just below the knob which terminated the rod was hung a transverse rod working on a swivel, so that the electric fluid could be conveyed to any point within a wide area having the jar for its centre. Within the sweep of this area there were clamped to the floor and the ceiling overhead stout timbers, strengthened by timbers equally stout connecting them, and to the upper beam was attached a block, the rope of which was elevated or depressed by means of a windlass and the usual cogged wheels. Just below the hook which terminated the rope there rested an enormous block of pure white quartz upon the rough sled upon which it had evidently been rolled in. This block, I should estimate, could not have weighed less than half a ton. A table, chairs, small cook-stove, a pile of cord wood, a trunk, some articles of clothing hanging from nails in the wall, some pots and pans, and provisions, on one of the side tables, a common camp-bed in one corner furnished with blankets, and on the bed a man—all this, though taking a considerable time to communicate through the medium of language, was yet communicated to my brain through the medium of the eye in a single second. My attention was immediately concentrated upon the figure lying on the bed. He was a large, thick-set, raw-boned man in his shirt sleeves—he had divested himself of coat and waistcoat—with a shock head, heavy jaw, close-cut beard, and determined cast of countenance; evidently thoroughly material and practical, devoid of imagination, and in every respect diametrically the opposite of the man who was kneeling and peering through the auger-hole at my side. He was smoking a wooden pipe, but did not seem to be thinking. He seemed merely to be waiting, and only waiting as a matter of business.

The little engine—boiler and engine in one, with the cylinder on top of the boiler—was, as I could see, already fired up. Presently the man got up, went to the engine, tried the gauges, then reached for the wood-pile and put a stick or two more into the fire-box, turned round and examined the glass wheel, the silk pads, the belt, the immense composite jar, and finally, coming to where the quartz rested on the sled, felt all over it with his hand, and then put the rings of four ropes which were fastened to the corners of the sled over the hook at the end of the pulley-rope. Turning again to the engine, he put on steam very gradually, and as the crank revolved the immense glass wheel glided slowly between the silken buffers. Then he turned the globe-valve a little more, and the wheel went faster. The man looked at his watch, refilled his pipe, and went and lay down again upon the bed. I looked at my watch—it was five minutes past eleven. I looked at my companion; he was trembling violently, but still keeping his eye steadily at the auger-hole. I resumed my scrutiny, but nothing further transpired. There was nothing in the scene but the "still life" of the motionless figure smoking on the bed, and the animation of the noiseless motor, and the noiseless mechanism it was giving life to. Life? The thought struck me: what was it doing? Here was a steam engine in full play; evidently laboring, clearly making an effort. It was turning a glass wheel swiftly between silken pads. This was evidently the result of its power, the expense of its energy. But what, I asked myself, was the meaning and end of all this? I knew that the heat evolved by the combustion of the wood in the furnace of the engine was converted into motion by the agency of the crank, but what was this motion, retarded by friction, being ultimately converted into? I looked at the glass wheel rubbing against its buffers; I looked at the cylindrical conductor; I looked at the colossal jar. Transparent at its base, leaden-colored at its top, this latter stood silent, stolid, immobile, refusing to give up the secret which was being intrusted to it by the steam-engine and the glass wheel. Five minutes passed; ten; still the engine went on with its steady, mechanical motion, relentless as the car of fate; still the wheels revolved, and still the jar—the immense reservoir into which this stream of energy was pouring—stood unchanged and impassible as the Sphinx. My companion, too, was in keeping with the rest of the picture, still on his knees at my side, with his eye riveted to the auger-hole. Ages seemed to roll by while I looked. All was so untiring, so calm, so mechanical, that it became intolerable. I rose to my feet. I looked at the stars. They, too, were calm, mechanical, slow-rolling. Everything, above and below, seemed handed to act in unison, to keep this idea in my head. I stooped again to the hole. Ah! there was a change. The man had got up. He looked again at his watch, fed some more wood to the engine, and then went to the windlass. He began turning the wheel. Slowly, line by line, and inch by inch, the sled containing the mass of quartz rose nearer to the block above it, till it attained the height of about three feet above the floor. Here it was suffered to rest; and the man surveyed it attentively, looked at his watch, and lay down again on the bed. I also examined the time; only twenty minutes past eleven. But this little phase of action had relieved me. I now became mathematical. I began to calculate: if a two-horse-power steam-engine kept working to its full capacity—as this was evidently doing—for half an hour, and if the force which it evolved was stored up, and not expended, what would the aggregate energy amount to? Time, space, and weight being correlatives in mechanics, I found that it would be the equivalent of raising sixteen and one-half tons through one foot in one second. But knowing that this mechanical energy was about to be developed into an instantaneous force, of the nature of which I was ignorant, I could not compute the dynamic effects of the impact. That all this stored-up force was to be applied instantaneously, in the form of electricity, I knew from my companion's words, but I could not imagine what the result would be. I looked at my companion, and this time he raised his head and met my gaze. His face was white, his lips compressed, and his frame shook violently.

"I judge," said he, "that Hunsdecker is going to make the trial now." And he again put his eye to the hole.

I looked, too. Hunsdecker got up, looked at his watch—it was half past eleven by mine—and, going to the side of the room, took up a large coffee canister, which was full of some black substance resembling charcoal, and, carrying it to the sled, proceeded to shake the contents over the quartz, till the pure white mass was thoroughly coated with the stuff and entirely blackened. A suppressed exclamation broke from the lips of the man at my side, but I heeded it not, so interested had I become in the result of what was going on below. Hunsdecker put the canister back in the place he had taken it from, and took from the table a walking stick, the end of which was stuck in the mouth of an ordinary wine bottle, which he proceeded to fix firmly on by pressure of the hand. He then held the stick out in his right hand, and applied the bottom of the bottle to the end of the horizontal rod, which moved by a swivel joint upon the upright rod which protruded from the top of the big jar. This rod, when swung through an arc of about ninety degrees, would, I saw, come into close proximity with the quartz upon the hanging sled. The bottle I could see he employed on account of the non-conducting qualities of the glass. He now began to push the rod very slowly in the direction of the quartz. I looked for an instant in the direction of my companion. I could catch nothing from his face, for it was pressed closely against the wall of the house, but I thought I heard his heart beat audibly. When I looked back, a second after, the end of the rod was resting about a foot distant from the quartz, which Hunsdecker was looking at critically. He seemed satisfied, and again applied his bottle-stick to the rod. I saw the rod move an inch or two closer to the quartz, and then—a light like the blinding dazzle of the noonday sun flashed suddenly upon my vision, a report like the discharge of a cannon burst upon my ears, and in an instant all was dark and still again. I jumped to my feet just in time to see Hall turning the corner of the alley. I followed him, and had not gone half a block along Broadway before I met officers Biven and McElvaney hurrying up.

I passed them unnoticed, but followed them back to the house, and mingled with the crowd which had now collected from all the neighborhood to the scene. I was present when the basement doors were burst open, and the corpse of Hunsdecker found amid the *debris* of the ruined machinery. I picked up, and saw picked up by others, fragments of quartz perfectly dense with free gold, capable of assaying (so I was informed afterward by an expert to whom I showed one of the specimens I carried away with me) $15,000 to the ton. Various reasons kept me from disclosing to the officers at the time, and to the Coroner afterward, what I knew of the matter; chief amongst which were a desire to conceal the part I had played in the affair, and the fear that I might be dragged into a tedious and annoying investigation. I indorse all the facts in the opening paragraphs of this article as the reporter wrote them; and now that I have revealed all I know of the occurrence, I have the satisfaction of easing my mind, and of knowing that the friends of Hunsdecker, if this narrative should ever meet their eyes, will have the consolation of at any rate knowing the circumstances under which he came to his end. Whether scientists will follow up the clue laid down by Hall and Hunsdecker, and really make gold a drug in the market, and thus bring upon society the evils anticipated in such an event, I leave for the future to decide. Whether the substance which Hunsdecker shook out of the canister upon the quartz was charcoal, and, if it was, whether it had anything to do with the formation of the free gold in the quartz, or the explosion which accompanied it—whether the gold-laden specimens we picked up after the accident were really fragments of this shivered quartz-mass, or had been brought there by Hunsdecker himself for some other purpose—is as much a mystery to me as my reader. One lesson, however, may be learned from the fate of Hunsdecker, and that is, that unscientific men should not play with electricity, or go to making colossal Leyden jars, with the idea that there are millions in it. Hall I have not seen since. I think he has left San Francisco. Perhaps even now he is experimenting on the basis of the final theorem of Hunsdecker; if so, I confidently await either a two-line obituary in some Californian paper—for I am confident he will never leave California—or that the sceptre of the Comstock will depart from Mackey, and the name of the next Californian Monte Cristo will be Philip Hall.

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Mr. Frederick Boscovitz gave his second Piano Recital at Steinway Hall on last Thursday evening, the programme presenting many points of interest to students of the instrument and its literature. The *Sonata* by Nichelmann, with which the Recital opened, is one of those dust-laden treasures of the old German school of Cemballo music that is well worth the trouble of furbishing up for an occasional performance, and, along with the little piece by Dr. John Bull ("he is an Englishman"—or rather, was, something over a hundred years ago), and the *Gavotte* of Bach (the well known one in G minor), formed a very pleasant episode in the programme. The other numbers were entirely of the modern school, and included among other things a *Romance Russe* by Tschaikowsky, a very graceful *Barcarolle* by Mr. N. Stetson of New York (who, by the way, is just at present a visitor in this city), and an interesting fragment from Raff's *Leonore* Symphony. Of his own compositions Mr. Boscovitz played a *Berceuse*, op: 107, and the charming *Minuet* that had already been heard at the previous Recital, kindly repeating the latter in response to a hearty *encore*. That they were delightfully played goes without saying.

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The attention of parents having boys to educate and fit for a professsional or business career, is called to the advertisement in this issue of Williston Seminary, Northampton, Massachusetts. It is one of the best general and preparatory schools in the country, and has turned out a list of graduates that its management has reason to be proud of.

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Last week was the first time we ever saw a pair beat four of a kind. P. S.—The pair were two notorious confidence men, and the four of a kind had just arrived from the country.

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A colored brother in a Virginia church prayed at the close of a white brother's sermon: "Lord, bress de brudder to whom we has listened so patiently."

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Two colored youths, both bootblacks, have already lost their lives this season at baseball. "Death loves a shining mark."

## SANTA CRUZINGS.

### A Four-Days' Lounge Beside the Sea.

And what a luxury it was. It began on Thursday, the day before the Fourth, when a breakfast was bolted, two satchels hurriedly crammed with sundry things, and a cab sent flying over the bouncing cobbles of the side streets in a seven-minutes' trip to the steamer *Ancon*, bound for Santa Cruz—one day ahead of the crowd. But the crowd, as it turned out, was one day ahead of us. We saw it, after the five-hour sail and season of seasickness, clustered on the end of the wharf that sticks straight out from the little town, held back by ropes, and eagerly awaiting our arrival to see the political soldiers that we had on board get off—the Gatling Gun Guard, I believe they called themselves, with a gorgeous band, and a rank and file that have campaigned a hundred times against the ballot-box. While they formed for the march we scurried through the throng, and paid double the usual vehicle rates to reach the hotel the last in the line of flying wheels. It was full—the hotel was—and the clerks might as well have been, for they lost their heads and went all to pieces under the pressure of the crowd, and stared vacantly at the long, crazily-penned signatures on the register. The room we had telegraphed for we had to seek ourselves. It was in an outlying lodging-house, the clerk said, and the very best he could do. We not only took his word for it, but we took him back the key, for when the place was found, and the door crowded in, there was almost perfect darkness—not a window or air-hole in the whole apartment—not a glimmer of the day except through the narrow transom. Then when our names had been scratched from the register the two of us started on the war-path down a side street, to fortunately meet a lone widow, anxiously awaiting a victim for her front suite. Seeing the satchels she hailed us, and inquired if we were looking for rooms. We were. Would we walk into her little parlor and see if it suited? We would, and we did, to sit down and hear all her troubles and the time she had in running opposition, with her two wee rooms, to the great, grasping hotel. She knew that Providence had sent us along; and disliking to disclaim such a swell *chaperon*, we thought so too, and made the blood of exultation bound in her veins by closing a bargain for the suite, stipulating for two beds, so as to have plenty of room to lounge and toss about, and demanding the big brass key of the front door all to ourselves, so that we could come and go as we listed. The rest of that day we reveled in the water and rolled in the sand; and when the evening shadows fell we rode a couple of clattering mustangs round by the light-house and the road overlooking the sea, and back by the lane under the hill and into the town again, with its lights peeping from out the trees. About the hotel the crowds clustered, and the sidewalk was a jumble of strangers in all varieties of dress and distress. Those who could not find rooms were wild with hunting a place for the night, and those who had been jammed into some out of the way and ill-ventilated corner were perfectly pale with disgust. The rush to dinner at the tap of the gong was like the charge of a forlorn-hope. One table succeeded another, and in twenty minutes everything had been eaten up. The reserve for breakfast was then drawn on, and the soldiers from "Camp Alice" came down and cleaned the dining-room out once more. Then the late-comers began to dodge about in a regular skirmish line. They filled up the chop-houses so full that the proprietors threw up their hands in despair, and they worked the lone cook of the French restaurant till at three o'clock in the morning he went sound asleep beside his stove. It was actually a grapple for grub. The capacity of the place was taxed beyond its utmost elasticity, and there would have been absolute hunger had not some frantic forager discovered an extemporized dining-room down the main street, covered with green boughs, and filled with an abundance of eatables, from the succulent baked bean to the cold and uncomprising ice cream. All that night there was a trampling and a murmur of the crowd, especially of those who had not where to lay their heads. The morning of the Fourth broke bright and beautiful. Early the people were astir. An excursion train brought down the Pajaro firemen. They were met at the depot by the young swells who run about with the hydrant hose of Santa Cruz. There were three cheers given, and one cheer more, not for the captain of the *Pinafore*, but for the day in general. Then came the procession—a huge one for Santa Cruz. First, the Gatling Guard band, with the drum-major in his big bear-skin hat; then the Guards themselves; then a base-ball nine, and the firemen from home and abroad, and the guests in carriages, and the orator and the poet, and attendant spirits. Scarcely had the line passed before there was a stampede for the beach. The water was delightful; the rollers boomed over as large a crowd as ever took a dip together in the Pacific surf. In the afternoon, while everything in the shape of horse flesh was abroad on the drives and the beer kegs in town were running dry, more steamers and trains and visitors arrived. When they all got together again in the evening, there was music. Fifteen hundred strangers within the gates, and all bent on having a good time. It was an old-fashioned Fourth with a vengeance. Cannon-crackers boomed, and bombs burst, and small packs spluttered till the supply was exhausted. Long before it became dark rockets began to climb, and Roman candles popped, and blue lights burned. At Pope's, where the aristocratic crowd rendezvous this year, there was quite a celebration. On the broad verandah, hung about with Chinese lanterns, the whole population was grouped to watch the fireworks that blazed in the street beyond. It was a pretty and picturesque sight. The highly-colored and glaring foreground, the middle distance of dark foliaged trees—interspersed at times with the flaming tail of a rocket, mounting from the noisy town below—the far perspective of fleecy clouds, from out of which finally came the full-faced moon to flirt with its own shadows on the sable cloaking of a perfect night. Some romanced over this moon, others gathered about the billiard table watching the game, while a select few developed a scheme that kept everybody bubbling over with laughter the rest of the evening. It was a female pedestrian match like unto that of Platt's Hall. Volunteers being called for, a portly and most distinguished railroad official came forward to represent Von Berg. He was at once rushed into the kitchen—which served as a dressing-room—and decorated. Over his head was thrown a skirt, and dropped to its proper position; an endeavor was made to circumnavigate his lithe and winsome waist with the tie that generally binds, but the lap was a failure; it took nine of them to go round, and, lashed, and pinned, and pushed up under his vest, the feat of making that skirt stay was finally accomplished. Then a shawl was thrown about his shoulders, and a jaunty little hat put on his head, and a sash of cardinal red wrapped over the joint where skirt and shawl failed to make connections; and, to make the corsage above harmonize with the rotundity below, a couple of tin dippers were placed, one on the one side and one on the other; and he was pronounced very good by the lady critics, and led to his divan to breathe for the contest. For La Chapelle they picked out a lean and limber blonde, with a blue eye and a long goatee; and him they skirted and embellished with a sack, and fitted with a hat like unto that of the little French woman herself, and encompassed him with a sash, and left his corsage straight away like the original, and sat him down beside the only Von Berg, who, worried by his strange trappings, was by this time boiling with his own fervid heat and blowing like a porpoise. For Fannie Edwards they corralled a dapper little broker with a jaunty air, and he was literally "dressed to kill;" cardinal stockings, very swell and gaudy, with clocking reaching far above the knee, and tapering down into the trimmest, tightest little pair of low-necked shoes. His dress was an overskirt belonging to his wife; it came just to his knee-pan, and "was just to sweet for anything." Of course he had a sash, and a rakish hat, and a little riding whip in his left hand, and a couple of cold baked potatoes pushed in under the already strained silk to give the true Hogarthian line of beauty. Then they put him away in the same cage with the others, and began to strip the arena for the struggle. The large dining-room was cleared of its tables, and the wilderness of chairs were so arranged as to make a circular track. At one end of the room was a piano with a professor, and beside him stood the management and a broker with the dinner bell. Then the audience entered. All the preparations had been made secretly, and the guests came in curiously, to seat themselves silently, and ask what it was all about. In a few brief words the manager began to tell that at great expense, etc., the management had, etc., when the piano struck up and Von Berg was announced, issuing from the folding-doors for her first lively lap. Her appearance was greeted with peals of laughter. Like a thing of life she surged through the first quarter, refusing all bouquets, and plunging dead ahead with the decisive tramp of a baby elephant; then the bell rang, and she flung herself through the doors again into the arms of her trainers. Amid the wild applause demanding a recall of Von Berg, La Chapelle, becoming excited, broke away and spurted half way around the track before she was captured and dragged back—to reappear again, however, after the explanation, and make, to the tune of the "Marseillaise," the nervous heel and toe dash that has made Platt's Hall so often ring with the whoop of delight. You would have sworn that it was Exilda herself, so perfect was the action. Another ring of the bell, and the first few bars of "Yankee Doodle," and lo! and behold! Fannie Edwards, with the swagger and swing so familiar. Like La Chapelle, she was pelted with bouquets—more or less vegetable—and overwhelmed with rapturous—rapturous is very good—applause. Then they all walked in their sleep—Von Berg, and La Chapelle, and Edwards—leaning lovingly on the shoulders of their trainers. They were brought up to hear the official time announced, and receive the compliments of the management; and then Von Berg fainted, and was dragged off to have her corset-strings cut, and have discovered the loss of one of the tin dippers. Then a poem was read, and songs sung, and a riot of mirth that was spontaneous and wholesome, and that made dignity and decorum stand way off in the shade. This ended the Fourth. The fifth was devoted to picnicking in the Redwoods near Felton, to horseback rides, and drives, and an afternoon swim. Sunday things had quieted down a bit; the crowd began to board the steamer, while many had escaped the day before by the cars. The beach that morning was one of the prettiest that I have seen. The grouping was superb. In front of the bath-houses the space was bright with color, and interspersed with parasols, and covered with lithe and limbsome and gracefully posed figures pawing in the sand. Beyond the raft and the dancing buoys that marked the line of the rope, the steamship *State of California* swung at anchor; a band played on her hurricane deck, and, acting as a lighter, the little steamer *Monterey* transferred the passengers from the wharf to the larger craft. Then the *California* drew from the sand her dripping anchors, and, amid the waving of kerchiefs, and the sound of music, and the sob of the wave on the shore at our feet, she rounded the point, bearing most of the transients home again. But those of us left were content to remain. The day was perfect, the water was delightful, and soon the shrieks of the bathers gave notice that the bath was at its height. The water was literally covered with them. They floated, and swam, and sank, and shivered, and swallowed the bitter water, and chattered incessantly. Swimming about among them I found quite a controversy among the ladies as to their respective natatory accomplishments. The people from Pope's were especially advanced. They were divided into two factions—those who could swim only thirteen strokes, and those who could accomplish fifteen. One little lady ambitiously tried to get up an advanced division of seventeen strokes, but became so absent-minded over her success with the sixteenth slow movement in B flat that she sank in three awful feet of deep, dark water, and "was drowned, yes, drowned," to be rescued by "The Only Von Berg," who stood like a Colossus close and conveniently by. This stopped progress for a while, but they are all improving and will be actual nymphs in time. While sifting sand through my fingers, under the beach tent one morning before the bath, I had a chat with Daily, the champion swimmer, who has his hands full this season, and who is burned and blistered out of shape by the sun and salt of the water in which he almost lives. He said we had many lady swimmers on the coast, more in proportion than the Eastern States, that beginners learned rapidly as there was no danger from undertow, and the breakers were gentle and easy to deal with. While the beach was perfectly safe there had been a good many cases of near death from drowning through exhaustion and loss of presence of mind. That very morning he had rushed into the surf with his clothes on to rescue a young chap whose strength had given way—and when one's strength gives it gives all at once in the water. Yes, he had saved many from drowning, and, though the profuse thanks and small rewards received were sufficient compensation for the trouble, yet he was fondly in hope of some day rescuing a millionaire. "I have had a great many of them down here," he said, "but they are either strong swimmers or else keep tight to the beach. When a man gets to be worth over a hundred thousand dollars he rarely goes out over his head. But I shall strike it by and by, sure," and with the hope that he would I turned to watch a bevy of fair ones go down into the sea with that little hurried run that tries to escape the critical gaze, but which always shrinkingly halts when the first footfall patters in the palpitating foam flung from the breast of the last breaker. This is the time that tries the female soul. Slowly, shiveringly she wades halfway to the knee, and swash comes a broken-backed comber climbing to her waist, forcing from her unwilling lips the utterance of a half suppressed shriek and the invariable exclamation, "Oh!! o-o-o h-o-w c-o-l-d." The second caress of the wave is not so bad. At the third a preliminary dip is taken, and then the full form divine sinks to a complete, refreshing, and reckless embrace with old ocean. Thus is the bath accomplished. It is more enjoyable to the female than the male. Women are more buoyant, fuller blooded, and after the first shock are disposed to remain in longer than the masculine kicker. There is only one thing the average lady bather is distressed about, and that is the promenade from the bath houses to a sufficient depth of water to cover her up. This trip has to be made in the bathing suit—full, and fluffy, and flapping going in; cold, and clinging, and clumsy coming out. There is a way of overcoming all this agony and exposure, and I am surprised that it has not yet been introduced here. At Eastern watering places the ladies are wearing beautiful wraps, with quaintly cut and trimmed hoods of Turkish toweling, that are thrown over the tight-fitting bathing suit, reaching nearly to the sandals, which Eastern bathers wear to the water's edge. Under cover of this mantle, or ulster, or cape, or whatever it may be called, the figure is picturesque; otherwise, I must be ungallant enough to admit that it is not. These wraps can be made very attractive and dressy, for they are not to be worn in the water. They are left at the water line with a servant, or a lean friend "who never bathes," and after the bath they protect not only from the vulgar gaze but from the possibility of a chill, and even permit of one's standing out of the water and waiting for friends before and after the plunge. This is a suggestion for the next season, which will, without doubt, be a very gay one; for when the little narrow-gauge has tunneled the mountain top, and can bring the city passengers squirming through the wild cañon of the San Lorenzo in three hours from the metropolis, Santa Cruz will begin to assume the position I first planned for it. Four seasons ago I predicted a future for the place. It has all the conditions to a greater degree of perfection than any other town on the coast. In the first place it is, or soon will be, within a few hours' ride of the city. In the second place, while near the sea, it is sheltered from the winds, snuggled down as it is between banks that pitch the fog far overhead and sends it drifting inland. Thirdly, the beach, while not so desirable for driving as it might be, is very safe for bathing purposes. As to the surroundings, they are simply delightful. The road up by the powder mill, winding through the thick-wooded San Lorenzo Cañon, is one of the most charming drives in the State, and I have seen many of them. The view from Vine Hill is a panorama. Pebble beach, up the coast, approached by a wild rift in the rocks, is a casket of jewels. Moore's beach at low tide, with its natural aquariums, and shelving rocks, and little nooks into which lovers can creep, and croon to each other sentimental nothings, while the waves languidly lisp its a lie-lie-lie, is the refuge for many an afternoon. The natural bridges, and the cliff carvings by the light-house, and the heaving beds of sea-moss are all of interest. The air is not too warm by day, and when not flavored with the savor of the sea is fragrant with the aromatic breath of the resinous mountain pines; and the nights are cool enough for all the covering, and there are no musquitoes—nothing to interrupt the sleep that is as sound and sweet as the heart's deep content. It is a place of rest. You drone, and dream, and bathe, and eat, and sleep, ramble about in clothes that simply cover and give you no concern, and do exactly as you please, and not as anybody decides you must. And with this natural basis and the great possibilities of improvement, what a paradise may not Santa Cruz become. I see it laid out in broad avenues, with cottages surrounded by generous lawns, and sidewalks fringed with shading trees; gardens in a glory blaze, fragrant with mignonette, and drowsy with the odor of the honeysuckle, and blushing with the deep bloom of the rose; the streets smoothed to the easy roll of the phaeton wheel; the dust laid by the gushing cart, the willing hydrant, and the long, limber hose; a better approach to the beach; a boulevard drive hugging the cliffs out by the light-house point, and round by the little bridge over the railroad track; a hotel with broad and airy rooms that don't all look out into a back yard, and possessing a few of the modern conveniences; something fit and palatable to eat, and, more desirable than all, a longer season than three or four days, or a possible week, or a mere month. Then we shall have a watering-place as a matter of fact. We can have races as they have at Saratoga, and coaching clubs as they do at Long Branch, and polo and archery as at Newport, and if we can only with all this escape the style that it is their pleasure and great ambition to swing we shall be blessed indeed. Monday morning at four o'clock—ye gods, think of that hour—we were off on "the husband's train," with empty stomachs and heavy head, to pounce down upon the breakfast station at Gilroy like so many cages of wild beasts, leaving the dining-room, and the kitchen, and the lunch counter a perfect wreck. Then a drowsy ride into the city, a sense of goneness the rest of the day; and last and worst, this unsuccessful attempt to tell it, with nothing but a sun-burned neck and face to recall it all, and a remembrance that tapers off into a sigh—not ace high. F. M. S.

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"How much for that fan?" she inquired, as she admiringly held up a fine specimen of breeze-dispensing architecture. "Twenty-eight dollars and a half, ma'am," smilingly observes the clerk. "And this one," holding up another which was larger and had more wind power. "Oh, that? Two-bits," not half so smilingly. "I'll take it," and she [illegible] counted the rest of her funds to be sure that [illegible] horse-car fare left.

## FAKES AND FAKIRS.

It was in the pre-*Shaughran* days, when the villain of the play, after being rightly landed in jail, did not always escape amidst red fire, tremulo chords, and gallery applause; in fact, did not escape, as a rule, at all. In those days, before Boucicault had made it a stage virtue to rob one's landlord of his rabbits or kill an English soldier, Mark Smith appeared in the old Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, one night, in the important rôle of prison guard in a play long since consigned by the reign of the only Dion to musty oblivion in property-room pigeon holes. Smith's only duty during the play was to rush out on the prison parapet at the critical moment and shoot the escaping villain. On the night in question the guard was engaged in an earnest discussion with the prompter on the relative merits of caviar with, and caviar without, onions. The villain had climbed the parapet, after filing through several iron bars, and, after waiting to be shot until his hold threatened to give way, called out in a loud whisper:

"Say, you Smith, if you leave that prompter alone he might tell you to come on."

Smith, startled into activity, sprang up the step ladder to the parapet and exclaimed:

"How now! I'll save the crown the cost of hanging one—" when it occurred to him that he had forgotten his carbine. He nearly fell from the parapet in terror. To have gone off for the gun or have had it handed to him would have been a too palpable "fake." The gallery was in intense suspense; something must be done. He was dazed for a moment only. Clutching his hair in desperation at the bold "fake" he was about to perpetrate, he cried out:

"Ha, ha! the villain swallows the file—[shove that file down your shirt collar]. He dies!—[make a back fall, can't you]—(the amazed villain falls). He dies!"

The curtain descends amidst thunders of applause, and Smith received an advance the next day.

Another "fake," in which the useful carbine figured, occurred at Ford's Theatre, Washington, a few years ago, that shows the need of ready wit upon the stage. It was in one of the Oliver Doud Byron tribe of plays, in which the peregrinations of the villain are marked by a bloody path of slain Indians, settlers, and other convenient targets. Fred Malder was the sanguinary individual in this instance; and in one scene he slays with the *sangfroid* peculiar to the genus an offending young man who had rescued the villain's sweetheart from the Indians, or done some other equally unreasonable piece of heroism. The play had been running some time, and the offending party had become accustomed to fall, gasp, roll his eyes to the last row in the gallery, and otherwise decently die at the moment Malder brought his carbine to bear on the paint bridge. One night, however, as Fred pulled the trigger and the other man lay on the stage executing a beautiful death struggle, they were both surprised to hear no report; the property man had neglected to cap the gun. Fred gazed at the contortions of his victim a moment, and then, caressing his carbine, exclaimed:

"Ha, ha! 'Tis well for me these *air* guns make no noise, or else my horrid deed would have been discovered!" (Graceful exit).

Edwin Forrest was a stickler for exact cues, and the supporting actor who was letter perfect was always sure of a word of praise. Any others he condemned in his own original and vigorous manner. The actor who mixed or omitted his lines in a scene with Forrest, confused the burly tragedian, old stager though he was. One night, at the Academy of Music in Cleveland, Forrest consented to play "Iago" to the "Othello" of his old friend and pupil, John Elseler; the occasion being a benefit to Elseler, and the *début* of a young lady who played "Emilia." Forrest was not particularly fond of *débutantes*, and on this night his regulation scowl was deeper set than ever. In consequence the gentle "Emilia," who might have been a success under different circumstances, was in a condition of excessive mental perturbation before she had finished her first scene with her loving lord. In the scene where she finds "Desdemona's" handkerchief she had not finished her speech before "Iago" entered. Her closing lines are:

> "I'll have the work ta'en out,
> And give 't Iago; what he will do with it,
> Heaven knows, not I."

Meeting "Iago's" glare, she stopped short, and omitted the last line. This served to increase the awfulness of the tragedian's stare, when he said:

> "How now! what do you here alone?"

"Emilia," partially recovered, remembering the line she had omitted, instead of speaking the proper line,

> "Do not you chide, I have a thing for you,"

said:

> "Heaven knows, not I."

This completely "broke up" "Iago." Assuming a stare which would have penetrated an iron-clad, he growled:

"The hell you don't, madame; but I wonder what Shakspeare knew about it?"

This last settled the fate of the young lady. She actually fainted, and the curtain had to be rung down on the scene.

It is said of Forrest that he was able to "look down" any actor. He seldom looked directly at an actor on the stage, even when facing him, generally casting his eyes up to the flies. An unfortunate super captain one night in Baltimore greatly offended Forrest by his bad make-up. Forrest scored the youth soundly, but had him cast a few nights later for the first murderer in *Macbeth*. When the murderer entered in the banquet scene, Forrest walked down to the corner of the stage, fixing his deadliest stare upon the already trembling super, and bellowed forth:

> "There's blood upon thy face."

The super stood the stare a moment and then broke down. Drawing his arm across his eyes he sniveled out:

"N-no there ain't; its my d-d-damn make-up again."

Forrest having punished him enough relaxed his stare, and whispered pleasantly:

"All right, my boy. Go on with your lines."

From Forrest to John E. Owens, the "original stage Yankee" is considerable of a jump, but a trifle of comedy will go to sandwich in here.

After Owens had lost as much money as he thought advisable at the California, he decided to surprise and delight the interior natives, so started out on a barn-storming expedition, making his start from Virginia City.

Owens' intentions were to play down as far as San José, and then double the road and play East as far as Salt Lake. The combination never reached further than Sacramento on the return trip. How they traveled that far has nothing to do with my story; yet the "fakes," the fly-by-night schemes, the queer transportation, the baggage-shoving, experienced by the really good company, playing honestly a good star, in their travels from Virginia City to Sacramento, would supply the material for many a laughable sketch. Suffice it to the knowing ones to say that they struck "circus bills" in every town; and the bad luck of thunder, lightning, and floods is nothing compared to the opposition circus bills are to a legitimate show in a country town.

The incident causing the wind-up of the "Maeder & Crosbie Combination," by which name the company playing with Owens was known, occurred in Sacramento. The contract for the theatre was made to include "light and license" to be furnished by the hall man, but on the day of the first performance, he had the bad taste to get himself uncommonly drunk and neglect to pay the license. It was a double bill that night, Tom Taylor's *The Victims* and *Solon Shingle*. The house was good and everybody in high spirits. There seemed to be a prospect of success after all, the circus bill plague having passed. *The Victims* was about half through when Smith, the company's business agent, who was in the green room, was approached by a solemn, sour-visaged individual who asked:

"Your name Smith?"

"It is."

"You're my prisoner."

"What for?"

"Misdemeanor."

"What's that?"

"Haven't paid license."

"Hall man pays that."

"Can't—he's drunk."

"All right—I'll pay it."

"Can't take it. Want you and Owens; court waiting for you—must come."

"But, my dear fellow, Owens has nothing to do with this. He is paid a salary. It isn't any of his funeral."

"Can't help it—must take you both in. Got my warrant. Where is Owens?"

Smith talked to the officer until the curtain fell, when Crosbie and Malder were informed of his demands. They talked to the officer in their prettiest manner, but to no avail. They tried their best to keep the affair from Owens. If he knew it everything would be ruined. The news spread around the dressing-rooms, and the actors and actresses flocked to the green-room.

"What! Smithy arrested for a misdemeanor?"

Not one of them knew what the "misdemeanor" was. Smithy might have been picking a pocket for all the word meant to the contrary to them.

The "heavy man" was indignant, and showed a lively disposition to fight. The "juvenile lady," having just made up a quarrel with Smithy, gave way to tears; but the stern man of law remained inexorable.

The sheriff, who was present, was appealed to. Wouldn't he instruct his officer to wait until after *Solon Shingle* for his prisoners?

He most decidedly would not. The time of the Justice of the Peace was too important to be wasted waiting his court for play-actors.

Owens at last heard the rumpus, and entered the green-room. When he was informed of the unhappy condition of affairs he flew into a white-heat passion. He looked about upon the surroundings a moment, however, and the ridiculous side of the situation striking him he burst into laughter.

The two managers stood at one side limp and dejected; the company, in every stage of make-up, standing around poor Smithy, who was in the grasp of the officer, and the determined sheriff looming up in the background.

"Well, if we must go, we must," said Owens.

"But Governor Irwin is in the front," gasped the trembling manager; "and if the show don't go on the engagement is ruined."

"Governor Irwin can wait. Ring in the orchestra and keep 'em going until we return; we won't be long. Come on, Smithy. Officer lead the way."

The Justice's Court, a dingy room economically lighted by a few sputtering candles, was soon reached. Owens was still in his "Joshua Butterby" make-up—half bald wig, knee-breeches, satin cut-a-way, with frilled shirt front. There were a dozen august *attachés* of the court, every mother's son of whom had some kind of a charge tacked on to the license bill, seated around a table. Every man there, from the Justice, who was solemnly perched up behind a lot of law books through which he was industriously looking, down to a small old clerk who was mysteriously going over a portentous stock of papers—bills of cost, every one of them—was palpably imbued with the same idea: "Owens is a rich man—bleed him. He is a play-actor—don't let him bamboozle us."

Owens entered with a trim and jaunty air becoming his make-up, and, nothing daunted by the grim reception, cast a broad and impartial smile around the room, took a seat at the table, on which he cocked his feet, and said, using "Solon's Shingle's" words:

"Wall, Jedge, ef this 'er ain't the apple-sass case, I'm in the wrong box. Jes' so."

This was something so entirely different from what had been expected from the "millionaire actor" that a ripple of laughter, quickly suppressed, disturbed the silence of the solemn conclave. Owens continued: "Seriously, Judge, a man of your apparent wisdom and discrimination—for I am a judge of character—can not but be impressed with the injustice of making Smithy and I suffer for the intoxicated neglectfulness of any man. Smithy and I are but salaried employees of the great Maeder & Crosbie combination—a combination which has (but I will not detain you by recounting what it has done, but it has done some great things)—and that we should suffer for the drunkenness of another would be to suffer wrongfully, you observe."

At this point the little old clerk, who certainly looked as though he had never sinned to the extent of a glass of beer in his life, took his bill of fees from the package of papers and destroyed it.

Owens continued: "To be sure, your honor, the dignity and exalted standing of this court (a wink from the court caused the little old clerk to produce another document from his package and destroy it) was ably maintained by the honest gentleman who, under an excusable misapprehension, with great delicacy arrested us." (A nod from the Sheriff and arresting officer settled a couple more of fee bills at the clerk's hands.)

Owens continued in his inimitable manner, telling many a good story—he is never as clever and humorous on the stage as off, when he is so inclined—until the Justice announced that there remained nothing but the original license to pay.

This being settled, Owens invited the entire party around to the theatre to see him in his *Solon Shingle* court scene. They accepted, were profuse in their apologies and explanations concerning the unhappy affair, and were the most enthusiastic portion of "Solon Shingle's" audience.

The affair being badly mangled in the next day's papers, the engagement was killed and the company disbanded.

When Captain Jack returned to this city recently, from his year's tramp and hunt in the Cariboo Mountains, he was interviewed by a reporter who had known him well in Virginia City. At the conclusion of the interview the reporter, noticing a number of Cariboo deer antlers in the room, with the modesty pertaining to his kind asked the poetical Captain for one of the sets of antlers.

Jack willingly granted the request, and sitting down at a table wrote out in a minute or two the following presentation verses:

> "Accept, with my very best wishes,
> The horns of an excellent deer,
> Which I bagged in the Cariboo Mountains
> One day in the fall of last year.
>
> "I know it is only a trifle—
> A rack, as it were, for the hall;
> But then when you hang up your ulster
> I know, Ned, whose face you'll recall.
>
> "Take 'em, old boy, and be happy.
> I wish you long life and good cheer.
> Remember—and don't think I'm punning—
> When I say they're not s-cheap, for they're dear."

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879. E. W. TOWNSEND.

## PECULIARITIES OF PROGRESSION.

The great watchword nowadays with all our scientists is Progression, and they harp on that one string until in the ears of non-scientific ignoramuses its tone has become slightly monotonous.

In their united wisdom it is fixed that everything, on the earth, under the earth, in the heavens above the earth, originated in "bubbles;" that the sun was a great central bubble blown up by the Lord knows who, and whirling off the Lord knows where; that in its whirling it slung off chunks of bubble into space to make other planetary bubbles, and they claim that this solid old Mother Earth, with iron ribs and heart of fire, with shell so thick that the great tea-kettle of ocean never boils, and the snow and ice of Arctic and Antarctic poles never feel the warmth of the heat—they claim that this old earth was once an enormous, fiery, gusty bubble, made up of various diabolical and bad smelling vapors; of copper and brimstone, and every kind of mineral poison; that, in short, without the remotest intention of being profane, it was a hell of a place. And as this great and gassy bubble rolled on over the plains of space it got cool on the outside, and formed a crust like a burnt pie; and it also shrank and cracked, and heaved up, finally slinging out the moon; cracked and wrinkled again, and water became separated from the pasty mass and fell over the hot crust, and rose again a huge steam bath that put the infant world asoak for untold ages. Finally from this steam were generated other bubbles that became veritable life, that grew and grew like mould over a cheese, and enveloped the world in a green overcoat of mosses, ferns, and what not. Then another convulsion, and the mosses, and the palms, and the pines were buried away down under ground, and cooked there for more years to make our coal. They claim, these progressionists, that animal life is progressive, beginning with a tiny sac or bag that could move, and that from this humble beginning has sprung the end and aim of creation—man. Just think of it, a monad is a little being that is all mouth, and swallows everything that it can get to pass it, and yet even a lawyer must be descended from it.

Nature has had a fearful flight of stairs to climb from a monad to a lawyer; yet, according to the disciples of progress, long ages have achieved this marvel. So, wise men, take little hammers and peck away at rocks, and rout out old caves, and stir up older bogs, in their effort to prove that man is a steadily progressive animal; and they meander down through the whole gallery of animated nature—monad, jelly-fish, oyster, fish, frog, bird, and beast—and, finally, to their furious delight, find one old skull in the Neanderthal cave (which some claim to have belonged to a defunct yellow dog), and they label it "primitive man." They insist upon it that the owner of such a skull, whether primitive man or yellow dog, was a savage, and that the race has been steadily growing upward from the day that skull was clothed with flesh and hair, and chalked the flesh of his neighbor or crushed his marrow bones, until, as aforesaid, the race has blossomed out into that perfect and incarnate intelligence we know as a lawyer.

But this tale of constant progression has its difficulties. There has been progression down as well as progress upward, and the downward progress has been much the more rapid at times. Early man could not have been more barbarous and brutal than some of the aboriginal races of earth at the present time. The flint weapons that our scientists rely on to prove the idiocy and antiquity of early man were made not long ago by our native Indian tribes. I could not help thinking, as I saw a Piute Indian rapidly making arrow-heads by twisting the edges of pieces of whisky bottles together, that it was quite as much of a trick to do as it was to forge them out of iron with hammer and anvil. Savage man is not so big a fool as he looks, and civilized man is not half as wise as he thinks he is. Suppose that there are ten thousand educated adult men in this city, would it be within the bounds of probability to say that there were about ten per

cent. of them that did their own thinking, the rest absorbing it second hand?

The progressionists halloo about the record of the rocks, and they rake out skeletons of nightmare-looking monsters, and give them names more dreadful than their looks, and arrange the successive ages in which they swarmed over the muddy earth. They draw elaborate imaginary pictures of delirious prehistoric scenery with all kinds of wallowing and creeping abominations floundering over it. Man has a history on the rocks of his own, but it is not in his grinning skeleton bedded in solid stone. It is the works of his hands on the rocks themselves, and some way our scientific gentlemen seem to give them the go-by; for, if they prove anything, they prove that early man's power of thinking was just as clear, and his power to do his work just as keen and sharp, as that of to-day; in short, that human nature was human nature even before history had begun to take account of its doings.

Madam the Historic Muse was very young when man learned to manufacture the brick of the Birs Nimroud. The arrow-head characters, one of her first works, remain to-day fresh and clear cut as though no thousands of years had passed since they were indented. One wonders what kind of savages they were that reared the towering pillars of Baalbec, hewing out stones thirty or forty feet long, and twelve feet thick, and transporting them to form their temple walls. The nation that upreared this massive pile is now dust of the earth, and the daring intellects and vigorous wills are only represented by those mighty pillars, around which the winds of the desert sigh a requiem over the dust of a mighty nation gone as a bubble bursts. Up and down, like the seesaw of childhood, have gone the nations of the past, and up and down go the nations of our day. Thebes and Luxor, and the plains of Egypt, show that the builders of the valley of the Nile, the men that carved the Sphinx out of the living rock, knew what they wanted to do, and accomplished their work. They weighted the earth with pyramids, and our *savants* for years supposed they were merely sepulchral piles; but it has been discovered that they had important astronomical uses, and that the sages of ancient Egypt took record of the flight of the planets from the depths of the Great Pyramid.

The recent discoveries in Cyprus show the remains of city above city; and away down in the lower *débris* are articles of golden jewelry that our goldsmiths are glad to admire and imitate, and carved emeralds that are the despair of our workers in precious stones. Ancient Greece builded the Parthenon and Acropolis, and carved from the snowy marble of Mount Pentelicus statues of Apollo and Venus, and the whole artistic world have ever since sat at the feet of these monuments of ancient intellect, content to imitate as they best could. Yet to-day modern Greece builds a palace for her borrowed foreign King out of the marbles carved by the contemporaries of Phidias and Praxiteles. Queer progress this!

The island of Ceylon has a large lake, dry, and walled about by prehistoric man, connected with an enormous system of irrigating canals. Now all this is old forest and grassy jungle, where the wild elephant rested in security, and was the sole lord until the Englishman routed him out with his two-ounce rifle. Queer savages they who carved the cave temples of Elephanta, and the still more wonderful rocky cities of Arabia Petræ—and now the jackal and the bat are the sole possessors of these wonderful works!

Who piled the wonderful remains of Cusco and other antiquities in Peru—stones of monster size and irregular shape, laid without mortar, so closely joined that a knife blade can not be inserted between them? Now, the men dwelling there are too lazy to brush off the fleas that swarm over them. Where are the carvers of the ruins of Central America, where, grinning out among the tangle of tropical forest, are piles of curious sculptured ornamental stones—mile after mile of them? The monkey, and macaw, and rattlesnake now inhabit them. How much better is the Mexico of to-day than the Mexico of Montezuma, with all its wonderful aqueducts and tropical gardens—now all barrenness and desolation?

And it would hardly be too much to assert that the wonderful churches and cathedrals of the middle ages could not be originated now. Up and down the nations' line they have their youth, manhood, and old age; they perish off the face of the earth; and there is but one exception to this rule—just enough to prove it: The children of Israel exist, preserved by some miraculous power; and while they have lived as a nation through events that no other nation has ever done, and suffered as no other nation has ever suffered, they are about the same in numbers, and the same in characteristics—the marvel and wonder of all the nations. If ancient descent is a true aristocracy, and an unmixed lineage the type of blue blood, then are the Jews by their birthright the aristocrats of earth.

The ancestor of man was no lower type. Man he was created, and man he will remain while the world rolls on fit for his use; for the deepest, most sacred thought of his mind—his belief in his own immortality—the ups and downs of his history, seem to show that he never rose slowly from a low animal type. Even the Australian savage believes he will live again, for he says, "When I tumble down dead, by'm by I get up agin white feller." This belief of the myriads of mankind, rooted in the depths of their beings, shows that man is not an outgrowth of chance, or circumstance, or natural selection. The mutations in the history of nations show that human nature is always human nature, and that man has some kind of spiritual appendage that would be entirely unnecessary if he were a simple animal growth.

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**LXXXVII.—Sunday, July 13.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Gumbo Soup.
Melon.
Broiled Eastern Oysters.
Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes.
Fried Egg-plant. Summer Squash.
Roast Veal. Lettuce.
Lemon Pie.
Wine Jelly. Pound Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Apricots, Cherries, Pears, Plums, Green Gages, Apples, and Figs.

To Make Lemon Pie.—Have a good paste prepared. Take one Malaga lemon; squeeze the juice and grate the yellow part of the rind; add one cup of sugar, one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one of melted butter, and two of cream; beat all together; put into the paste, cover with more paste, and bake. Some omit the covering of paste, and cover with the whites of two well beaten eggs with a little sugar mixed. This is added after the pie is baked, and it is then returned to the oven until it slightly brown.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Intolerant.

A wight he came to ask my creed,
To know my church and shrine—
Whether to convert or to join
I could not well divine.

My answer this: I love my love;
My shrine is in her heart;
She is my church, my minster house,
And Love's own counterpart.

My creed I read on her red lips
And in her misty eyes,
A creed of high and holy faith—
'Twas writ in Paradise.

So, wight, who came to ask my creed,
This answer I give thee:
I shall not change my faith for aught—
My church she needs but me.

San Francisco, July, 1879. Signa.

### My Little Room.

Two windows hath my little room;
One on the bay looketh down,
And when I look from the other
I see the busy town.

Midway across the waters
Lies Yerba Buena's isle,
While afar off the dim Sierras
Stretch away for many a mile.

For hours stay I watching
The waves in their restless play,
The changing forms in the cloud-world,
And the varying tints of the bay.

And sometimes when it is storming,
And the wave-tops are capped with foam,
I see the skiffs of the fishers
That steer for the lights of home.

O light that long ago led me!
Now, when all's stormy and drear,
Shine again o'er the dark lone waters,
That by thee alone I may steer.

San Francisco, July, 1879. Richard Edward White.

### Rhodope.

It was a peaceful nook
In verdant Tempe's sweet secluded vale;
Laden with blooms, the trees upon the gale
Their balmy odors shook.
In fluctuating glimpses through the shade,
Vivid and warm, the struggling sunbeams strayed,
To glad the floral throng
That brightened o'er the soil, while from the throats
Of woodland warblers trilled their blithest notes
And gushed their sweetest song.

Beside a sparkling flood,
Where coursed a sylvan streamlet through the glade,
In the rude splendor of her charms arrayed,
A Grecian damsel stood,
Then plunged into the crystal tide to lave
Her glowing limbs in its refreshing wave.
The wanton billows leap
In amorous dalliance round her winsome face,
Clasp her lithe form within their fond embrace,
And through her tresses sweep.

Down from the airy height
At which he soared amid the solar flame
That strove to quell his glance, but could not tame,
An eagle bent his flight;
And, sweeping earthward in his plumèd pride,
That Naiad sporting in the billows spied.
Enamored at the sight,
Clenched in his furtive beak away he bore
Her tiny sandal from the shining shore
Where lay her raiment white.

Far through the rifted skies,
O'er the wild waters of the surging sea,
Unto a land of myths and mystery
He bore his jeweled prize.
It chanced Psammetichus, with all his train,
Tired of the chase, upon the open plain
A transient sojourn made.
The royal bird, before the royal lord
Of Egypt, swooping downward, on the sward
His precious trophy laid.

Swift mounting in the air,
Or e'er the startled throng from their surprise
Could rally, he had vanished from their eyes,
Yet left the relic there.
Awed at the scene, the monarch in amaze
Upon the silken bauble bent his gaze,
Till, from that tiny test,
His fancy wrought the vision of a dame
Whose wondrous beauty roused the passion-flame
That smouldered in his breast.

Forth, at the king's behest,
The noblest vassals whom the court supplied,
Whose loyal service had been sternly tried,
Were sent upon a quest—
To spread through every land the wide world o'er
Their search from clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Nor stay until they found
So exquisite a thing, in mortal mould,
As her whose foot that sandal could enfold,
Pent in its narrow bound.

Fair Rhodope within
The grand pavilion of the king was brought;
Low at his feet she bowed, and pardon sought
For her unconscious sin.
"Rise, peerless maid. No fault is thine," he cried;
"The gods have destined thee to be my bride.
Though not of regal birth,
Oh, fairest among women, thou alone—
Queen of my heart and realm—shalt share a throne,
The mightiest of earth."

Strong in the strength of will,
With gifts no less expedient than great,
To charm a lover or to rule a state,
Her energy and skill
The arts of Greece to Egypt's grandeur lent,
The classic myrtle with the acanthus blent;
And, lest her name be hid
From future ages 'neath oblivion's wave,
And that her fame might triumph o'er the grave,
She built a pyramid.

San Francisco, July, 1879. Jos. W. Winans.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Ma, pa says not to sit down on the benches in the park that are marked 'Paint,' for I'll spoil my new trowsers."

"My child, whenever you see a newly painted bench, go and sit on it, and let everybody see that a pair of new trowsers to us are only a drop in the bucket—I mean in the wardrobe."

---

Schwindells, the great banker, assisting at the examination of his youthful son in arithmetic:

*Schwindells, Jr.*—Nine from two I can't, so I borrow one and—

*Schwindells, Sr.*—Borrow one—the wretched curb-stone bucket-shop operator! Come out of this school at once. Borrow one, indeed! No son of mine shall ever remain at a school where he is taught to borrow less than 10,000!

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Ingenious device of the Parisian newsmen: "Buy *La Lanterne* to-day—it's perfectly beastly."

---

A young swell arrives at his uncle's house, where a grand dinner party is raging at an unreasonably late hour.

"You must excuse me, nunky," he says, "but the fact is that as we were passing Montmorency the sun came out, and just for fun we stopped and got up a donkey-riding party."

*The Uncle* (coldly)—You did, eh? Who rode you?

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*Entre gommeux:*

"Say, George, suppose you were to die before your rich old uncle, whose only living relative you are. That would be funny!"

"How so?"

"Why, instead of your inheriting his property, he'd inherit yours."

"You are not precisely and altogether correct."

"Why, wouldn't he inherit your property?"

"Yes; but it wouldn't be funny."

---

In the bosom of the Viscount the passion for gaming has driven out or overpowered every other sentiment.

The other evening, as the play at the club was at its height, a telegram was brought to him announcing the sudden death of the Viscountess. All eyes were fixed upon him, and comprehending at once that he was expected to show his grief by making some concession to public sentiment, the Viscount dashed his hand across his eyes, and said, in a softened tone:

"Here—excuse my emotion—I won't raise you 500 francs; I'll only go you 250 better."

---

Vivier, the incorrigible practical joker, who spent so many years of his life for the benefit of the customs officials in traveling about with two trunks, one containing rattlesnakes and the other packed full of odd boot-straps by hydraulic pressure, having sold all the human race has taken to fooling other and inanimate things. His last victim was a poor dumb pitcher of milk that could not say him nay. "It was," he says, "splendid, bright summer weather when I went into my dining-room and saw on the table a nice pitcher of fresh milk. I didn't breathe a word, but went gently and closed the shutters, drew the curtains, and went into the next room, where I took the fire shovel and tongs; I blew, thundered, rained, unchained the elements to the best of my ability for three minutes, exclaiming from time to time, 'How it comes down!' 'Did you ever see such lightning?' and so on. This done, I go back to the dining-room, open the curtains and shutters, and let in the sunlight and look at Mr. Milk-pitcher. May I be anythinged if the milk hadn't soured! I regarded it disdainfully, and, crossing my arms, I said to that milk, said I, 'You miserable idiot; don't you know that there has been no thunder storm, that I put up that elemental disturbance on you? You ought for very shame's sake to turn red—I mean to turn sweet again.'"

---

"How admirably," says Calino, "some words describe the objects to which they are applied. There's the word 'orange,' for instance. Now, an orange is orange in color, it has the form of an orange, the taste of an orange—nay, it is really and truly an orange, as the name would lead you to expect."

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"I, too, sir," said the old gentleman who was lecturing his scapegrace of a nephew—"I, too, am a volcano (because we are all of us human), but I am a volcano that knows how to control its passions and keep cool."

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From the bill of fare of a Parisian restaurant where English is spoken some:

LIQUEURS ANGLAISES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Gin-old tom | Paper-meint | Irisch Wihske |
| Stcotch Wihske | Sotta Watter | Portaire. |

---

*Sympathizing Customer* (to merchant at a time when the rain it raineth every day—sometimes twice)—Well, *you* oughtn't to complain about business being dull—there is a lively enough demand for umbrellas, anyway.

*Dejected Tradesman*—Oh, well, there is a pretty fair demand on that point, but then, on the other hand, the sunshade trade is all gone to the deuce! (Bursts into tears, and even wishes he was dead.)

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"I'm infernally disgusted with my wife—that's the long and short of it."

"What's wrong now? Has she been kicking up any new caper?"

"No. I wouldn't stand that. But she keeps on repeating all her old ones."

---

A shopkeeper, having made his fortune, retires to a rather lonesome little village twenty miles or so from the capital.

"You must find it a nuisance living in such a small place," says a friend; "no conveniences nor anything."

"Bless you, no," replies the worthy man; "we get fresh eggs, and milk, and butter here every morning, fruit, and everything you can ask for—from the city. I tell you there's nothing like country life."

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.*

In the opinion of the *Chronicle* it was a party crime that the Democracy did not fuse with the Honorable Bilks. That a party as old as the Government, with a national history, to-day holding the two Houses of Congress, and on the eve of a Presidential contest with more than an even chance for success, did not coalesce with a party of yesterday, having only a local existence and a temporary purpose and led by a newspaper, is by that newspaper considered as a political crime. We do not think so. The older we grow and the more we observe republican government, the more we are convinced of the utility and necessity of party organization. If the Executive of our country, and the officials who administer the government under him, held office at the pleasure of the electors as in England, it would be logical that here the parties should be divided as there; those who support and those who oppose the government—the "ins" and the "outs." This is impossible under a system that changes by the operation of fundamental laws once in four years. Our people have, by a sort of inevitable necessity, divided into two great and dominant parties—Federal and Tory in the earlier days of the Republic; Whig and Democratic later; Democratic and Republican now. This division leaves no place for an organized third party. Such a party has never been, and never can be, a success. Some local question may carry enough people to a temporary organization to secure a local and temporary triumph, but it is necessarily short-lived. Between the two great political national parties there is always a large floating vote, composed of quiet, conservative, non-partisan people, sometimes not voting at all, again voting which ever side may, in their individual judgment, best conserve the public interest. This non-partisan floating element is composed of the best men of the nation, usually intelligent, representing the property of the country, non-office seeking, and not easily moved to enthusiasm by any ordinary political event. It forms the balance wheel that controls the executive movement of party machinery. It is the vote that both parties are constantly looking to to strengthen their organization and support their candidates. Party nominating conventions are looking to this vote and bidding for it. It places political parties upon their good behavior, and keeps them measurably honest while in office. When a party becomes too strong it becomes insolent, it abuses its power, it plunders and robs with ruthless hand. Instance the Democratic party under Tweed in New York; instance the Republican party under Grant's second term. Now and then this great middle class swings over to the one or the other side, and when it does move it moves with the power of a glacier and the swiftness of a tornado. To whichever side this vote goes there comes a victory. Instance when the log-cabin and hard-cider campaign swept Van Buren and the Democracy out of political existence; instance when the South fired the Northern heart by firing upon our flag at Sumter; instance when Know-Nothingism swept foreign insolence from power in San Francisco and California; instance when Leland Stanford was elected Governor of California, the great pendulum of popular opinion swinging to the patriotic side; instance the great pendulum swinging back when George Gorham stole a party nomination under the skillful manipulation of the plug-uglies of San Francisco and the court-house panel-thieves of the interior.

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Party organization seems to be a necessity. It carries with it a responsibility broader than the individual can feel. Governor Irwin and his associates, President Hayes and his cabinet, have with them the ever present idea that their actions must meet the approval of their party; that it is responible for them; that their reëlection or the future success of the party is dependent upon them; that their conduct is watched, and upon it will turn the next election. Every Democrat in California is interested in demanding of Governor Irwin an honest government; every Republican in the nation is interested in demanding of President Hayes a patriotic and honorable administration. These arguments press with greater weight when parties are nearly equally balanced, and when it is apparent that the non-partisan, conservative, floating elector holds in his hand the balance of political power and may cast to either side the controlling ballot. For the Democracy to yield its organization to the leadership of Charles de Young, or to merge its existence in that of the wing that has bolted from it, or to lie tamely down and allow its own deserters to dictate to it, seems to us to be a condition of disgraceful humiliation altogether more unendurable than utter political annihilation. The *Chronicle* may plaster with its compliments such Democrats as Johnson, Bryant, Rose, Archer, Satterwhite, Delos Lake of Mono, Paul Shirley, John H. Wise, and Levi Chase; it may lead by the nose such Democrats as Terry, Howard, Burch, Bradford, and others; but the honest yeomanry of the country Democracy will not fail to observe that every gentleman named *has been* an office holder and *is* an office seeker; that Messrs. Bryant, of San Francisco, and Delos Lake, of Mono, are not yet cold from the nest of a Republican office; that the San Francisco delegation was a put-up band of mercenaries, and that in the late Democratic State Convention there was not one prominent fusion Democrat who is not known as a selfish and a primary politician—ambitious for an office that pays. The argument for this fusion is of course all embodied in the single word "success." Success for whom? For the individual office seekers. There was not an honest thought for the country, nor an unselfish sentiment for the Democratic party. At the bottom of the whole movement lies a plan for the business success of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and that the municipal offices of San Francisco may become the spoil of Fritz, Tommy O'Connor, and Buckley. It was a conspiracy to destroy the Democratic party, that the *Chronicle* might obtain circulation and advertisements, that Charles de Young might be recognized as a power in the politics of this State, and that a lot of political vagabonds might obtain the opportunity to plunder the city of San Francisco. Again the honest classes of the metropolis are placed under an obligation to the honest men of the country. It is the hundredth time that we are called upon to acknowledge the obligation. If the politics of this State should ever fall under the control of San Francisco politicians—Republican or Democratic—the State would be dishonored and plundered. In Legislatures, conventions, and popular elections, time and time again, we have been compelled—as now—to admit our obligations to the country gentlemen, and acknowledge that they have had the intelligence and the firmness to resist the party bandits of the town.

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The *Chronicle* abuses the "straight" Democracy as a forlorn-hope. It abuses it as it abuses everything manly and honest and honorable. It may be a forlorn-hope for *straight* Democrats—loyal Democrats—to resist the traitors that have endeavored to destroy the party, but the *Chronicle* will remember that "forlorn-hopes" are led not by traitors, cowards, and mercenaries; not by the selfish camp-followers who hang upon the rear of contending hosts to plunder the dead; but by the gallant and brave, who loyally, and in generous chivalry, offer their lives for the good of the cause to which their allegiance is due. We admire forlorn-hopes, and love the generous and brave hearted who compose them. Christ and the apostolic twelve led a Christian forlorn-hope. Our Pilgrim Fathers led a forlorn-hope to the American wilderness. Our patriotic forefathers led a forlorn-hope in the cause of American liberty. Once we belonged to a Republican forlorn-hope, but it was the preliminary fight in the skirmish line that inaugurated a great and successful political revolution. The Democratic party is now in possession of a majority of the States of the Union; it has the House of Representatives; it has the Senate of the United States; it has the possibility of a Presidential success next year; it has the State administration of California; it has the city of San Francisco; it presents a solid national front; it is marching, massed in solid columns; its banners are flying, music playing, cannon thundering, every man keeping step to the music of the march—when out from behind a huckleberry bush, with tin sword and tin trumpet, steps a pismire of the Republican press, and Charles de Young calls "halt," and blows his penny trumpet. As at Jericho, the Democratic walls tremble; the Democratic hosts stand aghast; the Democratic leaders shiver in their armor. Dr. Gwin and Frank McCoppin, Senators Casserly and Hager, Governor Irwin and all the old stalwarts hide, while Johnson, Bryant, Rose, Archer, Satterwhite, Delos Lake of Mono, Paul Shirley, John H. Wise, Levi Chase and "a host of others," fall down before the Lilliputian and become his willing captives of war. Upon what meats hath this little gentleman fed that he has become so great? He has stretched his huge legs across the State, and Democratic pigmies crawl beneath them. Oh, there was a Democratic party once in California that would have brooked the infernal devil to have kept its state as easily as a king! But now this journalistic Cæsar has become a political god, and the Democratic party falls down if he do but carelessly nod upon it. It is rumored that the two State central committees—Bilk and Democratic—under the direction of Mr. Charles de Young and his honor Mayor Bryant, are to meet and coalesce. The tickets are to be eliminated—some candidates drawn from each; the judiciary remodeled; that this is not to be done till a few days before election, when but one ticket is to be supplied to the electors. In other words, the will of a Democratic majority as expressed in State Convention is to be set aside by a junta of political conspirators meeting at San Francisco in the editorial back-room of the *Chronicle* office—a journal that has always been Republican, and that next year will chatter like a wilderness of monkeys in favor of the Republican Presidential candidate.

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Never was there such a curious political jumble anywhere as now in California. The Democratic party has divided into three factions—the Irish, under the lead of Denis Kearney; the chivalry, under the lead of Charles de Young; and the balance, embracing the Broderick or Northern Democracy, under the leadership of Andrew Jackson Bryant. Kearney rules his faction with the shillalah; whenever a head offers itself in opposition he hits it. He has given us an Irish ticket, with an Irish head and an Irish tail, with here and there a German or Yankee to preserve it from the utter damnation of being all Irish. The ancient and honorable order of honorable and ancient Bilks has been as completely manipulated by Charles de Young as though he were of the bluest blood of the Old Dominion, and had come from a family tracing it lineage direct from Pocahontas, that most aristocratic of squaws. First he disciplined the San Francisco delegation, and under the lash of a half-hour lecture it followed his leadership. He sat down on ex-Governor Downey; he discountenanced the judicial aspirations of Terry; he squelched little Johnny Lordlove. He discovered Nathaniel Bennett, named him for Chief Justice, and breathed into him the breath of a new life. He ran the Bilks' Convention, and finally dismissed it with an oratorical benediction that sent them all home fixed subscribers of the *Chronicle*. Then came the Democratic Convention, and Charles undertook to run it; he not only undertook, but he very nearly succeeded in capturing it. He took thirty of its chieftains into his rooms at the Arcade—the throne room from whence he issued his orders—and it was fully understood and fairly agreed between the leading members of the Convention and Mr. de Young that the Democracy should make a clean endorsement of the Bilks' ticket. After the nomination of Dr. Glenn, under the leadership of Pearce and Dibble, the convention fell down. The chair was weak. The convention became confused. The devil was to pay, and everything went wrong. The result is a hybrid ticket. Dr. Glenn does not know whether he stands on his head or his heels; and the Democratic party is not sure whether it is on foot or on horseback. Everybody was nominated by acclamation. The convention took a base advantage of an absentee, and nominated him for State Treasurer. Jo. Hamilton was fairly roped and thrust into the nomination of Attorney-General—poor old Jo Hamilton! after such long and faithful party service he deserved a better fate. Even that old war-horse of the Democracy, that blood-stained and battle-scarred hero of a hundred fights, Delos Lake, of Mono, fell down and followed the lead of the white-plumed Henry of the *Chronicle*. Truly, politics does make strange bed-fellows; for we remember when these gentlemen were making faces at each other on the sidewalk with pistols. Judge Wm. T. Wallace discarded for Chief Justice by Southern gentlemen controlling the convention of ancient and honorable Bilks, discarded by the Democracy, and Morrison nominated for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and Cactus Burch, Calhoun Benham, Sharpstein, Samuel Bell McKee, Campbell of Mariposa, put forward as representing the learning and judicial ability of the Democratic party.

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We reckon there must be something in the malefic influence of strange planets having come into evil conjunction. We have been spared from the plague and epidemics, from wars and disasters by storm and flood, from all sorts of dire calamities predicted for us by augurs of evil omen. It has all fallen upon the Democracy. There is no possible political accident that has not occurred to this unfortunate and most unhappy organization in California. It is struck with paralysis. It has softening of the brain. It is in a rapid decline; a sort of galloping consumption. It isn't "the grand old party" any more. It is not even a "lively corpse." It is a house divided against itself. The old slogans will stick in the throat. The Irish will shout on election day, "Here is yer rigilar old Kearney ticket." The chivs. have forgotten the Kentucky resolutions and go for the new Constitution. It would afford us pleasure to look in upon a Democratic caucus, with ex-Senator Gwin, Hon. James Farley, Frank McCoppin, Esq., Governor Irwin, Joseph Hoge, Senators Casserly and Hager, Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, Jo Hamilton, Pearce, of Sonoma, Caleb Dorsay, ex-Governor Downey, A. B. Dibble, Niles Searles, ex-Governor Latham, David Mahoney, and a few score more of the old dyed-in-the-wool, stanch, unterrified, war-horse, regular, never-scratched-a-ticket Democracy. We should like to be down in the clock

clase, where the female Mason was hid, and hear those old fossils wail over the departure of the glory of their party. We should enjoy a discussion over Kearney, Charles de Young, and Dave Terry. And what must provoke, and does provoke, the liveliest regret is that the Republican party goes steadily along, minds its own business; has nominated a good ticket, without wrangling, and with which everybody is satisfied, and hundreds of sensible Democrats openly announcing their intention to vote for this same ticket. It seems the more curious when we reflect that in all the other States the Democrats are a united, compact party organization, looking forward with eager interest to the Presidential campaign, and nerving themselves for an earnest contest.

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But we must not forget our municipal politics. We are to choose now within a few days the candidates for all our city and county offices, and as yet we have heard mention of no names in this connection. The exigency demands the service of our best citizens. The complication of politics demands that all good citizens should be united in choosing candidates, and in laboring for their election. Assuredly we will not be so unwise as to allow a mere party name to come between us and our interests in choosing a Mayor, Treasurer, and Tax Collector. That the city politics is kept so secret is to us a suspicious circumstance. If our advice could be followed, we should suggest to the Tax-payers' organization that it take the initiative of a non-partisan movement in the direction of selecting a municipal ticket. Unless some one takes the lead nothing will be done, and we shall find ourselves all head-over-heels in ward primaries, and in a struggle between Republicans and Democrats. We suggest the name of Mr. Clute Wilmerding for Mayor. He is an old citizen, has sufficient wealth, can afford the time, and while everybody knows that he would not seek the office, and would decline taking it if he could, and that the sum of $3,000 would not pay the charities incident to the position, yet if properly solicited he might regard it as a duty he owes to the city where he has spent his life and acquired his fortune. The office of Supervisor is equally important. If we could secure the services of twelve gentlemen who would give consent to serve the city in the capacity of Supervisors for two years it would give one hundred millions of added value to our real property. The office of Auditor is of first importance, and ought to command the best talent. We are not prepared to suggest names for the various positions, but next week we shall be. Next week we will submit a number of candidates for various positions, and we ask those who desire to be mentioned in connection with any position, or who desire to suggest the name of a friend for any office, to advise us. We think it well to advise citizens who are candidates in advance of political nominations, in order that their qualifications may be considered and their claims canvassed.

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Turning our attention from State to National politics, we are not at all in sympathy with the disposition that manifests itself in the opening of the campaign to drag in the Southern "outrage" business. We do not desire to have the Republican hearts of California fired by these (evidently) manufactured lies, of negroes murdered and colored women hanged, children bayoneted, and black clergymen shot at prayers, throughout the Southern States. We do not believe these stories, and if there is any grain of truth in them, they are in our judgment grossly exaggerated. We do not believe them, because we have a better opinion of the humanity of American citizens, even though they have the misfortune to live in the South, and even though they committed the crime of revolting against the Union. The negroes of the South are doing very well for themselves and very well for the whites. The negro is the laborer, and in the South more than in any other part of our country, the interest of capital, land, and labor go together. For the eight years preceding 1861, 27,142,285 bales of cotton were produced. During the last eight years there have been produced 33,226,531 bales. The number of acres of cotton in 1871 was 7,557,579 against more than 12,000,000 in 1878. If there is, as charged, a conspiracy on foot to incite the negroes to emigrate from their homes, it is in our opinion for a political and not an honest purpose. It will result, in our opinion, in working great injury to both blacks and whites. There is a manifest determination upon the part of Republican party leaders to put this old "outrage" mill again into operation. Chandler of Michigan, Blair of Illinois, and we fear Blaine of Maine, are contemplating to give the machine another turn in order to grind out more "horrors." The Southern people have every inducement, even that of self-interest, to treat the black laborers kindly and well. We are not at all solicitious about the moral, spiritual, or political welfare of our colored fellow-citizens of the Southern States, and we are not impressed with the conviction that their souls or bodies would be any more kindly cared for by Republican politicians of the North, than they are or will be by their white countrymen at the South. At all events let us keep negro horrors and Southern Brigadier-Generals out of this political campaign. Our local issues are more important. The bloody-shirt business may very well be deferred till the Presidential election next year; we shall then doubtless have enough of it.

Our paper goes to press so early on Friday that the interesting incidents of the evening may not be commented on by the ARGONAUT till the following week. What line of argument Mr. Gorham may take at his Union Hall *séance* we may not even conjecture. We are sure it will be bloody, bold, and resolute. He will assault with ponderous figures the railroad, and endeavor to place this institution upon the back of the Republican party. In angry and passionate vituperation he will lash the monster, and endeavor to make it appear that it is an enemy to the State, and that the Republican party is responsible for all its acts. The logical deduction of his argument will be to invoke prejudice against railroad management as an argument for withholding votes from the Republican ticket. Whatever abuse may be meted out to the ARGONAUT or its writers will fall upon thick-padded indifference, and will be welcomed with flying heels. It is Mr. Gorham's political attitude we assail. He has become the declared enemy of the party whose leader he endeavored to become because he has been denied the position. He would now betray and destroy the party because he can no longer domineer over it. He is the enemy of the railroad because he can no longer find profitable political employment from it. Mr. Gorham seeks notoriety. Out with the Republican party and out with the railroad, is to be at once out of office and out of money—a most unpleasant predicament to one who has all his life enjoyed the distinction and comfort of official position. In the Republican party of California there is no longer any place for the purely selfish and utterly unprincipled political adventurer. National politics present a broader and better field. Washington has quiet places into which the exhausted and tired party wrangler may drift, and we hope the party may not get so angry with this exhibition of Mr. Gorham's petulance and his small vindictiveness that it may not consent to see him settle down in some obscure corner of the national crib, where he may nibble at the party corn for the remainder of his uneventful existence. We hope the railroad will not become so vexed at his malvolence that the managers will not allow him a free pass over its line Eastward. If the Republican party were less intelligent than it is, Mr. Gorham might work it an injury in this campaign. But the marshaling of false figures against the Pacific Railroad corporation, and the revengeful effort to hold the Republican party responsible for any acts of any incorporation, will fall with little force and have but little weight with intelligent and reflecting minds. It is not a little curious that in this offensive unslaught upon the railroad and Republican party Mr. Gorham has the *Chronicle* for his organ. If we remember aright, his last oratorical effort was directed at that journal, which he compared to the ruined maid flaunting her gay ribbons, flowers, and feathers as the price of her shame. The *Chronicle* was then—according to Mr. Gorham—in the service of the Central Pacific Railroad. We question whether Mr. Gorham has ever been a Republican—whether all his pretensions have not been a sham for the purpose of getting office. We believe there has never been an hour since he joined the ranks that he has not either had or aspired to office. We distrust all his professions of loyalty to the party, and look upon them as clap-trap. With him politics is a profession; it is an industry to which he looks for bread, and all this pretended sympathy for the people about fares and freights is a mere bid for an Eastern notoriety, the fruition of which shall be some place where he may anchor. Our object in exposing these hollow pretenses to honesty and patriotism is to put the Republicans upon their guard, so that forewarned they may be forearmed against the traitor who would bring disaster to the party because he can not rule it.

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The Republican party is not responsible for the acts of individuals or incorporations, the members of which may vote with it. The Republican party embraces within its limits the greater portion of the property-owning and intelligent people of the nation. As a national organization it is charged with the preservation of the American Union and the perpetuity of republican liberty. It has a patriotic history; it has a grand destiny. It holds in its hands the very life of the Government. It has made mistakes, great blunders, and even crimes of administration. It has had within its ranks thieves and plunderers. It has honored bad men, and given prominent position to those who have proved utterly unworthy. But it has made no other nor greater mistakes than are incident to any political organization, and it has done better than the Democratic party would have done. More is to be hoped from it than from the Democracy. And yet it may become necessary at the next Presidential election to allow it to go to defeat, and choose a Democrat for President of the United States. This depends upon the attitude that the two great national parties may assume toward the country, and upon the character of the candidates whom they may place in nomination. In California, this year, as parties are now constituted, the only safe and wise thing to do is to elect the Republican ticket—Mr. George C. Perkins for Governor, and Hon. A. L. Rhodes for Chief Justice. The party issues involved are not important, but there are business, social, moral, and political considerations of the very highest importance. These considerations will readily suggest themselves to all, and many Democrats will, we believe, think it best to give their votes to the candidates of the Republican party. We reserve to ourselves and accord to our readers the privilege of exercising individual judgment as to the judicial candidates.

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Mr. Justice Field—Sawyer concurring—has delivered an opinion in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of California declaring that the sheriff has no right, under a municipal ordinance, to cut off the queue of Chinese who may become prisoners in the county jail, upon the grounds that in passing the ordinance the Supervisors exceeded their authority, and that the legislation is special. In the discussion of this question, it seems to us that the views of Mr. Justice Field in reference to Federal power have largely broadened since, as Chief Justice of California, he rendered the dissenting opinion in the case of Washburne *vs.* Lin Sing (20 Cal. Rep.). Without attempting to review or discuss the question of power to regulate Chinese immigration as between the General and the State governments, it seems to us that Federal judges are too jealous of Federal power, and are not sufficiently liberal in their interpretation of the police, sanitary, and taxing power of the State. The opinion under consideration admits that "the State may exclude from its limits paupers and convicts of other countries, persons incurably diseased, and others likely to become a burden upon its revenues. *It may perhaps also exclude persons whose presence would be dangerous to its established institutions.*" It would seem to us possible that these distinguished jurists might have considered the fact that an unlimited invasion of Chinese would be, and is, dangerous to our established institutions, and have decided that cutting off the hair of the Chinese person who, by a decision of our courts had been convicted of crime, was not legislation especially different from that which cuts off the long hair of the hoodlum. We clip the locks of our convicts in all prisons, and we recognize no necessity for any especial tenderness toward Chinese criminals. His honor Justice Field makes a suggestion in reference to the Chinese question that may be well worth considering, *viz.:* whether Congress may not legislate restricting the Chinese in the United States to foreign commerce, restraining them from engaging in retail trading, manufacturing, cultivating the soil, or any of the manual occupations which come in competition with our own laborers; and in justification of such legislation plead the fact that this is the practical treatment our citizens receive in China. We give the concluding remarks of the opinion that leads us up to the suggestion of Congressional action in the direction referred to: "Their dissimilarity in physical characteristics, in language, in manners, and religion, would seem, from past experience, to prevent the possibility of their assimilation with our people. And thoughtful persons, looking at the millions which crowd the opposite shores of the Pacific, and the possibility at no distant day of their pouring over in vast hordes among us, giving rise to fierce antagonisms of race, hope that some way may be devised to prevent their further immigration. We feel the force and importance of these considerations; but the remedy for the apprehended evil is to be sought from the General Government, where, except in certain special cases, all power over the subject lies. To that government belong exclusively the treaty making power and the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, which includes intercourse as well as traffic, and, with the exceptions presently mentioned, the power to prescribe the conditions of immigration or importation of persons. The State in these particulars, with the exceptions mentioned, is powerless, and nothing is gained by the attempted assertion of a control which can never be admitted. The State may exclude from its limits paupers and convicts of other countries, persons incurably diseased, and others likely to become a burden upon its resources. It may perhaps also exclude persons whose presence would be dangerous to its established institutions. But there its power ends. Whatever is done by way of exclusion beyond this must come from the General Government. That Government alone can determine what aliens shall be permitted to land within the United States, and upon what conditions they shall be permitted to remain; whether they shall be restricted in business transactions to such as appertain to foreign commerce, as is practically the case with our people in China, or whether they shall be allowed to engage in all pursuits equally with citizens. For restrictions necessary or desirable in these matters, the appeal must be made to the General Government; and it is not believed that the appeal will ultimately be disregarded."

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Senator Booth returned from Washington on Tuesday last, and is now resting at his Sacramento home from his official labors. It is understood that he will actively participate in the gubernatorial campaign as one of the Republican orators. It is also an open secret that Senator Booth is ambitious to become the Republican nominee for Vice-President, and that this aspiration has the encouragement of many leading Republicans at the East. We should rejoice to see him thus honored, feeling confident that he would adorn the position, and give strength and character to the Repub[illegible]

## ONLY JONES.

The officers of Her Majesty's Twenty-fourth and Eighty-fourth infantry were sitting around their mess table, in Castletown, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening more than thirty years ago—that is, all of them except one; but then, that was only Jones. Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing," and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their "chaffing" that they had come to find it little pleasure, and, after some weeks of discomfort, Lieutenant Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favorable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital—he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain De Reuzy lispingly wondered whether it was possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones calmly answered that "it was not possible for Captain De Reuzy to do so."

Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's ideas of proper behavior, but, for some reason or other, no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say, "it was only Jones," or even to quietly assert his cowardice.

One evening Colonel Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room, and was immediately accosted:

"Something new, Lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hare on the island, and we mean to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider; will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel; such a thing is neither in the way of duty, nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honor the Colonel does you, Jones," said young Ensign Powell.

"I thank the Colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider. Therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the Colonel, rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I am afraid. If I should be hurt it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice? The Colonel turned away, half contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took Jones's place.

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a rising storm; and, as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Jones said earnestly to his Colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"I think so, Lieutenant; but we promised to dine at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far, at any rate."

So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain. Jones attended to the military duties assigned him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the narrow quay; but, amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly toward the great shelving Scarlet Rocks, a mile beyond the town. He stopped an old sailor, and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"A little steamer, sir, off the Calf of Man. She is driv this way, an' indeed I fear she will be ta rocks afore ta night."

Jones stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them they were gathered on the summit of a huge cliff, watching the doomed craft. She was now within sight, and it was evident that her seamen had almost lost all cootrol of her. She must, ere long, be flung by the waves upon the jagged rocks toward which she was driving. In the lulls of the wind, not only the booming of the minute guns, but also the shouts of the imperiled crew, could be heard.

"What can be done?" said Jones to an old man, whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afrait. If she'd managed to rount ta rocks, she would have gone to pieces on ta sand, and there are plenty of men who would have risket life to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"

"How far are we above water?"

"This rock goes down like a wall forty fathoms, sir."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty feet or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of light strong rope?"

"Much as you want, sir. But let me tell you, sir, you can't live three minutes down there; ta first wave will dash you on to ta rocks, and dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you do get down."

"Do you know, old man, what surf swimming is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva."

"God bless you, sir. I thought no white man could do the same."

While this conversation was going on Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket-knife. This done, he passed some light strong rope through them. The men watched him with eager interest, and, seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body."

"Ay, ay, sir. I see now what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request: give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board, you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir. But how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the mainyard of the *Ajax* before this. It was as high a leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope around his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying, "Now, friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head one moment toward heaven, and, taking a short run, leaped, as if from the springboard of a plunge bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark, foamy depth. When he rose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its centre. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones was far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer the wreck with every wave, really advancing, however, more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear, hopeful voice:

"Help at hand, Captain! Throw me a buoy."

And in another minute or two Jones was on deck, and the cheers of the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few moments to fasten a cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here, sir," said the Captain, "we must rig a chair for her; she can never walk that dangerous rope."

"But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?"

"A slight little thing; half a child, sir."

"Bring her here."

This was no time for ceremony; without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his left arm, and, steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely to shore. The crew rapidly followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body and all things become possible.

There was plenty of help waiting for the half-dead seamen; and the lady, her father, and the Captain had been put in the carriage of Braddon and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Jones, amid the confusion, disappeared; he had picked up an oil-skin coat and cap, and when every one turned to thank their deliverer he was gone. No one knew him; the sailors said they believed him to be "one of the military gents by his rigging," but the individuality of the hero had troubled no one until the danger was over. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks, and went to pieces; and, it being now quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of every one's conversation.

"Such a plucky fellow," said Ensign Powell, "I wonder who he was? Gwynne says he was a stranger, perhaps one of the crowd staying at the Abbey."

"Perhaps," says Captain Marks, "it was Jones."

"Oh, Jones would be too afraid of his mother."

Jones made a little satirical bow, and said, pleasantly: "Perhaps it was Powell;" at which Powell laughed and said, "Not if he knew it."

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted; especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Braddon, and all the officers had invitations. This ball had a peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present, and rumors of her riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It was said the little steamer was her father's private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and influence.

Jones said he should not go to the dinner, as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o'clock and see the dancing. Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at his default. But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love than he had ever been with a woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his fancy had painted her during those few awful minutes that he had held her high above the waves.

As he passed, the squire remembered that he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers."

"Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones' voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together said:

"I have found him! Papa! papa! I have found him!"

Never was there such an interruption to a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the Lieutenant's voice, and the Captain knew it, and poor Jones, unwilling enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made a hero of.

It was wonderful, after this night, what a change took place in Jones' quiet way. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charm, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters, which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to Conyers' to spend a month, and a furlough being granted, he started off in great glee for Kent. Jones never returned to the Eighty-fourth. The month's furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career, under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.

Eighteen months after the wreck Colonel Underwood read aloud at the mess a description of the marriage of Thomas Jones, of Milford Haven, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers Castle, Kent. And a paragraph below stated that "the Honorable Thomas Jones, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance."

"Just his luck," said Powell.

"Just his pluck," said Underwood; "and for my part, when I come across one of those fellows again that are afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not afraid to say so, I shall treat him as a hero just waiting his opportunity. Here is the Honorable Thomas Jones and his lovely bride. We are going to India, gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty-fourth has lost Lieutenant Jones, for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as he boarded the wreck.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### The Sisters.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea and the plash of rain,
And the roar of the northeast hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm—
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came.

"Twice and thrice I have heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the *Heron* is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried,

"O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong!
I hear it again so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame:
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name.

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him for ever from thee and me."

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest," she whispered, under breath,
Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth—
Thou in heaven and I on earth."

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the *Heron* is dead," she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

### The Old Ways and the New.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago.
Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays of a scorching sun
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task for the day was done.
I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow and the old pain come in my arm.
It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swinging the old scythe then:
Unlike the mover that went through the grass like death through the ranks of men.
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power—
The work that it took me a day to do it done in one short hour.
John said that I hadn't seen the half; when he puts it into his wheat
I shall see it reap and rake it and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and larn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.
John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men:
"I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my three-score years and ten,
That wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' 'most any where."
There's a difference in the work I done and the work my boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new.
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days,
That fast young men of the present won't see till they change their ways.
To think that I should live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers, and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing.
'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;
You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toiling for you and I;
There were cows to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em out by hand.
Ah, wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a machine.
No longer the noise of a scythe I hear; the mower—there, hear it afar?
A-rattlin' along through the tall stout grass with the noise of a railroad car.
Well, the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of his arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.
There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross—
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven by the simple way of the cross.

JOHN H. YATES.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Criticises Oakland's Favorite Sons and Daughters.

OAKLAND, July 7, 1879.

OLD SON :—Takin' my pen in hand I thought I'd give ye another rattle, seein' ye was kinder backward yerself in the ink-slingin' line. I didn't move into Tubbs' tavern, up at Doc. Merritt's duck pond, ez I said I was goin' to las' week, because ye see I've moved my traps down to Phil. Raglin's —you might a knowed Phil. in the ol' times ; prospected 'ith me down on Greenhorn Gulch in '53, busted in the Fraser River rush, kem to 'Frisco, got into stocks, swindled a few rafts o' servant gals an' milliners, an' arter jinin' two or three churches, manages to sport his double team an' live in a fust-class ranch, 'ith a big glass house out back full o' scrub pines, pison oak, an' sich. Well, I met Phil., an' nothin' 'd do but I mus' come down an' bunk at his shebang ; so here I am livin' on the fat o' the land—atween you an' I an' the big dam at French Bar, I reckon I'm fattenin' on the sweat o' them servant gals' brows an' the heart's blood o' them milliners. But w'at's the dif'rence ez long ez thet's the style o' doin' bizness in this yer settlement. One thing why I like to bunk 'ith Phil., besides bein' a pardner o' his w'en he wasn't a high-toned operator, is because I ken git into the house arter I've bin on a bust 'ithout hevin' a pack o' grinnin' galoots passin' remarks 'bout ol' men spreein' 'round disgracin' their mother-in-laws. I biffed one o' the shinin' lights o' Oakland society in the jaw the other day, up to the Gran' Central tavern, fur makin' jes' sech a remark ; fur ef ther's one think more'n another I'm down on, it's young brats passin' remarks an' makin' light of ol' men like me. Ef ther parents ain't larned 'em no better it's time somebody else was takin' the job in hand. Speakin' 'bout the youngsters hereabouts, ther the wust you ever see. I ain't chinnin' 'bout them toughs they calls hoodlums, but the purty boys ez parts their hair in the middle an' don't chaw terbacker. Bill, ol' boy, you oughter see one o' these society ducks, ye'd larf yerself blind a watchin' the didos they cuts up. Phil. an' me was goin' over to 'Frisco the other day w'en I drops on a little game a sleepy-eyed young rooster 'ith pigeon tail feathers on his upper lip was a givin' a peaked-nosed gal 'ith a brass-bound hat stuck on the back of her head, an' her yaller hair frizzed down in front so thet she looked like a sick calf lookin' through a hedge fence. Ther was about five seats atween 'em—we was on the steam keers —an' of all the winkin' an' blinkin' I ever see they topped the deck. It made me sick to look at 'em, an' I turns to Phil. an' asked him w'at the monkey shines was all about.

"They're mashin'," sez Phil.

"Mashin'!" sez I.

"Yes, can't you tumble? He's a givin' her the eye bizness an' she's a givin' it back to him," an' Phil larfs at me for not bein' up to the game.

"Mebbe ye'd be kind enough to give me the true bizness on this mashin' an' eye bizness," sez I to Phil, kinder mad at myself to think thet ther was somethin' goin' on thet I wasn't up to.

"Well," sez Phil, "them two wants to git acquainted an' they're interdoocin' 'emselves 'ith ther eyes. Jes' watch 'em a minute an' you'll drop to the racket."

So I watches the pair, an' purty soon I notices the buck screw his mouth into a grin thet reminded me o' sick kittens an' hot brick-bats, it was so languishin' an' longin' like. The gal kinder raised her front hair an' sorter wagged her ears. Then the rooster ducked an' grinned, an' wagged his ears, an' she bobbed her head much ez to say "Kerrect." An' I'm a hoss-thief ef thet youngster 'ith the tail feathers didn't hist himself into the same seat 'ith the dimity. You'd a thought they'd bin engaged to be married fur seven weeks by the way they cuddled up to each other.

"Is them two in society?" sez I to Phil.

"Like ez not," sez he.

"W'at bizness d'ye s'pose thet feller's in?" sez I.

"Mebbe his father's a shoemaker," sez Phil, "an' works sixteen hours a day to support that rooster at the Yunervarsity or some sech place."

"And the gal," sez I.

"Oh, she's kinder gin'ral like," sez Phil, winkin'. "I'll bet she's bin ridin' up an' down on this yer train fur five hours watchin' fur somebody to mash. I don't say her mother takes in washin', but I'll bet she don't know how to raise young gals."

"Is ther much o' this mashin' bizness goin' on?" sez I.

"Is there much mashin' goin' on!" says Phil, kinder scornful like ; "well, you loaf 'round these parts long an' I reckon you'll find out. Why, Jim, they don't do nothin' else on these yer trains an' boats—it's got down to a science, you hear me. They travels on ther shape, an' some o' them's gittin' cross-eyed an' squint-eared 'ith ther winkin' an' waggin'. Even the p'licemen is on it, an' ef ye keep yer eye peeled on thet one thet prances through these yer keers ez ef he thought all the wimmen on board was dead gone on him, ye'll p'raps drop on *his* little game—he's the wust in the deck."

But I didn't swallow all thet Phil was a givin' me till I'd nosed round an' got the rights o' the bizness myself ; an', Bill, you ken kick me fur the wust liar in forty-two counties ef it ain' the solid fac', ev'ry word of it. I tell ye w'at it is, ol' son, I ken see more tom foolery an' a meaner side o' human nacher a ridin' on these yer keers atween w'at they calls Long W'arf an' Alameda or Brooklyn 'n I'd see round Jackass ef I was to live a hundred years. Ther's the man o' bizness thet goes over in the mornin' to Frisco. He's dead on bizness an' no mistake—chinnin' bizness. He gits on the keers at Broadway, an' chins the fust man he meets 'bout w'at the Hon'able Bilks was doin' las' night. Bimeby he sights another man he knows, an' he makes some remark 'bout seein' w'ether "thet sale was made yesterday," an' gits out o' his seat to tackle him, makin' the hombre he's jes' left think he's the heaviest duck on solid bizness thet ever busted a bank. W'en he tackles the other man he opens 'ith some remark 'bout w'at kind o' weather's goin' to happen, an' then slides into the Zulu war, an' thinks it's a mighty good thing fur Europe thet little Nap was sent up the flume. On the boat he chins two or three roosters on stocks an' the Dimmycratic party, an' w'en he gits to his place o' bizness, ez he calls it, he's chinnin' curbstone sharks on Californy or Montgom'ry Street. He kerries his office in his hat, an' his bizness is chinnin'; two to one his wife hez a shingle hung out 'ith "fash'nable dressmakin'" painted onto it.

I tell ye, Bill, I've watched these yer bilks, an' I'm givin' ye solid fax w'en I calls 'em dead open an' shut frauds. Then ther's the gals thet sports goggles an' don't need 'em. I was speakin' to Phil 'bout 'em, an' he says they're on the literary lay—they think ev'rybody'll take 'em fur smart Alecks. An' the fashions, Bill! Ye oughter see the gimcracks the wimmen puts on. Two-thirds o' them empties ther trunks ev'ry time they jumps aboard the keers, an' I'll bet on it. Some o' them sports' tiles thet look like a dump-box knocked galley west an' crooked, an' some o' them looks like a mule's ear flappin' in a gale o' wind. Talk 'bout hard times! Why some o' the wimmen I've seen prancin' 'round here carries enough duds on ther backs to run a quartz mill a month, an' hire a white man to run the keer an' feed the batteries. Ez I hevn't heerd from you since my las' letter, I reckon I'll shut down on this yarn an' wait 'til you ante. Ye ken tell the boys down to Frisbie's I was talkin' to the sup'rintendent o' the *Zaminer* agin, an' he says ol' Grant ain't got no more show o' bein' the nex' President 'n Tom Clunie hez o' goin' to Congress. The *Zaminer* fellers is solid on the resolutions o' '98 jes' the same ez ever, an' you ken tell the boys so. Give my respec's to the widder, an' tell her I'm ez healthy an' chipper ez a jack rabbit. Ef Jim Townsend's 'round Jackass yet, tell him ther's a bully chance to start a tem'prance paper down to Milpitas. I'm goin' to a Nob Hill shindig 'ith Phil's wife nex' Friday night, an' w'en I write nex' time I'll give ye the bizness. Write soon.

Yer old pard, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

To WM. BELCHER, ESQ., Tuttletown,
Tuolumne County, *via* Copperopolis.

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English court society is at present scandalized by the presentation of a Russian lady to Lady Salisbury, and the remark of that noble leader of society, that "she was insulted by the Russian Minister having presented to her a woman with seven husbands ; a female Bluebeard, who made marrying a business, and should not be allowed in society." At this society raised a great a hullabulloo to prove its general high tone and moral sense, and declaring itself entirely shocked, at once made a scapegoat of the fair female Russian Bluebeard. The scapegoatess had to disappear, and has perhaps gone to the continent after more husbands. It recalls the story of Lady Twiss, who was hounded out of society by thousands of women little better than herself, if one may credit the opinion of a gentleman who said to the wife of a bishop, who was shuddering that she had known the woman: "If your husband would practice the doctrine he preaches he would ask Lady Twiss to drive in the Park, for Mary Magdalen was thought good enough company for the founder of our religion ; and Lady Twiss, who is an excellent wife, is good enough for you."

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The French fop, it appears, was called a *muguet*, a "lily of the valley," in the reign of Francis I. Under Charles IX. and Henry III. they were called *mignons*. Under Louis XIII. and XIV. luxurious dress was so necessary for every one who respected himself, and who wished to be respected, that the leaders of fashion, having become undistinguishable from the rank and file, bore no distinctive name. Under the Regency and under Louis XV. the *beaux* appear. The same word was also employed in England. At the same time the bourgeois who aped the fine gentlemen were called *freluquets*, or "puppies." With the Convention we have the *muscadins*; with the Directory the *incroyables*, and with the Consulate the *petits-maîtres*, who become transformed into the *merceilleux*. The first empire had no designation for "swells;" the Restoration brought in the *élégants*, and Charles X. the *dandys*. Since then we have had the *hons* in 1840, the *gandins* in 1850, the *cocodés* in 1860, then the *crevés*, and now the *gommeux*.

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How shall society protect itself against the effusive woman with the pet reptile for a companion? The tame squirrel is harmless and perhaps picturesque, and the frizzed lap-dog is an innocent whim, but what shall be done with the San Francisco lady who carries a collection of spiders about with her and pretends that they know and love her? with the Syracuse woman who is accompanied everywhere by a pet rat? with the Chicago spinster of blighted affections who wears a live milk-snake as a bracelet, and permits the sweet thing to writhe off her arm when she is making calls? or with the other lady, whom the papers mention, who "puts a gold harness on a Brazilian beetle and lets it crawl over her beautiful shoulders?" A line ought to be drawn through the animal kingdom somewhere.

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"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired the good man of the little six-year old boy, who was waiting, with a tin can in his hand, the advent of another boy. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the embryo statesman, ingenuously, "but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

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She was an Albany lady who informed a visitor who came to see her new house that she was having "nicks made in the walls in which to place statutes, and in one of them a burst of her husband."

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"I wouldn't marry the best man living," she said,
And she kept her vow from the first,
But she did not live to die an old maid,
For she married one of the worst.

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A clairvoyant at Lynn told a woman that her husband was not true to her, and the wife choked her until she was laid up for three weeks. It happened that the husband was dead.

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A real, genuine lady, if stepping on a rusty nail in the yard while going barefooted, will die of lock-jaw before she will own up, even to the doctor, how she came by the injury.

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The fruit-dealer generally has one watermelon on top to show how ripe the whole lot is.

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The Zulus are neat, but not gaudy. They dress to kill.

## MODERN MAXIMS.

True religion, true science, and true morality, are one and the same.

True religion consists in obedience to the Golden Rule, viz. : "Do unto all men as ye would that they should do to you."

True science is knowledge of the world, its matter, its force, and its life, and of ourselves, in our relations to the rest of the world.

True morality is the practice of the lessons taught by science.

All knowledge is good ; the book of Nature is open; there is nothing so high that the mind of man may not speculate upon it, neither is there anything too low to be worth investigation.

Perfect morality can only be attained by perfect knowledge.

All knowledge is pure. There is nothing in our form, our organs, or the processes carried on in our bodies, that we have a right to be ashamed of, unless we know ourselves defective.

That which is pure is beautiful ; that which is beautiful is pure.

That which is beautiful and pure is worthy of admiration; hence, art, like science, is sacred.

An impure mind can draw evil from beauty, but it is not the fault of the beauty.

An evil-disposed mind can make mischief from knowledge, yet it is not the knowledge that is to blame.

A crime is an offense against knowledge ; the same act done in ignorance is only a mistake.

Whatever injures our own organism is a crime; thus the man who is "only his own enemy" is still a criminal, unless he sin through ignorance.

Every act tending to the injury of another, in his person or in his relations to others, is a crime, whether in the Decalogue or not.

Forewarned—forearmed. It is only by knowing our own nature thoroughly that we can hope to hold our passions in check.

He who trusts in the righteousness of another will never be righteous himself.

He who believes that temptation comes from without is not likely to guard against that which proceeds from his own nature.

He who has never resisted temptation must take heed lest he fall.

Our natural passions are not sinful, but need guidance from reason and knowledge, so that their effects may produce happiness to ourselves and others.

The true aim of life is happiness.

The highest happiness is found in acts that make others happy.

The being who finds pleasure in causing misery should be cast out or cut off, according to the nature of his crime.

The criminal should be pitied, yet pity should never restrain society from dealing with him so as to prevent him from the commission of criminal acts.

Heredity is a fact, therefore a hardened criminal should never be allowed to perpetuate his race.

Disease is inherited, therefore the diseased ought not to marry.

Since "no man hath seen God at any time," no man can know the nature of God. It is folly, therefore, to quarrel about beliefs.

It is not given to us to know the world to come, but we can, if we will, know the world that is.

Those who do their best in this world will do best in the next world, if there is a next world, as men assume.

No belief will save a man from the consequences of his acts in this, neither will it avail him in any other world.

Men and women who sin against knowledge have no right to charge God with the misery and disease resulting from their own acts.

Fatalism, predestination, and a belief in a supernatural providence, have been man's great hinderances to virtue and happiness.

The natural end of man's life is peaceful death from the slow cessation of all his faculties ; life and the desire of life ceasing together.

All disease is man-made, the consequence either of ignorance of nature's laws, or of crimes against knowledge.

Those who are always reviewing the past never view the present.

Those who do their duty in the present need not fear a future life.

Those whose gaze is fixed on the future of their imagination seldom act rightly in the present of fact.

The more we know of nature, the more cause we have to wonder ; therefore, there is more poetry in the real than in the supernatural, and the poet of the coming days will rise above the level of him of the past.

Blind belief, like an owl, hates the light.

The worshipers of a great teacher adore a man.

The worshipers of a big book are gross idolaters.

Symbols make good poetry, but are apt to degenerate into fetichism.

To struggle for life with the elements and with surrounding life is in the order of things, but woe to him who willfully makes the struggle harder for others, and blessed be he who lightens the labor, so shall his burdens be less.

A sound mind in a sound body, a fair share of muscle and nerve, are the main elements of success in the life-struggle.

In civilized society nerve and brain are worth more than bone and muscle, but muscle is king among the uncivilized.

There is for each organism a limit of force; if this force take chiefly the form of intelligence and nerve-force, the muscle is apt to run short, and *vice-versâ*.

Thus small size is usually associated with quickness of thought and action ; overgrown dimensions with the opposite.

Although muscle is king among the uncivilized, yet, from the greater protection afforded to each individual in his struggle with the forces of nature, the civilized races are, on the whole, physically as well as mentally superior.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879. W. N. [illegible]

## THE JONESES' PINAFORE PILGRIMAGE.

"Edward, I can endure it no longer!" articulated Mrs. Jones, with a measured solemnity of utterance suitable to the burial service; "I *must* know what it all means or I shall go distracted. It haunted my dreams last night, and turned them all to nightmares."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mr. Jones in a tone of mock commiseration:

"'I saw, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time;
From East to West his beam impended;
And day with—'"

"Edward!" interrupted Mrs. J., in accents of reproachful remonstrance, "do not trifle with my sufferings. I did *not* see the balance in the hand of Time. What I did see was a great white bib, trimmed with cardinal red braid, and as big as the cow-pasture; as the wind shook its huge folds, and lifted it, I caught glimpses of a terrible beast, half concealed behind it, like—"

"Like the beast in Revelations, with ten heads, and—"

"Not at all, Edward; nothing of the kind; more like—"

"Oh, certainly; I have it now. The proper beast to appear from behind that portentous drapery—the *only* proper beast, I may say—would be a sphinx in a checked apron, propounding, with an inscrutable air, the riddle, "What is Pinafore?"

"Of course, papa, you can turn it into ridicule if you choose," said Miss Jones, in a voice eloquently suggestive of a grievance, "but you can not help feeling how hard it is for mamma and me—who have known something of the refinements of civilization; who, in fact, have lived nearly all our lives in the city—to be shut up in this barbarous seclusion, where we are as ignorant as heathens of what is going on in the circles we once moved in."

"It certainly is tantalizing, and at the same time humiliating, to see, from the constant allusion in the papers, that the whole world is talking about a thing, in fact going crazy over it, and yet be unable to guess what it is."

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Jones, soothingly, "it's probably nothing but a new brand of cigar; and all these mysterious allusions are simply an ingenious mode of advertising."

MRS. J. (mournfully)—No, no. The "mysterious allusions" have no flavor of tobacco about them.

MISS MARIA (*ætat.* 13)—Perhaps it's a new kind of chewing gum.

JONES—Why don't you read the advertisements? They may throw some light on the subject.

MRS. J.—To read the advertising columns is mere exasperation so long as our lodge is in this vast wilderness—

JONES—"This boundless contiguity of shade," where—

MRS. J.—Where we can't go shopping.

JONES—What do you say to a trip to San Francisco to investigate the mystery? I have an invitation in my pocket from Cousin Tom, urging us to come down in full force for a week's visit.

ALL—Oh, delightful!

JONES (resignedly)—Be it so, then. They've just moved into their new house, and will have lots of room. Remember, the stage leaves at seven in the morning for Ione. But mark me! I veto more than a dozen trunks.

MISS J.—Think of it! At half-past five to-morrow we shall be in San Francisco. O dream of bliss!

---

"Drive to Mr. Thomas Dobbs', Franklin Street," said Mr. Jones to the hackman whom he had engaged at the ferry landing.

The driver looked with dismay, not unmingled with a more aggressive feeling, at the array of trunks, boxes, and parcels which had been forthcoming on presentation of the checks intrusted to him.

"Is it all *his?*" queried the friend who had assisted with the checks.

"And his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts,"

Responded the hackman, in a gruff chant.

Miss Jones started, and rolled her bright blue orbs in a bewildered way. Miss Maria bounced and cried "Oh!"

"That's the *seventh* time I've heard those words since we left the cars on the other side," said Mrs. J., in an awe-struck whisper. "Edward, what *does* it mean?"

"It's enough to make a man cuss," the friend and assistant was heard to say. In response to which the hackman, who, having got the baggage stowed, seemed to feel better, responded in a melodius growl:

"Bad language or abuse
I never, never use
Whatever the emergency.
Though 'bother it' I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—"

Mrs. Jones and her two daughters exchange wondering glances.

"That's the *third* time I've heard that since we went on board the boat," said the matron.

"What, never?" came in deep-chested tones from the box, where the driver and friend had just established themselves. And then like the formulated response of some solemn litany the voices went on:

"No, never!"

"What, *never?*"

"Well, *hardly* ever."

"I knew that was coming, mamma," said Miss Maria, with an inspired look.

Mrs. Jones placed her hand against her forehead for a moment.

"I wonder, Edward," she murmured, in a scared voice, "whether we are all going mad, or San Francisco has become one great asylum for lunatics. But what are we stopping for?"

The carriage had come to a standstill among a crowd of vehicles at the corner of Market and Montgomery.

"Say, can't you squeeze in there to the left?" cried an angry voice, addressing the Jones' charioteer.

"You ain't polite," retorted the latter; and then the chest-tones came in, with measured cadence:

"For I hold that on the seas
The expression "if you please,"
A particularly gentlemanly tone implants."

Instantly another, and shriller voice took up the burden with a quick, exultant movement:

"And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

And then half a dozen boys shouted the same mysterious refrain in chorus.

"This is frightful, positively frightful!" murmured Mrs. Jones, who seemed about to faint.

Miss Maria fixes a swift, piercing glance upon *paterfamilias*, as he sits in his corner imperturbable and inscrutable, while again the shrill refrain is heard, swelled by auxiliary voices:

"His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons by the dozens,
And his aunts."

"I'm sure papa knows something about it," is Miss Maria's rapid reflection.

As the Jones family ascend the steps of the Franklin Street mansion, a voice is heard through the parlor blinds, joyfully announcing "Here comes Uncle Ned!" Then, amid a soft murmur of laughter, followed the prompt response

"And so do his sisters, his cousins, etc."

"There! there it is again!" exclaimed Mrs. J., hysterically. "Edward, I am sorry we came. I beg you to call back the carriage. A dreadful suspicion suggests itself to my mind."

But it was too late; Mr. J. had pulled the bell. The piano was giving a lively accompaniment to a manly voice which sang:

"But when the breezes blow
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants."

"Why, Maria!" cried Mrs. J. "What is the matter with the child?"—for that young lady, with the rapt air of a pythoness when the fit of inspiration begins, had sprung upon the side railing of the front steps, and, with her lips to the blinds of the parlor window, shrieked in piercing accents:

"And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

---

"No, Jane, no," said Mrs. Jones, with tragic sternness, as the two families stood intermingled in the spacious hall, the confusion of the first greetings being over; "I positively declare that I will not go a step further, or take off my things, until I understand this harassing, this maddening mystery. Tell me then, at once, what all this means!"

MISS JONES and MISS MARIA (earnest and breathless)—Yes, yes, Aunt Jane; *do* tell us what it all means. We are nearly distracted.

MRS. DOBBS (bewildered)—What it all means! What *what* means, my dears?

MRS. J. (wildly)—
"His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

MISS J.—
"His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts."

MISS MARIA—
"Though 'bother it,' I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D."

MRS. J.—
"What, never?"

MISS J. and MARIA—
"No, never!"

MRS. J.—
"What, *never?*"

MARIA—
"Well, hardly ever."

MISS J.—
"For I hold that on the seas—"

MARIA (interrupting)—
"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman."

MISS J.—
"For he might have been a Russian,
A French, or Turk, or Prussian—"

MARIA—
"Or perhaps a Chinaman."

MISS J.—
"But, in spite of all temptations—"

MARIA—
"To belong to foreign nations—"

MRS. J.—
"To belong to *other* nations—"

MARIA—
"He was born an Englishman."

MRS. J.—No, no, Maria; that's not it; that would be *nonsense*, you know:
"But, in spite of all tempations," etc.
"He *remained* an Englishman."

MARIA—
"I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's navee."

MISS J.—
"When I was a lad, I served a term
As office boy to a lawyer's firm."

MARIA—
"I cleaned the windows and swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door."

MRS. J. (excitedly)—
"I polished up that handle so carefullee—"

MARIA (furiously)—
"That now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee."

MRS. DOBBS (aside)—Gracious heavens! They have all gone crazy over *Pinafore!*

MRS. J.—
"A British tar is a soaring soul."

MARIA (with appropriate gesture and action)—
"His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl, and his face should scowl;
His eyes should flash, and his breast protrude,
And *this* should be his customary attitude!"

MRS. DOBBS—Stark, staring mad, all of them! How melancholy! (Aside to Mr. D.) Tom, what's to be done?

MRS. J.—Oh, it's all burned—it's all seared and branded into my memory. I know it will ring in my head day and night; I can't stop it. I fear I shall never know restful sleep again.

MARIA—
"I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough to Parliament."

MRS. J.—
"I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
I thought so little they rewarded me,
By making me ruler of the Queen's navee."

There! I can't help it when the spell comes upon me. Now, Jane, if you want to save the poor remainder of my crazed intellect, tell me instantly what it all means. This is what we had dinned into our ears at every step of our journey. The brakeman were singing it at their work; the conductor in the cars mumbled it as he took your tickets; the boys bawled in the streets; the hackmen bellowed it to one another; your girls greeted us through the blinds with scraps of it as we came up the front steps, and Will was singing it while May played the accompaniment just as your servant let us in. Therefore, you must know what it means.

MRS. D.—And *can* such ignorance prevail in a Christian country? Haven't you heard of Pinafore?

THE JONESES (in chorus)—Heard of it! We have heard of nothing else for months.

MRS. J.—But what is Pinafore?—and what has Pinafore to do with this rhyming madness that has invaded and captured your city?

MRS. D.—Dear me! Can it be possible? Why, Pinafore is a burlesque; an opera bouffe, I suppose I may call it; the most popular thing of the kind since the world began. It is being played all over Christendom. The scraps you have chanted are all out of it. It is the drollest, funniest, most rollicking thing that was ever known. The scene is on board Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Pinafore*. Some say it's a satire on Lord Beaconsfield for appointing an incompetent First Lord of the Admiralty. I don't care about all that; but I do love the fun. And now I suppose you will come up stairs and prepare for dinner, after which we will go to the Standard and see *Pinafore*.

---

The *Bells of Corneville* chimed a merry peal at the California Theatre last Monday night, and rang up the curtain to such a house as has not been seen on Bush Street for many a weary month. So large an audience for Aimée and the *Cloche*, following in the immediate wake of a long series of failures of excellent artists and plays, has its moral. But I am not going to moralize. I prefer—for the nonce—to accept it as a simple case of get what you want and go for it when you get it. Champagne is our favorite tipple, beyond a question; and, though we may occasionally take not unkindly to a glass of drier or heavier stuff, or even—more rarely, this—to a flask of Rhenish, it is only the sparkle of the pearly foam that is sure to draw every lip to the cup. Mr. Grau evidently intends that we should indulge our taste without stint; his *repertoire* embraces a sufficient variety of brands and flavors to keep us in the best possible humor, and his company, without being particularly strong, is very evenly balanced and capable of delightful things. Every respectable French company is. A French manager, with any sort of good company, needs no stars; his *ensemble* will carry off almost anything he likes to put on the stage, and it is hardly possible to pick up a company of French comedians who will not, in a fortnight's experience of each other, play themselves into a harmony of action and mutual support that results in the strengthening of every one's best points and the toning down, if not absolutely removing out of sight, of their weaknesses. And so we have in Mlle. Aimée's present support a most admirable *ensemble;* leading parts always in hands that are capable of making *something* of them, the minor ones filled with intelligence and *routine*, and the chorus—albeit a little weak in number and consequently in force—a perfect delight in the freedom and verve with which it enters into the spirit of what it may be called upon to do, and the bright, animated way in which it does it. The stage is constantly alive; from the rising of the curtain until the last moment of the last act, there is life, hustle, animation. Of course, Aimée is herself the leading spirit of it all; if, as the New Yorkers find, she has grown a trifle *passée*, she has at the same time ripened vocally, so that while she acts with all of the old *chic* and *espieglerie* she is singing better than ever before, and—especially in *La Fille de Madame Angot*—displays certain resources that one scarcely suspected her of having. That she is an enormously clever little woman there is no doubt. She seems to have learned to be just a little less naughty than of old; perhaps she has found time during some short good spell to practice her scales and solfeggios. Of new faces we have M'lle Gregoire, with a petite figure and petite soprano voice, which she manages very nicely; M'lle Raphael, a blonde Juno whose statuesque figure would bear a trifle more fullness in the supporting columns, but whose pleasant and sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice made her very acceptable as "M'lle Lange;" Mme. Delorme, whose "Amaranthe" in *La Fille* proved her at once to be an excellent actress and quite sufficiently good singer for any parts she may be called upon to fill. The coryphees are about as usual—perhaps a little fresher and prettier than we have had them. Juteau we have heard before; he has not grown younger, and his voice is just a trifle harder in timbre than it was five years ago. But he is sprightly and sings in tune. (They all do this, and it is an added comfort when one has ears.) Jouard, the new baritone, has a beautiful voice and good method; he ought to become a favorite, since along with his vocal advantages he has those of a good make-up and considerable humor. Duplan—is Duplan, which, to those who remember him, is all one can say. He is as irresistibly funny as ever, and sings just as he used to—not very much. But he never spoils anything. *Au reste*, it is difficult to see where things could be better, and we have abundant cause to be satisfied that it is as good; especially, in the orchestra, which is nicely balanced—the material is of the best—and very well led by Mr. Amaris, the new conductor.

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Next week will be the last opportunity of seeing Uncle Joshua Whitcomb. Then the old New Hampshire farmer goes to Oakland.

---

A man never appreciates the keen enjoyment of fishing on the part of the fish, until he gets his hook well into the ball of his thumb.

---

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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LONDON DOCK BRANDIES,

**Port Wines, Sherries,**

And all the choicest brands of

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THE BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

**A Preparatory School to the University.**

*The only fully organized Preparatory School on the Coast.*

THE INSTRUCTORS IN THE GYMnasium consist of refined and educated gentlemen, who are permanently connected with the institution. Boarding establishment strictly first class. Location healthful and accessible. The third school yeor will commence on the 14th of July. Examination of candidates for admission, 11th and 12th. For catalogues, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, Berkeley, Cal.

GEYSERS!

*Via Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.*

**W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.**

CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICTURESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P. R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....$10 00
Healdsburg to Geysers and return, only..... 4 00

WHERE TO

SPEND THE SUMMER.

IF YOU WANT A THOROUGHLY enjoyable place, go to the

**GEYSER SPRINGS.**

Medicated Baths for the sick; Swimming Baths, Bowling Alleys, Shooting Gallery; pleasant Picnic Grounds for the well. In remodeling the Medicated NATURAL Steam Bath, due regard has been observed to give special privacy to ladies. This Bath removes TAN-FRECKLES, SALLOWNESS, BLOTCHES, and all IMPERFECTIONS from the skin, and is recommended by many physicians who have tested its value. A magnificent Swimming Bath has been constructed at a large outlay.

The house has been completely remodeled since last summer, and now is not surpassed by any in the State. The stage ride to this glorious mountain resort can not be surpassed in the world, while the very atmosphere, rarified and aromatic from the breath of fragrant pines, fir, and laurel, stimulates the senses like old wine.

For tickets and all information call at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, and 214 and 426 Montgomery Street. Rooms may be engaged by letter or telegraph.

Special arrangements can be made by the week and for families. W. FORSYTH, Proprietor.

NOOK FARM.

THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

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PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMOry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

**Does in every case.**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumalism,
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Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.


DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with June 30, 1879, a dividend has been declared at the rate of seven (7) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five and five-sixths (5 5-6) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free from Federal Tax, payable on and after 16th July, 1879.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

ANNUAL MEETING.—OFFICE OF the Best & Belcher Mining Company, San Francisco, June 27, 1879.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named Company, for the election of Trustees, and the transaction of such other business as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, July 14th, 1879 (second Monday in July), at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of that day, at the office of the Company, in this city. Transfer books will be closed on Monday, July 7th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

OFFICE, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of seven and one-fifth (7 1-5) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1879. By order:

GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 30th, 1879.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the twelfth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 58) of three dollars ($3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fifth (5th) day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

FRANCO-AMERICAN SAVINGS Bank—Guarantee Capital, $200,000—428 Montgomery Street.—This Bank has declared a dividend of seven (7) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and five and a half (5.50) on Ordinary Deposits, for the last six months, payable July 15th, free of taxes.

LUCIEN BRAND, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., July 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 5, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on SATURDAY, July 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OFFICE OF THE SAVAGE MINING Company, June 20th, 1879. — The regular annual meeting of stockholders in the Savage Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on THURSDAY, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1879, at one o'clock P. M. The transfer books will be closed on Saturday, the twelfth day of July, at twelve o'clock M.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.


RUBBER GOODS.

TRADE MARK,

**Maltese Cross.**

**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF RUBBER GOODS.

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OPTOMETER!

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QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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"THE ARGONAUT."

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ANY ONE CAN BE ACCOMMODated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, 522 California Street.

## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.).

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4.45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco a 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $2 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

### SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Ga.t with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Ferryside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | a6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | a6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Ferryside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| a 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED to 25 cents.

### SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1879.

*Between San Francisco and San Rafael.*

WEEK DAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. | 8.00 and 11.00 A. M. |
| 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). |
| 5.45 P. M. | 7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M. |

SUNDAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. | 8.50 and 11.30 A. M. |
| 12.50, 3.45 and 6.00 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 2.15 and 4.30 P. M. |
| 8.00 A. M. | |

†*8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* Saucelito Ferry, for all points between Saucelito and Junction.

††*9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

†††*1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays,* from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Saucelito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Saucelito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. rom Saucelito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. via San Quentin 7.55 P. M. and via Saucelito 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, $2 00; Tomales, $3 00; Duncan Mills, $4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

### JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

August.....15 | September ....13 | July.....15

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequaled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.


## THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital paid up*.....$10,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.
Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.
This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$5,000,000

D. O. MILLS.....President.
WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mioing districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, NO. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.


## NAMES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

to the Capital Stock of the

### Western Fire & Marine Ins. Co.

OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 409 California Street. ☜

SAN FRANCISCO—P. Marsicano, John McCabe, P. Hartigan, W. W. Dodge, P. J. White, Henry Casanova, Geo. H. Sanderson, E. M. Root, Michael Kane, F. O'Leary, N. C. Luhrs, J. Wieland, F. Wieland, W. H. Stearns, M. H. Kelly, J. de la Montanya, P. Alferitz, A. P. Hotaling, Nicholas Goetjen, Jonas Schoenfeld, J. Macdonough, P. Rossi, Ed. Bosqui, Thos. Jennings, Jos. Figel, S. C. Hastings, G. Ginocchio, John Fay, Wm. M. Lent, John F. Boyd, Wm. Willis, C. D. O'Sullivan, James Phelan, J. F. Cowdery, R. McElroy, F. Crowley, John C. Hall, Edmund Marks, J. Maccary, B. Frapolli, H. J. McMurray, Geo. O. Smith Jr., John S. Bowman, Gus Reis, Dr. G. Woodward, Angelo Spadino.

SACRAMENTO—W. R. Strong, N. Dingley, Geo. W. Chesley, Robt. M. Hamilton, W. D. Comstock, S. B. Ridgway, O. B. Goodhue, A. S. Hopkins, Dr. G. L. Simmons, Dr. E. Jacobs, E. S. Dennison.

GOLD HILL, NEV.—Robt. P. Keating, Capt. Thos. G. Taylor.

LOMPOC—J. Rudolph.


# ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


# REGISTRATION.

## REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
Rooms Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, 703 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1879.

The vital importance of immediate Registration must be apparent to every Republican, when the fact is announced that the entire Registration of this City and County has been wiped out, and that no one will be allowed to vote at the September Election unless RE-REGISTERED. The State Central Committee calls the earnest attention of Republicans to this matter, and requests them, without delay to REGISTER themselves, so as to strengthen the hands of the organization and place it in a position to win the approaching contest. No true Republican will neglect this most imperative and urgent duty. By order of the Committee.

W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

**SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED**

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

# CHICKERING
PIANOS AT COST.

*336 KEARNY, ST.*
& 910 MARKET, ST. S.F.

# SPRING STYLES
**ALL IN NOW!**
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.


*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

## REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**GEORGE C. PERKINS,**
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR,

.....AND.....

**G. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.,**
OF HUMBOLDT,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| SAN DIEGO | Wednesday, July 16 |
| LOS ANGELES | Friday, July 18 |
| SAN BERNARDINO | Saturday, July 19 |
| ANAHEIM | Monday, July 21 |
| SAN BUENAVENTURA | Wednesday, July 23 |
| SANTA BARBARA | Thursday, July 24 |
| LOMPOC | Friday, July 25 |
| SAN LUIS OBISPO | Saturday, July 26 |
| SALINAS | Monday, July 28 |
| WATSONVILLE | Tuesday, July 29 |
| BAKERSFIELD | Thursday, July 31 |
| VISALIA | Friday, August 1 |
| FRESNO | Saturday, August 2 |
| MERCED | Monday, August 4 |
| MODESTO | Tuesday, August 5 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | Wednesday, August 6 |

County Committees will take due notice and make the necessary arrangements for the meetings announced.
By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

## REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**HON. JOSEPH McKENNA,**
NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS, THIRD DISTRICT,

.....AND.....

**GEORGE T. BROMLEY, ESQ.,**

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| LA PORTE | Wednesday, July 16 |
| HOWLAND'S | Thursday, July 17 |
| DOWNIEVILLE | Friday, July 18 |
| FOREST CITY | Saturday, July 19 |
| SIERRAVILLE | Monday, July 21 |
| QUINCY | Tuesday, July 22 |
| TAYLORVILLE | Wednesday, July 23 |
| SUSANVILLE | Friday, July 25 |
| CHICO | Monday, July 28 |
| RED BLUFF | Tuesday, July 29 |
| SHASTA | Wednesday, July 30 |
| WEAVERVILLE | Thursday, July 31 |
| FORT JONES | Saturday, August 2 |
| YREKA | Monday, August 4 |
| CLOVERDALE | Friday, August 8 |
| UKIAH | Saturday, August 9 |
| CAHTO | Monday, August 11 |
| RHONERVILLE | Thursday, August 14 |
| ARCATA | Friday, August 15 |
| EUREKA | Saturday, August 16 |
| HEALDSBURG | Tuesday, August 19 |
| SANTA ROSA | Wednesday, August 20 |
| PETALUMA | Thursday, August 21 |
| SAN RAFAEL | Friday, August 22 |
| WOODLAND | Saturday, August 23 |
| MARYSVILLE | Monday, August 25 |
| COLUSA | Tuesday, August 26 |
| OROVILLE | Wednesday, August 27 |
| ST. HELENA | Thursday, August 28 |
| LAKEPORT | Friday, August 29 |
| NAPA | Saturday, August 30 |
| DIXON | Monday, September 1 |
| VALLEJO | Tuesday, September 2 |

County Committees will please make all requisite arrangements for the meetings.
By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.


THE
# Automatic
## SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,
124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

# NICOLL,
# THE TAILOR!
BRANCH OF NEW YORK.

Being our own importers, we are able to guarantee and give the REAL article at such prices as defy competition. We sell goods to suit the Banker, Merchant, and Clerk. Gentlemen, before calling elsewhere, will do well to call and

INSPECT OUR IMMENSE STOCK.

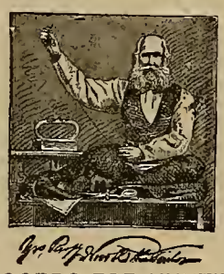
DO NOT FAIL TO SEE
## THE ELECTRIC LIGHT!

Call and see the ELECTRIC LIGHT at NICOLL'S, by which colors and quality may be seen as clear at NIGHT as at NOONDAY.

**TO ORDER:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Pants, | $5 |
| Suits, | 15 |
| Overcoats, | 15 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 |

Genuine 6 X



**TO ORDER:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 |
| White Vests, | 3 |
| Fancy Vests, | 6 |

Beaver Suits, $55.

ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

SALE PRICES—Pants from $3: Suits from $12; Overcoats from $10; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices. Any length cut, and all kinds of stock kept on hand.

**FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.**

NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,
NO. 727 MARKET STREET.

# NEW GOODS!

**We have just received a choice assortment of REPOUSSE and DECORATED SILVER. Also, a collection of NOVELTIES in JEWELRY, at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.**

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.


*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the thirtieth day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.


COOS BAY
# COAL.

**$7.50 per Ton; $4 per Half Ton.**

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,

Office and Yard, 14 Post Street. Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street. Branch Office, J. MIDDLETON & SON, 419 Pine Street, opposite California market.

# KOHLER & CHASE,
**UPRIGHT**
# PIANOS,
**Post Street, near Dupont.**

# NEPTUNE AND MERMAID SWIMMING
# BATHS
FOOT OF
**LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.**

*TAKE NORTH BEACH OR CLAY* Street cars—transfer at Leavenworth Street.

*Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe,* When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?

*Why wade in a tank,* When you can disport in the clear, crisp, invigorating, untainted tide?

*These are points for swimmers to consider.* Good accommodations, comfortable dressing rooms, long distance, rafts, splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect.

*An entire renovation under the new management.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT,
Under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed.
☞ Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde. ☜
W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

# ORIENTAL BOUQUET
# SOAP.
EXCELLED BY NONE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY
AT BERKELEY.
**Office, No. 204 Sacramento St.**

*THE ORIENTAL BOUQUET SOAP* is manufactured to compete with Cashmere Bouquet. aims to have no superior as a toilet soap, equaling the best in quality, and offered to the trade at a much less price.

H. A. WEAVER,
(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERIS,)
# PRINTER,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.


*BULLION MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 10) of one and one-half dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the third day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOSEPH GRUSS, Secretary.
Office—No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

*EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 14) of one and one-half dollars per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifteenth day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the fifth day of September, 1879, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors
JOSEPH GRUSS, Secretary.
Office—No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.


# S. W. RAVELEY,
STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER
**And Printer of the Argonaut,**
518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 3. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 19, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## A MARIPOSA COURTSHIP.

How a Vaquero of the San Joaquin Corraled a Maid of Hornitos.

E. H. CLOUGH.

Nestling in the perpetual shadow of a cool cañon, embowered with broad-leaved ivy and white petaled honeysuckle, surrounded by

"Apple and peach tree fruited deep,"

guarded by towering hills crowned with pine and robed in the brown herbage of the dying summer, the little cottage of the widow Nelson presented to the vision of the thirsty, travel-stained wayfarer over the dusty mountain road, a most inviting place of refuge from the scorching heat that calcined the gleaming limestone bowlders of the hillside, and drove even the sunlight-loving grasshoppers to their humid crevice in the slate ledges at the bottom of the ravine. Viewed from the broad road that swept around the brow of the opposite bluff, the widow's cozy little house resembled an oasis in the desert. On the wide, vine-shaded porch, at the close of an unusually sultry summer afternoon, sat the widow, a well-preserved old lady, whose bright smile and neat appearance was in perfect keeping with her surroundings. She was seated in one of those old-fashioned rocking-chairs constructed more for comfort and durability than for mere ostentation, as the majority of "easy" chairs are in these degenerate days of virtu and *bric-à-brac*. She was busily plying her needle on some light article of summer attire, which she occasionally dropped into her lap as she gazed thoughtfully across the cañon at the dusty hillside, reviving, perhaps, memories of the happy past, or as was more probable calculating the gross yield of her winter apple crop.

Whatever may have been the tenor of her reveries they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a horseman who was rounding the hill under the buckeyes at a point where the road entered the cañon. At the sight of the traveler the lady arose, a smile of welcome beaming from her kindly face, and throwing her work aside hurried to the garden gate. The rider observed her at the same moment, and with a quick movement of his heels drove his spurs into his horse's flanks, and scattered great clouds of yellow dust high on the hillside as his animal sprang around the curve at the upper end of the gorge and tore down the road to the cottage gate. A sudden but steady pull of the curb bit threw the horse back on his haunches, from which he rose trembling and panting with emotion. The rider never veered an inch in his saddle, but sat as firmly and gracefully upon the restless and treacherous mustang as only those reckless American Cossacks, the vaqueros of the broad southern plains, can sit.

He was a tall, yellow-bearded young man, whose face, from constant exposure to every temperature of a Californian climate, had gradually assumed a deep mahogany tint, through which gleamed the indomitable courage so common even among the Mexican cattle-herders of this country—a courage born of the wild free life of the valley deserts. He was a perfect model of young manhood, and the glimpse of his deep broad chest, revealed by his open shirt, indicated the possession of that endurance designated "wind."

He was attired in the clothing common to those of his occupation—a broad-brimmed straw sombrero, from beneath which fell long clusters of brown curls, a black handkerchief tied loosely around a neck that would have served admirably as a model for the Minotaurs, a gray duck blouse covering a striped "hickory" shirt, overalls, and spurs with rowels an inch long that jingled musically at every movement of the champing mustang. As he reined in, the rider raised his hat with that graceful ease peculiar to the *caballeros* of Southern California, and bowed to the old lady as courteously as plumed knight ever saluted maiden fair.

"Law sakes!" exclaimed the widow; "well, ef it ain't Willie Larrimore. Who'd a thought o' sein' you in these parts. Git right down off o' thet bronco, an' come into the house." Then noticing an evident hesitation on the part of the young man, the old lady assumed a commanding attitude, and stamping her foot, informed him that she would listen to no refusal.

"You needn't put on any style about it, Mister Larrimore; yer welcome a thousan' times, an' ye know it. We're goin' to hev a briled chicken fur supper, an' its two to one ye ain't seen sight o' chicken sence ye went into the meadders. Take yer hoss round to the barn; ther's plenty o' good feed thar, and Charley'll show ye whar the barley is. I'll go into the house an' tell Marth you've come."

Saying which, she hurried through the garden to the rear of the cottage, and consequently failed to perceive the blush that mantled the young man's cheek at the mention of that homely abreviation, "Marth." As she entered the kitchen she almost stumbled over a young woman who was busily engaged in building a fire in the stove.

"Come, Marth, fly 'round lively, my girl. Willie Larrimore 's come to see us, an' he's hungry ez a bar; bin ridin' all day, an' hezn't hed nothin' to eat sence mornin'. I'll make the biscuit, an' you fix thet pullet. An' Marth, ye needn't slop on none o' thet new-fangled sauce we fixed up fur Lawyer Curtis las' Sunday; flour gravy's more substantiál, an' Willie needs substantials just now more'n he does fricker-fracks an' gim-cracks."

"Why, ma, what are you talking about? You must understand thet w'at might be sauce fur Lawyer Curtis wouldn't be sauce fur Willie Larrimore—the goose an' the gander ye know, ma; an' I didn't intend to put on any extras fur Willie; he ken take pot luck, or go without."

"Well, Marth, I don't know how you compare the two men, but I reckon I'm sharp ehough to know the dif'rence atween Lawyer Curtis an' Willie Larrimore. I wouldn't give Willie's little finger fur Curtis's hull carcase," and the old lady emphasized her verdict by a more vigorous kneeding of the dough in her bread pan.

"It'd be a queer world ef people didn't disagree 'ith each other *once* in a while," replied Miss Martha, shaking her pretty head and smiling demurely, as she arranged her apron preparatory to attending to her portion of the kitchen duties, secure in the consciousness that her mother was unaware of the fact that she had observed the approach of Willie Larrimore as soon as the old lady had, and moreover preserving within her breast the important secret that, having a more retentive memory than her mother, she had not forgotten that when the vaquero stopped at the cottage on his way to the mountains with his cattle he had indicated the day on which he would return. It would not have answered the young lady's purposes to reveal the fact that she had been anxiously *expecting* Willie Larrimore since noon.

"Ain't goin' to all this trouble on my 'count, I hope."

"My land, how you skeered me," ejaculated Mrs. Nelson, starting and glancing at the young man, who stood awkwardly in the doorway, glancing half bashfully from mother to daughter—the latter being so deeply immersed in her work that she did not deign to notice him at the moment.

"Come right in, Willie," continued Mrs. Nelson; "make yerself at home; take a cheer."

"Mebbe he'll bring me a pail o' water from the spring fust," suggested Martha in a half bantering tone.

"Certainly," responded the young man, "whar's the bucket?"

"Outside on the back stoop. You ken find it; I hevn't time to p'int out *every* thing;" and the young lady absorbed herself in her attentions to the more important matter of preparing the chicken for the gridiron.

Larrimore brought the water, and Mrs. Nelson had just begun to interrogate him in regard to the condition of the cattle he had taken into the mountains, when Martha uttered a petulant complaint in regard to the fire which she asserted never would burn when she wished it to, supplementing her remarks on the subject by supposing that she would have to split more wood for the pesky stove.

"I'll split it," volunteered the young man.

"Will you?" was the reply of the girl, in a tone tinged with an assumed surprise, as if she had not expected him to offer his assistance.

"The woodpile's in the ol' place, I s'pose," he remarked as he left the kitchen.

"Yes, an' the axe is in the shed," responded the young woman.

"Martha, 'tain't right fur you to saddle all yer outside work onto Willie—thar's Charlie, he ken 'tend to those things."

"Why, ma, I hevn't asked him to do anything," answered Martha, looking at her mother in a semi-quizzical way, as if wondering why her parent took such an interest in the young man.

"It 'mounts to the same thing, Marth. A hint's ez good ez a kick to people thet's got a spark o' common sense," rejoined the old lady, opening the oven door and depositing her pan of biscuits inside. "Besides, Marth," she continued, wiping her floury hands on her apron and looking steadily at her daughter, "you don't know but w'at you may hev a chance to be Missis Larrimore some day, an' ye shouldn't spile it by bein' too peart afore he asks ye."

Miss Martha tossed her head in a defiant manner, and snuffed—yes, actually snuffed!

"The idee," she answered, with a laugh of utter indifference; "Missis Larrimore; why, ma, Willie's only a cattle-drover, an' I'll hev a chance to set my cap fur a—" She paused.

"Fur a what?" asked her mother, raising her eyebrows.

"Fur a State senator, mebbe," replied the girl, laughing.

"An' w'at would Martha Nelson do 'ith a State senator?" demanded the old lady.

"'Tain't w'at Martha Nelson would do 'ith the senator, it's w'at the senator would do fur Martha Nelson. Ma, senators know how to make money hand over fist, an' thet's the kind of a man thet'll suit me."

"Hev ye staked yer senator out?" asked the mother, with a certain degree of calm sarcasm in her question.

"Mebbe not," replied Martha; "but I've got eyes, an' I reckon I ken come purty nigh tellin' who'll git the nomination. I reckon a good Democrat wouldn't hev much trouble makin' the riffle ef he was to set his mind on it."

"Martha Nelson," exclaimed the old lady, "w'at do ye mean? Air ye goin' into politics yerself?"

"No, but ef I was to marry a senator I'd git posted on sech things *poco tiempo*. Wouldn't it be fun to go to Sacramento an' receive my husban's constituents at the Orleans or the Capital, an' hear 'em congratulate me on his magnificent speech in opposition to the reduction of freights an' fares or somethin' o' thet kind. Jest think of it, ma; an' you a sittin' down on the sofy in yer black silk dress, watchin' the biggest bugs in the State bowin' an' scrapin' afore yer own lovin' daughter;" and Martha regarded the astonishment of her mother with a triumphant smile.

"Martha Nelson, w'at's come over ye? Air ye gone clean daft 'ith yer senators an' yer constituents? Ye'd better be content 'ith the bird in the hand; it's wuth two in the bush. Besides, yer senators an' sich air a drinkin' set," and the mother looked at her daughter as if she considered this a knock down argument.

"I don't know ez they drink any wuss 'n cattle herders do, ma."

"Well, Willie Larrimore don't drink anyhow," responded Mrs. Nelson. "Willie's a stiddy young fellow an' saves his money, an' he tol' me the las' time he was here thet he'd probably own half the band o' cattle he took into the mountains las' spring afore he brought 'em back agin."

The entrance of young Larrimore at this moment with an armful of wood interrupted the argument, and the conversation drifted into another channel. Neither mother nor daughter noticed the cloud on the young man's brow, and as the burden of the conversation at the supper table was borne by Mrs. Nelson his preoccupation was not observed. It was dark when the meal was finished, and after the dishes were washed, and the dining-room and kitchen had assumed their usual tidy appearance, the mother and daughter and Larrimore repaired to the front porch.

It was one of those clear, calm, summer nights when the stars seem to shine with renewed brilliance—a night when the monotonous chirping of a thousand crickets and the desolate croaking of the colonies of frogs in the gulch below sweep up on the breath of the warm summer air with almost painful distinctness. Finally Mrs. Nelson excused herself and entered the house, leaving the young couple seated on the piazza, separated from each other by at least seven feet. Martha occupied the rocking-chair and Willie sat in the easy-chair vacated by Mrs. Nelson, having previously stood against the trellis between the two women. Both Larrimore and Martha felt they were about to tread on delicate ground. They both had a presentiment of an important question to be decided before they retired for the night, and neither seemed anxious to open the conversation. For fully five minutes the pair sat in silence, she gently rocking to and fro with her eyes fixed on the distant lights of Hornitos as they flickered through the night out beyond the gloom of the cañon, he watching the thin smoke as it curled from his brown-paper cigarette. Presently—

"Martha."

"Well."

"A penny for yer thoughts."

"They ain't wuth a penny."

"Make me a present of 'em then."

"I was thinkin' about the men."

Larrimore laughed.

"The men?"

"Yes."

"Pleasant thoughts, I s'pose?"

"Some o' them were."

"'Cordin' to the partick'ler man you was thinkin' of, eh?"

"You've struck it."

"Do you think o' the men of'en?"

"Only w'en one o' them's 'round."

Larrimore laughed again, but there was no soul in it; this indifference, whether real or assumed, did not suit him. He felt that he was dealing with a woman who was rather inclined to coquetry, and he knew that if she continued these tactics he must forego the assault; he was no match for a woman's strategic movements. He had no thought, however, of abandoning a certain purpose he had formed during supper, and he resolved to make a bold move, and, if possible, surprise her into a betrayal of her real sentiments as regarded himself. Alas, for poor manhood's childish innocence to imagine that he can catch the human weasel, woman, asleep.

"Martha," he said, after a moment's lull in the conversation, "I think I'll take a trip into Mexico this fall."

"Yes?"

"Yes; an' mebbe arter I've prospected the cattle ranches o' thet kentry, I'll cross over into New Mexico an' Texas; it's a better grazin' kentry, an' beef sells higher."

"You'll be gone a long time?"

"Ef I go, I'll be gone fur good."

"They say ther's more money afloat in thet way than ther is in Californy, an' I've of'en heerd thet ther ain't no better place in the world for a young man 'n where ev'rything's new. You ken go down there an' grow up 'ith the kentry."

She spoke with an indifference, and in such a plain matter-of-fact way, that Larrimore actually shivered.

"Then ye think I'd better go?" he asked, in desperation.

"You know w'at's best fur yerself."

"I know w'at's better'n goin' to Mexico, or Texas either."

"You do?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid ef I was to try it I wouldn't make the riffle."

"Then p'raps ye'd better do the next best thing—mebbe ye'd better light out fur Texas."

"You wouldn't try the better thing, ef you was me, then?"

"Ef I was you, an' hedn't gumption enough to know w'at was the best thing fur me to do, I'd do the thing I was dead certain of."

"Wouldn't you make a break fur the better thing."

"Mebbe; but some folks don't like to lay down 'it disappintment."

What did she mean? Was she playing fast and loose 'ith him, or did she really misunderstand his meaning?

long pause he reopened the conversation, but upon another basis.

"Martha."

"Well."

"I'm purty well fixed now."

"So ye was sayin'."

"I'm a half owner in a band o' three thousan' fust class beef cattle."

"How's beef sellin'?"

"It's sellin' purty high jest now. I reckon I could bunch my part an' clean up ten or twelve thousan' dollars."

"Thet's a good stake."

"Purty good starter fur two, ain't it?"

"Fust rate. Don't think o' takin' in a pardner arter ye sell your share, do ye?"

"Well, I *was* kinder calk'latin' on thet lay a bit."

"Jack Betz, I s'pose."

"Jack Betz!" sneered Larrimore; "why, he don't know a lariat from a hay rope."

"He don't?" she replied. "W'at a liar thet Jack Betz mus' be then. He tol' me the las' time he was here thet he rodeod all the cattle round the Rock River Ranch las' Fall."

"Martha, I give ye my word an' honor ez a man thet Jack Betz never rodeod a hoof in his life. He ken ride into a herd 'ith Mexican buckeros, but he can't swing a rope fur nothin'. He never branded a calf, let alone ridin' a rodeo, an' he *does* lie ef he says he even shouted at a corral gate."

"Then ye wouldn't hev Jack Betz fur yer pardner?"

"Martha, w'at's the reason you don't understand w'at I'm drivin' at? 'Tain't thet kind of a pardner I meant."

"Oh, ye don't. Then why don't ye say w'at ye mean? Don't make a body think yer on one tack, an' then growl because a body don't understand ye."

"I wasn't growlin'."

"Yes, ye was."

"I'd like to know how."

"Ye growled because I took ye at yer word, an' didn't try to find out w'ether ye meant w'at ye said or not."

"D'ye call that growlin'?"

"I don't know w'at else to call it."

"Martha, you're actin' the queerest to-night I ever saw."

"I don't see's I'm actin' any dif'rent 'n I usually do."

"Ye don't treat a feller ez ef ye keered a cent fur him."

"Don't ye like my comp'ny?"

"There ye go agin. Of course I like yer comp'ny—I like yer comp'ny better'n any I ever was in."

"Then don't talk 'bout the way I'm treatin' ye. I'm doin' the best I know how to make it pleasant fur ye."

"Well, let's make it up, Martha," and Larrimore took advantage of this opportunity to hitch his chair a foot or two nearer to Miss Martha.

"I don't see nothin' to make up," she answered; "we ain't fell out yet ez I see."

"No, but we come purty nigh."

"'Twasn't my fault."

"All right—hev it yer own way."

Another long pause, broken by Larrimore's inquiry:

"Hev much to do 'round the house, Martha?"

"Oh, no, nothin' to speak of. Cookin', bakin', cleanin', tendin' to the cows, an' the garden, an' the orchard—thet's all."

"Washin', I s'pose."

"Oh, yes, I furgot thet; I washed yesterday."

"Washin's hard work."

"Yes, purty hard."

"How many do ye wash fur?"

"Four—mother, Charlie, Joe our hired man, an' myself."

"Wouldn't it be easier to wash for two?"

"C rdin' to how dirty their clothes was."

"Well, s'pose they was 'bout or'nary."

"Mebbe, but I wouldn't keer to wash fur two buckeros."

Here was another set back, but this time Larrimore was equal to the occasion.

"Washin's a man's work anyhow."

"Why?"

"'Cause it wears a woman out. My wife'll never hev to wash; she shan't break her back over a washboard."

"What'll ye do?"

"I'll send the wash to a Chinaman."

It was a silvery laugh that woke the echoes of that gloomy cañon, but the mellow notes grated harshly on Larrimore's ear.

"No harm in thet I s'pose, is ther?" he asked.

"No; but the idee—a Chinaman; why, he'd wash yer clothes all to pieces—they put soda in the water. No Chinaman ken wash fur me, you bet."

Larrimore sought to retrieve his lost ground by one last, desperate effort.

"I'd hire a white man then."

"Hire a white man an' let some poor white *woman* starve, I s'pose!"

"But it ain't a woman's work."

"Oh, of course not, but some women hev to take in washin' fur a livin'."

"Well, it don't make much dif'rence, anyhow; I'd do ez my wife tol' me to."

"I guess ye would!"

Larrimore could acknowledge nothing but defeat in this last attack upon Martha's affections, but with a persistence worthy of the cause he was attempting to advocate he silently hitched his chair a few inches nearer to his wary antagonist. There was another long lull in the conversation, broken as usual by the vaquero.

"Marth."

"Well?"

"Much goin' on 'rouod here now?"

"How, goin' on?"

"Parties an' balls, an' sich."

"Nothin' to speak of. We hed a surprise party down to Em. Carter's place las' Monday night, an' ther was a dance at Hornitos on Thursday."

"Did you go?"

"Yes, of course."

"Who'd ye go with?"

"I went with Jack Betz to the kissin' party, and—"

"Jack Betz?"

"Yes, Jack Betz; you hevn't any objections, hev ye?"

"No, o' course not, only ther's this much about it, my—my sister, ef I hed one, shouldn't go to no kissin' parties 'ith Jack Betz."

"Ain't Jack Betz ez good ez the next one?"

"He may be good 'nough fur some folks, but he don't suit me."

"Is thet all? Well, we hed a splendid time, anyhow."

"Did Jack Betz kiss ye?"

"Of course he did; w'at d'ye s'pose we went there fur—to suck our thumbs?"

"No, o' course not, Martha; but I should a thought ye'd hed sense 'nough to a gone 'ith somebody mere yer equal 'n Jack Betz. You let thet sheep-driver kiss ye! Why, Martha, ef I hed a bull calf thet I thought anythin' of I wouldn't let Jack Betz kiss the tip of his ear."

"Yer mighty pertick'ler 'bout yer calves, seems to me, but I don't s'pose Jack'd thank ye fur yer permission to kiss a calf's ear w'en he ken kiss me."

"Martha Nelson, ye'll drive me wild; I'll—"

"Hold on, young man, I reckon you've got to the end o' yer range. It's gittin' late an' mebbe we'd better go into the house—ef we can't agree.

The proviso was murmured rather than spoken and it had the effect of bringing Larrimore's chair considerably nearer to the one occupied by Martha. Then in a pleading tone:

"Don't flare up, Martha; I didn't mean to hurt yer feelin's, blamed ef I did—Jack's a fust rate feller—let's not quarrel 'bout him."

"All right, but you musn't fly off the handle because I keep comp'ny 'ith a certain young man, an' act ez ef ye was jealous of him, an'—an' hed a right to be jealous."

"I wish I hed, Martha," (hitching his chair a few inches.)

"Hed what?"

"The right." (Another hitch.)

"The right fur w'at?"

"To be jealous." (A collision of chairs.)

"Jealous of who?"

"Of you." (Leaning against the side of the rocking-chair.)

"Of me?"

"Yes, Martha." (Throwing his right arm stealthily over the top of the rocking-chair to prevent himself from falling.)

"Git out."

"'S fact, Martha." (Arm gradually slipping down the back of the rocking-chair.)

"Pshaw! w'at d'ye want to be jealous o' me fur?"

"'Cause—" (arm falls lower still), "cause—" (arm clasps whalebone). "Martha."

"Well."

"I love ye, an' ye know it."

"Seems to me you was a long time comin' to the pint."

The response was low and faint, probably an accent of the pressure of that arm against those whalebones. Then, as if two souls had met after long years of separation,

"Martha!"

"Willie!"

And either chair would have sufficed for the two blended forms. It was not the croak of a frog nor a cricket's shrill chirp that broke the silence at that moment—it sounded more like the tiniest kind of a squeak, and might have been produced by the rocking-chair. An interval of ecstatic bliss and the muffled voice of the vaquero faintly murmured:

"Nary senator, Martha."

"Was you lis'ning?"

"Yes, my girl, but I knowed ye was joshin'."

"Ye wasn't jealous o' thet senator?"

"No more'n I was o' Jack Betz."

"Well, Willie, ye've got a right to be jealous now."

The stars were shining as brightly as ever, but the lights in Hornitos had long since gone down; a cool breeze swept down the cañon from the misty mountain top, and the frogs and crickets had hushed their discordant hymns, but those two forms were still blended on the cottage porch; the little clock in the sitting-room struck "one—two," and still no signs of parting.

Thus did the little vaquero of love *rodeo* two hearts into the *corral* of matrimony.

OAKLAND, July, 1879.

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An Eastern exchange says that "hundreds and thousands of young ladies have set up a target and drawn the bow, and dozens and scores of doctors have pulled down their signs and moved since this healthy out-door amusement was inaugurated." Here and there an archer or an archeress obtains printed rules and instructions to guide the game, but the great majority string up the bow, hang up the target, and whang away without intelligence. The following rules will apply to all and in every locality:

Don't attempt to hold the bow in both hands when you shoot.

If you shoot over the target, lower it; if you shoot under it, have it elevated.

When you miss the target and plow a furrow along a boy's scalp, tally two—one for the scalp and one for the boy.

Either close both eyes or keep both open when you shoot. Some favor one method and some the other, but odds is the difference as long as your father employs a glazier by the month.

Don't attempt a curve shot. The arrow is as apt to come down on the baby's head as elsewhere.

Some girls squint up one eye and hang out their tongue when they pull the bow. This is not absolutely necessary to a line shot, though it does look romantic.

There is no particular distance to be observed, but the nearer the target you stand the more chance you have of hitting some one across the street in the eye.

A centre shot is called a "duffer;" missing the target is termed a "lone hand;" hitting the horse-barn is known as a "phoopee;" missing the barn and shooting your aunt's spectacles off her nose is called a "Tom-tom;" shooting across a young man's shoulder is known as "snuffles;" sitting down and shooting backward over your head is known as "bluffing the game;" and holding a spyglass up to get a line shot is called "masbing the mark."

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Two old friends meet after a long absence at the door of a club where there is a good deal of play for pretty large stakes.

*First Friend*—What! Always playing and not ruined yet?

*Second Friend*—Not yet.

*First Friend*—Why, what is wrong with the club? It must be going down hill.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Anacreontic.

Sweet coquette!
Cruel, yet
I kiss your feet, my laughing Lucy.
Lithe of waist,
Warm, though chaste,
A saint would sin for lip so juicy.
Matchless hand!
Magic wand!
Touch me with those fairy fingers;
Let me thrill
While you fill
Every nerve with fire that lingers.
I am human,
You are woman—
Better thus than angel being.
Flesh and hoee
I would own—
No senseless spirit, flitting, fleeing.
Where's the harm
If my arm
Twine with tenderness around you?
Why not rest
On my breast,
And confess Love's chain has bound you?
Don't you think
You might drink
Of Love's nectar without dying?
There's no sting
In his wing—
The way to prove it is by trying.
Sigh for sigh
In sweet reply
My soul to hear is madly longing.
Tell me, then,
Where and when
Your heart will be to mine belonging.
Say not, No!
Be not snow;
Let me melt you with my glowing.
"Only fear."
Do I hear?
Now the snow is tears a-flowing.
Cheek of rose?
How it glows!
Let me kiss the flame a-burning.
Now on lips,
Eyelid tips,
On bosom, too, no longer spurning.
Ah, what bliss
In that kiss!
Closer—nay, not trembling—press me.
In your eyes
Longing lies,
As you tenderly caress me.
"Do not go."
Say you so?
Ah, methinks this must be dreaming!
In your eyes
Languor lies
Like a drowsy phantom seeming.
Throbbing heart,
Lips apart,
Bosom with emotion panting;
Can it be
That for me
Love has made thee so enchanting?
Gladly I
Now would die,
While I thus your passion capture,
And my soul
In the bowl
Of bliss ecstatic drown with rapture.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879. A. W.

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### By the Cross of Monterey.

Padre Junipero Serra,
When 'twas dying of the day,
Sat beneath the dark tall pine trees
By the Cross of Monterey,
List'ning as the simple red men
Of their joys and sorrows told,
And their stories of the Missions,
And their legends quaint and old.

And they told him when Portala
Rested by the crescent bay,
Little dreaming he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey,
That this Cross on shore he planted
And the ground about it blessed,
And then he and his companions
Journeyed northward on their quest.

And the Indians told the Padre
That Portala's cross at night,
Gleaming with a wondrous splendor,
Than the noon-sun was more bright;
And its mighty arms extended
East and westward, O so far!
And its topmost point seemed resting
Northward on the polar star.

And they told, when fear had vanished,
How they gathered all around,
And their spears and arrows buried
In the consecrated ground;
And they brought most fragrant blossoms,
And rare ocean shells in strings,
And they hung upon the cross-arms
All their choicest offerings.

And the Padre told the Indians:
"Ah, if rightly understood,
What you tell me of the cross here
Has a meaning deep and good—
For that light is emblematic
That the time is near at hand
When the faith of Christ the Saviour
Will illumine all the land.

"To the Cross cling, O my children!
In the storm and in the night,
When you wander, lost and weary,
It will be a guiding light;
Cling to it, and cares and sorrows
Very soon will all have passed,
And the palm and crown of glory
Will be given you at last."

Padre Junipero Serra
Thus unto the red men told
Of the emblem of salvation
And its story sweet and old,
Sitting by the crescent bay-side,
When 'twas dying of the day,
At the foot of dark tall pine trees,
By the Cross of Monterey.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879. RICHARD E. WHITE.

## MRS. GERALD FITZGERALD.

We had not been in the stagnant little seaside town of San D— twenty-four hours when the servant handed me a card. I studied it in a mystified way for a second, and then appealed to Esculapius:

"This is very mysterious. Did you ever know, or hear of, or know anyone who knew, a Mr. or Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald?"

Esculapius thought not, and mildly suggested that the solution of the mystery was doubtless below stairs.

When I went into the parlor a woman arose from the sofa and swept toward me in the dusk. "Bless you," she said with a low, ringing laugh, which I should have recognized in the heart of Africa; "bless you, who would have dreamed we should meet away out here on the ragged edge?"

Then she drew me toward her and kissed me twice with boarding-school fervor; held me away a little and gazed into my face as if she had been hungering for a glimpse of it for years; then, with a little passionate movement, drew me toward her and kissed me again and again. It was Fanny Lawlor, of course, and we had been the merest acquaintance ten years ago. I remembered that people used to laugh at her, and I had a hazy recollection of her marriage, and a faint impression—it was certainly odd—that the young gentleman was a minister. That was all, and it was assuredly a small supply of knowledge with which to veneer a great deal of ignorance; however, I could at least call her Fanny for the first time in my life, and ask if she were living in San D—. There could be no fatal blunder in that.

"Living? Well, no, I am dying. I think I know now how a lizard feels when it begins to petrify. From the bottom of my unselfish soul I hope you haven't come here to live."

No, we had not. I wanted to ask for her husband. Certainly she had a husband. She was not a widow, with those bits of garish color in her dress. No doubt she read my thoughts.

"Of course, if Gerry were here it would be different," she said; "but he is not, and a woman living alone has to be so very careful. Why don't you show your husband to me?"

I went up-stairs for Esculapius, as if he had been a scalp or a trophy of some sort.

"Come," I said, "you are to be exhibited." And then I found myself wondering if she would rush across the room and take both his hands and kiss him fervently. I do not think it would have surprised me in the least. I brushed a raveling from his sleeve as we went down the stairs, and looked him over critically. Suppose she should have the the hardihood to disapprove of him. Then I laughed a little to think I should care for Fanny Lawlor's opinion. I need not have feared the verdict of a woman famishing for admiration.

"Come into the light," she said, laughingly, as we entered. "I must have a good long look at Margaret's husband."

Few men could have refused to gaze admiringly into her brilliant, upturned eyes. Esculapius was not one of the few.

"I can never forgive Gerry for being from home," she said, turning away. Esculapius vowed afterward there were actual tears in the woman's eyes.

She left us presently, with an invitation to dine on Thursday.

"I keep house in the most absurdly diminutive way when I am alone," she said gayly, shutting her handsome teeth together as she laughed, "but they tell me it is fashionable now to be old-fashioned, so I think my dinner parties quite *distingué*. Don't imagine, though, that I mean to share you with anyone, for I do not. I intend to have you all to myself."

Esculapius was singularly reflective that evening. At last he sprang up triumphantly:

"Why, of course, my dear. Gerry Fitzgerry! Why didn't you remind me? He was a divinity student, you know, along with Walker and Van Ess; had his picture taken in some sort of religious regimentals, to send to his sweetheart—don't you remember?"

Esculapius has a way of treating me as if I were an old diary with some leaves torn out. In this instance, however, I refused to remember anything concerning the young man in question, except that he had married Fanny Lawlor, and made an exceedingly trim and somewhat foppish bridegroom.

Before we had been in Mrs. Fitzgerald's house ten minutes I read the whole story. Her husband had not been home for many months, and was not likely to be. Everything wore a look of threadbare elegance. Fanny herself was painfully, almost vulgarly, overdressed in what had been her wedding finery. Poor girl! no doubt even that was growing scarce. There were scraps of dainty half-finished embroidery lying about, some exquisite work in sea-moss and ferns, and two or three pieces of fine wood-carving. I knew from the duplicates that they had been made for sale, though our hostess gave me everything I admired with reckless generosity.

"Take it along, I beg of you; it will be an actual relief to me; I haven't room for half my trash; and yet one must have something to do. Why, I have really taken a border or two, now and then, just to save me from utter stagnation."

I knew the word "starvation" suggested itself to her, for the smile she gave Esculapius just then was a trifle uncertain and tremulous; but she went on carelessly turning the leaves of music with her shapely, jeweled hands. Her hands were really jeweled, and the band of velvet about her throat was fastened with a cluster of unquestionable diamonds. Esculapius remarked these things as we walked home.

"Has it occurred to you, my love," he said virtuously, "that your friend Mrs. Fitzgerald is—pardon me—the least bit of a fraud?"

"No," I answered promptly; "Fanny Fitzgerald is as silly and as fond of flattery as a man, but she is sound and sweet to the core. She hasn't an ornament that is not ten years out of date; and she earns her daily bread honestly, even if she does tell a few harmless lies to conceal it."

We liked San D—wonderfully. Esculapius improved every day.

"I think we will stay here a long time," I said; "and I think, too, that we will leave the hotel and board with Fanny Fitzgerald."

Esculapius demurred.

"Ain't you a little afraid, my love—"

"I am not afraid of anything," I interrupted, hotly. "Fanny is in need of money and friends, and it will do the poor thing good to have a man about to admire her wrists and eyelashes."

So we went. I learned afterward that Mrs. Fitzgerald had no lack of admirers. There were tall, good-looking army officers who lounged and smoked on her vine-covered piazza, and younger men who turned music and sang operatic duets with her in the little parlor. Now and then she went driving on the beach with Captain this or Lieutenant that, and occasionally she rode on the hills with gay parties in a rusty black habit with tarnished buttons. A very frivolous, questionable life, of course, and yet I believed in her. There was a little sterling ring in everything she said or did.

By and by we learned that unpleasant, questioning rumors concerning Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald were afloat in the sleepy little town.

"Had she a husband at all? And if she had, and he had deserted her, why did she not go home?" etc.

Some of these whispers annoyed me, principally because I could not answer them. I knew the Lawlors to be an eccentric family, but they were wealthy and not ungenerous. If Fanny's husband had deserted her she certainly ought to go among her own people.

One night Esculapius sat on the piazza looking absently across the bay.

"Margaret," he said, presently, "I saw Fitzgerald on the street to-day."

"I knew it," I said, eagerly; "I knew he would come back."

"I don't believe I would mention it to his wife," my husband went on, hesitatingly. "He was not alone; there was a—a woman with him."

Before I could reply Fanny's own light, audacious laugh jarred upon us painfully. There was a sound of gay voices at the gate.

"Please don't come in," we heard her say; "I am so tired of flattery. You've no idea what a nervous strain there is in trying to believe you. Say good night, please, like a good boy."

She came up the walk, trailing her shabby silk through the musky *alfileria*. I could see the brilliant spots on her cheeks even in the twilight.

"Good night, Faust and Margaret!" she said, as she entered the house. We could hear her ascend the stairs and go straight to her own room. It must have been after midnight when I awoke with a sudden, painful start. Certainly there was a sound of low, piteous moans. I got up and went to the window; Fanny's room was next ours, and I could see a square of light from her window falling across the verandah roof. I stood quite still and listened. It had been a mistake; there was no sound outside but the slow, monotonous throb of the sea.

One day, almost a month later, I answered the bell in Fanny's absence, and ushered a dignified, elderly stranger into the little parlor. To my surprise, he offered his hand and called my name.

"I am Mrs. Fitzgerald's father," he said, gravely. "I think we may have met before your marriage; at least you will pardon me if I have presumed upon that possibility in calling upon you when I knew my daughter to be absent."

I noticed that he seated himself with his back toward the portrait of a blonde young man which hung over the mantel.

"I think you have great influence with my daughter," he went on, "and I trust you will use it in my behalf. I am here to take her home with me."

"Poor Fanny; I am so very, very glad," I said, earnestly.

My companion gave a little, eager, anxious start.

"You think, then, she can be induced to go?" he asked.

"It had not occurred to me that she would refuse. Is it possible that she has?"

"Certainly, again and again with the utmost emphasis."

I was thoroughly puzzled.

"It would be better for her in every way," I said; "even if her husband returned to her it would be better for them both. You could—"

My companion interrupted me.

"Pardon me," he said, haughtily. "I trust there may be no misunderstanding. Fanny is welcome in my house at any time if she comes alone. There are things I do not forgive."

Everything was plain then.

"I will talk with Mrs. Fitzgerald," I said. "I may be able to present the matter to her in a new light."

And I did talk with her that very night. I found her in her room, standing by the window, with her elbows on the upper sash, which was lowered, and the salt sea-breeze blowing down her open sleeves, and lifting the loose waves of hair on her forehead.

"Your father was here to-day, Fanny," I said.

She turned quickly and fixed her eyes on my face.

"Well?"

"He wants you to go home with him."

She gave a little unmusical laugh.

"Why, bless you, yes, he has been coaxing me to go home for two or three years—the dear, good patient man."

"Don't you think it would be better?"

There was a little pause before she answered.

"Well, yes, I suppose it would in a good many ways. It would be more respectable, and people would think better of me no doubt if—if I deserted my husband."

I found it hard to strike the final blow at her idol, miserable as he was. There was a long, painful silence.

"Fanny," I said, presently, "has it ever occurred to you that your husband may have fallen very low, that he is quite unworthy of you?"

"Yes," she answered, quickly, "sometimes; at least I know other people would think so, but I don't believe Gerry is very bad. I don't see how he could be, I haven't been able to send him much; you know how I pinch and scrape. I know he has fallen into bad company. I know he was in town awhile ago with—with another woman"—her voice died away and then came back with a great dry sob—"but I can't give him up, Margaret, I—O Margaret!—I love him!"

There was nothing at all to be said after that. I sat quite still for a moment, and then got up and kissed her and went quietly down stairs.

Euculapius was sitting on the piazza, whistling softly to himself. I went up to him and took his face in my hands.

"There are no greater fools in the world," I said "than some men."

"Excepting some women," he answered.

"Yes," I repeated absently, "you are right—excepting some women."

* * * * * * * * * *

We went away from San D— shortly after, and left Fanny to her hard, frivolous, and unsatisfying life. I think it was two years before I saw her again. She came upon us suddenly on Montgomery Street one day, dressed like a princess, and seized both my hands with a little passionate squeeze.

"Bless you," she said, with the old familiar laugh; "bless you, don't be afraid of me," glancing down at her elegant skirts; "my grandmother died in the most accommodating way, and left me a great lot of money. Better than that, Gerry has come back to me. He loved me devotedly all the time, and we are very, very happy—here he comes now, the darling!"

Mr. Fitzgerald was presented to us—a weak, blonde young man, looking somewhat more dissipated and a good deal more foppish than on his wedding day. Fanny devoured him with her magnificent eyes.

"It is singular," remarked Esculapius, as they left us, walking down the street in the most lover-like fashion; "it is really singular how very near the verge of idiocy one must be to be thoroughly happy."

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

LOS ANGELES, July, 1879.

### Fulfillment.

Sometimes I think the things we see,
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

PHŒBE CAREY.

### Study After School Days.

There are societies in England, and in our Eastern States, which provide help and encouragement for girls and women in cultivating themselves, by reading at home books which shall improve their minds, and give them the pleasant feeling of increasing knowledge. By correspondence on a given subject between the woman who desires to know and the woman who already knows, sympathy is established and help is given. An American society, whose headquarters are in Boston, Mass., has had great and wide-spread success, but is as yet little known among us. We learn that it has already an agency here, consisting of several ladies who reside in and near San Francisco. These ladies are prepared to furnish lists of books which are at once attractive and instructive, and we give below some of the rules and the address taken from the circular for this part of the country. Many entertaining books convey valuable information, and if well selected, and read with a wise plan for pursuing one subject continuously, will awaken interest and produce a strong impression, so that works on the same topic will be relished even if they are of a more serious nature. It is not easy for every one to select, among the mass of books known only by their titles, such as will be best to read, and this society proposes to meet that want. In response to a demand in various parts of the country, it issues now a new set of lists, preparatory to those in the original programmes. Useful reading is not only an occupation to be recommended for those who have plenty of leisure, but a refreshment to those whose daily practical duties are laborious; and in either case it is found to contribute to the health of the body as well as of the mind. The benefit of such help to those who have young children around them, asking eager questions and needing sympathy in their studies, is obvious. In the fifth Annual Report of the Boston Society (1878) we find this sentence, quoted from a student's letter: "One of the best results of a study which has interested and enlivened, without overburdening or exhausting, is a great improvement in the state of my health." Another, on beginning a course of botany, regretted that the region where she lives is poor in flowers and botanical interest, but it was not long before she expressed her astonishment at the wealth around her. Still another, whose duty of taking her younger brothers and sisters to walk had been a penance, found these walks become delightful explorations, to which all looked forward with pleasure. Again, one who, having but little leisure and no early education, took up mineralogy with the society, after a time said: "I never knew before there was so much beauty in a stone. I feel as though I had lived so long with my eyes shut, I see so many beauties I never thought existed." Ladies becoming members of the society must be at least seventeen years old; each member pays two dollars a year, at the beginning of each term, or whenever joining; the term for correspondence is from October 1 to June 1, and this correspondence is monthly. Information about further details, also about the parent society, and about books (which will be furnished under certain conditions), can be obtained from Miss Noyes, 13 Guy Place, San Francisco. The number of students on the books in Boston for two years past has been between eight and nine hundred, and the society has been called "An Invisible University," and has been spoken of as forming a new sisterhood, binding women together in all parts of our wide country.

### Illusioo.

My baby boy sat on the floor
His big blue eyes were full of wonder;
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder.

He leaned toward the golden head
The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side; then softly said:
"I can't get out; can you—come in?"

The devout men of Paris all carry two books on Sunday—one a prayer-book, for the morning service; and the [illegible] betting-book, for the afternoon races.

## OVER A WALL.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

The consolations of travel are seldom acknowledged on the spot. It is only when one has forgotten the daily fatigues, and the thousand disappointments, that moving accidents by flood and field magnify their charms. The circumnavigator, who has snarled in various tongues, grows garrulous by his fireside and recounts with amiable egotism the story of his life. Who that has made his solitary round among ruins, or in strange cities, or in the wilderness no less forbidding than the unfamiliar streets, and there run against some responsive soul, but remembers tenderly the friendship that sprang up and blossomed in as many hours? Have you not sworn eternal fidelity to one who has beguiled you in your extremity? Have you not affiliated with extravagant abandonment, parted with a regret bordering upon anguish, and forgotten all about the episode within a brief half year? Some day your hand drops upon a *souvenir* of your adventure, and you dream fondly of the past which has become ideal. Shall I ever forget the lady of the Nile?—the chum of Venice?—the knights of the Latin Quarter?—the pals in London lodgings, or Bob of Chester? All these have gone up into their separate niches, where I may burn a votive lamp before them for ever; but the stage is thronged with other faces; new experiences have crowded out the old; the last page of history will never be finished until the end of time. It is a gray day filled with skurrying clouds; the chill sea-wind wrestles with the cypresses that wave before my window. I recoil from the disturbing elements without and bury myself in a box of old letters, letters that have been silently gathering dust these many months. With melancholy interest I weed out the unimportant messages, such as shower down upon us day by day, and condemn them to the flames. But there are many, the seals of which were broken in the hour of enthusiasm, and these are laid aside against the hour when I shall have outgrown the memories which are still green. I find a little packet of letters, written—and very badly written—on pink or yellow paper. Each page is crossed with consecutive sentences that run one into the other, without so much as a comma to trip them or a period to cut short the exuberant rhetoric of impassioned youth. Betwixt my finger and thumb I hold the proof of an experience that shaped itself out of nothing, and will as surely, sooner or later, resolve itself into nothing. Let me see, how did it begin? Ah! I had fled Liverpool on the verge of despair, hoping to reawaken an interest in life by seeking pastures new. Chester lay on the one hand almost within a stone's throw; at any rate I steamed down to the old city in a driving storm, and sought shelter in that ancient hostelry, Yacht Inn. What a lodge for a sombre fellow to mould in! I entered the hall by a small door, and met the landlady, who obstructed the passage with a welcome as ample as could be expected in such limited quarters. We negotiated in the tap-room, over a deal table stained with rings of stale beer; an odor of cut cavendish permeated the apartment. I was a stranger—would she take me in? To be sure she would, and gladly. We climbed the narrow stairs that groaned beneath our tread; the balusters rattled in their sockets like dry bones. The first floor rose and fell in an inexcusable and unexpected fashion. We tripped up and down low steps that led us by easy stages from the state chamber fronting on Watergate Street, through tiny bedrooms that mark the decadence of the inn, even to the last cupboard that overhangs the kitchen court and the dismantled mews. I wanted the state chamber with its huge four-posted bedstead, because Dean Swift had fretted there when the dignitaries of the cathedral refused to dine with him at the Yacht Inn, and he relieved his mind with a couplet dug into a window-pane with his diamond ring—you have seen it doubtless over at the museum for safe keeping.

> "Rotten without and mouldering within,
> This place and its clergy are all now akin."

And Hawthorne used to run up from Liverpool frequently to lounge in these quarters. Well? I got the Dean's chamber and his very bed for two-and-six *per diem*, and began the business of getting jolly at once. It is but a step to Eastgate. I threaded Watergate and Eastgate Rows, those colonnades that are cozily tucked in between the ground floor and second story of many of the houses in the busy quarter of Chester. The rows are like so many secularized cloisters, with the faint odor of semi-sanctity still hanging about them. I climbed by the winding stairs to the top of Eastgate, with its high stone arch over the main street. I wandered in well disciplined ecstasy around that ancient wall. You wouldn't have known that it was, so to speak, the happiest moment of my life; you wouldn't have known it because I had all my raptures battened down under my hatches. I carry no deck loads at my time of life! Here were two miles of lovely wall just broad enough to walk arm in arm at twilight. A wall built by the Romans A. D. 61; rebuilt by the daughter of Alfred the Great; repaired A. D. 1224; besieged by the Parliamentary forces in 1645; visited by kings innumerable, and haunted night and day at intervals during the elastic affection of four years by yours very truly, journalist and chum-hunter. I walked with the measured pace of a sentinel; I leaned over the breast-high parapet and looked down upon that part of the city which has leaked out at the open gates and flooded the lowlands from Christ Church to Bishop's Field and the Earl's Eye. I passed by Phœnix Tower, from which King Charles saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor in 1645, to Pemberton's Parlor and the Water Tower, pausing again and again to peer down into the ancient *fosses* where now flows a narrow canal that shortly drops into the tranquil River Dee. Then comes the Roodeye Meadow with its famous race course, girdled by the Dee; then the Castle with its Cæsar's Tower, in which King James II. was wont to hear mass. And now the walls cling to the Castle and overhang the Dee. We are close upon the Old Bridge with its stone arches, no two alike, and the Dee Mills with white swans fishing in the foam under the wheels; then come the Wishing Steps and St. John's Abbey, and here I found my eyes level with the back windows of many a homely home. What cozy rooms! what trim garden spots! what glimpses of English interiors than which no interiors in the world will better bear inspection! This was my first round; time nothing to brag of—eight quarter miles in eight quarter hours. It was nearing sunset; the storm had broken; masses of dark cloud with golden rims grouped themselves beyond the tower of the superb cathedral; at my feet slept the dead ancestors of old Chester. I resolved upon a second round before returning to mine inn, where all these storied stones were to be written up ere bedtime. I started with the joy of one who knows he is about to review a charming experience. Twilight was gathering; the river was like pale gold; the tower's dark silhouettes against the troubled sky; lovers passed me absorbed in their young dreams; soldier boys strutted in scarlet coats and shapely trowsers, mere lads the most of them, but the bulwarks of England's greatness. Was it the gathering gloom, the thought of my first night in the little inn, lonesome and forlorn, or the sight of the fellowship in which I had no part, that saddened me? My face clouded, my feet faltered; I fired my cigarette. At this moment some one approached; a youth of eighteen or thereabout, stalwart, blooming, British to the backbone. We regarded one another for a moment with interrogative eyes; we passed without further recognition. On second thought I turned and met him in the act of turning; with the slightest possible embarrassment we went our way. The world is round, as are the walls of Chester. I knew that we should meet again. We met on the opposite side of the city, over the sands o' Dee.

> "Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home!"

was ringing in my ears; the swans were making momentary monograms of their white throats; the stars were just pricking through the glowering sky. We looked at one another, not unkindly; but with equal reserve passed in the shadow of the walls, turned again on the instant, smiled a half recognition, and disappeared in the opposite distances. Society was satisfied; a time-honored custom, which is much venerated in England, was respected; we were not introduced by any guardian angel whatever, and I was bored to death. I crept into my corner of the Yacht room and wrote diligently. That letter is in print, but this is the first hint of the episode that preceded. At nine P. M. I was starving. Mine hostess was licensed to sell malt liquors, but she might not give me so much as a biscuit without laying herself liable to the law. I said, I will go forth and forage; when I find any tempting morsel in the shop windows I will enter in and abide there. I went up the Watergate Row, because I liked it; it was quainter than ever at nine P. M., with dim lanterns hanging from the low arches—I could touch them with my hand in some places—and the still street lying below me. I saw a shop window with a prize ham in it, surrounded by a great cloud of flaky sandwiches; the monotony of the *ensemble* was relieved by frosted cakes buried under beds of sugar roses and several jars of highly-colored candy. It was the place for me, and I threw open the door with such haste that a bell stumbled over the top of it and rang violently for some moments. A portly dame, as neat as wax, the incarnation of domestic peace, entered, and, pacing behind the little counter, asked me with maternal concern what she could do for me. I said, "I am merely starving. There is nothing but beer and barrack-boys at the Yacht Inn; I am a stranger; I want hot coffee, and a poached egg on toast—a pair of them—and a little jam perhaps, and some of that good ham—sweet and cold—two cups of coffee at least, for I hunger and thirst in Chester." This is the way I always talk to strangers, and I shall always continue to do it, for they are not in the least disconcerted and it comes perfectly natural to me. She replied at her earliest convenience, and assured me that she was licensed to sell cold ham and confectionery; in fact, her husband had made the wedding cake for the Queen—it weighed tons if it weighed an ounce; likewise the ditto ditto for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, etc., etc.; in short, coffee was out of the question. I burst into tears; it settled the business for me. She said, "Dry your eyes, kind sir, and you shall sup with me; for there is no law under heaven whereby we are authorized to turn the hungry from our door"—or words to that effect. She bade me enter, by a rear door, into her living room and tarry while she made coffee in secret and poached the desired eggs. I entered one of those large rooms with a huge table in the centre and an unbroken row of chairs against the four walls. A fire blazed on the hearth. I dropped into an easy chair on one side of the chimney, and looked up to find I was not alone. My *vis-à-vis* was none other than the youth who ogled me on the wall. We bowed, we smiled, we laughed outright.

Said he, "I think I saw you on the wall this evening."

Said I, "I am sure you did."

Said he, "Do you know I had half a mind to speak?"

Said I, "Why didn't you:"

"Because I feared you would think me ill-bred."

At this I foamed at the mouth and gave him his due; it was thus: "Don't you know that it is a cardinal sin to smother a good impulse? Don't you know if you had the wish to speak to me it was probably because I wanted you to speak to me; and but for this accidental meeting you might never have been able to make reparation? I forgive you, my dear fellow, I forgive you, because I might have spoken first myself, if I had dared." That is just the way we chatted until the table was laid, and we three sat down to a 9:30 supper, which was jolly enough to have placed before a king. The truth is, I was feeling so much at home that I nearly forgot to pay for it, and blushed when I asked her the price. She refused my money, hanged if she didn't; but I forced it upon her, and went back to the old Yacht with a light heart and a full stomach. Before I had buried myself in the Dean's great bed the landlady entered abruptly, announcing two gentlemen who desired speech with me. It was Bob, the wall-flower, and his chum. They had come to engage themselves as guides to Chester and sworn friends to the stranger within its gates. One was busy in the forenoon, the other in the afternoon; between the two my day was well filled. Now mark the coincidences: it was not Bob's house at which I supped sumptuously; it was not Bob's mother who boiled the coffee against the law. It was the house of the chum whom Bob sought and sought in vain. My providential entrance perfected the scene, and the curtain fell on the first night to enthusiastic and continuous applause. What followed? Excursions into every quarter of the dear old town. Boat rides on the Dee. A state dinner at the chum's in the presence of the entire family and a few invited guests; a cozy supper at Bob's, after vespers at the cathedral, where the two boys sang in white surplices, and passed out into the dark cloister with the slow procession, only to return in five minutes and join me at the door. Then introductions to the prettiest girls in Chester, and a stroll down the Liverpool Road—a Sunday indiscretion permissible after dark. There was no stone left unturned from the cemetery to Eaton Hall. There were other diversions, too numerous to mention. We saw the strolling players represent *She Stoops to Conquer* in a barn, and heard light opera in the lecture hall, without scenery; and planned expeditions which came to naught, because I had work to do and must needs do it elsewhere. So I hastened to the station, accompanied by Bob, who must needs carry my luggage, and persist in saying that he would miss me horribly. I did the Midlands, and got back to London in the course of time. Letters awaited me—pink and buff letters, from that Bob, whose veins were blue enough, but whose name stuck in my throat. Why should he bear the most plebeian of family names unrelieved by anything more stylish than Bob? He ought to have had a history and a mystery. There were symptoms of it in everything he said or did. But his letters betrayed no family trust; they were the sort of passionate epistles that spring spontaneously from fresh and loving hearts! "Would I return at once? Would I see how he had marked the niche in the wall where we first met? Would I once more make Chester tolerable, having made it intolerable, for him at least?" Of course I would; but I didn't. I dashed over to the Continent, and drifted about for two whole years, exchanging letters at frequent intervals and living over the past with fond regret, whenever I got bored, which was about twice a day by the clock. Once more in England. The moment I touched feet on shore I thought of Chester. Why not steal noiselessly through the Green Isle, and seek the old walls at twilight, lying in wait for Bob? I deposited my trophies of travel in the familiar, and now home-like, London lodgings, called a hansom, was driven to the train, and six hours later housed in Chester, and dining all alone for lack of better company. My card, left at Bob's humble home during his absence, announced my arrival. You see the pretty plot for waylaying the dear fellow on the wall had fallen through; it is too apt to be the case in real life, and this is real life, every word of it, and just as true as gospel. Moreover, it was raining; the great drops lashed the window-panes, the wind howled in the chimney; my heart, that had beaten high ever since my foot pressed English soil, now sank into the depths. I had got as far in the dinner as the joint and a pot of stout, when the door of the small eating-room was hastily opened and a young swell dashed into my presence. My surprise was only equaled by his consternation; with an apology he was about to withdraw, when, at the same moment, we recognized one another. It was an idealized Bob, flanked with a tile and a cane. My beard had grown; I looked a thousand years older than common. Is it any wonder that we did not recognize each other? The gods were propitious in spite of the weather. Bob's mother was out of town; the cottage was at our disposal; we were expected to keep bachelor's hall and open house for two whole weeks—which we at once proceeded to do with all our might. Ah, what days of lazy leisure! what moonlights on the Dee! what strolls down the Liverpool road after vespers in the cathedral! I reviled the Yacht Inn from that hour. The idealized Bob, I confess, was a distraction. With Italy at my back and Roberto ringing in my ears, brief Bob seemed to me a mistake. I didn't tell him so, but he anticipated me, and on one of our strolls unfolded himself to my entire satisfaction. It seems that Bob's father, a sad rake, returned from a long vacation on the Continent, looking like a troubadour and acting like the dunce. He at once fell madly in love with a pretty peasant girl, born and bred among the Welsh hills, and swore to be faithful to the grave. Then Bob's grandsire, one of the old stock, rich as Crœsus and proud as Lucifer, rose in wrath and threatened to cut the young man off with a shilling. Bob's father, with more spirit than discretion, seized his bride, assumed a name, and never again laid eyes on the old gentleman to the day of his death. Bob made his appearance just in season to comfort his peasant mamma while she sat on the lowly grass and mourned her troubadour. The grandfather after a while grew lonely in his castle in Wales, and came up to Chester for society. All these years Bob had never once seen him, or been seen of him, so far as we know. It was the cross the boy had to bear, and he bore it like a man. Reared in poverty, the sole and rightful heir to vast estates, he earned his bread at the beck of a barrister, and patiently awaited the end. What plans we laid! The old man was to die in reasonable season; the death-bed repentance and reconciliation, dramatic to the last degree, was to be followed by Bob's attaining his majority. There was to be feasting for seven days at the castle in Wales; the tenants were to toast their young master, and ever after show him a devotion worthy of the middle ages. Then private tutors, and Oxford, and much travel, during which I was to share his joys and sorrows. Then one of those maids of Chester, whose dainty feet have tripped nightly down the never-to-be-forgotten Liverpool Road, was to be led in triumph to that castle in Wales, there to reign for ever. Something too much of this! Time passed; the letters, that were at first frequent, grew few and far between, and finally stopped altogether. I would probably have dismissed the episode along with many others that have brightened a day or so, had not a message reached me recently and thrilled me with delight. The climax has come; the old gentleman relented on his dying pillow; Bob sends me the intelligence in his own handwriting (which, by the bye, is much improved of late). He begs me join him on his estates, and while away a few years in blissful idleness, and then signs himself:

> "Faithfully yours, M. CHOLMONDELEY VERE DE VERE."

How different to the boyish attempt at ornamental text on the fly-leaf of my much-prized *Guide to Chester*, and which reads:

> "To my dear friend, from his affectionate BOB!"

With his horses and his hounds, his castle and his yacht, I believe there is still enough of the Bob left to save him. And by and by, when I am tired of telling stories, and have exhausted the patience of readers and of friends, I will go back to the beginning and compare notes. Who knows but in the peasant mother and her boy, translated from poverty to splendor, I may read a parable such as should refound one's faith in weak humanity. Certainly, as far as I can judge, the disinherited troubadour has had no cause to deplore the object of his boyish love.

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A PIONEER.

I landed in San Francisco in the summer of 1850, in the height of the gold-fever, with $2.50 in my pocket, and a cart load of luggage. How the aforesaid luggage was ever carried to the top of Clay Street Hill, and at whose expense, is a point on which memory does not enlighten me. I do know that my baggage, in all its variety of uselessness, was put there in the house of a notable citizen, who invited me to his residence, and afterward also invited me to pay the rent—a thing which he was seldom known to do himself. This house was a wooden affair of two rooms, the walls lined with cotton sheeting, on which was pasted wall paper, and was built in the peculiar style that buildings were then constructed, which, like everything else then made, was intended only to serve for immediate and transient necessities. Standing on Telegraph Hill, at that time, the city was seen spread around the Plaza (Portsmouth Square), at the feet of the spectator. The tents had all disappeared, as a rule, except in a few places. The buildings, built of wood and exposed to the elements, had turned brown, and sometimes almost black; consequently the city, in place of looking as though it had been lately built, seemed to be many years old. Clay Street was one of the principal streets; also, Montgomery, from Jackson to California Street. Beyond that were the sand hills, and very difficult to travel they were; in fact, a trip to New York overland, to-day, would not give one more trouble than a trip to the Mission Dolores would have done in those times. The landing place, at the foot of Clay Street, was near Montgomery, where Leidesdorff crosses Clay. Gambling saloons were on every hand in the heart of the town, as also drinking saloons, finely fitted up and decorated with paintings, etc. Passing up Clay Street, on the right was the well known saloon of Tom Battell, called the "Woodcock," where everybody went. Next was reached the Plaza; this place was then a desolation and an eyesore to the passers by—a general receptacle for all odds and ends that were cast into it, old clothes, bones, dead animals, and, now and then, a drunken citizen, who, from one of the neighboring gambling houses, would seek the sand of this rural retreat for rest and meditation. Further up on the right, next the Plaza, came the long zinc building, called at present the Portsmouth House—in the lower end of which was the first music and fancy goods store in California, belonging to the genial, jolly Joe A., known to everybody in the olden times. Opposite this building, on a wooden house, was displayed a sign, on which were painted the words "Pulaski Jack's." Thousands of new arrivals gazed at these strange words in wonder at what strange kind of Jacks Pulaski Jacks could be, never imagining it was the name of a well-known citizen. The next street crossing Clay was Dupont, on the western side of which, on a high bank reached by steps, between Clay and Washington streets, were the two principal *bon-ton* restaurants of San Francisco at that time. The Mondolet House, and the Venitian, kept by Joe, the Italian. Few old residents of California, in the pioneer days, but must bear fresh in their memories the convivial scenes and gastronomical feasts which were had in those places. One dollar for all meals; extras at *extra* prices. At those tables met men of mark from all parts of the world, and many strange stories and adventures were told. Above Dupont on Clay Street, on the left side, was the Post Office, where thousands were in the habit of frequenting. The locality is now known as Waverly Place, by what association of ideas it has obtained the name of the great novelist is now buried in the obscurity of the past. Passing up Clay Street in those times, during the wet season, was no easy task; the road was only rough clay, no sidewalks, and so slippery it was difficult to step without falling, and there were only a few common wooden houses and shanties on either side. The extra luggage which I had brought with me proved to be very useful in those days, and, turned into money, sustained and fed me for some time. I lived on a dozen shirts three weeks, a pair of boots three more, and a valuable fiddle dined me a whole month. Having great sporting proclivities, guns and tackle were put in order, and almost daily crossing the deep sandy ravine of Sacramento Street, and sand hills, gulleys, and valleys, difficult to travel, to the south toward Mission Creek and Bay, I would reach the marshes and deep bogs lying south of Mission Street, to shoot the wild fowl that frequented them, where now we find Howard, Folsom, and Brannan Streets, lined with blocks of fine buildings. Many a fine dinner was had at Italian Joe's as a result of these excursions. Many reports, excitements, and discoveries of gold in the peninsula on which San Francisco stands have been noised abroad and talked about since its settlement. Gold has been found in its quartz rocks, in the soil, and even persons who have dug clams from the mud of the bay have found specks of gold in their buckets among the black sand. There was formerly in the early pioneer days, under the southwest corner of the building standing at Clay and Montgomery Streets, an assay office belonging to Dr. W., afterward a banker. The doctor lived on Clay Street hill above Stockton Street, and two or three times every day passed up the street to his house. At that time the city had men employed in excavating a cistern for the fire department, about fifteen feet deep, on the crossing of Clay and Stockton Streets. The doctor, being an old miner, observed one day the strata of earth in the hole, and thought to himself it would be a good joke to take a little gold dust, and, sprinkling it in one corner, raise a new mining excitement. On second thought it occurred to him there might be gold there naturally without his putting it there. Passing down into the excavation, he found veins of earth in the sides that appeared to him to be auriferous. Taking some of this earth wrapped in paper, he assayed it carefully, and was astounded to find that it was rich in fine washed gold. Afterward some bags of this dirt were brought to the office and put in tubs. In clearing up the office one day I found the tubs, and the doctor told me the above story. Having lately returned from the mines I was much interested in the matter, and knowing the doctor to be a man of unquestionable veracity, the tubs were carefully washed out and the gold weighed, when it was found that this dirt—if there was enough of it—would pay from $7 to $10 a day. How extensive or thick these veins of auriferous earth may be, which certainly underlie and traverse the hills of San Francisco, remains to be proved in the future. That there is gold on the peninsula in paying quantities can be verified by visiting the diggings on the Ocean Beach below the Cliff House. H. C. D.

## THE VIOLENT DEATHS OF PRINCES.

The fate of the Prince Imperial of France, lately butchered with eighteen assagai wounds by the Zulus in Southern Africa, suggests the reflection that he came to his end in a manner which does not truly represent the fortunes of rulers in the world's history. The list of those kings, emperors, and princes who have met violent deaths among the more noted nations of the past and present is not so great as a casual consideration of the subject and the prominent position they occupy might lead one to suspect. In Jewish history, from the time that the Canaanitish King Agag was "hewn to pieces before the Lord in Gilgal" to the Babylonian captivity, we do not find many succumbing to death at the instance of steel. Ahab was smitten "through the joints of the harness" by an arrow in battle; the usurper Absalom was run through the body by the spear of Joab, the captain of the host; Saul fell upon his sword on the plains of Syria just about the same time that Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek armies against Troy, was crying "Ai! ai!" from the bath where he was being slaughtered by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Ogisthus, in the Peloponnese. On the night when the Persians, having turned the course of the Euphrates, secretly entered Babylon, the Assyrian Belshazzar was slain

—"upon his father's throne,
The deed unnoticed, and the hand unknown."

But it is Rome, the type of all that is steely in history, which furnishes the longest list of butchered kings and emperors. Of her early kings the elder Tarquin was slain by the agents of the sons of his predecessor, Ancus Martius; his successor, the good Servius Tullius, by the younger Tarquin. Then, descending to imperial times, three only of the twelve Cæsars died peaceful deaths. Julius was butchered by Brutus and the conspirators in the senate-house; Tiberius was smothered by Macro, the commander of the guards, with a profusion of covering in his bed under pretense of keeping the aged profligate warm; Caligula, killed by Cheræa—also one of the guard—in one of the passages of the Circus, where his body long lay exposed, and was finally interred like that of a slave; Claudius, poisoned by Agrippina; Nero, slinking out of Rome in the garb of a slave, attempted suicide when he caught the sound of the clattering hoofs of the prætorian guard upon his track, but, his courage failing when he felt the dagger's point within his throat, his faithful freedman, Epaphroditus, shoved it home. Galba fell by the sword of one of the veterans; Otho committed suicide; Vitellius was put to death in a civil tumult with a thousand wounds. The true soldier, Vespasian, and his exemplary and warlike son, Titus, both died peaceful deaths. His other son, Domitian, was murdered in bed by his empress and the captain of the guard—their joint names having been discovered on the death list. Then, certainly, more than half of those who assumed the purple, from the death of Domitian to the triumph of Odoacer, died violent deaths. Commodus was strangled in bed by his concubine, Marcia; Pertinax slain by the mutineers; Didius had his head struck off by one of his own soldiers; Caracalla, killed by Macrinus, the captain of the prætorian guard; Macrinus by his own guards; Heliogabalus the same; Alexander Severus by private assassins; Maximin by the soldiers; Balbinus, Gordian, and Gallienus, the same; Philip and Decius were killed in battle; Marcus Aurelius, Aurelian, and Florian, all murdered by the soldiery; Julian killed in battle against the Persians; Valens in similar manner against the Huns; Valentinian assassinated. Truly it was no sinecure to be Emperor of Rome! To come down to modern history, England is *facile princeps* in the butchery of kings. Edward II. was murdered at the instigation of his wife, Isabella, and her paramour, Mortimer; Richard II. murdered in Pontefract Castle by the agents of Bolingbroke; Henry VI. in the tower by Gloster; Edward V. in the tower by the command of Richard III.; Richard III. in battle with Henry VII.; Charles I. on the scaffold. France supplies us with the glorious and beloved Henri of Navarre, struck down in the streets of Paris by the dagger of the fanatic Ravaillac; and Louis XVI. expiating the crime of royalty beneath the steel edge of the Reign of Terror. Paul of Russia was strangled in his bed. The minor counties and states of Europe can swell the list. America, though kingless, still has not escaped the assassination of her highest functionary in the person of Abraham Lincoln. History to those who read it aright is a remarkable lesson.

"Then happy low lie down—
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

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Judge Blake, of the Municipal Court, has claims to the consideration of good citizens for the faithful discharge of his judicial functions for many years. Under the changes of the new Constitution he will retire from office. During the incumbency of his judicial position he has sent nearly two thousand Democrats to the State penitentiary at Point San Quentin. He deserves well of the community, and will retire to private life upon well earned laurels—two thousand Democrats less in San Francisco entitled to vote than when he was elected! Well done, good and faithful servant. A very good story is told concerning the Judge. After a tedious trial the prisoner at the bar had been convicted, and had been sentenced by his honor to ten years imprisonment at San Quentin. The prisoner thanked the Judge, and while the manacles were being placed upon his hands he asked the privilege to speak with his honor privately. The sherift conveyed the request to Judge Blake, who kindly consented to hear what the prisoner had to say. Stepping up to the witness-stand, he leaned over confidentially to Judge Blake and asked him if he could not give him a letter of introduction to Newt. Morgan, as he understood Mr. Morgan had considerable influence in the prison, and could make his residence there agreeable if he could get a note from his honor. The point of this anecdote lies in the fact that Mr. Newton Morgan is a convict who, it is said, runs the concern, and among the aristocracy of prisoners ranks first in social importance. Judge Blake declined giving the letter.

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Sessions in the French Chamber are rather more excited at times, even, than some of the sessions in the American Senate, so that when a young lady of the best society is asked if she was present at one of the wildest, her mother breaks in indignantly and reassuringly:

"Yes, she was; but she didn't hear a word of what was said—not a word."

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"That ass, X., has written to me asking me to lend him a hundred francs. I'll just write back 'I haven't got the money,' and sign my name to that sentence."

"Won't that sound a little cavalier, eh?"

"Perhaps so; I guess I had better add 'for you.'"

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They were amiably tearing to pieces a young actress who has no defect in her face and figure, but who, after all, lacks the indefinite "something" which makes such a woman a pretty woman.

"She isn't ugly, you know," says one, who is rather inclined to defend her.

"N—no, but she does so look as if she was!"

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"It's rather curious to hear you asking for news about Mme. M. I thought you had forbidden her ever to set foot in your house again?"

"So I had, my love; you know my house is so small."

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M'lle Agnes de V. is asked to sing at an evening party, but declines so persistently and with so much warmth that the hostess says encouragingly:

"Come, now, my dear, why can't you sing for us? You know you sing for your father and mother every night."

"Oh, yes; but then, you know, they don't understand the first thing about music; besides, there's only two of them, while here I mightn't have voice enough to go around."

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The young Ralph, of whom the family inhabits a castle in the Cevennes, goes himself thence all the days to take a lesson of Latin at the curate of the spot.

One afternoon the good priest him finds at-elbowed upon the edge of the window in a species of contemplation.

"You admire this beautiful nature, my infant," says he, "but there is a more beautiful point of view by the window of the left. It is that window there which it was necessary you should open."

"O master the abbé, it not is not that," responds the infant ingenuously; "I was regarding the road."

"The road—and for what?"

"To see if some one was coming to fetch me home."

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"Well, little girl, did you have a nice time playing yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I played I was a fashionable lady, and I put on mamma's hair and her stomachs."

Mamma faints.

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A little while ago the erection of a statue of William the Conqueror had been decided upon by the inhabitants of a certain town in Normandy, and a public subscription was opened to that effect.

One gentleman belonging to one of the oldest families of the neighborhood being called upon for his contribution:

"It is useless," said he, "to expect anything from me. I shall give nothing toward the statue of William the Conqueror."

"How so? You, a true Norman! What is your motive?"

"One of my ancestors had great cause to complain of him," he replied, sententiously.

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The highest ambition of an oculist—To operate on the cataract of Niagara.

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Real live puff from a Parisian journal: "A frightful misfortune has just overwhelmed the family of one of the prominent merchants of the Rue de Sentier. For some time past his son, Lucien R., aged eighteen, had been displaying signs of mental alienation, but still the unhappy father refused to believe his son insane until the day before yesterday at breakfast, when Lucien said that ——, the tailor, was not the cheapest and best in Paris; that his newly laid-in stock of shirts, collars, and cuffs was not the largest and most tasteful, etc., etc. In view of such a convincing proof of his son's hopeless idiocy, the unhappy father could no longer hesitate, but promptly committed the youth to the keeping of a distinguished practitioner in mental diseases, who, alas! gives the wretched parent but little encouragement."

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The following letter, says Paris *Figaro*, was recently found in the street:

"Chère Demoiselle:—Vous me chargez d'une mission bien délicate, en me priant de vous faire rentrer en grâce auprès de la duchesse douairière X——, chez qui je vous avais fait obtenir la place de dame de compagnie.

"Mme. la duchesse est agaçante, je l'avoue, mais vous avez en grand tort de la traiter de vieille chabraque, quand son salon était plein de monde. Et puis, je sais que vous avez contracté la fâcheuse habitude de tutoyer le valet de chambre, et de l'appeler: mon petit cochon d'ivoire.

"Pourtant, j'emploierai tout mon crédit pour vous faire réintégrer dans votre place.

"Dieu veuille que je réussisse,

"VOTRE TRES DEVOUE."

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The Mayor of a small village was engaged in his office performing the marriage service for two of his citizens. On such occasions it is the custom for that official to address a few words of moral advice to the happy pair. On this occasion the Mayor spoke as follows:

"From the bottom of my heart, Joseph, I congratulate you on the grand marriage that you are making. It was really most distressing to see you frittering away your life in disgusting debauchery. But all is well that ends well, and I love to think that you have bidden farewell for ever to dram shops and the taverns."

Then turning to the bride he said: "As for you, my poor Catharine, thank Heaven that, ugly as you are, you have been able to find a husband, and never forget by your invariable gentleness of disposition and unswerving devotion to try to make your husband forget those physical defects, because, I repeat, you are really a disgraceful piece of handiwork.

"And now, my children, I unite you in marriage."

## AWFUL SHADOWS.

The Vision that Frightened Bob Angel.

A crime had been committed in Mississippi. One lovely evening in May, as a rosy twilight was stealing on, a little girl dragged herself to her mother's door. She had been gathering wild violets and yellow jasmine along the brook—a favorite pastime—and intended to decorate her mother's humble mantleshelf, but she had been gone a long time. Her large blue eyes were blood-shot, and a dark shadow appeared beneath them; her flaxen hair was disheveled, and the marks of brutal fingers stood out with inflamed prominence on her tender throat. She could not climb the steps, and called, faintly and piteously:

"Mother!"

The woman rose from her chair, dropped her scissors and spools, threw her work on the floor, and gazed at her child, stupefied and horror-stricken. She caught her up and pressed her to her heart, moaning:

"My poor baby! my poor baby! O my God! my God!"

That night the child died—as dies a tender flower that has been plucked and crushed in a strong, cruel hand and thrown aside to perish. Lying there on the couch, she seemed as pure as a hope of heaven, as beautiful as a dream.

A chilling horror fell like a pall upon the people for miles around. Women, pale and frightened, left their homes to find better security in a neighbor's house, and they huddled together like sheep that know a wolf is near. Mounted men, and men on foot, were scouring the forests all night, and toward morning they brought in a negro. He was the criminal.

There is a crime that in the South ranks side by side with the foulest murder, both in the meaning of the law and in the hearts of the people. Female security is as powerful a principle as human life. But there is a difference. In the latter case it sometimes happens that a man escapes the gallows for a life-term in the penitentiary; in the former, there is the gallows at the hands of a jury, or the rope, knife, or pistol at the hands of a mob. There is no escape—death follows in the footsteps of transgression.

The younger and more hot-blooded men insisted on a speedy termination of the tragedy, but other counsels prevailed. Here was a rare opportunity for a display of devilish skill, horrible ingenuity, and cruel refinement. To hang the wretch would be commonplace and vulgar; to cut his throat would be butchery. These were threatening sentiments, and showed a feeling unyielding, unrelenting, and dark and unfathomable as perdition.

"Bob Angel goes down to-night, don't he?"

"Yes—on the 93."

"At 11:45?"

"At 11:45."

"I think we had better send him down on Bob's engine."

"Why?"

"'Tain't worth while to palaver. You know Bob? He's very keerful."

The prisoner was held until the freight train pulled up at the station. When Bob Angel descended from the engine-cab he was followed by his negro fireman. The latter had evidently just finished his supper, for he was wiping the grease from his shining lips and chin with the back of his hand, which he in turn whiped on his hips. He procured the oil-can and torch and was "oiling up," as a long run between stations was ahead. This negro had a neck like a bull's; he was somewhat knock-kneed, and had splay feet of enormous size; he was large and strong, and could crack hickory-nut between his teeth like a hog. His name was "Ole Bony," which, however, was not an abbreviation of Bonaparte. He was thus called because he disdained to eat the meat only of chickens surreptitiously obtained. He ate bones and all.

"I'll turn him over to Bony," said Angel; "not that I mind doing it myself, but Bony will enjoy it so much."

"Is he safe?"

"Safe! why he'd rather do it than play his old fiddle or dance all night with his Dinah."

Bony was called aside and the crime revealed to him.

"An' dat's de nigger dar what tuck an' went an' done it, eh?"

"Yes."

"Wotcher gwine ter do wid 'im?"

"Well, you see, Bony, we're going to take him down on the engine, and I reckon you might let him get away, you know."

"Git erway! Whof-faw?"

"You infernal thick-headed ape! I've a good mind to brain you with the monkey-wrench!"

"Oh! Oh! Hya—hya!" ejaculated and chuckled Ole Bony. "Jess lemme 'lone now 'bout er minute. Hit's mighty suddent, an' I wants ter stedy de sitiwation. Oh! but awn de Mas'sippi fo' de wah we use ter do hit elegant," and Bony's right hand came out of his pocket, his head went a little backward and to one side; the gesture was made with the palm outward, and expressed the most crushing and overpowering superiority. "Pulled out de stow-er-ways from de holes 'twix de cotton-bales, tored dey shirts open ter-fore, an' ef de small-pox wus er-showin' up fine on dey bresses, w'y dey'd git er bath."

"Get a bath! How's that?"

"Now, jess lis'n at 'im—an' *you* tole *me I* is er thick-headed ape! You dunner how ter foller de 'cusations uv my observations."

Bony went to one side and "studied the situation," pondering deeply. Angel eyed him closely, endeavoring to decipher every expression as an index of the thoughts that gathered under the woolly pate of the negro. Bony was sitting on the end of a cross-tie, his elbows resting on his knees, and his grimy fingers interlocked. He was bare-headed, and he softly tapped the ground with his long feet, slowly and alternately. His head was bent and his eyes were half closed. After sitting a few minutes he arose and shook himself like a dog that has been asleep. He looked grave, but as he had solved a difficult problem he could not resist the temptation to "cut the pigeon wing" for a few seconds on the platform alongside the track. After this he went to a telegraph pole and rubbed his back against it to disturb the operations of a flea between his shoulders.

"Hyar's me!" he said.

They gave him a bottle of whisky. He took out the cork, smelled the liquor, climbed into the cab, opened the locker on the left side—his seat while on duty—extracted a small parcel containing brown sugar, and poured a considerable quantity into the bottle. He shook the mixture vigorously, and finally held it up to examine the "bead." The inspection seemed to satisfy him, for he drank deeply and smacked his lips with profound satisfaction. He then placed the bottle carefully in the locker.

The prisoner was placed in the tender in a sitting posture, his back against the pile of wood, and his face turned toward the locomotive. His hands were tied behind him, and his legs were bound together at the knees and ankles. A gag was in his mouth. Bob Angel pulled open the throttle-valve, and the train slowly dragged its length into the night; and all that could be seen by those left behind were two eyes that stared back at them from the last car. One of these eyes was green, the other red. They were the rear signal lights.

"I b'lieve I's de boss o' dis yer shop fur er-while, ain't I, Cap'n?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied Angel.

Without another word Ole Bony went to the wood-pile and commenced to pitch the fuel to the front of the tender. Having done this, he began to pile it up on the foot-board in two separate heaps. One contained the rich, resinous pine, and the other the oak and hickory. He then opened the fire-door, and was throwing in the pine rapidly, as if his life depended on it.

"You had better mix it, Bony," suggested Angel.

"Ain't I er-chunkin' o' dis yer ingine?" retorted Bony, somewhat testily. "Ain't I de boss, anyhow? You jess keep yer eye in front, an' ten' ter yer own bizness."

When he had filled the fire-box he rested, and amused himself by singing snatches of old plantation songs and break-downs, as visions of the dear old fiddle arose in his memory; and at length sang melodiously:

"Chicken in de bread tray,
Scratchin' out dough.
Granny, will yer dog bite?
'No, chile, no!'"

He ceased, anxiously watched the steam gauge, and then said:

"Golly! she's er-crawlin' up. Set dat air reverse lever back er couple o' notches. Hundred 'n forty an' ain't blowin' off? Set de pop-valve at er hundred 'n fifty, an' let 'er rip! Shove in de throttle a little bit—we's gwine down hill lack er cullud sister gitt'n 'ligion."

He again opened the fire-door, and found the pine being rapidly consumed, the flames seething and roaring. He threw in the oak and hickory, the pine having sunk to give it room, and resumed his seat, remarking:

"Hot 'nough d'reckly ter roast er hog purty quick."

In a few minutes the train was approaching Chickasawhay swamp. Ole Bony said:

"I spec' she's gitt'n dry forred—kin feel 'er er-bumpin' er little. Take de can an' go outside 'n tech up dem steam-box valves. Drap er bit on de piston rods 'n slid'n rods, an'—an'—'fore you go, dough, I wants you ter help me tie 'im ter dat boa'd, kaze he's gitt'n resty, 'n mout git er-way. De boa'd 'll keep 'm straight, you see, an' he won't double hissef up 'n torment hissef ef he tries ter git er-way. Hit 'll make 'im stiff like; you onderstan'. Keep a pert look-out on de track, an'—you kin come back—in er-bout—five minnits."

The helpless prisoner was secured to the board as Bony directed, and Angel crawled through the window, neglecting, however, to take the oil can—but that was no matter. Ole Bony had thrown in more pine, and the locomotive was belching forth a cloud of black smoke, which trailed out over the train like the tail of an inky comet. The glaring, staring, Cyclopean eye of the engine was boring and tunneling the darkness, plowing a path through the night for the passage of the head and body to which it belonged. Looking backward, Bob Angel saw a vision that made his heart stand still, and he grasped the hand-rail more firmly, that a sudden sickness might not cause him to fall.

This is what he saw: The fire-door had been thrown open, and the intense light therefrom streamed upon the black cloud of smoke, and upon the dense foliage by the wayside, as upon a screen on which would be projected the shadows of interposing bodies. And he did see strange shadows, magnified into gigantic proportions—frightful shadows they were, that surged through the forest or were suspended in the smoke. It seemed to Angel that the gate of hell was open, and that the shadows he saw were made by demons dancing before the sulphurous flames and reveling in a saturnalia of blood. One demon, larger and more frightful than the others, ten times as ferocious, a thousand times as hideous, with short legs and gigantic body, with a round head, and neck like a bull's, with arms as long as the wings of a wind-mill; this monster, this king among demons, seemed to have just returned from earth, for he bore in his arms what might have been a human soul, lashed to a board. It seemed from the shadows that he laid his helpless victim at the edge of the opening through which issued the blinding rays from the unquenchable fire, and that he raised his arms in wild exultation, as though invoking the blessing of Satan for having performed his work so faithfully. This monster, while every muscle and bone seemed to expand into distended proportions, grasped his burden and raised it aloft—the flames seemed to roar and crackle hungrily, and gape longingly for the soul they were to devour. The brilliancy of the light was suddenly obscured. Something must have been thrown through the orifice—through the gate of hell—but the intensity was immediately resumed, displaying the demon bending over, his great, naked arm stretched across the opening, as if reaching to close the gate; then suddenly the shadows became confused—some toppling and falling to the ground, others chasing each other beyond the vision, into the forest—and all was darkness again.

OAKLAND, July 14, 1879. W. C. MORROW, JR.

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To the admirers of Shakspeare and *Hamlet* it may be interesting to know that a work has recently been published in London entitled *A Throw for a Throne*, in which "Hamlet" is made out to be a liar, thief, forger, brigand and murderer, and his uncle shown to be full of "sacred emotions" and "humbleness of spirit," acting at first toward his guilty, ambitious nephew with affectionate and wise solicitude, and at last "delegating his jud cial office * * * to the weapon of the injured son and brother, 'Laertes.'"

## THE OLD SON'S REPLY.

He Presents a Few Specimen Bricks of Worldly Wisdom.

AT FRISBIE'S, RAWHIDE, July 12, 1879.

OL' PARD:—I'm lookin' at ye, pard; it was out o' the demijohn under the candle-boxes, the one 'ith the B. B. brand onto it, Frisbie's best—ye know the pison, Jim! An' so yer hevin' a gay ol' spree down ther 'ith the sports an' sharps, eh? Well, go it, ol' boy, an' don't furgit to set 'em up fur ol' Bill Belcher w'enever ye draw to fill. I'm sorry ye let them town-lot sharps play it so low down on ye, but ez ye drifted fur a crossin' an' struck dike after the lead hed petered, the best thing fur ye to do is to hunt fur another thread, mebbe it'll throw a pocket somewhar else. Speakin' o' Si Comstock, w'y don't ye give the case to one o' them Oaklan' detectives? They're the boys ez knows whar to look fur hard cases—w'en they wants to find 'em. All them Oaklan' perleece fellers hez to do w'en they makes up ther mind to ketch thieves an' burglars, an' sich, is to go to some o' the burglar's pards an' ask 'em whar Mister Thief hez histed himself to, an' the pard tells him right off, bein' a born fool. Ye ken allers tell a cop by his blue ulster 'ith six gilt buttons down the front. The bes' place to run against a Oaklan' peeler is on the corner o' Broadway an' Seventh, whar the steam keers stop; ther's ginerally three or four loafin' roun' on the shady side o' the street watchin' the little kids jump on an' off the keers ez they're goin' by. But ye'll hev to hunt a long time afore ye crawl up on one o' them Oaklan' detectives, cause nobody knows 'em 'ceptin' the thieves, an' they keep a long distance away from each other. The bes' place to hunt fur a Oaklan' detective is 'ithin leg reach o' the stove in the captain' office at the City Hall. You browse 'round an' roust out one o' them detectives, an' ef ye'll tell him some runnin' pard o' Si Comstock's he'll find out ef the pard knows whar Si is; an' ef the pard turns him up mebbe Si won't hev coin enough to buy off, an' ye'll git yer works in on the coyote. The widder says she hopes ye won't git tangled up 'ith any o' those high-fliers down to the Bay. She says she can't abide the style they sling w'en they passes through this camp goin' over to Yo Semite. 'Tain't no disgrace, she says, thet a gal's dad sold weevily biscuit an' four-pound blankets to the soldiers durin' the war, an' cleaned up enough to run his face at a dry goods shop fur silks an' furs, but w'en sich folks piles on the dog *too* thick it makes her want to git up an' snort. An' 'cause the ol' man's made a strike in the Comstocks, an' the ol' woman's quit takin' in washin' or laid her dressmakin' sign on the top shelf o' the cupboard, it's no reason the gals should refuse to notice the folks the ol' woman worked fur in the ol' times. I tell ye w'at, Jim, the widder's a brick; but, Lord! she's ez jealous ez an ol' maid thet's jest bin popped to, an's makin' up her mind fur a red hot sparkin'. An', Jim, the widder's dead right. Don't ye go makin' an everlastin' fool o' yerself splicin' onto any o' them female check guerrillas down to the Bay—they're snide nine times out o' ten, an' 'll marry ye to git a divorce from ye six months arter. They'll play the alimony game, an' the division o' property racket on ye, like my ol' woman did twenty year ago, an' break ye up like thet piece o' caliker did me. Ef yer on the marry—w'ich I hope ye ain't—hire out to some bonanza duck ez a coachman; you ken play the game too fine, knowin' all 'bout hosses—an ef ye plays yer keerds right Miss Bonanza 'll climb down a forty-round ladder some dark night to fall onto yer manly buzzum. I've bin keepin' posted on these things, an' I see by the noose-papers thet this is the true bizness just now. But ye mus' go it blind, ez it were; no shoutin' 'bout yer sack, an no sportin' yer specimen breastplates. Ye musn't give yerself away by sendin' in moss agate rings an' striped stockin's to the gal, 'cause then, ye see, 'twon't be no true love bizness. O' course she'll climb down the ladder all the same—she'd jump out of a four-story winder ef she couldn't git to ye no other way—but w'en the honeymoon an' the huggin' time's over she'll grab fur yer sack an' jump yer bed an' board jest ez if ye'd planked down the coin an' bought her fur cash in the reg'lar way. Mebbe after ye've played the hoss jockey game, an' yer tied hard 'n fast, it 'd be a good idee to starve the gal fur a year or two. Tell her times is hard an' the hoss bizness is at a discount. Purtend ye can't make the riffle on a job nowhar, an' make her feed on one meal a day—mush 'n milk 'n a hunk o' bread 's good diet—an' bunk her in the top story o' one o' them cheap lodgin' houses in Frisco for a year or two. It'll do her good, an' she'll think the more of ye w'en ye move down to the second story o' thet lodgin' house an' she gits two squar meals a day. Ef she chips 'bout divorces or alimony after thet, Jim, I pass my hand in the game o' human nacher. An' besides, mebbe afore ye begin to ease up on the poverty racket the ol' man 'll come to time an' pervide fur his sufferin' darter, an' ye'll save thet much. Ther's nothin' like a fine game, Jim, in the love bizness—ye hear me—an' I'm the best friend ye've got. I tol' Sandy w'at ye said 'bout the chin ye hed 'ith them *Zaminer* chaps, an' he want's ye to ask 'em w'ether we'd better go it straight on a county ticket, or try to make a winnin' 'ith the Bilks. An', Jim, jest ask them *Zaminer* ducks ef they won't be kind enough to hist the genooine Dimmycratic State ticket up to the head o' the slasher columns. Tell 'em the boys down to Frisbie's is true blue an' don't want to git sucked in. So long.

Yer ol' pard, BILL BELCHER.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY, Oakland, care of Phil. Raglin.

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Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unheeded for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, by that time, will require heeding.

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LXXXVIII.—Sunday, July 20.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup, Madras Mullagatawny.
Melon.
Shrimp Salad.
Frogs, with Mushrooms and Truffles, cooked with white sauce and served in paper cases.
Lima Beans. Corn Fritters.
Roast Beef. Baked Potatoes.
Tomato Salad.
Strawberries, Whipped Cream.
Orange Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Cherries, Apples, Plums, Green Gages, Figs, and Grapes.

TO MAKE MADRAS MULLAGATAWNY.—See Vol. I, No. 28.

TO MAKE CURRY POWDER.—Black pepper, five ounces; cayenne, one ounce coriander seed, thirteen ounces; fenugreek seed, three ounces; tumeric, ounces. These must all be procured in powder.

## DAINTY DUELISTS.

Some Women who have Met in Single Combat.

In the involved drama of life one looks upon woman as the gentle, harmonizing agent in the many rude contests in which the so-called stronger sex engages. In nothing more so than in dueling. Now and then, however, in the history of the world we find madame usurping the same right to face and punish an enemy as her liege lord.

As a matter of fact why shouldn't she?

If a man has a right to kill another man because both love the same woman, why can not a woman kill another because they both love the same man?

Madame de Polignac thought so some centuries ago, as witness the following bit of history: Richelieu, as is well known, was a perfect Don Juan, as far as his many amours went. He was a most imperfect one in one sense though. The secrets of a gentleman's affairs of the heart are politely considered sacred. The amorous cardinal, however, far from burying his little amatory adventures in his own breast, was so ungallant as to have his love letters, like his diplomatic correspondence, written by a secretary, whose office was also to read his received correspondence to him. One morning the miscellaneous confident of devotion and diplomacy read two rose-tinted *billets doux*. One was from the Marquise de Nesle; the other from the Countess de Polignac. And both august fair ones averred that they were perishing for a meeting with the clerical lover, who had neglected them for some days. In reply the cardinal directed his scribe to appoint a meeting for him with the ladies at one of his country houses, just outside of Paris, that afternoon. One was to meet him at two, the other at four o'clock. The secretary wrote, only by an error or forgetfulness, he appointed the rendezvous for both at the same hour—two o'clock. The result, as may well be imagined, was a furious scene, from which Richelieu was only too glad to escape with a whole skin, leaving his mistresses to blackguard him as they chose, and settle the rest of the matter between themselves. The way they chose to do so, at a challenge of Mme. de Polignac, was to fight it out with pistols, in the Bois de Boulogne, with their waiting maids for seconds. They drew lots, and the Marquise de Nesle won the first fire. "Take care that you do not miss me," said Mme. de Polignac, calmly; "I shall not fail to hit you." Her rival fired; a twig fell from a neighboring tree mortally wounded. Mme. de Polignac triumphantly aimed at her enemy's heart and shot a fragment from her ear.

Another most belligerent lady of about the same date was the wife of an officer high in the service of the Duke of Torraine, Mme. de Balmont. On the death of her spouse she assumed the direction of her estates herself, and was soon much more respected and feared than her deep-drinking, easy-going lord had ever been. She was a famous horsewoman, and always rode in man's costume. Being a remarkably handsome woman, a certain young Count de Beauvaise had, of course, a perfect right to fall in love with her. But he had no right to follow her with his attentions after she had declined to receive them, and she warned him at last that the next time he spoke to her it would mean a fight. Probably he considered the threat a merely coquettish one; however, he braved it, she challenged him, and ran him through the body. After the first pass he gallantly sank his sword, and without attempting to defend himself, died, like a gentleman, with a smile on his face. His murderess, it is said, evinced the deepest contrition after his demise. She found, after she had killed him, her wrath had been simply a woman's petulance, and that she really loved him. In penance she entered a convent, made over her wealth to the Church, and wrote three religious tragedies. Possibly the people who were forced to hear them were as sorry that she had assassinated her lover as she was herself.

Lallemand relates another somewhat similar circumstance, though the result was a much less tragic one. Mme. Chateau Gay de Murat quarreled with her lover, a Chevalier de Cordieres, and after horse-whipping the woman she suspected him of loving more than he did her, she challenged him to cross swords with her. Finding it impossible to placate her, the chevalier accepted her defiance. He was a magnificent swordsman, and had no difficulty in playing her until her wrist refused to hold out further, and her weapon dropped from her hand. Then he tossed his own blade aside and opened his arms. "This is better," he said laughingly. The jealous woman uttered a cry of joy, and threw herself upon his breast. "Keep the sword," she exclaimed, "and use it if I ever doubt you again."

A curious duel was that between the actress Beaupre and her fellow player Katherine d'Urlis. Both were in love with the same man, a drunken young vicomte, who, far from caring for either of them, was furiously enamored of a ballet girl. One night, however, in a spirit of mischievous fun, the blackguard threw d'Urlis a bouquet. Beaupre was frantic. As soon as the curtain descended she spat in her rival's face and defied her to fight. The pair fell upon one another with a couple of cavalry sabres in the green-room of the theatre. Before they could be separated poor d'Urlis had received a slash in the neck which marked her for life.

Many years later, in 1838, occurred another savage fight for a similar reason. This time Ireland was the scene and the cause a fickle gossoon, who after seducing one woman, under promise of marriage, abandoned her and commenced to pay his court to another, who, to make matters worse, was younger, prettier, and had more money. The combatants were a Dublin woman and one from Leinster, and, to judge from the published accounts of the affair, the amazons must have fought like veritable devils. Each had a double-barreled pistol. Advancing steadily on one another, they grappled, and wrestled together, strove to send the balls into each others' bodies, biting and cursing like fiends. Finally the Dublin girl found her opportunity and shot her antagonist dead. She was arrested and tried at the Leicester assizes for murder. Her sex, and the fact that her victim was the author of the challenge, inclined the naturally gallant Irish jury in her favor, and she was acquitted. The public regarded her as a heroine, and carried her from the court in triumph, festooned with wreaths and flowers.

There is no doubt that for courage and actual contempt of death the Spanish women far outrival any other of their European sisters. Duels among them are consequently common, and with their actual fearlessness they combine a cunning which would do credit to the old original serpent who tempted their first mother himself. Apropos of this occurs the following characteristic story: Two *manolas*, or young girls of the middle class, in Madrid, had a quarrel about a rich Andalusian, whom, or whose money chest, both wanted to marry. After they had exhausted their vocabulary of hard words, they determined to effectually decide the affair with *navalyas*, the desperate dagger knives of the lower orders in Spain. The programme was to fight till one or both fell. So one pleasant May morning they set out with two female friends in a mule carriage to the scene of the proposed battle. At the Alcala gate, however, the turnout was halted by the sentries, and the entire party arrested. Information had been given by some friend of both that they intended to fight. Far from being embarrassed by this intimation from the magistrate before whom they were taken, one of the *manolas* coolly preferred a charge of false arrest against their captors.

"These fellows," she said, haughtily, "in defiance of law and justice, took us prisoners in the public road."

"We had heard that these ladies were going to fight a duel to the death," explained the brigadier; "so we arrested them and brought them here for punishment."

"It is not a question of punishment at all," said the girl.

"But you were going to fight?"

"Certainly."

"And dueling is a punishable offense."

"In men, yes; but the law says nothing about dueling by women. Look for yourself."

The magistrate did look, and found that such was the case. The edict against dueling, indeed, mentioned only men throughout, and after a promise not to carry out their gory designs on one another the *manolas* were released.

A frightful duel was fought some years ago by two girls employed in the Royal Tobacco Factory in Seville, that factory in front of which the first act of the popular opera, *Carmen*, is supposed to eventuate. The chief actresses in this Spanish tragedy of real life were young girls of twenty, perfect types of that luscious Iberian beauty which the painters and poets love, as all sensible men should. The day selected for the fight was a lovely one in midsummer. In company with their friends, the enemies breakfasted at separate tables in a wine-shop a couple of leagues out of the city. Then they sent their witnesses out, barred the doors and windows, and fell upon one another, knife in hand. At the end of ten minutes the doors were forced. Both girls were groaning on the floor; one was bleeding to death from ten wounds, the other expiring with her throat cut. Both still gripped their ensanguined knives with clutches which even their last agonies could not loosen. For a wonder the authorities took action on the case. They sent the seconds to prison for six months, and enacted an edict against the carrying of knives, which every one, of course, disobeyed.

### "Drowning an Injun."

The following funny incident is told of one of our San Francisco fishing parties to the Cloud River: This stream, so famous for salmon, is at places a rushing and formidable torrent; its waters are as cold as ice, and at its narrow places, dashing between precipitous rocks and over whirling rapids, it is dangerous to the most stalwart swimmer. Our party had rendezvoused at "Sisson's," the sportsman's headquarters in the north. The beauty of "Sisson's" is that it is a sportsman's hotel; everything is subordinated to the convenience and comfort of those who fish, and those who shoot, and those who make pilgrimages to the snowy top of Shasta; enough to eat such as it is, and good what there is of it. At the famous "Bend of the Cloud" Sisson has a branch hotel, fifteen miles away from the Shasta stage road. The hotel at "The Bend" is a board house, where an artist in the cooking line serves game and fish, and supplements it with beef and bacon; bedsteads made of hewn posts, and beds of pine foliage—anything; cottages of cloth, under the shadow of primal pines and within sound of the music of the stream; comfortable carriages plying to and fro, with mules and saddle horses for the pools down or up the river—pools where salmon worry the trout fishermen by getting upon the hook, and stealing the bait intended for smaller game. Sir Somebody Rose came out from England, caught with the rod eighteen salmon in one day, weighing from eighteen to thirty pounds each, and when he printed the fact in an English sporting journal he was ridiculed as a Munchausen by men who travel to the mountains of Scotland and become the heroes of a summer for catching a single twenty-pound salmon with a fly. But we have almost forgotten our incident. The party left Sisson's at early dawn with an Indian for a guide. Sisson has a band of Indians whom he utilizes as guides and servants to his guests. As they left, the Indian was charged to be diligent and active, and was promised largess upon his return. Arriving at the fishing ground this native son of America would not budge except he was paid. "Hap dolla" was the least inducement in coin to move him; "one dolla" the usual demand. A deer was killed on the further bank; "one dolla" was demanded to swim for it, and "hap dolla" the thing accepted. One day, standing by the stream where the torrent went swirling by among rocks at a fearful rate, one of the party offered the Indian ten "hap dollas" to swim to yonder point. "Heap swift," replied the Indian. A shining twenty-dollar piece was held up to his avaricious gaze if he would make the daring plunge. The Indian shook his head. Two golden double eagles were offered him. It was too much for the poor, untutored child of the forest. He plunged in. The torrent roared, and he did buffet it with lusty sinew, striking it aside with heart of greedy controversy. But ere he reached the point proposed the waves dashed him dead against a rock, and his body went tumbling down amid the white-foamed, angry waves, and the salmon fed upon him. Wasn't it funny? An Injun drowned and never cost a cent. They tell it at the Union Club as a good thing.

### Destiny.

Within a wood three chirping birdlings pressed
The downy bosom of a cosy nest,
And languid breezes cradled them to rest.

The first one flew to sunny Southern dells,
Where gold-bees dream in fragrant flower-bells.

The second made Maud's heart go pit-a-pat—
Its wing is happy on her Sunday hat.

The third—alas! the third gave up the ghost,
And was duly served upon a slice of toast. R. K. M.

## GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA.

### Lake Bowman.

One morn I found
That gentle sound
Whereof I long had dreamed;
On summit lone
A rainbow shone,
The snow-hid mountains gleamed;
From purple mist
Of amethyst
The flags of morning streamed.

In lakes below
The melting snow
Was slipping gently down;
A singing bird
Was faintly heard
Beyond the cedar's crown;
And lo! a boat
Began to float
Along the margin brown.

O lake of blue!
I give to you
Remembrance more than song
Oh, murmurs true
Of crags I knew
In years departed long,
Of fallen hours,
As faded flowers,
What joys and sorrows throng!

### Sierra Foothills.

What time the gracious month of June
Slept on the broidered hills,
I found a place of springs and rills,
And slowly learned her wayward tune.

O mountains! to your faithful breast
I come, a weary child;
I would not hear the rivers wild,
Or soughing pines, but only rest.

The city's nervous, fretful din
Fades from my healthier dreams;
I watch the sunlight's checkered gleams;
The forest aisles I enter in—
And there I find a hidden land,
Whose secrets none have told;
I do not try to understand,
I only love till time grows old.

### Our Alps.

Oh never a man earned right to possess
By singing of his the Sierras strong,
For they need no human prophet to bless,
And they seem to scorn the feeble caress
Of those who would weave in a market song
Their infinite loveliness.

To the melting waves of snow we climb,
And lost ones are, in a world unknown;
The valleys glow with their harvest time,
But here 'tis the spring's delicious prime,
The new-born grass, Nemophila sown,
Is rich with delicate rhyme.

With loving welcome the sacred rest
Folds us about as a garment fine;
We find repose on that mountain breast,
And bright-eyed birds hear our faults confessed.
To live, if one could, on heights divine,
And forget the world, were best.

This is the land from which, in the years
We ruder builders are toiling for,
There shall once more be men without fear,
There shall be women as starlight clear,
And knightly armies, and royal war,
And epics of harp and spear.

### The Mountain Home.

One day I wandered from a mountain town
To trace the coolness of a fair ravine,
Which, toward the southland gently sloping down,
Held rugged woods, with vines and flowers between,
And in the shadows of the trees were springs,
And golden orchids warm with gorgeous wings.

There was a mill where cruel teeth all day
Tore through the spicy hearts of pine,
And drops of resin filled the air with spray,
And the free sunlight made a flood divine.
There sinewy men rolled the brown logs in place,
Lived healthful lives, met nature face to face.

There was a cottage full of home-like charms,
And books on shelves, and pictures on the walls.
There Shakspeare moved, supernal feats of arms
Proud Milton sang, and, clear as forest calls
Heard in a land of phantasy and love,
Wan-hearted Poe's melodious songs did move.

There were fair maidens at their household toil—
The daughters of the glorious hills and woods,
Too wise for any menial task to spoil
In their rare poise and flashing, queenly moods,
While songs and laughters intermingling flow,
And thought's light shuttle flashes to and fro.

Too soon these pictures faint, and fade, and fail;
Oh, who may into language fitly shape
This quiet home, where height and intervale,
And giant mines on many a mountain cape,
And endless forests, and the spicy air,
All fold about a dream-land pure and fair!

NEVADA CITY, July 6, 1879. CHARLES H. SHINN.

A California widow who has been visiting relatives near Rondout was driven to the *Mary Powell's* wharf on Saturday morning. After the steamer's lines were cast off, and the vessel had reached the middle of the stream, the lady appeared at the ticket-office window with an appealing exclamation that she had lost her wallet, and that it was filled with valuables. The steamer put back to the wharf, and a friend who was with her mounted a horse and started back to overtake the carriage. He caught up with it before long and found a large red leather wallet under the seat. It contained a gold chain, a set of cameo earrings which cost $6,500, a diamond brooch of star diamonds which cost $4,000, a check for $3,000 payable to bearer, four $100 bills, and two or three $10 bills.—*N. Y. Tribune.* Hundreds of fellows who have read this item are just crazy to know the name of that widow.

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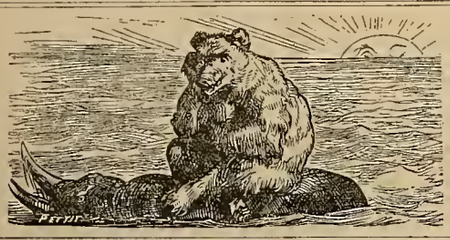

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.*

"*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*"

Unless Mr. Gorham is sensational he is nothing. From the time when, with painted face, he danced in mountain saloons, to the music of his own fiddle, for bread and gin, he has filled the rôle of harlequin. His history I gave in the ARGONAUT of July 5th, in which I charged him with the intention to betray the Republican party. I gave the story of his political life; omitting all that was personally disgraceful, and omitting all those darker incidents of an adventurous career that were not necessary to illustrate the object and purpose of his treason. I declared that he was animated with a double hate, and was endeavoring to subserve a double purpose. He had been the servant of the Central Pacific Railroad corporation, and, in connection with William B. Carr, their political agent and the doer of such questionable party work as subjects the employer to just censure, and makes the employed unquestionably infamous. He had been, or had professed to be, a Republican; and because the party in California had refused to honor him, and had repudiated him, he determined to avenge his dismissal from the railroad, and his repudiation by the Republican party, by ingratitude to the company which no longer employed and treason to the party that no longer trusted him. He came from Washington with the avowed purpose of injuring the party unless he should continue to exercise authority in it. He came with figures, artfully arranged, to assail the railroad. He timed his attack in a way to kill with a single effort both the birds with whom he had nested. He could not be elected to a State Convention, so he obtained a proxy—presumably by purchase. His intention to introduce such a railroad resolution as in event of its passage or its rejection should injure the party leaked out, and in order to subordinate him to the discipline of a party convention, and bring his resolutions to the consideration of a committee, he was added by me, as chairman of that Convention, to the Committee on Platform and Resolutions. Knowing of his malicious purpose, I took this method of circumventing his design. His subsequent proceedings in State and district conventions, and his final exhibition of party malevolence, is known. He has resolved, after careful premeditation, that his best and most efficient way to injure and defeat the Republican party in this election is to assail the railroad; and then, availing himself of all the existing prejudice and all the prejudice he may create against the railroad company, to hold the Republican party responsible, and to charge upon it all the wrongs that in his distempered imagination he may fancy the railroad has committed. I refuse to follow Mr. Gorham through his railroad figures, because he thus involves me in the discussion of a false issue. The Republican party is not responsible for the acts of the Central Pacific Company, nor of any incorporate or individual person. The Republican party of California did not create the company. It can not control it; its managers are not candidates for office; it does not control the Republican party, and the party is not run in its interests nor engineered by its agents. These are the lies of the enemies of the Republican party; these are the accusations of the *Chronicle;* these are the insane ravings of Kearney, and when Mr. Gorham repeats and echoes them he becomes the enemy of the Republican party. He becomes a traitor within its ranks, and because this treason is known and understood he has been excluded from the councils of the party, and his resolutions have been repudiated by it. When he appeals from the decision of the State Convention, and takes the stump to question its judgment or assail its motives, he assumes the position of its enemy. His attitude is the more despicable, and his motives the more contemptible, in that he endeavors to hold the half-way position as the vantage ground of assault, and has not the courage and decency to go squarely over to the enemy where he belongs. Mr. Gorham sees that he has no longer a place in Republican ranks. He is a detected party villain; dishonest, selfish, and a traitor. He is, and ever since he joined the party has been, a whining mendicant for place. He has brought disaster and disgrace to the organization since it had the misfortune to acknowledge or know him. There was nothing for the party to do but to repudiate and dismiss him. He is ungrateful and mendacious; he is unprincipled and dishonest; he has been a cause of reproach and a disturber; he is arrogant, insolent, and dictatorial; he has no sagacity to lead and no fidelity to follow. He has been unfaithful to friends, a treacherous and dishonest intriguant. There is no place in the Republican party for him or such as he, and the best evidence that the Republican party is worthy the confidence and esteem of honest and honorable men is, that it has the courage on the eve of an important election to kick Mr. George C. Gorham and his nasty little band of dishonest followers out of it. The party does not need him. It repudiates him and dares him to do his worst. It invites his assault, and welcomes the utterance of all the calumnies and lies that his fruitful imagination may invent. He may take the stump or highway and turn traitor or panel-thief, for now that he is stripped of his lion's skin we see the animal he is, and do not fear either his bray or the wagging of his ears. It was to enlighten Republicans concerning his motives, and to advise them of his vindicative purpose that I epitomized his disgraceful political career, and forewarned the party of his intentions. This article, truthful and forcible, cut through his hide like a knife, and gave him the excuse to perpetrate the treason he premeditated. His sweltering venom boiled over at Union Hall, where he exhausted himself in the utterance of vituperative billingsgate. The substance of his accusations against me, which he had invented and nursed for eighteen years, and which he ventilated long ago at Washington, is the unsubstantiated charge of an endeavor to withhold the sum of $1,500. The money transaction occurred while Leland Stanford was Governor, concluded when Frederick Low was Governor. An amount—not $1,500—but $17,000 was paid into my hands for condemned land at Point San Quentin when I was Attorney General. It was all disbursed according to law. The $1,500 were retained because of disputing claimants. I made of it a special deposit in the banking house of John Sime & Co., and returned it on the day that Mr. McCullough, my successor in office, drew his draft upon me for the amount. I had given $50,000 of official bonds, and I have always been sufficiently solvent to have paid any judgment that might have been recovered against me. To the charge of inconsistency in voting in committee for the Gorham memorandum, and subsequently opposing him in District Convention, I answer: I favored his preamble and recital of figures—if found to be true—in order that the party might not be charged with being under the influence of railroad politics; I opposed the pledge, because, as the office of Railroad Commissioner was a judicial one, it would have been improper to obtain from the candidate any declaration that would have interfered with him in the important performance of the duties of his office. I made use of no such language as Mr. Gorham puts into my mouth; it is a creation and forgery, all his own. I left the chair only on one occasion to speak from the body of the house, and that upon his resolutions. I opposed their being sent to the district conventions. I desired them to be met, voted upon, and disposed of by the State body. I anticipated just the result that followed. I believed Mr. Gorham was a wolf in the Convention, and, for the sake of harmony, for the sake of the party, and because I sincerely desired its success, I voted to draw his fangs; but I did not speak for his resolution, or use one word of the speech he has put into my mouth. That I am a hireling of the railroad, I answer: My acts, my public speeches, and the journal for whose columns I write, must show for themselves my attitude upon this question. That I take money for my writings or my speeches would only suggest itself to the mercenary soul that is itself bought, and that never breathes but for pay. With the exception of a professional fee, earned by me more than ten years ago, I never received from the Central Pacific Railroad or its managers one dollar. That I visit Governor Stanford, and am upon terms of social intimacy with him and all the other railroad managers, is true, and has been for more than twenty-five years. This intercourse antedates their wealth, their railroad ownership, and the time when a cowardly public sentiment, under the prick of demagogues, demanded a breach of all the laws of social intercourse as a peace offering to the mob. It dates back to that early time when Leland Stanford was the Republican party's first candidate for Treasurer; when Edward and Charles Crocker were leaders, and Mark Hopkins and C. A. Huntington were liberal contributors to the party; the time when George C. Gorham, a drunken boy, assaulted and insulted Colonel Edward Baker, at Marysville, with decayed codfish and hurled at him rotten eggs. I have been friends to these gentlemen notwithstanding they have built railroads. I did not repudiate their acquainance even when Gorham was in their pay, and I have not felt it a duty to defame them simply because they have discharged a dishonest servant from their employ. I have never been near enough to those gentlemen to travel upon their roads with a free pass, and I have never been avaricious enough to blackmail them; and I have never been cowardly enough to deny that the railroad has accomplished great good in this State, and I have never been sycophant enough to admit that in the administration of their business they may not have done many things they ought not to have done. I took the office of United States District Attorney at the instance and the personal request of President Grant. The opposition made to my confirmation by Messrs. Sargent, Stewart, Gorham, and Carr, grew out of the Cole-Sargent controversy, to which I was not a party. Mr. Gorham was the private secretary of Governor Low, and it was through him (Gorham) that this lying scandal was raised against me. It might have injured a less resolute man. President Grant subsequently gave me my appointment. Attorney-Ceneral Hore, through Governor Low, warmly complimented my administration of the duties of my office. I have lived in San Francisco for thirty years. I dare Mr. Gorham and the lying band of confederates that do his bidding to produce proof of his malicious accusations. In replying to the mendacious assaults of this most vulgar blackguard I am compelled to restrain myself with the use of appropriate language, remembering that my readers are cultured and respectable people. I do not believe that in the Union Hall audience, or among the readers of the *Chronicle*, there is one intelligent and honorable person in whose good opinion I have suffered by Mr. Gorham's dramatic abuse. A personal controversy of this character interests only vulgar minds. It is not material at this time to know whether Mr. Gorham has been a blackmailer of the railroad; whether he made money in the lobby by obtaining interest in the Western Pacific Railroad grant; whether he betrayed and sold Governor Low as his private secretary; whether he stole money as Clerk of the United States District Court; whether he took and misappropriated money when he went to Washington after his defeat in California; whether he has detained $3,000 from the present State Central Committee since this controversy has been pending; whether he resides in this State; whether he has ever paid one dollar of tax in California; whether or not he ever earned a dollar in his life outside of office; whether he comes and goes upon railroad passes; whether he does not lie concerning his last pass; or to know any of the incidents of his career from drunken youth to blackguard age; or whether I am too avaricious to pay my just debts, or too cowardly to resent a personal or a political wrong from whatever source it may come. These are the questions that interest the vulgar. The question that interests the State and the people is whether this impecunious and malignant political adventurer and tramp is to injure the Republican party by treason within its ranks, or whether he shall be driven from his cowardly ambuscade to fight in the open country. And it may be interesting to watch the result of this controversy, and see whether, within the next six months, George C. Gorham is not driven from this State, so exposed, dishonored, and disgraced that he shall never dare to return to it. I feel that I ought to apologize to my readers for this discussion, for I know how unprofitable and how uninteresting are all such debates; but this most infamous quarrel is of long standing with me. For years I have been compelled to fight in defense of my property, my life, and my character. I was assailed at Washington with a malignancy and vindictiveness that has had but few parallels in political controversies. I was unprepared for it. I had been the party friend of Mr. Gorham. When nearly all Republican leaders abandoned him I was faithful to his interests because he was the party candidate. He made his first party speech at Stockton under my tuition. I charted it out for him. I traveled twelve hundred miles with him in the campaign, speaking together some forty days and nights from the same stand. I protested against his quarrel with the Sacramento *Union*, and his denunciation of Messrs. Anthony and Morrill. I protested against his attack upon the *Bulletin* and Mr. Fitch, as unwise and impolitic. I undertook to moderate his Chinese expressions—his "fatherhood of God," and his "brotherhood of man" nonsense. I was loyal to the party and to him. He was beaten; and when he left the State, sore, humiliated, and disgraced, he professed gratitude to me. His and his confederates' opposition to my confirmation in the Senate Judiciary Committee—to an office I did not want—came like a lightning stroke from a clear sky. On the day before I had dined with Mr. Gorham; on the evening before I had accompanied Mrs. Senator Sargent and Mrs. Theodore Judah to hear Murdock read. I had supported Mr. Sargent for Congress, for Governor, for Senator. I had been a party slave. I had never indulged a thought that lacked fealty to the Republican party. I had traveled more miles, and made more speeches, and spent more money in the party service, than any person west of the Rocky Mountains. I had never sought and had never wanted an office. I had been a candidate for Attorney-General when it was supposed that an election was impossible. I had run for Congress, and spent $12,000 in the campaign, when an election was altogether impossible. It was to enable General Grant to receive the electoral vote of California, which he did receive by less than six hundred majority. I came to the United States Attorneyship as I have said; and when I found myself opposed by Sargent, Gorham, Carr & Co., I was utterly astonished. This opposition had been in treacherous preparation for a month. It was defeated by the personal kindness of President Grant,

who gave me my commission and held my resignation for half a year before acting upon it. My return to California was the signal for letting loose upon me all the Federal hounds that yelped in unison with the Washington pack. I have been threatened, insulted, denounced, and menaced. I have been waylaid and fired upon in my night walks to my home. Twice I have looked down the throats of pistols leveled at me in public. Every country journal under Federal pay, and under the influence of court-house cliques in sympathy with the Federal bandits, have poured out their angry denunciations and heaped upon me their slanders. I was fairly driven out of the Republican party. Sargent was Senator, Gorham was Clerk, Page was in Congress, Pinney was in office, Shannon was Collector, Coey was Postmaster, La Grange had the Mint, Wm. B. Carr was worth half a million of money. It was a formidable and dangerous conspiracy. I thought I had the personal and moral courage to defy it. I undertook to do it. I thought I could live down the slanders, and I dared to try. I have had snares laid for the ARGONAUT office—Wm. B. Carr offering to pay our printer his weekly bills if he would give up my manuscript that I might be involved in libel suits. I have been the subject of open and whispered slanders; I have been the subject of open and covert attack, and now it has fairly culminated. Sargent no longer Senator, and threatened with disease that may destroy his mind and terminate his life, is placed beyond any further effort of mine; Gorham, out of office, poor, disappointed, and desperate; Page fighting for reëlection under the weight of unanswered charges of polluting the electoral urn; Pinney a returned exile; La Grange dishonored, and Wm. B. Carr holding the balance of his fortune in desert land margins at the will of Haggin and Tevis; these present the shattered fragment of a once formidable conspiracy. I still live, honored—I believe—with the good opinion of good men; indifferent—I am sure—to the shafts of hatred, envy, and malice that this ragged and feeble remnant of political conspirators and impecunious party vagabonds may direct against me. I am discharged, cured of politics. I was once ambitious, honorably ambitious. I thought I could have served the nation in some broader field than in wrangling here in California among office-seeking ward politicians. I am no longer a politician; I expect no political favors, but so long as I live I will be brave, resolute, and honest in giving utterance to my political opinions. It is to be hoped that this hostile attitude of Mr. Gorham toward the Republican party will work it no injury; that his threat in State Convention to go out upon the stump and denounce the Railroad Commissioner who does not take his iron-clad pledge will be accepted as a declaration of war, from which the State Central Committee, the party candidates, and party leaders will not flinch. It will be remembered that this is not the first time that Gorham has thrust himself unbidden to the front that he might misrepresent and destroy the party. When it declared against the immigration of Chinese, he was the advocate and apostle of the doctrine that gave them welcome in unlimited numbers to our coast. When Senator Booth was making his gubernatorial campaign as an anti-railroad, anti-subsidy candidate, Mr. Gorham stumped the State, the friend of the railroad, the advocate of subsidies. This he did to the great annoyance of Mr. Booth, and in defiance of the State Central Committee, and with the deliberate purpose of defeating Mr. Booth for Governor. Four years ago his attitude of hostility was memorable. It was rule or ruin. "I will have my way;" "I will make Sargent chairman;" "I will be at the head of the Committee on Resolutions," and "unless the Republican party is strong enough to bear me up it may sink and perish." This was his attitude then and now, and while I might consent to endure, and for eleven years have endured, his personal malevolence, I am not willing to have him again destroy a Republican campaign. He has proclaimed his design to defeat Mr. Perkins for Governor; he has proclaimed his purpose of opposing our Railroad Commissioner. Every movement he makes, and every speech he utters, is a blow at the success of the Republican ticket. His course is a well matured, well planned, deliberate treason to the organization. His insincerity easily understood when it is remembered that he has not an interest of one dollar in the State; that he never did and never will pay a tax; that he has no goods or merchandise to transport, and that he himself travels on a free pass; that he does not live in California, and could not live at all if not by office. Hence, I proclaim his utter insincerity in agitating questions of freights and railroad fares, and declare that his course can only be accounted for upon the hypothesis of political and personal malignity, or the hope of compelling the railroad to purchase the silence of his scandalous tongue. I shall not prolong this controversy, nor willingly continue it. I will not indulge Mr. Gorham in his effort to exalt himself by personal encounter with me in an arena so agreeable to him, and the only one in which his peculiar talent displays itself—an encounter in which he has notoriety to gain and no reputation to lose. He makes a business of this mode of thrusting himself into notice by forcing controversies with gentlemen. Messrs. Anthony, Morrill, Fitch, Cole, Bidwell, Booth, and now myself, have been made the instruments of giving him an importance which neither his social nor his political position entitles him to. He has marked out Governor Stanford, Mr. Huntington, and Charles Crocker as the persons with whose aid he will continue to engage public attention in the future. I shall not feel it necessary, I hope, to notice him again, so long as the penitentiary yawns so far in advance and the turnkey stalks so far behind me. P.

P. S.—Since writing the above we see that Mr. Gorham has formally left the Republican party and gone over to the Honorable Bilks. It is seldom that fulfillment so soon follows prophecy. We congratulate the Republican party that it is relieved of a treacherous and unprincipled political adventurer. We congratulate the Honorable Bilks that they have secured so worthy and fitting an associate. He will bilk the Bilks, as a matter of course. If Mr. Gorham takes with him to the enemy's camp his little band of mercenaries, we shall further rejoice.

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The logic of political events would seem to indicate the election of George C. Perkins and the entire Republican ticket. Against Mr. Perkins there is nothing that can be truthfully urged touching his qualifications or fitness for the gubernatorial office. He is a fairly representative American merchant. His past career has been an honorable one; his social and business position is honorable; his talents are respectable; his integrity is above suspicion; he is a citizen of independent means; and he possesses every element of successful candidacy, and of executive promise in event of his election. We are not called upon to assault the character of his rivals, nor do we believe we could do so truthfully. Against Mr. White we have nothing to urge further than to say that, from what we can learn of his mental and business qualifications, he is not equal to the dignified position to which he aspires. We are not in sympathy with the men, nor the party, nor the sentiment that urges his election. We have no desire to misrepresent Dr. Glenn, nor to question his integrity either as a man or a candidate, and should he be elected Governor of California we should expect from him an intelligent and honest administration of the duties of the executive office. Mr. Perkins is the fairly nominated candidate of the Republican party, and is fairly entitled to the support of the entire party. We believe if Governor that he will faithfully execute the law under the new Constitution. We believe he will honestly do all in his power to regulate and restrain Chinese immigration. We believe he will, impartially, and without fear, favor, or prejudice, conduct himself toward railroads and transportation companies so that the rights of the community shall not be invaded, nor the rights of property unjustly assailed. An intelligent popular opinion demands this, and demands nothing more. Hence, we give to Mr. Perkins, and to the entire State ticket, our unreserved and unqualified endorsement and support.

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The mountain refused to go to Mahomet, so Charles de Young was compelled to go to Colusa County and hunt up an interview with his candidate for Governor, Dr. Glenn. In the ordinary way Dr. Glenn was expected to come down to San Francisco, report himself at the *Chronicle* office, walk bareheaded into the presence of the Little Napoleon, and demand to know, you know. But, *au contraire*, Napoleon *le petit* had to make his pilgrimage to the Northern wheat fields, where he was received by the grain-growing Cincinnatus of the North. The fact is, so we are credibly informed, that Dr. Glenn does not care "a big, big D" for Charles or his *Chronicle*—does not care whether he is elected Governor or not, and that Charles came away with a flea in his ear. Dr. Glenn finally came to San Francisco; the two committees—Bilks and Democrats—conferred and could not agree; so they agreed to disagree. The Doctor writes an oracular letter to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Fossilized Bilks, in which he uses this somewhat equivocal expression: "I understood that the acceptance of the nomination implied the support of the ticket." Mr. de Young and his associates are satisfied; it strikes us that they are easily satisfied. This leaves a Democratic ticket without a head, and a Bilk's ticket without a body. It may elect Glenn, but it defeats every one else on the two tickets.

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The following excerpt from the New York *Times* shows how the Democratic party is regarded from abroad. That Cole and David S. Terry should be cheek by jowl is comical. That the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* should fly the same candidate for Governor is also comical. That any Republican should cast his vote for a Pike County "chiv," who avows his determination, in event of election, to make his administration Democratic, is comical. That an anti-monopoly party should nominate the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre farm is very comical. This is the opinion of the Eastern journal: "All four of the parties in California have made their nominations. The Democrats have just brought up the rear in the most comical way. They have actually taken up the candidate for Governor of the 'Honorable Bilks,' as the New Constitution party is called in California. Another of their candidates had been previously put up by the Kearneyites, and nearly all of the rest on the State ticket are Democratic office-holders whose terms have not yet expired. For a party that claims to be 'the unterrified,' 'the fearless,' 'the uncompromising,' the attitude of the Democracy in California is simply ludicrous. It is as if the remnant of an army, depleted by desertions and defeat, were hunting eagerly for something behind which it could hide. Compared with the high-sounding declarations of its platform, the actions of party are grotesquely out of keeping. The whole performance shows how desperate is the strait to which the once once proud Democracy is reduced. Without 'a good cry,' without any distinct body of political opinions, and destitute of any excuse for continuing alive, the Democracy quarrels with itself, formulates no creed, but snatches at any temporary issue, glad to magnify that into a semblance of a political principle. And in California, where the party was once almost the only one in the State, and where it has been in power almost continuously ever since 1868, it is willing to fuse with the nondescript known as the 'Honorable Bilks.' The 'H. B.s,' as the Californians, always economical of speech, have abbreviated the title of the New Constitution party, are composed of all sorts of broken-down politicians. Some of these are men who have held office in the Republican party, as Cornelius Cole, formerly United States Senator—chosen by accident, and shelved by natural causes. Another is 'Dave' Terry, once a Democratic Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, the slayer of Broderick. He 'fit into' the rebellion on the rebel side, and is now candidate for office again. These two men, representing two extremes of political opinion, are fair representatives of the composite character of the H. B.s. The motto of the party is, 'Anything to get office.'"

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The political campaign, after much preliminary skirmishing, is now—since Thursday—fairly inaugurated. The contest for Governor lies between Dr. Glenn and Mr. Perkins. The Kearny candidate will cut no important figure in the campaign, and will either be withdrawn or practically abandoned before the day of election. Democrats will vote nearly solid for Glenn; and if there is any very important defection from the Republican ranks, it will make his candidacy a dangerous one. If the Democracy preserves its organization, as it has every incentive to do, all the balance of the Republican ticket will be elected without difficulty. For Chief Justice, Rhodes, as parties now stand, will have a walk-over. It is possible that E. W. McKinstry, for Associate Justice, may beat Wheeler, but we think not, unless some party change takes place not now probable. Nathaniel Bennett is the ablest in point of law learning of all the men named for the Supreme Bench, and if he has settled down into permanent sobriety he would adorn the position of Chief Justice. Judge Rhodes, in view of the peculiar duties of the Chief Justice, his large experience, and his great industry, would in our judgment be the more safe and useful judge. For Mr. Morrison, while he is a most pure and honorable man, possessing all the virtues that adorn private life, we believe he does not possess the requisite learning nor that confidence in himself that would make him an independent and self-reliant judge.

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More than one hundred ballotings by our Board of Supervisors for the position of Tax Collector—Tommy O'Connor getting five Democratic votes, and George O. McMullin, a gentleman and retired merchant, getting one. We have no means of knowing what Mr. McMullen's feelings may be at such a result, but we should think he would feel like stepping down and out of a political party that would give to a Democratic ward primary manipulator five votes for one of the most important and responsible offices in the city government. We commend to the gentlemen who still remain with the Democracy to consider the questions involved in this pregnant fact.

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We had intended this week to have suggested names for municipal candidates. We defer doing so until the conventions shall have been chosen, and until the work of nominating begins to assume a more definite shape. It is our judgment that there should be devised some better mode of nominating than by party conventions chosen at primary elections. We fear the old machinery. One thing should be borne in mind by all the political parties, viz.: that party fealty is so relaxed, and party discipline so ignored by every citizen who has property to tax, that party lines will not be respected. The community demands economy and retrenchment in municipal affairs.

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The defection of Gorham augurs the election of Perkins. When Gorham favored Conness, Conness was beaten. When he ran himself, he was beaten. When he opposed Booth, Booth was elected. When he supported Phelps, Phelps was beaten, and now this smart politician goes for Glenn. We congratulate Perkins.

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Several thousand votes in this city were lost at the last election because it was rather troublesome for weak-kneed citizens to go to the polls and stand in line for a half hour or so in a crowded precinct. Three times the number will not vote at the coming election, because they are not registered, it being too much trouble to go to the City Hall and make the application. These delinquents will be Republicans and Democrats—more of the former than the latter. Up to date three-fourths of the registrations are of the [illegible] party.

## MODERN MAXIMS.

The proper use of clothing is to protect the naked body from the elements; it is our fur and feathers.

Every other use of clothing is extrinsic, and tends to prevent us from that perfect adaptation of our body-covering to the needs of our organism which it should be our study to obtain.

As clothing is often used, it is from its varying fashions a minister to pride and vanity, and from its suggestive half-revelations a pander to lust.

Purity does not depend on clothing; it resides in a mind that is sure of itself, and is enhanced by bodily beauty.

The Eve of the Chaldean legend was pure when naked, but sinning, and losing control of herself, she hid the sex she should have been proud of.

Dancing is a fashionable impurity; the heated atmosphere of a ball-room, the close contact, and the permitted handling of forms forbidden on other occasions, all awaken sensual desire.

None but the sexually cold or imperfect can dance with perfect safety; in the danger lies the fascination.

We have dressed from infancy, yet the true principles of hygienic clothing have yet to be studied.

We have lived in houses, our outer clothing, from generation to generation; we ornament them in the style of the Greek or the Roman, we affect the Gothic and the Renaissance; yet the chimneys smoke, the ventilation and heating are imperfect, the waste of our bodies is not properly dealt with, etc., etc. Architectural hygiene is in its infancy.

Cookery is an art worthy study; it is little known.

When cooking and housework are done by workmen and workwomen brought up to the trade, then only can the wife of the poor man cease to be a drudge.

To bear healthy children, to bring them up in health, and to watch over their development from infancy to childhood, is woman's noble privilege. Nature can give no higher.

How many women are there who understand this, the business of their lives, the purpose for which woman is woman?

To work for the support of the family, to train the minds of the children, and to superintend their start in life, this is a father's duty.

The organism that has not reproduced itself, whether male or female, has not lived a perfect life.

Yet the increase of a family often exceeds the power of providing, and it is a crime to have children, and then allow their minds or bodies to starve.

And it is a greater crime to prevent the birth of a life that has commenced. It is murder, and often suicide also.

Is it crime to prevent life from commencing?

The preceding four clauses embody the greatest problem the civilized world has to face.

The numberless married couples without children, or with one only, the haggard faces and rapid aging of so many wives, tell a fearful tale. The waste of human embryos is enormous.

But society hides these things, and what passes for religion says, "It is not proper to speak of them."

Yet such evils, overgrown, overturn society, and plunge the world into immorality.

It is only by letting in the light upon such dark places that the evil can be seen in its enormity; only by full appreciation of its enormity, and free discussion of its nature among the earnest and pure of both sexes, that we can hope to find a remedy.

Evolution is a fact; when the environment changes, the organism must change or perish, and the same holds true of societies and nations.

Morality, though ever the same in principle, must change in practice to adapt itself to the environment. What is just, or kind, or pure under a certain set of circumstances, may be unjust, hateful, or impure under opposite circumstances.

The life history of the human being, before birth, is the abridged record of the evolution of the species.

The life history of the human being, after birth, is the record of the physical, intellectual, and moral evolution of the individual.

"The eleventh hour" is too late for much moral evolution.

Financial "success" is no measure of a man' happiness, but is often attained by the loss of it.

He has succeeded best who is freest from complications.

A politic man is never earnest, and is honest only when it is "the best policy," by which he means the most paying policy.

An honest man is politic only when he can be so without injury to his honesty or to the rights of others.

Therefore, that financial success which the ordinary man prizes so highly is most frequently attained in its fullness by those who sacrifice honesty to policy.

An honest fool can do as much damage as an arrant knave.

An enlightened selfishness is the only safeguard of civilized society; it is by knowing his own rights that a man learns to respect those of others.

He who is not wise in his own business can never take thought for that of another; he who is indolent in his own affairs will be indolent in those of another; he who fails to stand up for his own rights can never champion those of another.

Labor is honorable, but there various kinds of labor not alike honorable.

When those who shovel sand and mix mortar talk of the dignity of labor, they must grant equal dignity to the horse who pulls the wagon or turns the mill.

When intelligence governs the state is safe, but woe to the land ruled by ignorance.

The ignorant, the brutal, and the criminal are the allies and the tools of the designing.

Disfranchise the former class, and the latter has lost its power. Cæsars rise by the aid of a debased and servile populace. We want no Cæsars here.

San Francisco, July, 1879. W. N. Lockington.

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A Missouri house took fire at night, and the first alarm came from an old shot-gun hanging on the wall. It got red hot and boomed away, and the family had time to save themselves.

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Good taste is the flower of good sense.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### Pictures of Memory.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Carey.

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### "He and She."

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair."

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a tender touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell.

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should die, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she—but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, her quiet cheek;

He and she—yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile;

He and she—still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See, now, I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to leave it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all Death's was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will belive it was said—

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I never have died."

Edwin Arnold.

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It doesn't matter how badly the head of a barrel is broken so you find the bung-hole.

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One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

Sighed tracks: wrinkles on the forehead.

"The folly of women is born of the stupidity of men."

She may smile, and smile, and smile, and not be willin' still.

The woman who can keep a secret is the one who eats onions.

Mrs. Langtry, the London beauty, is coming to the United States soon.

Death and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven.

Of course women can keep a secret, but it takes a good many of them to do it.

A rural maiden recently applied at a music store for "Who will Calf a Mother Cow?"

Lydia Thompson ought to make a good whist player. She is famous for short suits.

Engaged couples are now called Ignorance and Superstition, because they are always together.

A New Jersey woman has bought an island in the St. Lawrence, and intends to become a her-mit.

Women are a good deal given to eyeing each other, and sometimes they even hook each other's things.

A Tennessee judge has decided that an unmarried woman is not an old maid until she is thirty-five years old.

Getting married is a good deal like a game of whist—it depends altogether on what kind of a hand you hold.

A tender-hearted woman in Monroe County, Michigan, has her daughter play on the melodeon while she wrings a hen's neck.

The average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history.

"In the bright complexion of my youth I'll have no such word as pale," and she reached for the rouge-box with the clutch of an angel.

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

A man is more faithful to the secret of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another.

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bed-room wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.

The wise man hath said that the Press, Pulpit, and Petticoat are the three ruling powers. And we manage to live under the ministrations of all three.

A young lady, the other evening, kissed, in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering the mistake, she said, "It's not he, but it's nice."

The dear girl who read a thrilling essay, "How to Get Along in Life," when she graduated last summer, is getting along nobly. She is now the mother of triplets.

Christine Nilsson takes care of her father in fine style. Before her *début* he lived in a shanty and owned two goats. Now he lives in a house and has a donkey and a cart.

A sentimental novelist, describing his heroine who "always kept modestly in the background," was horrified to find it recorded in print that she "always kept modesty in the background!"

It is said that a woman runs only half the risk in jumping from a moving railway train that a man does, but they are so set in their ways that few of them can be prevailed on to give an exhibition.

A Canadian girl carried a twenty feet ladder 100 yards placed it against a burning house, climbed up, and—. Well she didn't put out the fire. She fell backward on a man and nearly killed him.

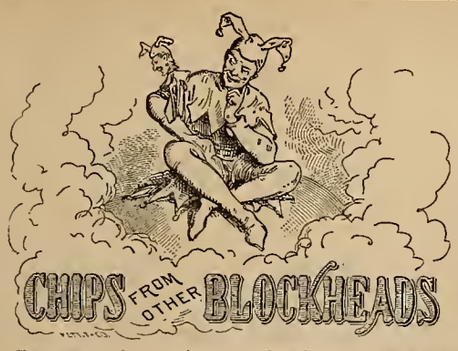
At the Duchesse de Bisaccia's, a lady, being asked wh a once famous belle no longer wore low-necked dresses, r plied: "I presume that she has wisely decided it is time draw a veil over the past."

Good cooking is better than poor poetry. It is a sole fact, that the girl who knows how to grease the frying-pa worth more about dinner time than the one who can fluer conjugate all the French verbs, and who can begin omega and sing the Greek alphabet backward.

"My dear," said Mr. Brasher to his wife, as he looke from a paper he was reading, "what resemblance is ther tween these imported sheep and cable dispatches? Oh give it up; I thought you would. The answer is, The foreign ewes." Then Mrs. B. said she didn't see any it to that, while Brasher looked pityingly at her for a whi then resumed his paper, with the remark that women've no appreciation of wit, anyway.

As he sat upon the steps on Sunday evening he ced the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at fi demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally led. She was even so accommodating as to call his atten to the flying meteors that were about to escape his obse on, and then go to "calling" him on lightning-bugs, and last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern at a man was swinging about a depot in the distance whe trains were switching.

We often wonder why girls get married. A Cam young lady, dilating on the subject, says: "Well, no, I don't know as I'd marry for money alone; but if a man had plenty of it, allied to a sweet disposition, a moustache that curled at both ends, and he wanted to marry me, and promise to let me have my own way in everything; would give me no diamond rings, would pay my milliner's and dressmaker's bills without grumbling, and I loved him—I wouldn't consider his money any drawback to the match."




Clergymen are always anxious to go where they can do the most good for the most pay.

Ajax defied the lightning, but it is worthy of remark that the Jersey variety was not then invented.

Paper is worth six cents a pound in Peru until it is made into money; then it depreciates about fifty per cent.

The more soda water you drink the more you will have to pay for. That's all the philosophy there is in it.

Jack—"Been to see Bergh, eh? How did he treat you?" Bill—"First rate, first rate; treated me like a dog."

A dressmaker who was at the point of death recovered, and the local paper headed the item "Survival of the Fittest."

There are many things in the world that are as deceiving as a fish-hook with a worm on it—you don't feel the point until you bite.

A game of euchre between the seasons. Spring passes, Summer makes it next, Autumn orders it up, and Winter runs the game out.

"How dare you swear before me?" asked a man of his son recently. "How did I know you wanted to cuss first" said the spoiled urchin.

A tramp never ties an eelskin around his leg to prevent cramps while bathing. He knows a preventive worth two of that. He never bathes.

It is better to be caught out in a thunder shower with another man's umbrella than to be caught in an ice cream saloon with another man's wife.

Atmospheric air is so heavy that its weight upon the body is fifteen pounds to the square inch. People can understand now why it is so hard to raise the wind.

If you want something nicer than ginger ale and more solid than oranges, boil a quart of peanuts in sweet milk and sprinkle them with champagne when cold.

Many an animal that is starved in life gets stuffed with straw after death. So many a man who is kicked from his cradle to his grave gets after death a monument of marble.

A Kentucky man has a Bible two hundred and fifty years old, and he thinks it will last him two hundred and fifty years longer. But what he saves on Bibles don't keep him in pistols.

We were enabled to witness a phenomenon a few days ago. We saw a beautiful sunrise in the evening. He smacked his little baby sister in the mouth, and his father caught him at it.

Nothing exceeds the peaceful calm that steals over a young man as he sits in the shade and watches his mother maul a carpet on the clothes-line. He pities her; but he didn't invent carpets.

"Are you building air castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee cup. "No, madam; only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

Of course you have also noticed that it is the oldest and least enjoyable air that the organ-grinder dwells the longest upon. A tune that you appreciate he will dispose of with two or three turns of the handle.

"You got up before breakfast, I see," said Mr. Fresh to a customer, who dropped in for some beefsteaks. "No, I got up *after* it," said the customer. Then they both laughed, and when they got through laughing they smiled.

In France, when the cook finds a bad egg she lays it aside for the scrub girl; and when the scrub girl can't eat the butter she turns it over to the gardener. This graduation has made France prosperous. Nothing is ever wasted.

Diner at a fashionable restaurant calling the waiter's attention to his plate: "What do you call this stuff?" Waiter—"That, sir; that's bean soup." Diner—"Well, I don't want to know what it has been, but what it is now."

Scribner & Co. recently received the following *bona fide* order from a country Sunday-school chorister: "Sirs—If you have anything new in the line of sacred songs, *comic or sentimental*, will you please send me some sample sheets."

The summer styles of close-cut hair are the "Modoc," "Pine Apple," and "Baby Mine." The first leaves one scalp lock, the second has rather a rummy appearance, while the third does not leave one particular hair to tell the tale.

An African lion-hunter contributes the following: "How to catch lions. The desert is composed of sand and lions. Take a sieve and sift the desert; the lions will remain. These you place in a bag which you carry for the purpose."

Photographer: "You don't appear pleased with your pictures, sir." Sitter; "No, I'm not; they look like the very Old Nick." Photographer: "Why, sir, I thought they were a remarkable good likeness." Sitter: "Blast it, yes; that's just what's the trouble."

Some fellows may follow the fickle goddess of fortune for a whole life-time, and never get near enough to kiss the hem of her garment; while flat-footed luck pursues others with a club, and knocks the gilded balls of wealth straight into their hands at every clip.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Phelps to the twelve men of Worthington, Minn., who had convicted his daughter of selling cider without a license, "all I've got to say is, you're a set of jackasses, and you may wave your ears over that solemn truth." Mr. Phelps was fined $10 for contempt of court.

A contemporary asks: "Why do men lie?" This is an easy one. It is because they don't tell the truth. And sometimes it pays better to lie than to own up. There have been one or two occasions during the past twenty years when we were strongly tempted to lie ourselves, but we remembered what became of all liars.

A lightning-rod peddler was struck by lightning in Indiana, while seated on his wagon, during a thunder storm, talking through the window of a farmer's residence, trying to induce the farmer to let him rod the barn. It was the largest funeral ever seen in Indiana. People went miles to see the deceased. They couldn't believe it until they saw it with their own eyes.

An exchange thinks the time will certainly come when men will go flying through the air. And so do we. It will come when three or four men handle a keg of nitro-glycerine as a baggage-smasher handles a trunk. But they will go flying through the air so rapidly and in so many pieces that they won't enjoy the trip worth a cent.

A lady not accustomed to raising poultry set a hen on some eggs, and, in due course of time, a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend, coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply; "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

The foolish man takes his wife to a church sociable and spends $5 for ice cream and cake. The wise man allows his wife to serve on the Refreshment Committee, and when the evening comes he goes to that church sociable with a market basket. If his wife has improved her opportunities, he comes away ahead of the game.

It was a terrible fight at school. Two boys, burning with rage and hate, got on opposite sides of the street and called each other "nigger" and "red-head" till the sun went down. The boy with the red hair was the maddest, but the colored boy had the loudest voice, and consequently was declared the victor. People in the neighborhood said it sounded like a Congressional debate.

Between forty and fifty barrels of cider have been consumed by a family of four persons, in Northbridge, Mass., since last fall. The mother died first, six weeks ago; the youngest son died in the same way soon after; the oldest son, suffering from fits, has been given up by his physician; and the father has the delirium tremens. All of which would seem to demonstrate that man was not made to live by apple-juice alone.

"Wherefore," sayeth the young man, "doth it profit of me that I put on a white linen suit and nobby straw hat, and am straightway desired that I will, with clinging arms and close embracing legs, quick shin me up the glutinous cherry tree to gather of its ruddy fruit to feed and please the ladies?" Nor doth he see why men should laugh, in loud, discordant lack of harmonie, because the gummy places of the tree he rubs full off upon his broad, endiamonded shirt in front.

A nonplussed clergyman of this city is said to have sat up until a late hour fruitlessly trying to get the tangle out of the following anecdote, which is related in Mr. Conway's recent book: "In an orthodox family with which I have had some acquaintance, a little boy, who had used naughty expressions of resentment toward a playmate, was admonished that he should be more like Christ, who never did any harm to his enemies. 'No,' answered the wrathful child, 'but he's a-going to.'"

### The Butcher's Courtship.

"Oh, my Mary Ann!" he side,
"Will you be my loving bride?
I can not liver 'nother day without you.
Your bright smile lights up my heart;
Whisper yes, before we part,
And the tenderlines of love I'll cast about you!"

Then the rascal, growing bolder,
Drew her head upon his shoulder—
While the ribbones on her bonnet fluttered free;
And fore-quarter of an hour
They reclined within the bower,
And she promised him she ever true would be.

"Now," says he, "I must be goin'—
Doo't you hear the cattle loin?—
I can tarry here no longer, love, to-day;
You can steak a silver dollar
I shall be a steady caller;
Keep your pluck and spirits up while I'm away!"

Then he turned to cross a mead,
Where the horned cattle feed,
And wasn't paying very much attention
To the gender of the herd;
When there suddenly occurred
An accident he fain would never mention.

He chanced to look a round,
When toward him, with a bound,
Came their masculine protector o'er the lea;
And so brisket seemed to him
That his chance was rather slim
To flank him, or to even shin a tree.

He was bull dozed, so to speak,
Sorely rumpled, cowed, and weak,
And will steer, hereafter, clear from bulls and cows.
The tail, alas! is sad;
Would'st shun a bull that's mad?
Then beware the quick contraction of his browse!

When a bee brings pollen into the hives, he advances to the cell into which it is to be deposited and kicks it off; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and rams it down with his head and packs it into the cell, as the dairy-maid packs butter into a firkin.—*John Burroughs.* We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid pack our butter that way.—*Travelers' Record.* If our butter must be packed that way, let it be done by a bald-headed dairy-maid.

Danbury *News:* "Mr. Hadley lives in Naugatuck. The other evening at supper his wife had a strawberry shortcake. Mr. Hadley made a remark that irritated her, whereupon Mrs. Hadley smashed him on the face with the shortcake. The frightened man ran for the police without stopping to clear his features of the *debris.* The spectacle of a flying man, with his face covered with berry clots, and streaming with berry juice, was of such a ghastly nature that many people fainted dead away, and the police force straightway bolted under a barn that had been but recently erected."

A lady who had had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said: "In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, '*Is* there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?' A somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the process of her own mind." "Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor, "boys or girls?" "Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply; "no boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as that. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added, meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

A Detroit Justice of the Peace warming his nose with a cigar; a stranger entered and presently inquired:

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" replied his honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I will give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the Justice, "I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand, and said:

"Begin at the pencil mark there and read slowly."

His honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of the bride and groom as they went out.

"O maiden sweet, with delicate feet
Tripping the fair fields over,
What do you seek by the gurgling creek
And amid the dewy clover?"
"Why, mister," she said, "you don't know beans!
I'm gatherin' yaller dock for greens."

### De Trop.

I'd catalogue no lady's charms—
I wouldn't, if I could;
But once within my sheltering arms
A little lady stood.

I stooped from 'neath the mistletoe
With wonder and surprise,
And gazed within the clear blue depth
Of sweet and fearless eyes.

My arm around a little waist
Stole gently, firmly, then—
It was a fairy I embraced—
Oh, luckiest of men!

A broidered ankle outward stept
From dantiest of dresses,
And o'er my shoulder flowed and swept
The silkiest of tresses!

She smiled upon me, and with lips,
So full, and round, and sweet—
What is that thrill when finger-tips
In one slight pressure meet?

I loved at once—I'd found my fate—
The only girl I'd marry;
To ask papa I'd hasten straight—
What need was there to tarry?

Without my host, alas! I'd reckoned—
To dream of love or marriage;
"I musn't stay," she said, "a second—
They've called my husband's carriage!"

—*London Judy.*

This is the way a poetic minded young man described the "pop" in a recent elopement case: "The young man beheld the wonderful beauty of the fair one with a feeling we know not how to describe. He sought her acquaintance, which was granted; and the youthful and blushing, though handsome, pair strolled off alone, and seated themselves upon the velvety sod beneath the spreading trees. In flaming words, full of eloquent meaning, the young man pledged his love and asked hers in return. She gave him in return all he asked, and in so doing the inimitable ripple of her voice made music to the sweet sentiments of her soul, the harmony of which fell upon his too welcome ear as pure, as soft, as gentle as flakes of feathered snow." It is in such breathings of the soul as this that the Western journalist gets the bulge on his Eastern brother.

Regarding the application of the new civil service rules the New York *Star* says:

A well-known builder up town, having a number of edifices in course of construction, and feeling that he needed thirty or forty hod-carriers, he put an advertisement in all the morning papers, requesting that number to apply to him in person between the hours of eight and ten A. M. to qualify.

The first one to put in an appearance was an Ethiopian.

"Good morning, sah!"

"You wish to qualify for the position of hod-carrier?" inquired the builder, laying his cigar down and preparing for business.

"Yes, sah."

"All right, we'll commence. How is a mastodon's spine joined to his head, and what are his peculiarities?"

"Don't know, sah!"

"What was the date of the battle in which Hannibal was defeated by Scipio Africanus, and at what place was the battle fought?"

"Dunno!"

"Then you won't do to carry mortar up my ladders. Next."

"I suppose," he commenced, as the next man stepped up, "that you know there was once a female by the name of Clytemnestra, eh?"

"Where did she live?—in the Eighth Ward?"

"No, she did not!" responded the builder emphatically; "but I'll let you go. Now I want you to tell me all you know regarding the Chevalier d'Eon?"

"Never heard of him."

"How long have you been carrying the hod?"

"Eight years."

"And never heard of the Chevalier d'Eon?" inquired the builder aghast.

"Never."

"Well, never mind. Now, then, just decline the Sanscrit verb of love."

"Can't do it," responded the hod-carrier in a bewildered manner.

"What was the market price of fresh pork in the reign of Louis Quatorze?"

"I don't know."

"Then you won't do; you don't suit."

As he was going off another candidate stepped up and was interrogated as follows:

"Was Eros born blind, or did he lose his sight by fooling with a pair of scissors?"

"I really can't say."

"Were the Saracens partial to hard clams and ice cream? And when Leander swam the Hellespont to eat gumdrops and hang on the garden gate with Hero, how did he come to be drowned—was it cramps or laziness?"

The man scratched his head, but replied not; when the builder continued:

"Who struck Billy Patterson?"

"What's that got to do with hod-carrying?"

"A good deal," replied the builder, firmly. "If it is necessary for a night patrolman in the Custom House to know these things in order to properly watch a ton block of marble and see that some one doesn't walk off with it, then I'm going to carry out the idea in my business, too. Civil service reform is just about as necessary in hod-carrying as it is in the Custom House. You are rejected."

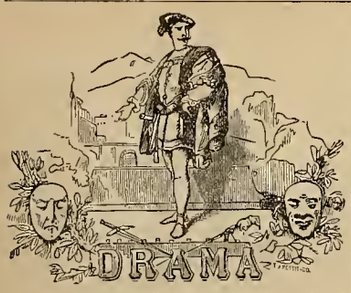
### Youknow and the Dog.

One night, far wearie of the yrksome day,
A man, all hastie in his homeward flight
Along the sidewalks picked his darkened way.
And cursed the ruts, the street lamps, and the night.
Down on his head his hatt he pul'd on tight;
His stole was in his pockets, and his pace
Grew slower as the gass lamps mock'd his sight,
Whyles shyned the stars upon his awkward race.
"Did mortall man," he sayd, "e'er live in such a place?"

It forturned, out of the nearest gate,
A ramping fiste dog rushed suddenly.
With salvage voice, full greedy and elate
Seeking what man he might nip on the sly.
Eftsoones the man belated he did spy,
And rushed to have attonce him by the leg.
"But to the pray whenas he drew more ny."
The man reached the hyp pocket of his starboarde leg,
And with the syght amazed, the dogg began to beg.

Low down he crouched at the man his feete.
And would have lyckt them with his fawning tong,
But he, enrag'd, his suppliant back did beat,
And warmed it to him cheareful right along,
Whyles startled Quiet heard his troubled song.
"By jocks," the man he sayd, "well nigh to deth
Scared was I by thy fearfull clamorous yelp;
And I will lyft thee once, whyles I have breath,
Thou mangie, untaught, noisy, clamorous, useless whelp!"

With that he draweth backe his dexter foote
And much the dogg did marvel at its size,
Broad, and full long, and gnarled like a roote,
With loud alarme he fills the nygt with cries,
And like a dove before a faulcon flies,
But that swyft foot it sweeps the air along
And just about amidships lifteth him
And raiseth him, with shriekes, the clouds [illegible]
Till lost is he, to view, far in the ethe[illegible]




It was with no small degree of curiosity that I dropped into Baldwin's the other night to witness the advertised production of *l'Assommoir*. I was interested to know how the novel could be dramatized. From my reading and interpretation of the work I was sure it could not be satisfactorily done—at least by an English pen. I knew the story to be nothing but a terrible bit of realism—a sequence of bald, brutal facts of Parisian low life without the semblance of a romantic or dramatic plot. The novel *l'Assommoir* deals simply with circumstances. It is the transcript virtually of a reporter's note-book. It is not seemingly the result of a plan or a mental perspective. It has no plot. Zola, true to the new school of realism, needs none. His whole end and aim is to make all art only another name for nature. To this end he takes a subject, the plot being a secondary consideration, and works it out to its baldest and most distressing details. In *l'Assommoir* intemperance is the subject, and with its horrible realism the book is the greatest temperance lecture that was ever written, printed, or spoken. It says such and such things happened. Everything follows in a natural sequence. The hopes, and joys, and troubles, and temptations of the lowly are given without any embellishment, and the moral is the natural reflection presented to the reader and the realizer, for the author draws none himself. To construct a play out of this material is to virtually build anew. That the task is a difficult one is admitted even in France. Zola—who, by the way, is the dramatic critic of the *Figaro*—has had abundant evidences of the fact that realism and the stage are not by any manner of means congenial. After attacking the romantic school of moralists he pitched into the modern French plays, vigorously asserting that they were as false to nature as the novels, and to substantiate his opinion he put some realistic dramas on the stage. They were all failures. *L'Assommoir* has been the only success, and this success has been mainly due to the wonderful acting of the part of "Coupeau" by a Belgian actor, who had once been a physician, and who had studied every detail of that terrible disease, the delirium tremens. It was a morbid impulse that drew people to witness this horror, and on this scene the success of the whole performance rested.

The dramatization now running at Baldwin's is a curious and complicated mixture. If, as it is asserted, it is the dramatization of Charles Reade, and the text and arrangement now running in London under the title of *Drink*, the thing is a villainous desecration of the story of the hook, at the hands of a person competent of doing better work. If—and this is more than likely—the thing is a patchwork by Belasco and Herne from the Daly translation—which was a failure in New York—and a telegraphed synopsis of the Reade dramatization, the incongruity is easily explained. The nine tableaux have not even the merit of pictures of the prominent points of the story, the wash-house and the closing tableau being the only scenes recognizable in connection with the text. As for the plot of the hybrid, it has nothing whatever to do with *l'Assommoir*. It is a new and most miserably constructed affair, with nothing of the quiet strength and effectiveness of the novel. In Zola's story the poor woman "Gervaise" is allowed just a little happiness. After being deserted by her lover "Lantier," her life is comparatively a happy one. The villain does not pursue her from the very beginning. There is no "Lantier" or "Big Virginie" to threaten on her wedding day, and no drunken undertaker to make himself disgusting on such an occasion. "Coupeau" goes to drink and the devil of his own free will, and "Lantier" never figures in the case really again till "Gervaise," of her own free will, steps over the drunken body of her husband to return to the arms of her old lover, whom she had never had occasion to denounce, or upbraid, or rant against through all the years. If those who have seen the play will read the story on which it is alleged to be founded the ridiculousness of the plot will be apparent, and the conception of the various characters outside of "Gervaise," and "Coupeau" will be highly amusing. Especially is this the case with Morrison's personation of "Lantier," which is as diametrically opposed to Zola's quiet and correctly drawn character as anything well can be. Robinson as "Goujet" is another improvement on Zola. One is at a loss to know whether it is John B. Gough, a Greek high priest, or the ghost of "Osip" in *The Danicheffs*. It certainly is not the humble blacksmith of the novel. But it is altogether useless to harp further on the comparison. The play must be looked at as *Drink* and not thought of as *l'Assommoir*. In this light there are some good things to say of the performance, though on the whole it is not a pleasant one—realism never is and never will be. The wash-house scene, and the fight between "Gervaise" and "Big Virginie," wherein the stage and performers are fairly drenched is realism with a vengeance, and its faithful performance a credit to Rose Coghlan and Lilian Andrews, who have this interesting work in hand. The other tableaux are well enough in their way, though they make a very tedious wait till the delirium tremens scene comes on. In this O'Neill does a strong and effective piece of work, and the end of "Gervaise" is equally artistic and uncomfortable. Taken as a whole it will do to satisfy the cravings of the morbidly curious, and as a temperance lecture *Drink* is almost as good as *Ten Nights in a Barroom*; but *l'Assommoir* is a misnomer.

*Le Petit Duc* is certainly one of the prettiest and brightest of operettas—it is generally "comic opera" on the play bills, and "dramatic cantata" in Ditson's edition (a bait for church choirs)—and, as given during the past week at the California, forms one of the most attractive performances that it is possible to imagine. Some of the music—most of it—is exceedingly pretty; the choruses especially are bright and animated; that of the pages delicate and piquant, and those of the soldiers full of spirit and sonority. The solo numbers are generally weaker; the effort to raise them somewhat above the plane of *bouffe* has apparently been somewhat too much for the composer, who occasionally labors overmuch, and does not succeed in concealing the fact that he is laboring. The *ensembles*, on the other hand, are charmingly written; the duet, *Je t'aime*, in the first act, is a gem that can be mastered only by the best work of the best composers, and is worthy a better setting. Mlles. Aimée and Beaudet sing it for all it is worth, and the effect is delicious. Scarcely less beautiful is the one in the third act; it is only weaker than the former one in that the dramatic situation is no longer altogether fresh. The instrumentation of the opera is admirable; now that we hear the work as it left the hands of the composer (I fancy it to have been originally written for *two* Oboes and Bassoons, but the second instruments *ad libitum*) we are able to realize how beautifully it is colored and how miserable was the make-shift arrangement of former performances.

That the rendition would be excellent was to be foreseen from the quality of the work done by the company last week; the admirable *ensemble* is enough of itself to mark the performance as exceptionally good, even were the principal *roles* less ably filled. But these have been in the best of hands: Mlle. Aimée—in spite of very evident indisposition—permeating her part, of the "Duke," with the brightest and most refined drollery, and singing it beautifully; Mlle. Raphael appearing to even greater advantage as "Diane" than in her "Lange" of last week (especially strong vocally); and little Mlle. Beaudet (French only by descent, and born as well as educated on this side) taking everything captive by her ingenuous air and graceful beauty. This young lady also sings very well, when her youth and the immaturity of her voice are considered. On Sunday evening she sprang—at a moment's notice—into the place of Aimée, who was indisposed, and made a very satisfying "Serpolette," in the *Cloches*; and her conception as well as rendering of the part of the "Duchess" in the *Petit Duc* betrays a routine that seems very remarkable in so young an actress. But then she is in a good school. Of course Duplan is in great force as "Frimouse." I think he is funniest when he attempts to sing; the funniest part of it is that he actually seems to think he is singing. On Tuesday night there were two who thought they were singing, when in fact they were doing nothing of the sort; the second was "Jouard," who had evidently been dining out, and whose wits were still occupied with the *carte des vins*. He was the stupidest, most utterly useless looking mortal I ever saw on the stage—limp, lazy, heavy, beastly. He has made amends, however, since then—or soda-water has done it for him. His "Mootlandry" is excellent. So indeed are all the parts—even the unimportant one of "Bernard" becomes a character in Dupuis' hands; and the chorus—still weak when it is mixed, the male voices being much more effective than the female—carrying the thing off with great *eclat*. Next week we shall probably have *La Petite Mariee*," announced for this, but crowded over by the success of the *Duc*.

A gem in the performance is the "Gavotte" of the first act danced by Aimée and Beaudet. Nothing could be more graceful and piquant, and at the same time thoroughly artistic. The movement of Beaudet was like that of the fawn, dainty and delightful to look at, and the music swept along to the rhythm of the motion with a suggestiveness that held the senses enchanted and enchained. None but the French know how to do these things. The English and American *minuet de cour* is as inartistic and uninteresting as the attempted suggestiveness is vulgar; and for delightful impropriety, and the language of voluptuousness, and the poetry of motion, we are obliged to sit appreciatingly at the gracefully poised and playful feet of the Continental actress.

Those who have not yet seen the Juveniles should make haste to add this to their *Pinafore* experience. It is a wonderful performance considering the age of the performers, and in every way worthy of as large audiences as greeted the children of a larger growth.

The New York *Times*, in commenting on the proposed American tour of the sensational French actress says: "Sarah Bernhardt's expressed intent to visit this country, professionally, within a year or two, she will undoubtedly carry out; for she rarely fails to execute any and all of her plans soon or late, being remarkable for force of will and obstinate perseverance. She is too much of a Frenchwoman, too much of a Parisienne, has too much *chauvanism*, to imagine for a moment that any dramatic triumphs she may acquire in America could add to her glory or renown. But she is exceedingly ambitious; she loves to do unexpected things, to surprise people who know, or think they know, her best. For an actress of the Française, the much boasted and justly celebrated Maison de Molière, to come to this far-off land is something unknown, or was unknown until Rachel came near thirty years ago, when Bernhardt was a small child. Herein, in fact, lies her strongest motive for crossing the Atlantic. She wants to do all that Rachel has done, and more besides. Not satisfied to be an equal of her who was in her day the queen of tragedy, she resolved to wear even a more radiant histrionic crown. To surpass Rachel is the aim and study of her life. Rachel played in the United States; she must play here also, and with at least equal success. She is entirely aware that her visit to the great Western Republic will make a commotion in Paris, as Rachel's visit did, and she dotes on commotions, on getting herself in the newspapers, on being talked about. She is really a sensationalist, as well as a genius and the first actress of France, which means, of course, in French eyes, the first actress of the world. She is very fond of money, too, as most Frenchwomen are. Balzac's novels, in which gold-getting is the chief end of woman, and which are very true to Gallic nature, if not to human nature, exhibits this mercenary passion everywhere. Every performer in Paris has heard accounts, commonly exaggerated, of the vast quantity of dollars to be got here. Rachel was delighted with her pecuniary gains on this side the sea, and they have been talked of ever since at the theatre in the Rue Richelieu. Bernhardt is anxious to get more here than Rachel did—to get more by classic acting than the French dancers and *bouffe* singers, whom she disclaims, have ever done. The furore she has created in London has doubtless stimulated her desire to visit America. She is an Alexander in petticoats—she sighs for new worlds to conquer. She may not achieve such social victories here as in England, which appears to have gone mad over her. Her social reception in the British metropolis strikingly illustrates the favorite French proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success." She is said to be invited to the best houses, not as an actress, but as a woman, which is remarkable in a community claiming to be so very proper, so formal, so conventional. Bernhardt is a great artist, but in her private life she is not exactly conventional."

Here is the effusion of a Bernhardt enthusiast in London *Punch*:

TO SARAH.

Mistress of Hearts and Arts, all met in you!
The Picturesque, informed by soul of passion!
Say, dost thou feed on milk and honey-dew
Draining from goblets deep of classic fashion
Champagne and nectar, shandy-gaff sublime,
Dashed with a pungent smack of *eau-de-Marah*,
Aspasia, Sappho, Circe of the time?
Seductive Sarah!

"Muse?" All Mnemosyne's bright brood in one,
Compound of Psyche, Phryne, Britomarte,
Ruler of storm and calm, Euroclydon
And Zephyr! Slender Syrian Astarte!
With voice the soul of music like that harp
Which whilom sounded in the hall of Tara,
How dare Philistines at thy whimsies carp,
Soul-swaying Sarah!!

"*Poseuse?*" Pooh! pooh! Yet who so well can pose
As thou, sweet statuesque slim sinuosity?
"Stagy?" Absurd! "The Death's head and the rose?"
Delicious! Gives the touch of tenebrosity
That lifts thee to the Lamia level. Oh!
Shame on the dolts who hint of Dulcamara,
*A propos* of *levee* and picture show,
Serpentine Sarah!!!

Clinging enchantress, supple siren sweep
In lithely, languorous attitudes forever,
Bewitch my gaze, and make my pulses creep!
So Naiads glide—save thee, gross mortals never!
About thee plays the brightness of Queen Mab,
Dashed with romance of the girl-page in "Lara."
Commonplace snobs who chaff thee I could stab,
Suggestive Sarah!!!!

Oh, idol of the hour and of my heart!
Who calls the crazy, half and half capricious?
A compound of Lionne's and Barnum's part,
In *outrecuidance* rather injudicious?
Ah! heed them not! Play, scribble, sculp, sing, paint,
Pose as a Plastic Proteus, *mia cara*;
Sapphic, seraphic, quintessential, quaint,
*Semillante* Sarah!!!!!

*A propos* of *l'Assommoir*, the continuation and sequel to the story now in press will be of more than passing interest to theatrical people. It is entitled *Nana*, the name of the dissolute daughter of the drunken couple. She finally becomes an actress, and the novelist follows her behind the scenes and dips deep down into the realism of that species of existence. Zola is well acquainted with the details of stage life, and if his pen is as faithful to fact as it has been in *l'Assommoir* the mask will be stripped beyond the possibility of tableaux dramatization.

Heroe and Belasco have been advertised as the recipients of a benefit at Baldwin's. On such occasions it is customary to announce an attraction extraordinary. This would do: Crucify James O'Neill between the two alleged playwrights, and the tableau would draw all the ducats in the town. The scene properly lithographed would sell well with Eastern dramatists and managers.

## THE CROWN OF VIRTUE.

PARIS, June 6.—Nanterre, a little town near Paris, has been from time immemorial the typical town of all France for high—in the sense of holy—living. Year by year it has never failed to furnish a Rosière for the prize of virtue; and, as this immaculate young person rarely does more than win in the race by a neck, the average of merit in the district must be exceedingly high. This year alone was there a poor race indeed; it was only a walk-over. Mlle. Delphine Collet, who won the crown of roses, was without a single competitor. Scores of young girls, who would have taken the first prize in any other town, recognized her transcendent gift of goodness and kept out of the field. Once a year the municipality meet in solemn convocation and proceed to consider the claims of all the candidates for virtue's crown, and for certain collateral rewards in the shape of clothing, a sum of 500 francs to form a marriage portion, trinkets, and other gifts. It is worth 1,000 francs, all told, say those who ought to know. The question is settled by vote, and on the Sunday of Pentecost the winner is conducted to receive the trinkets, to the church to receive a blessing, and finally to her own home to continue that private practice of virtue which has been her title to public distinction. Her innocent town's-folk and some of the most cynically corrupt men of the capital attend the ceremony. The local *fanfare* is blown in her honor, the firemen of Nanterre precede her with blast of bugle and beat of drum, and the whole region makes holiday at fair and ball. Nanterre revels in the consciousness of its own perfections, and who shall deny its right? It would be hard enough to be so good anywhere, but to be so good within a two hours' walk of Paris is virtue indeed. The Rosière, it ought to be stated, is chosen on no narrow and conventional estimate of the qualification. Virtue in the eyes of French prize-givers very properly means goodness all round. Thus, it was even taken into account that Delphine was an orphan; and, though she was not exactly rewarded for this, it was considered to augment the splendor of her triumphs. Her positive qualities were industry and thrift, devotion to a young brother and to an aged uncle and aunt, sweetness of temper—in fact, all the attributes of the angel in the house. Report of her was sent up from the laundry where she works, by public fame, to constituted authority. Constituted authority deliberated on the matter, with the result we have seen. It rained on Sunday most persistently all the morning. Delphine was to have been fetched from her home at two o'clock, but her escort thought it prudent to defer her triumph for half an hour. Impatient callers could get no news of her beyond that she was for the present "at the *coiffeur's* over the way." Presently she tripped lightly back, not to be seen again till she appeared in all the glory of her white frock. Meanwhile M. le Maire and the other local dignitaries had begun to assemble at the Mairie. There was the deputy of the department; there were the seven mayors of the Canton, with a Secretary-General of the Prefecture of the Seine. Some had hopes of seeing even the great Prefect himself, but he was not visible to the naked eye. Presently a great crash of brass music and roll of drums announced the arrival of the procession. Delphine had picked her way through the muddy streets, and was at the Mairie door. She came in—a cloud of white, preceded by another cloud of larger volume which incased last year's Rosière. Last year's had the advantage in beauty as well as in bulk. She looked dignified but rather sad; it was the end of her mayoralty of virtue. The latest incumbent of the office was a thick-set, plain-faced peasant, with the red hands with which she had toiled her way to eminence ready to burst through her white gloves. She was quietly *recueillie* in manner, perfectly steady and self-possessed, but all the same you felt that if any one said a word to her she might begin to cry. Nobody said a word to her, therefore, only a good deal was said at her. A Notable took up the parable and invited her *marraine*—a godmother selected for the occasion—to deck her with her trinkets, brooch, earrings, and such like. There was, of course, a cry for "pins" at this semi-official toilet, and none were forthcoming. The Notable made a joke about the want of them, at which, although the whole point was in the subject and not at all in the way of treating it, we all laughed. It was the day of smooth sayings—peace on earth, good will toward women. Then the Notable called out the order of procession. One dignitary was to take the *marraine*, another the retiring Rosière, and the Rosière of the day was to give her arm to "a distinguished visitor from London—Mr. Fleeming Jenkin of the Royal Society." The Frenchmen applauded, but they did not half like it; and one of them cut in before the tardy Fleeming, offered his arm, and bore off the prize, leaving the distinguished visitor from London to make a bad second on the other side. In this order, or no order, the procession went from the Mairie, through the narrow, old-fashioned streets, escorted as before by the firemen with trumpet and drum. The Rosière of last year, with the *marraine*, filed off to a covered seat in the nave; the new one advanced to the altar, with four small children in white, who bore her crown. The crown was sprinkled with holy water; the Rosière knelt in prayer; the service went forward with great pomp by the help of a powerful rural choir, reinforced by stars from the capital. The church was crowded, and with a motley congregation—here M. de Lesseps (who has promised to give the Rosière the first share in the Darien Canal Company), there "Mark Twain." Among the Frenchmen hardly a soul seemed to pay the slightest attention to the service; and when the rather croaking voice of the old priest took up the chant after the choir, there was a titter at the very altar rails. The old man preached a short sermon, in which he was evidently airing his best periods for the edification of the Paris crowd—talked of the Rosière's "consulate of virtue," and sketched her history, in narrative from the cradle, and in prophecy to the grave. Then Delphine, leaving the altar for the seat of honor in the nave by the side of her *marraine*, was solemnly crowned by that matron with the wreath of white roses; and with a triumphant outburst of song the ceremony came to an end. The procession was formed once more, and the Rosière was reconducted to her humble lodgings by the hand. The crowd then dispersed—some to see the conjuror swallow the sword at the fair, some to taste the water of the well of St. Geneviève, which is understood to cure all blindness except that of the belief in its miraculous powers.

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NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS, SECOND DISTRICT

.....AND.....

**COL. GEORGE W. CARTER,**

OF LOUISIANA,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

IONE CITY.....Monday, July 21
SUTTER CREEK.....Tuesday, July 22
PLYMOUTH.....Wednesday, July 23
VOLCANO.....Thursday, July 24
JACKSON.....Friday, July 25
MOKELUMNE HILL.....Saturday, July 26
SAN ANDREAS.....Monday, July 28
SHEEP'S RANCH.....Tuesday, July 29
SONORA.....Wednesday, July 30
COLUMBIA.....Thursday, July 31
STOCKTON.....Saturday, August 2
SACRAMENTO.....Monday, August 4
ELK GROVE.....Tuesday, August 5
GALT.....Wednesday, August 6
LODI.....Thursday, August 7
FARMINGTON.....Friday, August 8
AUBURN.....Saturday, August 9
FOREST HILL.....Monday, August 11
IOWA HILL.....Tuesday, August 12
DUTCH FLAT.....Wednesday, August 13
TRUCKEE.....Thursday, August 14
GRASS VALLEY.....Friday, August 15
NEVADA.....Saturday, August 16
SAN JUAN.....Monday, August 18
COLFAX.....Tuesday, August 19
ROCKLIN.....Wednesday, August 20
MARTINEZ.....Thursday, August 21
ANTIOCH.....Friday, August 22
NORTONVILLE.....Saturday, August 23
PACHECO.....Monday, August 25
OAKLAND.....Tuesday, August 26
HAYWARDS.....Wednesday, August 27
SAN LEANDRO.....Thursday, August 28
CENTREVILLE.....Friday, August 29
LIVERMORE.....Saturday, August 30
GEORGETOWN.....Monday, September 1
PLACERVILLE.....Tuesday, September 2

County Committees will please make the necessary arrangements for the meetings.

HON. STEPHEN G. NYE, of Alameda, will accompany Hon. H. F. Page through the counties of San Joaquin, Contra Costa, and Alameda.

By order of the Committee.

W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for all Time."*

## REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**GOV. GEORGE L. WOODS**

....AND....

**DANIEL M. BURNS,**

Republican Nominee for Secretary of State,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

MARTINEZ.....Wednesday, July 23
STOCKTON.....Thursday, July 24
SACRAMENTO.....Friday, July 25
PLACERVILLE.....Saturday, July 26
AUBURN.....Monday, July 28
FOREST HILL.....Tuesday, July 29
GRASS VALLEY.....Wednesday, July 30
NEVADA.....Thursday, July 31
TRUCKEE.....Friday, August 1

County Committees will please make arrangements for the meetings. By order of the Committee.

W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

**WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.**

SHIPPING AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

218 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

*AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.* Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashton & Son's Salt.

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C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSOH

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**SAW MANUFACTURING CO.**

17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

*SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION* on hand and made to order. Agents for C. B. Paul's Files.

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IRON, METALS,

*NOS. 33 and 35 FREMONT STREET* and 38 and 40 Beale Street.

IRON—Bar, Band, Hoop, Plate and Sheet, Norway Shoe Shapes.
PIPE—Morris Tasker & Co.'s Boiler Tubes and Gas Pipe.
STEEL—Naylor & Co.'s best Cast Steel; also, Spring Tire, Toe, and Plow.
SHOES—Burden's and Perkins Horse and Mule.
RIVETS—Burden's Boiler; Carriage, Tire, and Shutter.
HORSE NAILS—Graham's, Globe, and Putnam's.
Anvils, Vices, Files, Rasps, Nuts, Washers, Bellows.
Axles, Springs, Bolts, Cumberland Coal, etc.

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NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

**W. W. DODGE & CO.,**

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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**LONDON DOCK BRANDIES,**

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And all the choicest brands of

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CORDIALS, LIQUORS, ETC., ETC.

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**FRANK KENNEDY,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER*chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, bankruptcy and all cases attended to.

---

**WILLIAM M. PIERSON,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 616 SACRA*mento Street.

---

**WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,**

*OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.*

Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

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Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

**Phaetons,**

HARNESS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repository and Salesrooms, 411 and 411½ California St.

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COX, TEALL & CO.,

*REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND* AUCTIONEERS, 303 Montgomery Street, under the Nevada Bank, San Francisco.

Auction Salesroom, H. M. NEWHALL & CO., 309, 311 and 313 Sansome Street.

J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.
JAS. T. STRATTON, Civil Engineer.

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S. B. BOSWELL & CO.,

*STOCK BROKERS,*

**No. 318 California Street,**

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THE BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

**A Preparatory School to the University.**

*The only fully organized Preparatory School on the Coast.*

*THE INSTRUCTORS IN THE GYM*nasium consist of refined and educated gentlemen, who are permanently connected with the institution. Boarding establishment strictly first class. Location healthful and accessible. The third school year will commence on the 14th of July. Examination of candidates for admission, 11th and 12th. For catalogues, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, Berkeley, Cal.

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GEYSERS!

*Via Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.*

**W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.**

*CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICT*URESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P. R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....$10 00
Healdsburg to Geysers and return, only..... 4 00

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WHERE TO

SPEND THE SUMMER.

*IF YOU WANT A THOROUGHLY* enjoyable place, go to the

**GEYSER SPRINGS.**

Medicated Baths for the sick; Swimming Baths, Bowling Alleys, Shooting Gallery; pleasant Picnic Grounds for the well. In remodeling the Medicated NATURAL Steam Bath, due regard has been observed to give special privacy to ladies. This Bath removes TAN-FRECKLES, SALLOWNESS, BLOTCHES, and all IMPERFECTIONS from the skin, and is recommended by many physicians who have tested its value. A magnificent Swimming Bath has been constructed at a large outlay.

The house has been completely remodeled since last summer, and now is not surpassed by any in the State. The stage ride to this glorious mountain resort can not be surpassed in the world, while the very atmosphere, rarified and aromatic from the breath of fragrant pines, fir, and laurel, stimulates the senses like old wine.

For tickets and all information call at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, and 214 and 426 Montgomery Street. Rooms may be engaged by letter or telegraph.

Special arrangements can be made by the week and for families. W. FORSYTH, Proprietor.

---

NOOK FARM.

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH,
Rutherford, Napa County.

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SCOTCH TYPE

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Address No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.
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The Type used upon this paper has had over THREE MILLION IMPRESSIONS taken from it.

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FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO*ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

**Does in every case.**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumalism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER*MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of seven and one-fifth (7 1-5) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1879. By order: GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 30th, 1879.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., July 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 5, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on SATURDAY, July 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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*BULLION MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 10) of one and one-half dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 13th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the third day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOSEPH GRUSS, Secretary.

Office—No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

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*EXCHEQUER MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 14) of one and one-half dollars per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifteenth day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the fifth day of September, 1879, to pay delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors

JOSEPH GRUSS, Secretary.

Office—No. 418 California Street, Union Insurance Building, San Francisco, California.

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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the thirtieth day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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*GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Locasion of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,

*DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126* Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. Y. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco a 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $2 75; Santa Clara, $2 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IYERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, Presideot.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gt with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Traio (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Yisalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Yallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and Enst.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | To San Jose. | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | *8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | — | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.25 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.25—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time' furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED to 25 cents.

### SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1879.

*Between San Francisco and San Rafael.*

WEEK DAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. | 8.00 and 11.00 A. M. |
| 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). |
| 5.45 P. M. | 7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M. |

SUNDAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. | 8.50 and 11.30 A. M. |
| 12.50, 3.45 and 6.00 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 2.15 and 4.30 P. M. |
| 8.00 A. M. | |

†*8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* Saucelito Ferry, for all points between Saucelito and Junction.

††*9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

†††*1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays,* from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Saucelito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Saucelito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. rom Saucelito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. via San Quentin 7.55 P. M. and via Saucelito 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, $2 00; Tomales, $3 00; Duncan Mills, $4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTNUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

August.....15 | September ....13 | July.....15

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequaled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital paid up*.....$10,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.
Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.
This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$5,000,000

D. O. MILLS.....President.
WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## NAMES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

to the Capital Stock of the

**Western Fire & Marine Ins. Co.**

OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 400 California Street. ☜

SAN FRANCISCO—P. Marsicano, John McCabe, P. Hartigan, W. W. Dodge. P. J. White, Henry Casanova, Geo. H. Sanderson, E. M. Root, Michael Kane, F. O'Leary, N. C. Luhrs, J. Wieland, F. Wieland, W. H. Stearns, M. H. Kelly, J. de la Montanya, P. Alferitz, A. P. Hotaling, Nicholas Goetjen, Jonas Schoenfeld, J. Macdonough, P. Rossi, Ed. Bosoui, Thos. Jennings, Jos. Figel, S. C. Hastings, G. Ginacchio, John Fay, Wm. M. Lent, John F. Boyd, Wm. Willis, C. D. O'Sullivan, James Phelan, J. F. Cowdery, R. McElroy, F. Crowley, John C. Hall, Edmund Marks, J. Maccary, B. Frapolli, H. J. McMurray, Geo. O. Smith Jr., John S. Bowman, Gus Reis, Dr. G. Woodward, Angelo Spadino.

SACRAMENTO—W. R. Strong, N. Dingley, Geo. W. Chesley, Robt. M. Hamilton, W. D. Comstock, S. B. Ridgway, O. B. Goodhue, A. S. Hopkins, Dr. G. L. Simmons, Dr. E. Jacobs, E. S. Dennison.

GOLD HILL, NEV.—Robt. P. Keating, Capt. Thos. G. Taylor.

LOMPOC—J. Rudolph.

# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


# REGISTRATION.

## REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTE,
Rooms Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, 703 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1879.

The vital importance of immediate Registration must be apparent to every Republican, when the fact is announced that the entire Registration of this City and County has been wiped out, and that no one will be allowed to vote at the September Election unless RE-REGISTERED. The State Central Committee calls the earnest attention of Republicans to this matter, and requests them, without delay to REGISTER themselves, so as to strengthen the hands of the organization and place it in a position to win the approaching contest. No true Republican will neglect this most imperative and urgent duty. By order of the Committee.

W. W. MORROW, Chairman
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

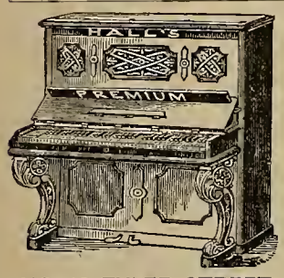
**SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED**

**PIANOS**

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

# CHICKERING
## PIANOS AT COST.




**PIANOS**

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

# REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**GEORGE C. PERKINS,**

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR,

.....AND.....

**G. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.,**

OF HUMBOLDT,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| SAN BERNARDINO | Saturday, July 19 |
| ANAHEIM | Monday, July 21 |
| SAN BUENAVENTURA | Wednesday, July 23 |
| SANTA BARBARA | Thursday, July 24 |
| LOMPOC | Friday, July 25 |
| SAN LUIS OBISPO | Saturday, July 26 |
| SALINAS | Monday, July 28 |
| WATSONVILLE | Tuesday, July 29 |
| BAKERSFIELD | Thursday, July 31 |
| VISALIA | Friday, August 1 |
| FRESNO | Saturday, August 2 |
| MERCED | Monday, August 4 |
| MODESTO | Tuesday, August 5 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | Wednesday, August 6 |

County Committees will take due notice and make the necessary arrangements for the meetings announced.
By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

# REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**HON. JOSEPH McKENNA,**

NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS, THIRD DISTRICT,

.....AND.....

**GEORGE T. BROMLEY, ESQ.,**

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| FOREST CITY | Saturday, July 19 |
| SIERRAVILLE | Monday, July 21 |
| QUINCY | Tuesday, July 22 |
| TAYLORVILLE | Wednesday, Jul, 23 |
| SUSANVILLE | Friday, July 25 |
| CHICO | Monday, July 28 |
| RED BLUFF | Tuesday, July 29 |
| SHASTA | Wednesday, July 30 |
| WEAVERVILLE | Thursday, July 31 |
| FORT JONES | Saturday, August 2 |
| YREKA | Monday, August 4 |
| CLOVERDALE | Friday, August 8 |
| UKIAH | Saturday, August 9 |
| CAHTO | Monday, August 11 |
| RHONERVILLE | Thursday, August 14 |
| ARCATA | Friday, August 15 |
| EUREKA | Saturday, August 16 |
| HEALDSBURG | Tuesday, August 19 |
| SANTA ROSA | Wednesday, August 20 |
| PETALUMA | Thursday, August 21 |
| SAN RAFAEL | Friday, August 22 |
| WOODLAND | Saturday, August 23 |
| MARYSVILLE | Monday, August 25 |
| COLUSA | Tuesday, August 26 |
| OROVILLE | Wednesday, August 27 |
| ST. HELENA | Thursday, August 28 |
| LAKEPORT | Friday, August 29 |
| NAPA | Saturday, August 30 |
| DIXON | Monday, September 1 |
| VALLEJO | Tuesday, September 2 |

County Committees will please make all requisite arrangements for the meetings.
By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

THE
# Automatic
## SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,
124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

# MUSICAL BOXES.

*M. J. PALLIARD & CO., 31 Post Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Importers. A. E. JUILLERAT, Exclusive Agent. Musical Boxes repaired.*

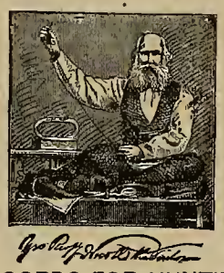
# NICOLL,
# THE TAILOR!
## BRANCH OF NEW YORK.

Being our own importers, we are able to guarantee and give the REAL article at such prices as defy competition. We sell goods to suit the Banker, Merchant, and Clerk. Gentlemen, before calling elsewhere, will do well to call and

INSPECT OUR IMMENSE STOCK.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE
## THE ELECTRIC LIGHT!

Call and see the ELECTRIC LIGHT at NICOLL'S, by which colors and quality may be seen as clear at NIGHT as at NOONDAY.



**TO ORDER:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Pants, | $5 |
| Suits, | 15 |
| Overcoats, | 15 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 |

Genuine 6 X

**TO ORDER:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 |
| White Vests, | 3 |
| Fancy Vests, | 6 |

Beaver Suits, $55.

ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

SALE PRICES—Pants from $3: Suits from $12; Overcoats from $10; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices. Any length cut, and all kinds of stock kept on hand.

**FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.**

NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,
NO. 727 MARKET STREET.

# NEW GOODS!

**We have just received a choice assortment of REPOUSSE and DECORATED SILVER. Also, a collection of NOVELTIES in JEWELRY, at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.**

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, July 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 45) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, July 21st, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.
W. W. TRAVLOR, Secretary.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

# KOHLER & CHASE,
**UPRIGHT**
## PIANOS,
**Post Street, near Dupont.**

# NEPTUNE AND MERMAID
## SWIMMING
# BATHS

FOOT OF

**LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.**

*TAKE NORTH BEACH OR CLAY*
Street cars—transfer at Leavenworth Street.

*Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe,*
When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?

*Why wade in a tank,*
When you can disport in the clear, crisp, invigorating, untainted tide?

*These are points for swimmers to consider.*
Good accommodations, comfortable dressing rooms, long distance, rafts, splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect.

*An entire renovation under the new management.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT,
Under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed.
☞ Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde. ☜
W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

H. A. WEAVER,
(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERIS,)
# PRINTER,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

# HERRMANN
THE HATTER
*336 KEARNY, ST.*
& 910 MARKET, ST. S.F.
## SPRING STYLES
**ALL IN NOW!**
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

MULLER'S
## OPTOMETER!
The only reliable instrument for Testing Defective Vision.

*135 Montgomery Street,*
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental Hotel.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance outh side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

# S. W. RAVELEY,
STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER
**And Printer of the Argonaut,**
518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

# The Argonaut.

*VOL. V. NO. 4.* *SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 26, 1879.* *PRICE, TEN CENTS.*

## UNDER THE NORTH POLE.

**And What was Seen There by the Second Mate of a Lost Whaler.**

"Shiver my timbers," said old Brail, "how should you know that?"

"Yes," said another, "how could he know it without sailing in them latitudes where a ship's keel never floated?"

These remarks and some others were addressed to Tom Brace while the middle watch—most of them—were lounging and sitting around the long-boat. The vessel, under light winds was speeding quietly on her way in the tropics, and the weather was so fine and pleasant the mate himself had joined in with the seamen, as they were beguiling their time away by telling strange stories of their adventures.

Tom Brace, to whom the above words were directed, was one of the most silent men of the crew, one who rarely wasted a word. A good seaman, better educated than most of his calling, he was generally liked and respected, and was certainly one of the last they would have doubted in regard to his veracity.

"Yes," continued old Brail. "How the blue blazes, Tom Brace, do you know of the weather under the North Pole, seeing as how no human ever sailed in them seas?"

Tom Brace carefully lighted his pipe, and, after a little hesitation, quietly replied:

"Because I have been there, shipmates."

"Under the North Pole, blast my eyes, d'ye hear that!" cried the old salts, while low whistles of wonder issued from the others.

"Yes, under the Pole, I repeat it," continued Tom Brace, in his full sonorous voice. "The weather is never so cold there as it is in much lower latitudes. From eighty north, when out in the open sea, the air begins to moderate until under the North Pole itself. It is a big blunder of the navigators that they have tried to make the farthest northing, either by keeping near the land, or crossing it, instead of always striking out through the open sea."

"And why in blue blazes," asked old Brail, "if you've seen and diskivered all these things, didn't you print 'em for the good of others?"

"Because, shipmates, nobody would believe the story, and there are no white men I can bring forward to prove it," said Brace.

"Spin us the yarn," continued Brail, as spokesman for the others. "Howsomever it may be, we wants to hear it."

"Well then, shipmates," continued Brace, "I'll just tell the story as it is down in the log-book of my memory, and if you don't believe it, all I can say is, it don't matter to me a tinker's imprecation. I never told it before, and may never tell it again."

About twenty years ago, when I was young and a heap better looking than I am now, I was cruising up in the North Pacific in the whaler *Topeka*, a bark of five hundred tons, commanded by as bold and daring a master as I ever sailed under. We passed up through Behring's Straits into Behring's sea, and had uncommon good luck. Although in May, there was remarkably little floating ice, and the season was a mild one, whales were plenty and we followed 'em in a northerly direction, striking one and another, bringing 'em alongside, cutting in, and trying out, till in three weeks we had some good solid tiers of full casks stowed away in the hold, which made us sure of a good voyage. All this time we had been going due north, but neither Captain, mates, or any of us, paid much attention to observations or latitude—we were too busy—until one day the Captain, at eight bells, had a good observation, and told us we were in eighty-one north—further north, he said, than any known vessel had often sailed. We didn't care much about that, anyway. We were a jolly set, with a strong ship, plenty of good provisions, and grog, and tobacco, and sailing north, south, or elsewhere, didn't trouble us much, shipmates, you'd better believe.

The first of June the weather changed, and a heavy sea came up, first from the eastward, and then southerly, bringing with it almost a gale of wind, snow squalls, fogs, and some ice that kept us on the lookout at every watch. We had to lay to, and poor work we made of it, for the old ship was a tub that drifted a mile and more to leeward for every two miles she got ahead, and all this time we were working to the northward.

One day, during this blow, while standing near the wheel, and looking to windward over the seas, I thought I saw something driving before it, like a boat or some driftwood; down it came to us, sometimes on the seas, and sometimes in the hollows out of sight. Pretty soon I saw it was some kind of boat sure enough, and then I could make out it was like one of those Esquimau or Indian boats, made in the norther latitudes from skins and hides, often of walrus skin. Soon it came nearer, I could see there was an old man and boy aboard, and they were steering straight for us; the old man—I knew he was old, for his hair was white—was astonishingly spry, and knew exactly what he was about. With a twist of his paddle he passed astern, and then under the ship's lee he came alongside easy as a sea-duck floats. We threw him a line, and soon had man, boy, and boat on deck. They seemed mighty well pleased and grateful to be saved, for their provisions were run out, but the first thing they did was to fall on their knees, take a black cross and beads from the bosom of their fur dresses, and go to praying. It was plain enough they were Catholics, who had been taught by some of the missionaries of that religion in the northern regions. Although the Indian had hair white as snow, he was spry as a cat, and seemed to be remarkably knowing and bright. He couldn't speak anything we understood except a few words in Spanish, which he must have learned from his priest.

By signs, and some words in that language, he made us understand they had been caught in a gale of wind while passing from one place to another, and blown out to sea. As near as we could make out, it was some settlement between Point Barrow and the mouth of the Mackenzie River, in the Arctic seas. Their boat, made of strong, oiled skins, stretched on a frame, would have stood worse weather than our whale-boats could have lived in and not been damaged. The old man had his fish lines, harpoons, knives, and Indian tools and gearing, with plenty of warm furs to keep from freezing, but only a few pounds of raw seal flesh and blubber to keep them from starving. They had been out for weeks, sometimes taking a seal or fish, to live on; but the wonder was they had lived anyway; and none but those northern Indians of the Arctic could have survived it.

All hands were standing around them, when the boy, whose face was partly hidden under a fur hood, seemed confused and timid, for the men were staring at him curiously and laughing. Well, pretty soon it all came out. The boy was no boy at all, but as pretty a clipper-built Indian girl as ever was seen. She wasn't dressed in petticoats, but in their fashion—in soft fur pantaloons, and a kind of long jacket of the same. Her face would have been called pretty anywhere, and her shape was tall and supple as a willow stick; as for her eyes, they were as soft and brown as a seal's. She was the old man's daughter, and he was mighty fond of her; but she seemed just as able to take care of herself and the boat as he was. They were not Esquimaux, but belonged to some tribe of Indians I never had heard of before.

The gale had somewhat blown itself out by this time, but what was worse, it had come up thick and foggy, which is dangerous in the high latitudes, and we had to keep a sharp lookout.

When the Captain found out we had a gal aboard, he gave her a snug little stateroom below, and the old Indian father was treated well and comfortable.

The fog held on for days, and nobody knew how much northing we had made, but the sea had gone down into a long, steady swell, which made it more easy for us.

It don't explain things to talk of day and night where we were then, for we were in the beginning of the long Polar summer, when the sun don't set, to speak of, only dips down a little in the horizon; consequently the light was about the same all along. Only the fogs would make it dark at times. Howsomever, our watches was set the same as ever, and we kept the same account of the days and time.

The old Indian and his daughter had got to be quite at home with us. His name we learned was Inueet, and the gal was called Illua. He went prying and poking into everything aboard ship, and seemed amazing pleased when he got hold of something new to him, and he found plenty of that. Illua was modest and diffident like, but she took to me more than to anybody else—I suppose owing to a little thing that came about one day. Ye see, shipmates, sailors are rough sometimes, when only an Indian gal is concerned; and one day one or more ov 'em took some little liberty in fooling with her, and she told me of it with tears in her eyes. Well, I just knocked 'em down out of hand, then and there, and explained to them to be more respectful to an innocent gal; and seeing as I was second mate, and wasn't to be joked with, they treated her respectful afterward.

One day, in the afternoon watch, the fog still heavy around, it began to grow very cold, and the cold kept fast increasing. Old Inuett and Illua were running about, and seemed trying to look through the fog with frightened faces. I thought we must be near ice, but couldn't see it. Everything was made right and tight aboard, ropes coiled down, and boats and lines ready for circumstances. But the bark seemed only drifting and becalmed. After a while we could hear the wash of water, like the sea on a beach, and manning a boat, and taking old Inueet, the Captain told me to try and find what land was near, or ice. After five minutes' rowing, the fog shifting a little, we saw a solid wall of ice rising up before us to an unknown height, and stretching right and left; two points seemed making out a little, and between them was a passage; we rowed into it, and found it was about twenty fathoms wide, leading some distance into what seemed a small bay. All about were walls of ice, and up above thick fog.

We told the Captain what we had seen, and he thought it was better to warp the vessel into the passage, and lay out lines on either side to keep her there, than it was to venture into the fog without knowing what was before us. Besides which he thought we had discovered a new land. We soon got her in, and lines with kedges made fast on either side; and, as there was no swell or sea, we were steady as if at anchor.

The Captain, after a talk with us, concluded it was best to explore the new country he thought we had discovered; and as soon as the fog might lift to start and do it, if it took a month, for the Captain was after glory and fame, as well as whale oil, and had been reading and studying the North Polar voyages. Our best and largest boat was got out and lowered, with masts, sails, and all her outfit. She was built for the Captain, and carried some tons, was decked over forward, with some lockers for stowing away things. We put aboard her enough provisions of our best canned meats, pemmican, etc., to last seven men a month, two kegs of whisky, plenty of ship-bread, water, two rifles, pistols, and plenty of ammunition, with axes, hatchets, saws, and the Captain's instruments and whaling gear. There was even a small tent, and the men who were going had packed aboard their heavy clothing, and sailors' bags of all sorts of things. Trim and shipshape she lay astern, ready, but rather deep in the water. After everything was ready the Captain ordered the cook to fire up his coppers, and set out for all hands the best he could prepare; lime juice and whisky was got out, and made into punch, and everything got ready for a jolly time.

The old Indian, Inueet, the sailors nicknamed Neptune, on account of his white hair. Illua by this time had picked up the meaning of some English words, and we could understand each other pretty well. She was mighty quick to learn things, for a gal of seventeen. Most of the time, when there was a chance, she was learning what I could teach her.

It was about three bells in the afternoon watch before the cook was ready, and all hands sot down to their grub. I was going down the companion-way with Illua when far off and above there was a sound like the report of a cannon, and then sharp cracks, like the reports of pistols. Illua jumped on deck, and in two seconds old Neptune was by her side, talking to her, and both ov 'em frightened about something. The old Indian commenced collecting his traps, got bags of bread and any provisions he could find, with other useful things, and had everything stowed away in his skin boat alongside quicker than I ever saw anything done before. By this time Illua came up the companion-way, loaded down with a bundle tied in a blanket, of everything useful she had picked up from my stateroom and sea-chest, and her father, without a word said, took and stowed it in the boat alongside. In the meantime Illua got hold of my hand, pulling and pleading: "Tom, Tom, quick, go in boat; bad! very bad!" pointing, as she spoke, up above at the ice.

I had been standing just amazed at their fright and strange doings, but the sounds of explosions had been increasing all the time; and I jumped down into the cabin, where the Captain was in the midst of a jollification, and told him about the Indians, and that I thought something was wrong in the ice ashore. Well, they all just laughed at me, and the Captain said, with a sly look, I had better take Neptune and Illua, in the boat astern, and go and find what the matter was, and he would save some punch for me till I came back. By this time Illua was pulling at me again, to get me away, and I just took the Captain at his word, and Illua and I got aboard the boat in quick time, where the old Indian had put her alongside, with his own boat towing by a line. Old Inueet, Illua, and I caught the oars, and it wasn't any long time before we were outside more than a thousand yards; when the old Indian, panting from his work, rested on his oars to look behind us.

Old Inueet was a sight to see; his white hair stood up on his head, his black eyes stared and flashed, but his dark skin turned bluish in his surprise; as for fear, that Indian didn't know the feeling to speak of. His pipe—I gave him—was stuck in the corner of his mouth, and a whiff of smoke came from it now and then, and all he said was: "Por Dios. Malo, malo, pobrecitos." Illua was sitting snug up to my side, holding tight to my hand. She was frightened. If I had not been so amazed and taken aback by the actions of the old Indian and Illua, I should never have taken that big boat astern, in place of a smaller craft; but the surprise had done it; men, when worked up, often do strange things.

As we looked back the fog lifted up and rolled away before a southwest wind, something as a curtain rolls up at the theatre. And what a sight we saw shipmates! Away south, as far as eye could see, was a precipice of ice, seeming from one hundred and fifty feet high to perhaps five hundred; to the north it turned and tended to the west. The ice shot up in pinnacles and spires of all shapes, like human temples and cathedrals. Over all this, the northern lights—*aurora borealis*, they call 'em—were flashing and burning, giving light enough to read by, and lighting up the ice fields that flashed them back. Right in front of us was a sort of promontory that made out from the ice, with two points, between which was the passage and cove where our ship was. From some cause the great wall of ice had been washed and scooped out by the seas until the bay and passage was formed. There the old *Topeka* floated, every spar, rope, and line as plain against the background of ice as a ship could be drawn on a sheet of white paper. But over her—what a sight it was!—the ice was thrown out in a sort of arch, overhanging her, as when a heavy sea breaks on the shore its crest overhangs before it breaks. Thousands of tons of ice, fifty feet high, were over her, and over her main truck, a hundred feet above. Every now and then I thought I could hear a shout of laughter come from the ship, which, under the shadow of the ice, looked like the ghost of a ship. There was no time to return and warn them, for the explosions in the ice were louder every moment. As we were looking, there came a roar as if ten thousand cannon were fired at once, and louder than any thunder; the whole of that overhanging promontory parted from the main body of ice, and came down on the ship as if it had been an egg shell. The sea was churned up like soap suds, and we could see some big fish and seals, [illegible] clear water, swimming away for life; but we were [illegible]

One big piece of ice came up about a hundred yards from our boats, but, after the water settled down, there wasn't a sign left of the *Topeka*, except something that looked like floating oil casks, and as if whale oil was floating on the water. Not a spar or man came up; and twenty-seven souls and a good ship were crushed and taken down a hundred fathoms under the ice, and there before us stood a bare wall of ice some hundreds of feet high.

The old Indian afterward told me it was, he thought, an immense ice island, or iceberg, broken from the main land, and carried north by storms.

For some time we kept still, gazing where the ship had been; but the wind had come up from the southwest, almost a storm, and the sea was growing rough; it was time to look out for ourselves. There we were, an old Indian, a young gal, and a young fellow of twenty-four, afloat on an unknown sea, never seen by human creatures before. We had a strong, fast little craft under us, and plenty of provisions and other things we needed; but where should we steer? Illua, still holding my hand, looked up trustfully in my face; and Inueet, calm as a figure head, smoking his pipe, seemed waiting for me to say or do something.

I thought to myself, if we should try to beat to windward, to the south, we must throw overboard a great part of our provisions, and cast off the Indian's skin boat; and, as we must sail about a thousand miles before reaching any settlements, we probably would starve to death. On the other hand, if we held our course free with the wind, and, when it changed, we could fetch up somewhere, keep afloat with plenty of grub, and perhaps save our lives; it was a narrow chance, anyway. Accordingly, I explained to Illua and Inueet my plans; and we made everything snug and tight aboard, lashed down our tarpaulins over the boat to keep the seas out, and laid our course about north by east, to take our chances. I managed to get a rough observation from a star—the polar star—and its altitude, and reckoned up we were in about eighty-two north latitude. As we got farther and farther from the ice island, the air grew much milder and more comfortable, and no more ice was to be seen. Old Inueet and his daughter had saved my life by being along with us, that was plain enough; and accordingly I couldn't help taking to her, for she was pretty as a picture also. As for the Indian, he was the most wonderful old chap I ever saw. Age didn't appear to have affected him much, and he was always ready for anything that came along, and when he set out to do anything he could find a way to do it. The wind still held strong from the southwest, and we had to keep our northerly course through a great northern sea, without a sign of land; but the sea seemed full of fish, and the air full of sea fowl. It was light all the time, for the sun went rolling round the horizon without setting, and we were in the beginning of the long polar summer; and it don't dip below the horizon, or set, until October. We took our regular tricks at the helm; but somehow Illua and I most always took the same watch together. There was a small cuddy forward which Illua had fitted up with plenty of furs, clean and comfortable, to rest in; and Inueet had his Esquimau stone lamp-stove for cooking, using oil. He was busy all the time about something, and generally smoking, while we were looking and wondering at the strange doings of the creatures in those unknown latitudes. Whales were cruising about and blowing by the hundreds, without fear of man or harpoons; and pretty birds, like Cape pigeons, came aboard and picked things from our hands. They had never seen men before.

The cold didn't trouble us to speak of, with good fur dresses, and plenty of strong fat food to eat, we didn't feel it. In fact, as I said before, after getting beyond eighty north latitude, into the Polar Sea, the weather kept moderating. The water was cold, but above the freezing point, and I found there was a regular warm current of water setting from the sou'west, and tending to the northeast, which seemed miles wide; and which, I afterward found, swept round the North Pole. In this current, like the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic Ocean, we found sea-weed, wood, and even trunks of trees, floating along at the rate of two miles an hour, and they must come from lower latitudes, perhaps from deep currents from the bottom of the ocean. It is a big sea, round the North Pole, and stretches out about a thousand by twelve hundred miles in size. The land, as in Greenland and Spitzbergen, stands out in it at some points, but it takes the cold winds from the northern continents, and ain't of much use, being covered with ice.

This sea seemed, so to speak, the great play-ground of all kinds of fish—except sharks: whales, seals, porpoises, and the like. The air was full of sea-fowl in the summer seasons, and all these creatures seemed tame while away from the trouble of man and his weapons.

Old Inueet had a special weakness for porpoise meat when it was young, and as every day they darted about the boat in droves, and the old chap's aim with the harpoon was deadly, we had plenty of fresh provisions. And, shipmates, when that wonderful knowing chap made for us a stew of the choice parts, on his Esquimau lamp stove, it beat in taste any thing I ever had in a French restaurant.

Well, we kept sailing some days, still to the north'ard, with an open sea and clear weather, but one day there was a white cloudy fog or mist which seemed to lay on the water, while high above it was clear, and the Pole-star standing almost overhead. I had stood the middle watch, and, feeling very sleepy, turned in, while Inueet and Illua kept the lookout. I must have slept six hours, when waking up and looking out I saw the rudder made fast, but couldn't see old Inueet. Rousing up I went out, and looking about, found the white fog still resting over the water, but when looking aft I saw a curious sight; there kneeling, with their crosses and beads, were the old Indian and Illua, looking up and praying. Well, I was somewhat taken aback at such a sight, but looking up before us in the air, I saw a sight that amazed and dumbfounded me. Shipmates, there was shining high up before us in the air, a silver white cross, flashing and sparkling in the heavens, and seemed to rest on the white bank of the fog itself. No wonder I was astonished at such a sight. Illua, after a while, came to me and said her father thought we had come to some holy land on account of the cross, but he never had heard of it from his people. There it was flashing and burning in the sun's rays, but what was beneath it the white floating clouds hid from our sight.

The old Indian had been made a good Catholic, no doubt, but his old savage superstitions still hung about him, as they always do with the converted heathens. He seemed more puzzled and wonder-struck than I had ever seen him before, and Illua just clung to me, holding my hand and looking at the cross.

Two days—counting by the twenty-four hours—the cross was our mark to steer by. All over the world, in the wilderness, in the cities, on the seas, it stands forever, the sign of Christianity, but who ever knew it stood up, grand and solemn, under the North Pole in eternal solitude.

The compass hadn't been of any use to us for some time; it was bobbing, dipping, and wobbling about like a crazy thing. The Pole-star stood overhead, and we went along with the wind, which was very light and variable. I had also noticed a curious thing: the white, foggy clouds about us had a circular motion, and after a while floated high up and disappeared. Another thing was very strange: we could hear nearly all the time rumbling, roaring, whistling sounds, that came on the winds and then passed away. About eight bells in the afternoon the fogs and vapors began to lift into the air, and spread out over us like an umbrella, and then float away. Now we saw before us a strange land, about ten miles away. An immense mountain, not less than fifteen thousand feet high, made up into the sky, and there on its top stood the white cross, resting on a cone of snow and ice. Some distance on the left side stood another mountain, about as high; and on the right side was a third one, not so high, with a broken, craggy, black-looking top, from which thin streaks of smoke and steam would sometimes shoot up hundreds of feet. This was the land under the North Pole, for certain; and we sat there for some time staring at it. It was an island in the shape of a triangle, I afterward found, of which the white cross mountain made the southernmost point, and the two other mountains the other points. It seemed to me, as well as I could judge, it must be over twenty miles long on each side. The shore was bold and rocky, rising from fifty to a hundred feet, and from the whole interior of the island there arose up constant clouds of white vapors, which in a strong upward current spread abroad and disappeared. In various spot there looked to be signs of vegetation of some kind.

We drifted in nearer the shore, and skirted along it to find some opening or beach to land on, but could find none. The rocks were covered with millions of sea fowl, and the sea, clear as crystal and not very deep, seemed full of fish. Over a day we were sailing around the island, until we found ourselves again at the foot of the white cross mountain, but found no good landing place. Two of the mountains were capped with snow and ice, but the volcanic mountain stood up black and grim, and they all were marked on their sides with ravines. From the three points of the island three ledges of rocks made into the sea. Working in close to the rocky shore Inueet's sharp eyes at length found a narrow opening into a little, land-locked bay with a sand beach around it. Streams of water were running down into the sea in many spots, and some had white vapors constantly rising from them. Here we could plainly see the green and brown vegetation on the land and some short, scrubby trees. We got ashore, and hauled up our boats, and once more felt the solid land under foot, after our strange voyage. The first thing the old Indian did, was to take a cross he had made and set it up on an elevated spot, and, kneeling down with Illua, say a short prayer. After this we went up the shore to look into the interior of the island. Before us was a ridge of dark rocks, rising some fifty feet, white in places where the sea fowl rested. The streams had worn and cut down through this ridge to run into the bay, but these ravines seemed too narrow and rough to pass through, and accordingly we clambered up the rocks to the top where it was level.

It was a strange country we saw spread out before us. Inside the triangle of the three mountains was a big circular valley, surrounded by a wall rising like the sides of a bowl to the height of from fifty to eighty feet. In some places it was cut through by the streams that run into the sea. As far as I could see this was its shape. It looked green and brown in many parts, with vegetation and stunted trees, and the rocks around us had moss upon them.

All this time the roaring, rumbling sounds were to be heard, and explosions like that of cannon. The cause of all this was spread before us. Through the valley were ridges spread out for miles, of white, pink, and red-looking earths, and on these were to be seen mounds rising in all directions, of all shapes and sizes; from these openings constantly there was thrown up streams of boiling water and steam into the air, in one spot or another, sometimes a few feet high, sometimes two hundred, and thousands of gallons were often in the air at once.

From the centre of the valley there were always rising great clouds of white vapor; some floated against its sides, or the sides of the mountains, and the rest passed over the sea. The sun striking these clouds made a thousand rainbows in the Polar summer, but in the winter they fell in snow on the mountains. The black, or volcanic mountain, was always too warm for snow or ice to last, we afterward found out.

This immense amount of heat escaping from the earth into the air about the island, was certainly one good cause it was not colder; and warm currents in the sea was perhaps the other. It was also the cause of the vegetation we saw.

Shipmates, it ain't in the power of words to give you a just picture of that valley and its strangeness. After a while we went down the inner side to look at it. The vegetation was mostly mosses and lichens. The trees were not very many, and were mostly a kind of stunted cedar and scrubby willow. There was a kind of moss that grew like the Iceland moss, that is good to eat; and a curious kind of brownish green moss, that filled all the lower grounds many feet deep, and had turned to peat at the bottom, deep down, as I found. It was unlike anything I ever saw, and was like matted wool—if wool was green and a vegetable. We roamed about a little, and then returned to the boats on the shore. The air was comfortable and pleasant, but we still dressed in furs. Old Inueet found some eggs of sea fowl, and plenty of dry moss to make a fire and roast them; and we sat down to eat a good meal, with the great white cross shining bright above us on the mountain.

After eating, smoking, and taking a good rest, we went down to the boats to overhaul them, and our provisions. We knew very well on our boats we should depend to ever quit the island and return to inhabited lands. We found her in good condition, removed all her stores, and put the tarpaulins over her. The Indian's boat we put in order for our present use. In the meantime Illua, hunting round on the top of the beach, had found a large dry cavern in the rocks that encircled the island. It had a large opening, five feet wide, that gave plenty of air and light; the floor was of white sand. Here we brought our stores, furs, and tools, and put up a piece of canvas to divide off an inner part for Illua's special use. By putting up some barrels in the doorway we could shut it up; but there was no sign of any animals or creatures on the place, except birds of the air and fish in the waters. Inueet now advised we should go out on the bay and catch some fish, which we would cook Indian fashion; after which we would turn in for a good rest, for we had been months on the sea, and the firm ground almost made our heads dizzy, from its strangeness to us.

One thing I had forgotten to mention was, that the old Indian had always kept a curious kind of tally-stick, about two feet long, with sharp edges on the sides. On these he made a notch every day, to keep account of the days, weeks, and months, and particularly of Sundays.

We went out in the boat, near some rocks, and in ten minutes Inueet had a fine codfish of about twelve pounds floundering aboard. While busy unhooking him, there came around our boat the most curious and beautiful kind of creatures I ever saw in the seas. They were snow-white fur seal, about the size of the northern fur seal, but with great brown soft eyes, that seemed almost as knowing as a human being's. They came up to the boat without any fear, and the cubs put up their pretty heads for Illua to pat them. Even the old Indian, with harpoon in hand, hadn't the heart to injure them. The old ones were sometimes marked very beautiful, with black spots. We went ashore with our fish, and Inueet dug a hole in front of our cabin, put in some stones, and built a fire on them, which, after they were hot enough, would bake our fish. In the meantime Illua and I had found a ravine cut through the wall of rocks into the valley, from our bay, which we could pass through easily, and we brought out plenty of moss and dry branches for our fires, and we also found a spring of boiling water close by.

Wrapping some pieces of the fish and some young porpoise meat, sprinkled with salt, in the green moss, Inueet put them on the stones and covered them up. After a while he took them out cooked; and there is no way I ever saw of cooking so well, or giving such a fine flavor to anything, as the Indian fashion. After our feast I got out a rifle and ammunition, while the Indian and Illua got ready some bags, and prepared food and things to put in them, to explore the island the next day. We divided the time into days for convenience, although in fact it was one long summer day of about four months, with a sun circling round the horizon all the time. We turned in for a good rest, and must have slept seven hours, when Illua put her pretty face over the canvas curtain and started us up. We could look out from the door of our cave down on the bay, and out of the narrow passage on the sea; and not far off, up on the rocks, we could see the whole interior valley and the mountains up above it in the air.

After a good meal from the baked meats and biscuit, we were ready for a start. It was a dainty thing to see that gal Illua eat; she had found and cleaned two long thin bones from the wing of some sea fowl, and used them as a Chinaman does his chopsticks, only handier and neater.

We went through the ravine into the valley without any trouble. I led the way with the rifle, and old Inueet followed with a bag of provisions and his fish spear; Illua had a small bag with some ship bread in it, and a small hatchet she could make useful. We had concluded, from what we had seen, it would be useless to attempt to pass round the island on the rocky wall that inclosed it; it was too rough, and the only reasonable way was to pass round the valley on the inside, near the wall of rocks. We could penetrate into the centre when we found any chance or anything to interest us.

The clouds of steam in the centre were so thick we were very careful about going into them. We found it easy walking on the thin moss, but where it was very deep and shaky, like a bog, we had to pass round it. The stunted cedars and willow trees were scattered about, but not growing in any great numbers, and the only signs of life we saw were the thousands of waterfowl on the rocky wall around, screaming and sitting on their roosts, and, in the valley, resting and pluming themselves in the hundreds of warm-water basins. Among them we could see white swans, the northern goose, eider ducks, and many sea fowl, but no land birds except a few fish hawks. We found no signs of any vegetable thing we thought was fit to eat, except a large kind of plant and root like a wild onion; this grew in plenty, and was better and more pleasant to the taste than anything of the kind I ever ate; we lived on it every day, cooked with our food. There were a few curious plants that had flowers on them, unlike any I had ever seen. After a long walk, about half round the valley, we made a camp to rest and sleep in; spread some blankets on the moss, and made a fire of cedar boughs and dry moss, over which Illua cooked us a stew of porpoise meat and wild onions, and, with a bit of biscuit to eat with it, it was good enough for anybody.

We lay down and went to sleep in that lonely spot under the North Pole, with the north star shining over our heads, for some hours, when Illua, as usual, roused us up to travel on, after we had eaten again, for in those northern regions men must have plenty of strong food to eat or they die. We found in this part of the valley a wide open space, like a road, over flat, moss-covered rocks, that passed through the geyser, or hot spring, region, without being in danger from them.

It was a wonderful place to look at. The ground was rather warm than cold, everywhere; and in places where there was earth, and plants or the deep, mossy grass growing, it didn't appear it ever was frozen. In fact, I believe the whole valley had been, some ages ago, the mouth of a great volcano, which was filled up by the falling in of rocks and earth during hundreds of years, and the hot springs were forced up by the fires underneath. These springs, or geysers, were roaring and bursting up around us at some distance—a thousand of them, of all shapes and sizes; some from little holes and basins, and some from cones that varied from about five to forty feet high. These cones sometimes were of beautiful shape, built up of white, red, and green-colored earths, covered all over with mineral salts that sparkled in the light like millions of diamonds; some were of yellow sulphur that sparkled in crystals. The noise was deafening, and, after a while, we were glad to get away from it and continue our journey of the island. The constant rush of such an immense volume of hot air and steam upward always made a

strong current of air rushing upward over the island, but I never knew any strong winds blowing across it, or around it, winter or summer; and the waters were always smooth and quiet.

We continued round the valley without finding any change in it, until after a long journey, we found ourselves within a mile of our starting point, at the base of the white cross mountain. Here, looking about us, we found a small deep lake, fed by streams and springs rising from the snowy mountain above. There were a few willow trees around it, and its shores were rocky and mossy. We found it filled with a kind of fish, generally a foot long, silver white, and exactly like a trout in shape.

We were tired and very hungry, and old Inueet was the most wonderful chap ever was seen for inventing and making things for use on the spur of the moment. He cut a long, straight willow stick, took a line and hook from his pocket, found a small brown feather dropped from a sea-fowl, and with a piece of string and his knife, in a few minutes made a quite natural looking fly on the end of his book. In ten minutes more he had a mess of trout on the shore, for those fish had never learned about hooks or men before. They were soon made fast to a piece of cord and cooking in the nearest boiling spring. We served them up on the green moss for a table, with a biscuit and some salt, and they were very good, and we had a feast on them then and many other times. After smoking our pipes we returned through the ravine to our cavern to rest.

The weeks passed away pretty quick with us, there was so much strangeness and excitement in our situation, cut off from the world in a land no man had ever seen. Illua and I were together most of the time. She had learned enough English so we could now understand each other very well.

Old Inueet—the wonderful old chap, who must have been nearly a hundred years of age—was always busy about something, catching fish, spearing porpoises and other creatures, or mending and making his gearing and lines. In one of his bags of fish-lines he had found the handle of an old silver spoon, which had on it a crest or coat of arms, the same as that of Sir John Franklin, lost up north so long ago. With this and an old file he had found in a sailor's bag with a hammer, he pounded, and filed, and hammered, and then with a stone and dirt, polished until he had made a handsome silver ring. One day, after he had stood before Illua and I talking in his own language some time very seriously, he made me put it on Illua's little finger. She blushed a little, but didn't explain it to me; what it was for, except it was an Indian religious ceremony, I never found out.

Inueet, about the last of summer, killed a number of the beautiful white fur-seals, and, after skinning and dressing them very nicely, Illua and I cut out and made them up into beautiful new fur dresses for the winter—no French dressmaker could beat her in fitting and sewing. One of his curious customs was, every now and then, to have a sort of long council alone with himself; he would first come to me for a strong drink of rum, and then take his pipe and plenty of tobacco, and sitting down in some lonely place, smoke and meditate for hours at a time. Even Illua didn't understand it, but thought it was something connected with his religion and the spirits he believed in. After he got through he was always jolly and lively.

The sea-fowl that frequent and breed on the island in the Polar summer, mostly quit for the south in the beginning of the long winter; but there are many kinds that remain on or close about it the whole season, as it is always mild and comfortable compared with the severe cold of lower latitudes. It is the same with the fish; many kinds remain, and the walrus and seals live and breed there. During the breeding season, while the birds were laying, old Inueet preserved and packed away their eggs in the most curious fashion I ever heard of. First, in a deep ravine of the white cross mountain, about three hundred feet above the valley, the snow always lasted through the year without melting; here, with my help, he dug out a big chamber or house, and covered it in with solid blocks of snow, cut out and fitted to make a round top, as is the fashion with the Esquimaux.

After this he collected eggs by the thousands and brought them down to a small hot spring of boling water, here he put them in and boiled them hard, and then with baskets he made from the willows, we took them up and packed them in the snow-house, where they were frozen and kept good the year round. He also took porpoise meat and fat, with fish and fowl he caught, to the same place, and then we had fresh provisions whenever we wanted them. By this means we saved a great part of the stores we brought in the boat from the lost whale-ship. And when we ever started to the south again, toward inhabited regions, we could use them in the long voyage.

After the sun had set in October for the winter season the northern lights grew brighter and brighter. No painting or words can give a just idea of them; they flashed up from the horizon in spears and flames of fire, of every color and shape, and met in figures overhead like the beautiful figures we see in a kaleidoscope, never twice alike. It was our custom to sit and watch them by the hour, and old Inueet told us they were the happy spirits of his people dancing down from heaven. High up above us, the white cross changed to a blood red, reflected from the sky in their light.

The great cloudy piles of steam and vapor, that rose from the geysers in summer high above the island, were now partly turned to snow by the increased cold, and fell on the sides of the mountains and into the sea; but the snow and ice did not lay in the valley, as it never froze there, not even the trout lake. Through the winter the black volcanic mountain threw up clouds of smoke and steam, but no snow covered its sides, and we never ascended it more than a few hundred feet, as the earth was too warm. There were so many things we could busy ourselves about the winter months passed away quickly, more particularly with Illua and I, for I had found in a sailor's bag an old book on geography, and tried to teach her from it some idea of the world and the people in it. Old Inueet, after he had made me put the silver ring on her finger with his Indian ceremonies, always seemed to consider she belonged to me; and, in fact, Illua herself believed it, and was always happy when we were together, which was most of the time.

The first of March had passed by, and the light was increasing in the east every day, and we were often sitting and considering the chances of quitting the island and having a look of human kind once more, for it was a strange sort of prison life to us, living in the world and knowing nothing about it. Old Inueet kept saying to us in his wise way: "Poco tiempo, poco tiempo; summer time bueno; we go." One night in March—that is, the time of day in which we were sound asleep—we were aroused at once by the whole island trembling to its foundation, like a man in an ague fit. We rushed out and up on the rocks to our lookout place, and what we saw was fearful and terrible for human creatures to see. With a crash, as if the world was coming to an end, and noise so deafening we could not hear each other speak, the top of the black mountain was thrown into the air, on top of a column of fire, and scattered in the air as if it had been shot from a monster cannon loaded with thousands of pounds of powder. The fiery eruption rose more than a thousand feet, sometimes also casting up black smoke, steam, and clouds of rocks. The roaring and heat were constantly increasing, and all that saved the island and our lives from destruction was the shape of the black mountain, as its sides toward the sea were a precipice that leaned over at the top or crater, while on the land side it was a very gradual and long descent. Owing to this, the whole eruption of burning matter, rocks, and ashes, were cast into the sea, which was boiling near and under the lee of the mountain like a kettle; had it not been for this the valley must have been filled up and everything destroyed. The only living things except ourselves—the birds—were out on the sea screaming like mad creatures. Illua, who in her fright had forgotten to put on her fur robes, was clinging, trembling, half naked, in my arms, with her arms around my neck; and I covered her with my own furs and comforted her as well as I could. The old Indian sat still, looking at the mountain on fire, with his white hair standing up straight all over his head, and his eyes burning like coals of fire. However, he soon cooled down, lit his pipe, and sat there calmly smoking like a graven image carved in stone with a pipe in its mouth. If the fire had lapped down and turned him into a cinder that old Indian wouldn't have winked his eyes or made any noise about it.

After a while I went down into our cavern and brought up Illua's fur robes, some provisions, and a bottle of rum and water, to keep up our strength and courage. The eruption kept up the heat somewhat increasing, for about twenty-four hours, with enough matter thrown from the volcano to build up a small island in the sea; in fact, it did build up a point or cape to seaward some two miles long. The trembling continued all the time. Afterward it gradually decreased in violence, and, instead of fire, it threw out clouds of black smoke and steam. During the first day, when the heat was greatest, it extended across the whole island in the upper regions of the air, and even the snow and ice on the great white cross above our heads slowly melted away, and left the great cross standing up, composed of black rocks, over a hundred feet in height; its shape still remained perfect. It was an immense column of black rock, which made the top of the mountain, with short cross pieces that projected from the sides, evidently supported by spurs underneath, and the whole shaped exactly like a cross. When the ice and snow covered it, it flashed and shone over the polar sea as we had seen it; the second day of the eruption the clouds of steam and water commenced again rising from the thousand boiling springs and geysers, and the cross became white and shining as ever. During the eruption the geysers had almost ceased their action.

Old Inueet was much disturbed when the white cross had turned black, and kneeling down with Illua, they had taken out their crosses and beads, and recited all their prayers during a long time; but when it afterward turned white again, and took its natural appearance, they both seemed relieved and happy. After this Inueet held one of his long councils with himself for hours; then he came to me, and with the help of Illua to explain himself, told me that the Great Spirit was very angry with us for coming and living on the island, for it was holy ground; and we must quit it soon as the season would give us a chance to, or the next eruption might sink it, for the great spirit had told him so.

As I thought myself it was an uncertain place to live on, I encouraged him in his belief, and we all agreed to begin preparations for our voyage at once. In a few days we commenced and overhauled the boats, and found them in good order; but Inueet was not satisfied, and as he had found a pot of tar in one of the lockers of the ship's boat, he paid over all the seams and calked them afresh, and then making a sort of varnish, by boiling walrus oil and fish bones, he painted them over with it, and made them as strong and tight as he knew how, for we knew very well there was a hard voyage before us. As for Illua, she told me "she would be happy on the island forever, to live with me; but her father was very wise, and we must go."

The volcano had now become perfectly quiet, and the trembling had ceased; even the fish and seal were swimming about the new point of land that had been formed and made out into the sea.

I had found while living there no violent gales of wind or storms ever prevailed in the Polar Sea, nor did any strong winds ever blow directly across it. All the currents of air moved in a circular direction about this sea, at a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles from the pole—that is, before they had gained much force or strength. On the island there was such an upward rush of heated air and steam that the surrounding air was constantly rushing in to fill its place, and this made about all the wind there was. I had also found when we sailed north to the Pole there was a pretty steady wind and current setting from the southward and westward, which, on reaching far north, turned and swept in a circular course—this was during the summer months. Many times, while looking far to the east over the sea with my ship's glass, and when I was high up the side of the white cross mountain, I had seen a ripple on the water from a wind, which seemed to come from the northeast and blow to the south, during the summer and early winter months. If we could get out, and into this trade wind and current, we might, I told Inueet, be carried down to southern latitudes.

The time passed away very fast for many weeks, until the middle of June, in making all things ready for a voyage south. It was a great risk to run in a boat in the Arctic Sea, but we were forced to take it.

Inueet and Illua were at home on the water, and I had sailed on it for years. Being afraid of anything shouldn't make any part of a good sailor's life, as concerns weather and being ready for anything that comes.

The old Indian caught porpoises and fish, which we had prepared in his fashion for our provisions. The meat he put in a boiling spring a short time, dried it, and pounded it up with a little fat, salt, and the wild onion root into pemmican, which makes excellent food in the north; this he packed up in clean skin bags, made from the intestines of seals.

To make an addition to our supply of water he caught two large seals and prepared and cured their skins very carefully to make them water-tight; sewing them up at the throat, he put inside a large wooden plug with a small hole and tight stopper in it, and afterward painted them over with his oil varnish. Each of these would hold about a barrel of water, and could be put in the bottom of the boat for ballast. The wild onions we had gathered in plenty, for they would answer the purpose of bread and water.

The oil from the walrus is better even than that from the sperm whale, and when fresh may be used with the fat for cooking; this old Inueet had prepared not only for cooking, but to use in his Esquimau lamp-stove. By the last of June we were ready to leave the North Pole and its wonders. Everything in the boats was packed and stowed away shipshape. The last thing that Inueet and Illua did on the island was to kneel down facing the great white cross shining above them, and say all their prayers like good Catholics as they had been taught.

After putting off from the island we laid our course to the eastward for more than twenty-four hours, sometimes pulling our oars easily, and then taking advantage of light winds. We made the white cross our land-fall to steer by, for the compass is of no use within about two degrees of the pole. The only living creatures that kept us company in starting, and were sailing around us in the air, were the great, white albatros of the Polar Sea. They are the largest birds I ever saw, snow-white; they spread wings twenty feet across, and float in the air almost without motion of their immense wings; like white clouds they sailed about us for hundreds of miles.

We at length took the wind blowing in a steady breeze to the southward, as I expected we should, and we laid our course to the south and sailed on for some days, the wind gradually increasing, and we found underneath us a current setting south by east.

The last we saw of the great white cross was on the third day out, when it shone above the waters of the Polar Sea, like a cross of silver stars. Inueet and Illua said their last prayers before it and we saw it no more.

After sailing about two weeks through the open Polar Sea with a steady wind and current, we found ourselves in eighty-one latitude, and floating ice and icebergs in sight to the south before us. The weather had been steadily growing colder after we got south of eighty-three degrees, but the lowest temperature to suffer from by human creatures, may be found about seventy-eight north latitude, where the winds blow from arctic lands.

All our fur dresses were put on now, and we found great fields of float ice, that must have been broken off from the northern lands. For more than three weeks, we found the ice stopped our course, and we were forced to seek passages of open water, to get round and through it, sailing east, west, or anyway to pass it and find open water again. We had the Esquimau walrus-skin boat with us solely to provide against dangers of the ice-fields. For our strong boat of wood might be crushed to pieces, when that, so tough and light, would not be injured, and we could also haul it over the ice easily.

One day, passing through a channel that led by a great field of ice, I saw a dark object not far from the edge of the field, which, as we drew near, proved to be an Esquimau, sitting, spear in hand, near a seal-hole in the ice. This being the first human creature we had seen for over a year, I looked at him very curiously. Old Inueet and Illua were looking at him, and commenced talking in their Indian language about it. At last Illua turned to me and said her father told her the man was dead. I could not believe it, for I could see his face very plainly under his fur hood. But if white men have five senses, an Indian has one more, a sixth sense, which tells him things a white man can't see or understand. When we were near enough I got out on the ice and went up close to see if Inueet was right in what he said. It was a strange and sad thing to look at. The ice-field had broken away from the shore, and the Esquimau, who had gone out on it to spear a seal at his hole, had been carried to sea and frozen to death. The spear was ready in his hand with its long line and float, and his pipe was fast in his mouth, but he was frozen hard as stone, with even his eyes open. The terrible cold of the Arctic had put him to sleep and made a statue of him. Man could do nothing to help him, and we left him in the care of nature, and in company with birds of the air and fish in the sea.

After a while we sailed through and round the ice-fields, into more open water, and after some days away to the south made land, much to our joy and comfort. It proved to be Point Barrow, in the Russian possessions of North America, and getting out the chart, under Inueet's directions and piloting, we kept along shore some days toward the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which was a long distance away.

The old Indian seemed entirely at home now, and knew the lay of the land exactly. One day, the middle of August, we run round a point of land with a few scrubby trees on it, and found a little bay with a good landing-place, and quite a large Indian village. The Indians came rushing with shouts down to the shore, and when we were near enough so they could see old Inueet plainly, they sent up a shout that could have been heard for miles. He was a great chief and high priest over them all, and they received him with rejoicing as one that had returned from the dead. Great feasts were given, with music, songs, and dances; but Illua was always by my side, and I was much honored for her sake, if for nothing else.

Here the sound of eight bells was heard, the next watch roused up, came on deck, and all hands were going below, when Swipes asked another question as the mate was going below to turn in.

"I say, Tom Brace, what became of Inueet and Illua?"

Tom Brace turned his head and answered, as he went down the companion-way:

"Inueet and Illua? Well, that may make ano[illegible] story to be told."

HERBERT [illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879.

## AN ESSAY ON APPLAUSE.

BY J. W. GALLY.

In all our American Republic, when it appears on the stage of the theatre as actor, orator, or speaking performer of any reasoning sort, there is no feature of the performance so little truly sensible as that which appears in the reports, in brackets, as "applause," "great applause," "thunders of applause," etc., etc.

The theatre I refer to is the great theatre of public life, or the lesser theatre of histrionic representation. In either, the so-called applause is mostly conventional, half-brained claque, or, that other, the "put-up job" of the speaker or performer and his society of mutual admiration. In the sawdust arena, where the exertion is mostly of the muscular kind, exuding perspiration and invoking a noisy atmosphere of roast peanuts and aromatic *horse*ness, there is more reason in and for the sudden burst of loud, savage admiration; and yet even in "the circus," while the semi-barbaric spirit of the audience is watching the intricate simultaneity of two performers on the trapeze, who, by intellectual alertness, make "two souls with but a single thought," there is a tense, reverent silence, which shows that the mind—the real brain—of the audience is in full accord with the work which is going forward.

Nothing is more hollow, meaningless, shallow, than the coarse applause which barbarizes our party political assemblages. It is a "put up job." It is put up directly for each occasion, or it is otherwise put up by long usage, and borrowed out of the humbug habit of former days. Usually it is not meant as an intelligent, judicious endorsement of what the speaker says or does, so much as it is intended to say to the opposing party: See what a good, lively, ringing time we are having. In a word, it is part of the "whoop up." And in proportion as the political contest degenerates into the loud villainy of what is called the "grand rally," just in that proportion the "applause" becomes loudest, longest, drunkest, and most damnable. The less room there is in the rampant throng for cool thought and judicious expression, the louder and stronger is the "applause." The newspaper reporter who, under editorial direction, wishes to half-sole the tender feet of an aspiring party, interjects his work with parenthetical blots of "applause," "great applause." All of which interjection, if not a gratuitous falsehood, means that the boors, bums, and big boys have tried to kick holes in the floor, while each endeavored to out-yell the other—after the cue was given.

It is sadly amusing to note how, in our Presidential elections, this pernicious vice of applause grows with the warming up of the contest. Every fourth year each generation of American youth borrows of its predecessor the contagious yawp of lack-witted applause, and as rapidly as may be hurries any reason or brave brain-work which may be in the questions at issue into a mere kick-show and howling hoodlumism. The "orator" degenerates along with the evidences of appreciation which come from his audiences; or, if he will not degenerate to the lower levels, if he will cling to clear, cool sense, he must take a seat far back on the stage, and give room for the "bully boy" to come forward and fling his coarse catch-phrases into the loud mouths of the stamping multitude, and—"whoop her up." Whatever great point there was at issue is lost sight of in the desire for "inexplicable dumb show and noise." The long throng parades the darkened street under the flaunting glare of staggering torches, and halts at the out-door rostrum, or files into the public hall, filling the air with the roar of rum, and rejoicing at the latitude of its own loudness; and these things are called "plaudits" in their seperate parts, while as a whole they are described as "great enthusiasm."

As citizens having common mother-wit we know that all this thing is folly. We know that it is ridiculous nonsense, unrelieved by any lightness of airy humor, unsoftened by the fatness of good fun. We know there is no sense in it, no beauty in it, no glory in it, no anything praiseworthy in it, and yet we all do it. Why do we? Is it because we are so sodden down in our party political and other public methods that no change is possible; or is it because we are a coarse-grained people? I sometimes think it is the latter. I pretty nearly know it for a fact that we terribly overestimate our degree of improvement and refinement, and give ourselves credit for a civilization which we do not possess. The methods of the Denis Kearney kind come nearer to the inwardness of our civilization than many of us are willing to acknowledge.

The fact seems to be that we are a coarse people. The kind of people we applaud, and the way in which we applaud them, shows pretty conclusively that we are a coarse people. When I make this admission, or utter this charge, I stand among the people, surrounded by our history, while taking counsel of my conscience. I have never been elsewhere than among our people, do not desire or expect to be anywhere else; but nevertheless I say that which I say. I hope that some day we will take thought to mend our ways, but we may as well, in the first step toward amendment, admit our frailty. The churches, which by a strange custom should be our monitors in practical well doing, are, or seem to be, busy with the antiquity of great goodness or exalted in the holiness of far away duties.

I suppose that once there may have been a time when the handsome bachelor of Nazareth took thought to teach Christians how to perform and applaud the better part in common things, but that was in the barefooted days, before the triumph of Golgotha or the victories of Constantine; that was, if at all, prior to the dawn of the dimness of religious light, and perhaps previous to the prettiness of painted windows, and entirely antedated the darling delicacy and *reliquiæ* refinement of pastoral patronage and pulpit platitude. Our manner of applause is an evidence of the coarseness of our education, and that education indicates the tone of our educators.

Who educates us? In answer to this question we may as well leave out the church; for the church has fallen into a baldheadedness as to its male members, and a wonderful beadedness as to its femaleness, which is the rich and respectable route to the Valley of Dry Bones. We are educated to citizenship by nobody, but we tumble to citizenship through a chapter of accidents. The worst and the best of the accidents is the kind of daily news journals which we read in an uneasy kaleidoscopic way between bites at breakfast, or between bills at the store, or blows at the bellows. In this way we get a rambling, jerky line of information furnished to us by rattling, rapid pencil drivers, who have no object in public life (however worthy in private), but to get so much coin per column of type for the most work done in the shortest space of time under the pressure of reportorial competition. This education by the daily press creeps upon us day by day like the influence of a climate, or the ticking of a loud clock, until it becomes an unconscious part of our hourly life. The spirit of the rattling writer enters into us at every pore until we are as he is. We see things as he sees them, and therefore form ourselves on his observations. And, as he is a whooper-up of daily affairs, so we become whoopers, in part or in whole. We read our paper, or at least we read the most unworthy and sensational part of it, and then we shut up the evening doors of our office or shop, and, going to the public meeting, we join in the whoop, because the newspaper has whooped us up for the occasion.

But behind the daily journal comes the "story paper" of the *Ledger*, *Waverly*, etc., variety, and along with these comes the *Police Gazette*, the *Dime Novels*, the sensationally emotional drama, and all the other catchpenny diabolism that type is sire to. These educate us, and on top of these comes the political campaign, and the stump orator, with his tobacco-mouthed, wine-heated, whisky-cooked, base-born flattery of our unwashed egotism. We follow these educators and bow down before them with a steadiness of devotion which is wonderful to see. We are angry with any person who seeks to take away from us or disgust us with the bosom from which we draw this mental sustenance. And yet we wonder at ourselves when we are found rioting in Pittsburg in 1877 or ratifying a wild organic law in California in 1879.

We do not seem to know the offspring of our education when we see it. A few of us twaddle about churches, choice lectures, new books, and magazine writings, and seem to flatter ourselves that we are a conservative controlling force. We don't amount to a hill of beans. The spirit of the nation has gone past us like a shadow in a storm or fog. In our foolhardy haste to catch voters we have applauded and made a great noise when we should have talked sense or sat in the public throng as monuments of golden silence. But we *should have been in the throng* at all reasonable times, for by not being in the midst of affairs we left an opening for the Kearney and *Chronicle* kind of power, and that kind of power has filled or is fast filling the opening. Now it comes again—the same question. Do you not see it? It is: Which shall we applaud in order to catch votes? Shall it be Terry, Kearney, *Chronicle*, Bloody Shirt, Sectional Envy, Restriction of the Ballot, or what humbug of the humbuggers shall it be? We must soon have spasms of applause and more whoop-up. Our educated coarsenes will burst out through the thin crust of our conscientious culture.

And thus it will ever be, world without end, until we who claim to be somebody shall be willing to tumble in and do the work which is now done by the Kearneys whom we assume to call nobodies. If ours is a coarse, rough-willed people (and such I honestly think we are), it is the duty, as also it is the privilege, of those who think their education and culture is high up to step down into the moiling crowd and win honest popularity and solid influence by a show of that great grit which gave Magna Charta to the English baron, and a written Constitution to his American posterity.

Circumstances may improve our method of public response—as, for instance (beginning at the bottom, though the foundation is not scriptural), on the "Sand-lot" stamping the ground goes for nothing, as there is no resonance or echo in sand. There at least the thunder of the brogan is mute, and a punching cane is not patriotic. An enthusiastic Sand-lotter may dance himself into a fever, but there will be no more noise to his feet than to the midnight flight of an owl's wing; and Denis himself, looking down from the platform, would not be able to tell whether it was yellow-jackets or pismires that were causing his hearer to dance. Hence, the Sand-lotter must applaud with his mouth or with clapping hands, and being a true workingman, his mouth goes off more easily than his hands, therefore he yells and shouts his appreciation and indorsement. To get rid of the foot and the cane movement is an improvement, and if the youth of San Francisco who are being educated on that woe-begone plaza, which glowers beneath the rare-ripe ruins of the City Hall, will bring so much of their education into indoor meetings Denis Kearney will not have lived in vain.

Audiences are made up as much of nobodies as of somebodies. The living majority above the grass, like the silent majority under it, is not a picked lot. In North America—most especially on the Pacific side thereof—the lot is mightily mixed, and this mixed multitude, for good or ill, will have its influence on the ways and works of this republic; it will applaud that which pleases or suits its fancy, and no supercilious wisdom will put it down or blow out its light. So long as the citizen has a voice he and his wife will claim the right to poke their grimy fingers into the honorable wounds of Coriolanus, and the only way for Coriolanus to do is to stand still, and grin and bear it. He must not only grin, but his grin must simulate a gratified smile.

If we could only see and use the classic elements of our own times as reverently as we do those of the olden times our satisfaction would increase. Did Herodotus read his history on the sand-lot of Athens, or of any other Greek town? Is the origin of anything, not excepting Christianity, high toned? Nations are not born in purple and gold. Liberty herself was a female rowdy who went with a crowd at her heels collaruping along the other coast of this continent—over a hundred years ago—throwing tea into the sea, destroying stamped paper, toppling over statues of royalty, etc., and now the old gal is classic and meets with applause wherever she shows herself.

Let us not despise the beginning of things which begin in our own times. Between the grime of to-day and the dust of antiquity is only a question of time. Let us learn to applaud without waiting for Antiquity to prompt us. Let us make our applause as the blossom of our judgment. Let us cease to stamp and howl, and use as a substitute the Englishman's "Hear! hear!" or the "Brava!" "Bravo!" of South Europe, or our own "Good, good," or the more modern "Kerrect;" or anything which means something, so that we may abate the nuisance of howling, stamping, and thumping.

## STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

A few months ago the San Francisco *Chronicle* was engaged in a fierce warfare upon three rather prominent persons, named Sargent, Gorham, and Carr. It accused these persons of fraud, corruption, conspiracy, felonious complicity, falsehood, perjury, and pretty nearly every other crime in the calendar. Of Senator Sargent and George Gorham it could not say anything too opprobrious or abusive. It asserted, not once but repeatedly, and in the most specific terms, that they were bad men, that they were public enemies, that they were false and intriguing politicians, and that they could not be trusted in any capacity. Sargent and Gorham were accused by it of having been concerned in the most shameless corruption; of having betrayed the public; of having been leagued in a wicked partnership the purpose of which was naked spoliation and plunder of the public funds. Senator Sargent preferred suits for libel against the *Chronicle*, and before, and during, and after those trials, that journal hounded, and denounced, and slandered him in season and out of season, with reckless and shameless malignity and persistence. It then boasted that it had killed Mr. Sargent politically, and metaphorically it danced upon his grave. This was the relation existing, so far as the public knew, between the *Chronicle* and the three persons referred to, up to the middle of last week. But last Saturday a sudden and startling transformation occurred. Mr. Gorham had in the interval concluded that it would be easier to injure the party to which he owes everything, from outside, than from inside, and so he joined the Honorable Bilks. He then hired a hall to make a speech in against the Republican candidate for Governor, and lo! ex-Senator Sargent and W. B. Carr occupied seats on the platform. Mr. Gorham had undertaken to do the *Chronicle's* dirty work, and Mr. Sargent was there to give the moral sanction of his presence to the auspicious occasion. Let it be remembered that the *Chronicle* has never retracted, explained, apologized for, one word of its attack upon these men. They are still embedded in its columns, like flies in amber, in association with every scurrilous and contemptuous epithet in its repertory of professional billingsgate. Yet they are not ashamed to come forward and occupy its platform in public, to wear its collar, and to work in its harness. It is an old saying that politics makes strange bedfellows, but of all the singular conjunctions on record, assuredly this is the most unnatural, and, let us add, the most indecent. The public can draw their own inferences from the new alliance. They know what the *Chronicle* is. They know what Gorham is. They know what the *Chronicle* has said of Gorham and Sargent. And they can see for themselves where the latter now stand. It is impossible to add to the sarcasm of the situation by language, for it expresses at once, and in its own factors, the superlative degrees of humiliation and degradation.—*Record-Union.*

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When it was understood that Dr. Glenn was born in Virginia, "raised" in Missouri, and educated at Harvard University, near Boston, his nomination was coldly received by that portion of the high-toned chivalry that comes from Arkansas and Pike County, and lives at Hornitos and Healdsburg. That he was born in Virginia, "raised" in Pike, and "druv" oxen, was all right; but that he was educated so near Boston, or educated at all, was all wrong. However, it turns out that the Doctor never went to Harvard, and that his education is not sufficient to stamp him as an "aristocrat of larnin'." He has purged himself of this sin. He never was at Harvard; he never was in New England. Hurrah for Glenn! The poor whites are now "fur" him.

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The Nihilist propaganda in Russia is reduced to all sorts of expedients to defeat the vigilance of the police. There was a time when prohibited journals and tabooed manuscripts could get across the frontier in cotton bales or in plaster busts of the Czar. But now bales of cotton are opened and plaster busts are smashed by the custom officers. The revolutionaries have, therefore, been fain to seek for something better, and, being men of inventive minds, have found it in sardines. Sardine boxes may be weighed and charged for, but they can not be opened; and this delightful little fish has become an instrument of sedition so formidable that it is seriously a question of a prohibitory ukase upon them.

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Under the editorial heading of "Another Pinafore Lie," the *Chronicle* denounces Mr. Perkins for a "brazen display "of mendacity" because he declared that his steamers are charging cheaper rates of transportation from San Pedro than any trans-Atlantic steamships. Computing the miles from San Pedro to San Francisco, and from Liverpool to San Francisco, it appears that wheat is carried for a less cost per mile to Liverpool, and Mr. Perkins is charged with being a brazen liar. It strikes us that this is neither good morals nor good politics. Every intelligent person can realize how figures may be made to lie.

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It was a warm afternoon, and young Mr. Cummagin did not go into the house, but sat down in the pleasant porch, as was his custom, after ringing the bell. Her little sister came to the door and looked at him with some curiosity. "Does your sister Mahel know I am here, Nellie?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied the innocent prattler, "I guess she does; she told me to come out and see how shady it made the front yard when you put your feet up on the porch railing."

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After describing a newspaper scrimmage in Virginia, in which both contestants were very badly beaten, the *Chronicle* of that city remarks: "The spectators agree that the battle was a draw. Any fight between newspaper men which terminates in a draw is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and reflects discredit on Nevada journalism."

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She was once told by a gentleman friend of her acquaintance that "he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth." She looked at him carefully, and, upon realizing the size of his mouth, replied: "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup ladle."

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There is one field of labor that women can never enter: Collecting bills—for "woman's work is never dun."

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

At the Louvre, in front of the statue of the Venus of Milo, without arms. Little four-year—"What'd they cut off her arms for, ma?" Mother—"'Cause she was always putting her fingers in her nose. Four-year-old solemnly resolves to leave off that unpleasant habit.

At a fashionable soirée two young ladies, *audacieusement décolletées*, are chatting between two polkas.

"That was the Vicomte de S. who went through the last mazurka with you, was it not?"

"Yes; but only fancy, he never lifted his eyes once the whole time the dance lasted."

"Ah! that's just like him. He is bold enough for anything."

A boy was sent the other day by a gardener with a couple of beautiful, juicy pears, which he had gathered expressly for his young mistress. She took one, bit into it, and gave the other to the boy, who at once pulled out his knife and began paring it.

"You should not spoil such delicious fruit as this by using a knife to it," said she.

"I know that, but as I was running along with them in my hand I happened to drop one in a heap of dirt, and I forget now which one it is."

"Rash, sinful man," said, upbraidingly, the chaplain to the prisoner, "suppose you were to die now, what sort of a conscience would you die with, eh?"

"Oh, my conscience is as good as new; I never used it a bit," said the prisoner, proudly.

At 7 A. M. two duelists, who are to fight to the death at a place in the suburbs, meet at the ticket office of the railroad station.

"Gimme a return ticket as usual," says the first duelist to the clerk, in a terrible tone and with a ferocious twist of his moustache.

"I—I say, do you always buy return tickets?" stammers his opponent.

"Always."

"Then I apologize."

Two literary friends:

"Well, old fel, since neither of us has anything to do to-night, suppose I read you my new farce, eh?"

"With pleasure, my dear bo-oy, on condition that you let me read you this little poem of mine first—it's no end good."

"You'd better listen to my farce first—it isn't long."

"Oh, no; my poem'll only take an hour. Let's have that first."

"By Jove, now that I think of it, I've promised to meet a fellow down town."

"Lucky you reminded me of it—so have I. I had forgotten all about it. Well, ta-ta. Next time we meet we'll read—"

"Oh, certainly, by all means. Good-by." (Exeunt severally.)

Mme. de F., who babbles, babbles as she goes, has had her portrait painted by a fashionable artist.

"Very successful, don't you think?" says one critic; "quite a speaking likeness."

"Yes; one could almost fancy that it could talk if the original would only give it a chance to get a word in edgeways."

Our co-brother X. is strongly avaricious.

Yesterday, at the corner of the boulevard and of the suburb Montmartre, a little beggaress stretches him the hand.

By a hazard extraordinary X. gives a piece of money to the infant and distances himself.

"Mister," cries at the extremity of an instant the little girl, "your piece is false."

"Eh, well!" replies X., in caressing the chin of the beggaress, "keep it in recompense of thy honesty."

Fontenelle was a great lover of asparagus. One day he invited to dinner Cardinal Dubois and Mme. de Tencin. Here were three *bons vivants*, three people who doted on asparagus, but each one with a different taste in the manner of preparing it. Mme. de Tencin liked it without dressing of any kind, the cardinal always insisted on white sauce, and Fontenelle wanted it with oil. In deference to the cardinal an order was given to the cook to have ready, with white sauce, a superb and copious plate. It was the hour, and they only awaited the cardinal to seat themselves. Suddenly a servant entered and announced that the cardinal was dead. At this news Fontenelle jumped up and roared out, so as to be heard in the kitchen, "Never mind the white sauce; let there be more oil."

This was the sole funeral oration which the philosopher pronounced over the cardinal.

When Jules Sandeau was young and charming, some forty years ago, he had his matutinal coffee and roll sent in from a neighboring restaurant, and not taking sugar in his'n, was wont to confer the lumps sent with the coffee upon the printer's devil who came for proofs and copy as regularly.

In due course M. Sandeau was elected to the Academy, and one day visited the Elysée to present his respects to Napoleon. As he was coming out a tall footman approached him and said respectfully:

"I see, sir, you do not recall me—I am the printer's devil you used to give your lumps of sugar to every morning."

"Oh, you are—I recollect now, and I am glad to see, Jeecques, that you have so good a place."

The footman, not wishing to be outdone in politeness—"Yes, sir; we've both of us made our way up in the world."

### The Reason Why.

The swallows soar on high when air is clear;
When clouds obscure the sky they sweep the ground;
Thus rise our souls in joy's sweet atmosphere,
But sink to earth when sadness wraps us round.

Man has to go out and seek his path; woman's path usually lies close under her feet.

## A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC.

Rose, with her dower of golden tresses,
Sits at the open piano to night;
And the moon, in her glory of maiden graces,
Folds the room in a dream of light;
For the lamps are unlit and the curtains undrawn,
And the moonbeams float in like a silver dawn
Through all the wide windows that look on the lawn.

Delicate fingers, daintiest things,
Over the keyboard glance and gleam,
And out of the world of hidden strings
Music upfloats like a wondrous dream—
A dream fulfilled through the march of years,
In loves and sorrows, and hopes and fears,
And fever of longing, and passion of tears.

Hark! it is Beethoven, vast and deep,
Sways the souls of the yielding strings;
Now as in torture they wail and weep,
Now they whisper like wafted wings,
And now 'tis the ripple of rhythmic waves,
In star-lit seas, amid star-lit caves,
Where never a tempest rocks and raves.

And Chopin, dreamer of sad, strange dreams,
In a mist of mazurkas comes and goes;
And, tinged with a splendor of shifting gleams,
Schumann glides to a gloomful close;
And Mendelssohn, fair as the angels be,
Comes, like a breeze from a peaceful sea,
In a molten moonlight of melody.

And others are here of the soulful art,
Making their heart-beats audible—
Weber, and Schubert, and sunny Mozart,
All three beloved of the gods too well:
And, lo! they glimmer and pale and pass,
And the moonlight, bereft of them, whispers "Alas!"
And the strings give a sigh for the music that was.

And Rose, with her wonderful wealth of tresses,
Forsaketh the open piano to-night;
And the moon, in her glory of maiden graces,
Folds the room in a dream of light;
And out on the upland the winds go by,
And murmur, and mutter, and droop, and die;
All else is silent in earth and sky.

All else is silent under the sky,
For Rose has deserted the voiceful keys,
And Schumann and Schubert silent lie
In a slumber of speechless fantasies;
And the "songs without words" are sung and o'er,
And lie like waves on a desert shore
When the winds that woke them are heard no more.

Songs without words! Ah, tuneful maiden,
Thine eyes to-night have a tearful glow
Like sapphirine seas with mist o'erladen,
And fervor of sunset shining through.
To that wordless music thy soul hath sung
A strange libretto unchanted long—
Nay, words that never have found a tongue!

A strange libretto of hopes and fears,
And loves and longings and visions flown;
Ah, me, the song of the changeful years!
For Rose to-night hath a mournful tone.
And so by the window she sits and dreams,
Sits transfigured in glorious gleams,
Till herself but a part of the moonlight seems.

Rose, you are rich in golden fancies;
Your life is a perfume of sweets and flowers;
You live in an Eden of soft romances,
Where cares invade not the languid hours.
It can not be that your heart makes moan,
That you pine like a queen on a loveless throne,
'Mid splendid sorrows and hearts of stone.

Who knows? O maiden, I pray thee tell,
This river whereof thou drinkest free,
This river that flows from a social well,
This thing called Music, what is't to thee?
Hast thou a thirst that its waves can drown?
Or is it that when thou kneelest down,
And gazest into the depth unknown,

Thou seest thine own soul shadowed there,
And bendest over the mystic marge,
Rejoicing to find it a thing so fair,
Nor ever heeding how many a barge
Goes glimmering on adown the breeze,
Glimmering on 'twixt the tremulous trees,
On and on to the unseen seas?

Yet how can thy soul itself behold
In a stream so troubled that foams as it flows?
Its waters are vexed with a passion untold,
And *thou* art as soft as a dove, sweet Rose.
Beethoven loved, and was not loved again;
Chopin won little of love but its pain;
Surely *thou* can'st not have loved in vain?

Nay, I will ask no more, sweet Rose,
But leave thee alone till another day;
And only petition of One who knows
That Grief, when it find thee, as find it may,
Shall seem unto Art as a friend, not foe;
That each to the other its wealth may show,
And the Daughter of Music be brought not low.*

* Ecclesiastes, xii. 4.

The New York *World* says: "San Francisco rejoices in the possession of a Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Mann by name, who, quite unaided by the spirits of Shelley and Byron, has discovered what saints and sages failed to teach our own Mr. Kiddle, that 'Providence has wisely ordained that in the family the parents, the natural guardians and instructors of children, shall be of different sexes.' This discovery is entitled to rank with that of the famous philosopher who admired the wisdom of Providence and the eternal fitness of things as shown in the fact that navigable rivers almost always run by great cities. Mr. Mann ought to be employed to construct Republican platforms in close States."

There is a large family of Bonapartes living in Rome—the grandchildren of Lucien Bonaparte—all of whom are excluded from the line of succession to the French Empire by the law disinheriting the children of Lucien, who incurred the severe displeasure of his brother, the first Emperor. The eldest of the family is Cardinal Lucien Louis Banaparte, who lives a very quiet life in Rome, and is universally respected for his piety and charity. His brother, Prince Napoleon Charles, and his four sisters, all married to distinguished Italian noblemen, belong mostly to the Catholic Conservative party.

## BACK TALK.

The Danbury *News* gives a specimen of oral examination:

"You may translate from *pone*."

"I—I don't use one, sir."

"Please scan the first line."

"I can't, sir; I havn't scun any of them."

"Will you translate *Ostrea calelbat primo deprendere morsu?*"

"He was sufficiently skillful to catch oysters at the first bite."

"How do you render *Crediderim penetralia sparsisse nocturne cruore hospitis?*"

"I could well believe that he sprinkled the intestines of his host with gore every night."

"What do you do with *nec?*"

"Put a head on it."

"Will you name the cheapest and most common metal?"

"Coal."

"Do all mosquitoes bite?"

"No; only the females."

"How can you distinguish the females?"

"You can tell them when they bite."

"What can you say of the architectural works of Babylon at this time?"

"The hanging walls of Babylon, the Towers of Eden, and the Garden of Babel were the marked characteristics of the city during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews, and were reckoned among the Seven Wonders of the World."

"What is excusable homicide?"

"When a man kills himself in self-defense."

"How do you define virtue?"

"Virtue? Virtue is—why, virtue—virtue is its own reward."

"What is a perennial herb?"

"One that grows continually, but dies annually."

"By what method of reasoning do you infer that a bullet is hot after it strikes a target?"

"By picking it up, sir."

"What is velocity?"

"Going at a certain rate."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The rate of going."

"Will you mention six animals of the frigid zone?"

"Three polar bears and three seals."

"Of the two kinds of proof one kind, probable or moral, has already been mentioned. What is the other?"

"Improbable and immoral."

"What is an antidote for arsenic?"

"Nitric acid."

"What is the next point?"

"Anthropology."

"Explain a little further."

"Well, a man's hand is not much different from a monkey's, and—his mind isn't either."

"What purpose do the bones of fish serve?"

"They make them hard to eat."

"In using the telescope where is your object?"

"Oh, the object is to get an enlarged image."

"Give me some account of the battle of Lake Champlain."

"On what plain, sir?"

"What position did Pitt take on the employment of Indians as mercenaries by the British?"

"I do not know. Chatham, however, was very violently opposed to that policy."

"Mr. T., do you know anything about Sancho Panza?"

"I believe he was the clown, Mark Twain, or P. V. Nasby, of Spain."

"What is the derivation of the Spanish word 'mariposa?'"

"Mare, the sea, and—and—pono to bring forth; mariposa, to bring forth on the sea."

"Will you give me the plural of forget-me-not?"

"Forget-us-not, sir."

"State the distinction between the words 'purpose' and 'propose.'" (Long pause.) "Well, suppose I say 'I purpose going away to-night;' is that right?"

"I thought you purposed going away last night, and consequently I don't know."

The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; nor is it the man with the largest mouth who gets the most favors in this world. A very quiet stranger entered a real estate office and softly asked if he could use a blotting pad a moment. One was handed him, and he sat down to a table, look around, and said:

"Ah! thanks; but have you pen and ink?"

They were furnished him. He tried the pen on the pad, shook the ink around, and modestly continued:

"If you could spare a sheet of paper?"

A sheet was handed him. He wrote a brief letter, folded it up, and whispered:

"I shall have to beg an envelope of you?"

An envelope was passed over, and when he had directed it he looked all over the table, under the table, up at the ceiling, and inquired:

"You couldn't lend me a stamp, could you?"

A three-center was handed out, and, when it had been licked on, the stranger rose and started out, saying:

"As you have no office boy, I suppose I shall have to take this letter to the office myself"

### A Harvest Song.

There is an old man of old Sutter,
Who loves a young maid but can't suit her;
So he swore by the gods he would shoot her.
She told her mamma, who, with the aid of papa,
Cut and thrashed the lower end of old suitor.

MARYSVILLE, July 13, 1879. D. P.

Here is a story with a moral: A good little boy picked blackberries all day for fifty cents, and started to the circus, but met a poor little boy who was a cripple, and had a dozen starving sisters, cousins, and aunts. The good little boy made himself into an eleemosynary institution, gave his fifty cents to the beggar boy, cried until the show opened, and then crawled under the canvas and dead-headed it. Twenty years afterward that good little boy ran away with his friend's wife, and just the other day the husband died and left him $1,000, saying that he made it a rule never to [illegible] favor.

## A DEAD VASHTI.

Do we indeed desire the dead should still be near us, at our side?

"I do not know how it is with others," said the spirit, looking away from the Sunday child to the red and spectral moon that was arising from the tossing ocean into a mass of heavy, broken clouds; "for since my death I have been alone; but when I left my human form I felt few of the affections, the passions of life, and thus death has made but little change in me. I can not believe, however, that all the dead carry as much of their old life into the new as I have, for few can be cursed as I have been with a granted prayer. What my life in the land of spirits might have been I can not tell you, but I know that all I have suffered comes from my folly, my wickedness in praying for my own will! But my life upon earth had been so complete, so happy, it seemed as if I might be justified in thinking that it ought to give me the same bliss if it was made eternal. My love for Philip was so pure and true that it seemed as fit that it should govern me in one life as in the other. Other women, I suppose, have loved their husbands as well, but few would have had the temerity to stake their eternal happiness on human fidelity as I did. But my love was a part of my being, and I thought no more of its extent or duration than of the density of the air I breathed. It was never put to the test of neglect or misunderstanding, and was never subject to question. Looking back now, it seems impossible that I ever lived without Philip, for all my days before I knew him are but fragments of a half-forgotten time. Of his love I had no doubt. It satisfied me. And we were not only lovers, but also comrades. I was but an amateur where he was master, but I followed him attentively, eagerly. I like to remember those days when we wandered like children through the woods, when we climbed, sketched, laughed, and sang together, and I often wonder if any mortals are as happy now. At home we had our hours of work, of merry talk, and happy plans. We had the excitements of the exhibition days, the pleasures of social life, and then we had also my dear little girl, our Nellie. Sometimes I fancy that such happiness can not die, that if our words and actions perpetuate themselves such vivid experiences can not fade away, and that I may some time find it all passed into an eternal form. But these are dreams, for everything has changed, and I know that nothing can be eternal that is not based upon truth, upon faithfulness.

"You can understand, although you are so young, and are just learning how love transfigures everything, that my life with my husband was so complete that we did not dream of any change; we did not comprehend that we could ever be parted. I have heard women say that they have trembled when they were very happy, knowing that there must be an end to their joys, but I had no such fears. Still it came to me, and in a horrible shape.

"I knew that I was very ill, and that Philip was anxious and wretched, but I never thought that I might die. My fierce pain gave me no hint of death, and so it came almost without warning. I would not believe that I must go away, and that this brief illness meant death was incredible, preposterous! I shrank from thinking of it; I cried out that I would not die; I would not leave Philip!. I begged my physicians for life; I entreated Heaven to spare me; I almost broke my husband's heart by my wild cries for life. It was a bitter struggle! I prayed for annihilation—for anything but the knowledge that we were separated. Do not think that I forgot Nellie, or that I did not grieve to part with her; but other mothers have loved their children for their father's sake, and I could have surrendered anything to have kept him. I could trust her to a higher love, but for us there was nothing but daily, hourly union.

"The night before I died—for who can thrust away the inevitable!—I lay close in Philip's arms as he knelt by my bedside. I was almost helpless, but I clung body and soul to him. It was poor comfort to tell each other that this was but a temporary separation; that we had yet an eternity in which to live together. Eternity was indefinite and far away, while our parting, his lonely life, my waiting hours, were so near. I can not forget how he wept as he held me close, closer to him, and how his courage failed as he realized how fast my hour of departure was hastening to us! I do not now know how it was that we did not die together that night. We talked of it, and it seemed so easy and natural that we thought we could not help it; but the daylight came, and we were still alive, clinging to each other.

"But this night of agony did more than death alone could have done, for it shaped my future. Out of our frantic grief there came a prayer that has fixed me here, and which has taught me of what love is made. Together that night we besought heaven to give me no other happiness than that I had known in life, but to let me linger near my home, and be with my husband until he died. I cried out that any other existence would be hell to me; and with desperate hands we beat against the doors of prayer, and pleaded for power to choose our own future.

"The next night I died. All day I had laid on my bed passive and quiet. My grief had worn me out, and I could not have spoken had I wished. Philip sat by me holding my hand, but he, too, was silent. I felt vaguely that mine was the easier task—that living could be harder than dying; but I had no words with which to comfort or strengthen him. I could faintly smile when he would bend his head, and I wondered if he knew how much I liked to lie quietly and look at him. Yet I did not care for it all. I remember the watchful indifference with which I regarded my physician's face, and followed the motions of the nurse about the room. I remember my sister's tears, and how little Nellie sat by me on the bed with her doll until she fell asleep on my pillow. I remember how the hours measured themselves away, how the sunshine deepened and faded, how the night came, and all grew dim and silent. An absolute hush rested upon the earth. The fire blazed, but had ceased its crackling; the watchers moved noiselessly about the room; the street had become quiet, and everything seemed awaiting some coming, some solemn change. As Philip leaned over me, and I saw his lips move, but heard no sound, I fancied that perhaps my hearing had gone from me, but I cared nothing for it. Then the fire grew dim, the room seemed full of shadows, the lights faded away, and my eyes beame heavy, but I did not care to shut them, or to brush away the film that covered them. My breath gained substance and began to push its way through my lungs, my throat seemed closing, and then suddenly everything changed.

"It is not to my purpose, even were I allowed, to tell you anything of the conditions of my present life, or to explain to you how I can reveal myself to you, and why it was that Philip could never see me. All that I am to tell you is connected with the earth.

"After the surprise was over I turned to Philip, who was kneeling by the bed. He could not believe that I was dead, but called vehemently on me to look at him. I remember the joy with which I sprang to his side, and, putting my arms around, tried to turn his head away from the dead body to my living, happy face. He was deaf, he was blind to me. Our prayer, our compact was as nothing: he knew only the dead wife. I was as indifferent to the body as to a shadow on the wall; but to be clinging to him unrecognized, unfelt, terrified me, shocked me! I can not dwell on this, but after all was over, and the body was carried away, he was still ignorant of my presence. I followed his aimless steps through the house; I stood by the chair as he sat idly at his easel; I watched with him through the long nights, but he never suspected that I was there. How often when he has called me have I answered, and when he has prayed for one glimpse of me have I clung to him, but had no sign from him to tell me that he even blindly guessed that our prayer might have been granted. I have put my arms around him; my head has lain upon his shoulder; I have passionately called upon him, but still been as empty air. Yet it comforted me to be with him, and I could not doubt that some time he would come to know my presence. It was impossible, I thought, for him to dwell in such an atmosphere of love and always be unconscious of it. Why, we thought of each other, we longed only for each other, and so he must at last come to know how near I was, and then, I thought with joy, waiting would lose its pain.

"I could laugh as I now think of this fond and foolish fancy—of my trust in time in a man's intuition. Why, I did not even know that men do not nurse grief as we do; and I was surprised by Philip's resolute bravery in turning to work and trying to forget in study all he had lost in love. But do not think it was easy for him. I was much too intimately connected with his art not to be always suggested by it, and my dumb and unknown presence awakened none of the old inspiration of our talks, our mutual sympathy and interest. Sometimes his desire for me became so intense that I felt that my time for recognition had surely come, and I have knelt, clinging to him, waiting for that blessed smile of knowledge, but all in vain.

"Time, however, smooths all griefs for mortals, and soon life began to run tranquilly in the house. Nellie was under my sister's care, and Philip became absorbed in work. The old sparkle and gayety was gone, but youth and vigor were left, so they lived pleasantly enough, and I wandered through the rooms lonely but not forlorn. I could not be miserable, for I was ever with them. And I could not but be happy in seeing how tenderly I was remembered, how constantly I was thought of by them all. Nothing was changed, for even my work-basket kept its place in Philip's room, and some of my ribbons were still tumbled in with his collars. Thus some years passed away. Nellie grew tall and pretty, and Philip became graver, more studious, and was as famous as he was popular. I do not believe that he ever thought of making any change in his life, of filling my place in his home or heart. I never dreamed it was possible! But ignorance is a poor safeguard, and at last the time came when the shadow began to lift from off his life, to deepen over mine. I do not know how to tell you more, the thought of speaking of it almost strikes me dumb, but I must, I must! I am compelled to do it. And it all came of a picture—a picture of youth and beauty; and she—Esther—came to sit for it. You need not expect me to tell you much of her, for some things are impossible; but she had been as a school-girl a pet of mine. She was the daughter of a friend, and she was pretty, she was rich, she was good and loving. What else could any mortal ask for? These quiet hours in the studio were pleasant to both of them, and one day Philip broke the silence of years and spoke of me to her. She was glad to talk of me, for she had been fond of me, and she told him of what I had said to her; she brought him a little drawing I had made of Nellie for her. They spoke of me lovingly and gently, but I stood off and wrung my hands in anguish. The most cruel silence would have been better than these confidences which brought them so close together.

"But what a wonderful picture he painted! How fair, how lovely she looked upon the canvas, and how happy she was when the painting was praised? She danced for joy when she first saw it in its frame; but I—I who knew so well what a success it was—I did not rejoice. I did not look at the picture; instead I watched the soft and tender smile with which Philip regarded her. Need I tell you more?" she said, in a husky voice, standing up and clenching her hands. "Must I repeat the history of these days as though it was a story I was telling you? Have I not suffered penance enough in witnessing a grief I could not comfort, a resignation that I could not share, and a happiness that made me desperate; but must I also put it all into words? But there was one trial spared me. I did not have to witness the growth of this new love, for I rarely saw them together during the days of courtship. She did not come often to the house after the picture was finished, and so I escaped this much. Yet I knew when they saw each other, and he was no laggard wooer. I never followed him or her, for I could not leave the home where we had lived, but in thought I was never parted from him. How often have I paced the floor in lonely agony, waiting for his return from her house. I have crouched in the corner, fearing, yet eager to see him enter with the new happiness in his eye, the new elasticity in his step. I saw him grow brighter and gayer, and as he whistled or sang in his work I have fled away in helpless agony. Yet he had not forgotten me, and in the midst of the new life that was thrilling through him I was still dear to him. I can not pretend to understand a man's love, nor to tell you how faithfulness to an old affection, and desire for one that is new, can dwell in the same heart. He thought of me tenderly. I was a part of a past too dear to be forgotten, but I did belong to the present. He had lived without me, and I was no longer necessary to him, but this younger love was very near and real to him.

"At last he brought her home, and with many smiles and happy glances he led Nellie to her new mother. It seemed very proper to the people who filled the house that her grace and youth should mate with his dignity and reputation, and that they should love each other; but none of them saw, few thought of the disembodied wife who was still chained to his side by links he had helped to forge, and who, standing unsuspected in their midst, cursed—not the bride nor her husband—but her own immorality.

"Yet as I watched the merriment with a most bitter scorn of my suffering, and a fancy how Philip might well paint a love dancing on a coffin for his next picture, I yet felt glad to know that I had not been the one who was false to that dreadful night of vows and prayers. If he had died, *I* would have been faithful. My need of love would have been as great; I might have longed for protection, for even bread, but I would have had no other husband. I was glad, for it is well to be faithful. A new love may bring new sweetness and content, but constancy has its own sweet rewards, and the widowed heart would seek no strange hand if it did but know what remains to those who are true.

"This was years ago as you count time; but until to-night I have lingered around my home—my old home that was changed and beautified for another mistress. I have nothing to tell you of their life that does not seem to be pleasant. They have been prosperous; they have known many joys and few sorrows; they have traveled; he is famous and he is also rich. Is that not enough? And Nellie, too, has been content. Esther has not allowed the child to miss me, and although other children claim equal love from her father, they have never robbed her. Is not this best? your questioning eyes ask me. Perhaps it is. I have often taken my jealous heart to task, and remembering how solitary Philip's home would have been, how much he had gained in these new loves, I have tried to say it *was* the best. But he was not bound to me only for life—for my life. Our love reached out toward the other world and swore eternal fidelity, and I—*I* have not been freed from him.

"But this is not all. I might reconcile myself to this and be content. I love Philip so truly that I think I could sacrifice my dearest, most selfish wishes to him, and be satisfied to see him prosperous and happy. But whether it is a keener sight that I possess, whether it is a natural change that comes to all who submit to the influence of the world, I know not; but Philip is not the same artist—he is not the same man; but this, I think, no one knows; that his pictures have changed is clear to all. Once he worked for the sake of the best; now he works for 'success;' and Esther rates his paintings at the price they bring. But had I lived even this might have been. Yet this is not all. The sting, the bitterness of my bereavement, is in the knowledge that we are parted for ever. If Philip had not grown so far away from me in the years in which he has not known me, I could expect some happy reunion with him, but this man will need me no more in heaven than he now does upon earth. If I could now return to him and take Esther's place by his side I would jar upon him, displease him. He might love me, but there would be little affinity between us. And I—have I not changed? Has not my ignorance turned to bitterness, my confidence to disbelief? But it seems to me that a little sunshine would bring back all that was sweet and good in me—yet I can not tell. But this I know: in the future the soul of this man will lay no claim to mine. We get nothing without its price, and Philip has paid for a second love by the loss of all he once thought dearest. Still it may be best, it may be right.

"As for myself, some change is coming to me. It must be so, or I would not be here to-night. You know what perhaps is to occur; you know how long I was to linger; but of this I can not speak. If I shall never see him again, do you think I can talk of it?

"But, child, it fills me with wonder as I think that the spirit world in which I have so long dwelt, of which I know nothing, is now, perhaps, to be revealed to me. I have no fear of it. I believe that when I enter Paradise—and I can not believe that its doors are for ever closed against me—that in some way the lost love of my husband, the misled affection of my child, will be made up to me. Heaven defrauds us of nothing; and as we are created to love and be loved, is it not true that there must be compensation somewhere if it is torn from us, or denied to us?

"But be that as it may," she said, looking down upon her companion with sad and tender eyes, "you are a woman, and I have a charge to give you. I warn you, child, that your love to heaven can not be too strong, your love for man too true; but while you give to man the sweetness and comfort of your life, you must look to heaven alone for faithfulness."

When the girl looked up again the morning star shone over the sea, a fresh wind blew out of the yellowing sky, but she was alone upon the sands. LOUISE STOCKTON.

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A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* declares that the young ladies that you see at Coney Island are not the rich and ugly kind that you see at Saratoga. They are dashing actresses, flirting shop girls, and the handsomest women in the country. When a fellow invites a young lady to Coney Island to go in bathing with him and give her a fish dinner, you may be sure that she is a pretty girl. A ravishingly beautiful young lady was running around on the beach, her bathing trowsers up to her knees. She was a graceful swimmer, and had a laugh as sweet as Levy's silver bugle. In that democratic element—the waves—she was the most beautiful young lady to be seen. And this young lady was a simple shop girl at Stewart's on $5 a week. With a Worth toilet she would outshine Mrs. Langtry. This beautiful girl was escorted to Coney Island by a Chicago merchant, who is here only for a few days, to replenish stocks of goods. No flirtation for him!

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The Marchioness of D. is very proud of her nobility, which reaches back to the Crusades. She is also fond of her admirable hands—the finest, without doubt, in all Paris. The other day she gave one of these marvels to a friend to kiss. He could not refrain from enthusiastically expressing his admiration, declaring that her hands were the divinest, etc. "I should think they ought to be," said she; "hands that haven't worked in the kitchen for five hundred years!"

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When Gorham was asked by a friend what he proposed to do, he replied that he intended to fight it out on this lying if it took all summer.

## NOMENCLATURE OF CALIFORNIA.

The names of places in California owe their origin generally to some one of the following sources:

1. Honorary.
2. Scriptural.
3. Descriptive.
4. The retention of the original Indian name.

Names honorary are few in number in California, and consist, so far as known, of but three: Mendocino, being Cape Mendocino, discovered by Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, during the month of December, in the year 1542—three hundred and thirty-six years ago. Cabrillo was the first Spanish navigator of this coast, and named the cape he discovered Mendocino, in honor of the then Viceroy of New Spain—afterward called Mexico. Another Viceroy was favored by Sebastian Viscaino, also one of the early voyagers, who anchored in the bay, at the opposite shore of Santa Cruz, on the 16th day of December, 1602—two hundred and ninety-six years ago—and named it Monterey, to honor the Viceroy under whose orders and patronage Viscaino made his voyage. Some say it is a compound word, being Monte (mountain) and Rey (king), or King Mountain. But this is incorrect. In the years 1795—eighty three years ago—Spain had commenced the founding of a colony adjacent to Santa Cruz, just beyond the other end of the bridge that spans the San Lorenzo, and the name of the new foundling was a matter of some import. So the commissioners appointed to select the place for a new colony, after having done so, concluded to call it *Branciforte;* but first obtained permission from the Viceroy of Spain to honor *him* in that way. The original document pertaining to the mater, and the reply of the Marquis of Branciforte, Viceroy of Mexico (not of New Spain, as formerly), dated January 25, 1797, conceding the use of his name, may yet be found among the Spanish archives in San Francisco.

Scriptural names are common, and their use appears to have been established by the early missionaries; who from reverence and pious zeal, in every instance when naming a place, made use of some name contained in the scriptures by which to designate it. This custom was followed in some measure by the inhabitants who came afterward. And they carried it farther; so much so, that when a child was taken to the font to be baptized, one of the names given to it would be the name of the saint applicable to the day upon which the child was born; and there being in the church calendar a saint each day in the year, there was certainly the name for some saint for any day in the year upon which a child might be born. It is not the mode in any part of Spanish America for a person to speak of his birth-day; such a day has no reckoning; but instead, when allusion is made to the subject, the phrase is, "My saint's day!"

So also when any of the inhabitants obtained a grant of land from the Spanish or Mexican government, they would give the name of some saint, or a scriptural name to the tract of land granted, as are the following situated in California:

Las Virgenes, the virgins, allusion to the foolish virgins; San Pedro, holy Peter; Laguna de la Merced, Lake of Mercy; San Pablo, holy Paul; Las Llagas, the wounds on the cross; Santa Ana, holy Anna; San Vincent, holy Vincent; San Francisquito, dear holy Francis; San Dieguito, dear holy James; San Augustin, holy Augustin; Cañada de San Miguel, holy Michael's ravine; Santa Maria, holy Mary; Lomas del Espiritu Santo, hills of the Holy Ghost; Santa Ana y Quien Sabe, holy Anna and who knows; Las Cruces, the crosses; Jesus Maria, Jesus Mary; Vallecitos de San Marcos, holy Mark's small valleys; San Luicita, dear holy Lucy; Cabeza de Santa Rosa, head of holy Rose; San Benito, holy blessed; Rio de Jesus Maria, Jesus Mary's river; San Pedro y Gallinas, holy Peter and chickens; San Juan Bautista, St. John the Baptist.

Among the descriptive names of tracts of lands and places are the following: Toro, bull; Las Posas, the wells; Cueros del Venado, deer skins; Pescadero, the fishing place; Sausalito, small willow; Ajo de la Coche, pig's eye; Arroyo de las Nuces, nut creek; Punta de Pinos, pine point; Valle Desploblado, deserted valley; Punta de Cypreses, cypress point; La Soledad, solitude; Sal si Puedes, get out if thou canst; Los Alimitos, the small elms; Paso de Bartolo Viego, Old Bartolos Pass; Monte del Diablo, devil's hill or thicket; Laguna Seca, dry pond; Las Aromas, pleasant odors; Agua Caliente, hot water; Los Gatos, the cats; Laguna de la Calabases, calabash pond; Cienega de las Ranas, frog swamp; El Conejo, the rabbit; Piñacates, tumble-bugs; Piedra Blanca, white stone; Posa de los Ositos, little bear's well; Rincon de la Balleux, whale's corner; Cañada de la Brea, pitch ravine; La Pastona, pasturage ground; Arroyo Grande, big creek, and numerous others. Among them is Pajaro River, near Watsonville. Pajaro, as every one knows, means bird, hence the stream in English would be called Bird River, indicating that in its bed and on its banks there had been and yet might be seen numerous birds. But the fact is that a bird is rarely to be seen in the neighborhood. Questioning my native Indian guide as to why the stream was called Bird River I received the usual reply of Quien sabe?—who knows? Shortly afterward I lived a year near its banks, still on the outlook for birds in number and variety sufficient to justify the name, and never had it explained till about a year ago, in reading the diary of a journey of Junipero Serra from San Diego to Monterey. There I learned that when the reverend father arrived at the bank of the stream he gave it a scriptural name. He had with him an escort of soldiers who would also name the different places of note, and they not being religiously inclined, would generally adopt a descriptive name. They found upon the bank of the stream a very large and to them strange bird, which had been killed by the Indians, and left there partly stuffed, so they named the stream Pajaro or Bird River. This was upon Saturday, the 14th day of October, 1769, one hundred and nine years ago, and it has retained the same name ever since. The reverend father mentioned continued his journey through this country to Pescadero, when he retraced his steps. He was the first European who trod the soil of these parts, and upon arriving at the stream spoken of in the beginning of this as being bridged, he named it San Lorenzo, in commemoration of St. Laurence. This was Tuesday, October 17th, 1769.

The word Vaquero is in common use among those who have or breed cattle, and by such is pronounced Buckhara Vaca meaning cow, and Vaquero, one who tends or herds cows or cattle; a cow-herd.

There is on the road to San Francisco, beyond San José, a large tract of land which was granted by the Spanish government by the name of Las Pulgas, commonly called Pulgas Rancho, and is, when translated, the place of fleas. The Spanish word for thumb is Pulgar, from whence comes pulga, or flea; the connection between them is easily understood, and in a double sense by those who have endeavored by the use of the thumb and its adjunct to catch the tormenting insect.

The naming of Arizona is easily traced. The early missionaries, in exploring the country north of Sonora, by the way of the Gulf of Lower California and Colorado River from Mexico, arrived at a part where they encountered many Indians, who were remarkable for having very large and flattened noses, and the soldiers forming the escort called that part of the country Narizona, or Big Noses. Since then the name Narizona has been abridged somewhat by dropping the N, and we have Arizona—becoming every day more known by reason of its reputed great mineral wealth. Some writer has given the origin of the word as being derived from "arid zone," but the above is the true origin—Narizona, Big Nose, less the letter N, leaving it Arizona.

The Gulf of California, lying between the peninsula of Lower California and the coast of Sonora, was formerly called and named, in early Spanish maps, the Mar Roxo, or Red Sea. One would suppose that it was so named because of its waters being tinged with red In this supposition he would be mistaken, for it was called the Red Sea by its Spanish discoverers because of its resemblance in conformation to the Red Sea or Gulf of Arabia, which runs from Suez between the coasts of Africa and Asia.

The earliest navigators of the coast of California, when sailing north of California, made a landing, and had a friendly intercourse with a tribe of Indians found there, who had very long, pendulous ears, formed so from the habit they had of slitting the lobes, and using them as a receptacle in which they carried their ornaments, such as earrings, on a very large scale. The sailors called these Indians the Orejones, or Big Ears; and in time the name was curtailed to Orejon, or Big Ear. Anglicize the word Orejon, and you have our Oregon. And such is the origin of the name of the State of Oregon. To the understanding of one of the Spanish race it is nothing more nor less than Orejon, or Big Ear, it being a true Spanish word indicating and meaning a large ear.

The Spanish soldiery, that always accompanied the missionaries in their land expeditions, and the navigators upon their voyages, at the time when Spain held an absolute dominion, by sea and by land, over the whole of California, and the adjacent coast and country, were doubtless rude and unlettered, and to them must be attributed many of the descriptive names herein quoted.

It is true such names do not exhibit much degree of poetic sentiment; but if we will for a moment admit that these soldiers were the inferiors, if not the equal, of an after immigration of a large number of the inhabitants of the well-known counties of Posey and Pike, in the State of Missouri, who, upon arriving in California—say about the year 1850—gave to the places where there they followed their pursuits such names as Dead Man's Cañon, Murderer's Bar, Jackass Gulch, Hangtown, Shirttail Cañon, One-horse Flat, Red Dog, Whisky Hill, Fiddletown, You Bet, etc.

Then, with the admission that the soldiery of Spain of centuries ago were the inferiors, if not the equals, in intelligence of the Missourians of 1850, still the descriptive names given by the former, and first pioneers, are not so coarse nor ill-meaning as one might suppose them to be were not the contrast made.

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Garrick delighted in elaborate practical jokes, which he would plan and carry out with the laborious elaboration of the elder Matthews. The eccentric Dr. Monsey was often his butt. One evening when the Doctor called he found Garrick ill in bed, though announced for the part of "King Lear." The actor, in feeble and whining tones, explained that he was too ill to act, but that there was a player in the theatre called Marr, so absurdly like him and such a mimic that he had ventured to entrust him with the part, and was certain the audience would not perceive the difference. The other seriously remonstrated with him on the danger of attempting such a trick, the disrepute and the certain ruin that would follow if he were found out. Garrick persisted, and begged the Doctor to attend and report the result. On his departure Garrick leaped up, rushed to the theatre, and acted the part. The Doctor, bewildered and half-doubting, hurried back at the close of the play, only to find the actor in his bed again, though he had not had time to get rid of of his "Lear" dress.

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A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at an inn much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to have a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise. The guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him, "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum. Such remarks have no effect upon me."

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**LXXXIX.—Sunday, July 27.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Tomato Ochra.
Melon.
Turbot Bordelaise.
Veal Cutlet, Cream Sauce.
Stuffed Egg-plant. Summer Squash.
Roast Lamb. Mashed Potato.
Cucumber Salad.
Frozen Peaches and Cream. Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apricots, Peaches, Gages, Plums, Pears, Figs, Apples, Nectarines, Large Strawberries, and Grapes.

To Cook Turbot Bordelaise.—Bone and skin the fish; cut in slices, and dip each piece in melted butter and then in beaten egg; roll in bread crumbs and broil. While broiling on rather a slow fire, turn several times and keep basting with melted butter; the more butter it absorbs the better the fish. A dish of steamed potatoes is served with it.

The following sauce is eaten with it: Chop and fry till half done two small green onions or four shallots. Put half a pint good meat gravy into a small saucepan; set on the fire, and as soon as it commences to boil pour into it slowly, stirring with a wooden spoon, a gill of claret wine, then the onions, and a piece of beef marrow finely chopped. Give one boil and serve.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Woman's Mission.

Pondering on Adam's situation,
(Such thoughts instructive are),
Ere, in the dawn of the creation,
Eve rose, its morning star—
How melancholy seemed his station!
How perilous his elevation!
Imperial, absolute, and lonely,
A king—among dumb creatures only!
How any single man would harden
Left to himself in any garden,
Without a being to restrict him
In spending nights or losing days,
Of inconsistency convict him
Or tell him of his slovenly ways;
Without a moment's sick sensation,
And need of nursing and attendance,
To make him realize dependence;
And where no buttons lost from sleeves
Showed the necessity of *Eves*.
But, in the glory of her mission,
Upon the earth a woman stands,
And lo! the patriarch's condition—
A puppet in her hands—
He rules, refrains, dislikes, desires,
Precisely as she pulls the wires.
And now, methinks, the only reason
That woman is permitted still,
With change, deceit, caprice, and treason,
To thwart and baffle men at will,
Is lest, without her, we succeed in
Forgetting we have lost our Eden.

MARYSVILLE, July, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### After the Siesta.

Come from thy dreaming—the daylight is dying,
From the sweet Southland the breezes blow free,
Over the meadows the night-birds are flying,
Fragrance is stirring 'mid blossom and tree.

Far in the westward the red clouds are glowing,
Dabbled with purple and flashing with gold;
O'er the horizon there banners are flowing,
Trailing the hills with voluptuous fold.

Far in the distance the blue sea is gleaming,
Moaning in silvery tones to the light,
Catching the last of the day's rosy beaming,
Flashing it back in the face of the night.

Come from thy dreaming—the flower-bells are swinging,
Breathing out fragrance 'mid gathering dew;
Faint sounds the tremulous vesper-bells ringing
Out from the distance so shad'wy and blue.

Come, for the heat of the day is declining,
Cool winds are stealing from mountain and sea,
Softly the star of the evening is shining;
Come, for my spirit is sighing for thee.

Come from thy dreaming—the willows are swaying,
Trailing their locks in luxuriant woe;
Delicate odors are lazily straying
Down through the valley all bloomy and low.

Come, for the purple-winged twilight is shading
Mountain and valley, wild forest and sea;
Far in the westward the red light is fading;
Come, for my spirit is calling for thee.

OAKLAND, July, 1879. M. L. CLOUGH.

### Nobody's Cat.

Homeless and friendless, tormented by boys,
Sick with life's miseries, missing its joys,
Wandering nightly in search of a rat—
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat.

Lurking round outhouses, mewing at doors,
Begging a morsel from plentiful stores,
Nothing she got but a blow or a "scat!"
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat.

Somebody's chickens were murdered one night—
Who ate the Dominiques in the moonlight?
Did her fierce hunger impel her to that—
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat?

Sleek, pampered house-cat, how little you care,
Purring or dozing on cushion or chair!
Sighing, she saw you, so glossy and fat—
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat.

Guilty or innocent, lifeless she lies,
Hopelessly staring at Death's grim surprise,
Caught and torn by the horrible trap—
Poor old unfortunate, nobody's cat.

Nine lives of poverty, suffering, hate,
Without even heaven to compensate,
Now all is over. Write: *Requiescat.*
Sleep well, O fortunate Nobody's Cat!

CALISTOGA, July, 1879. JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

### Buried.

Afar, from the summit of Geyser Peak
To the mighty Pacific Sea away,
From this lofty pinnacle, bare and bleak,
Stretches an ocean of foggy gray.
Entombed is the valley, deep buried the town,
Ensbronded the river that windeth down,
And a dripping pall doth the gray mist make
For the myriad lesser hills below,
Over whose summits the fog-waves break
In their march majestic, grand, and slow.

It is early morn, and the murky mass
Is rolling inland, and to my feet
This mighty sea monster, through the pass,
Is stealthily stealing up to greet
The mountain top with his kiss of death,
A giant clasp and an icy breath;
But the sun, unveiling in splendor bright,
Looks down on the earth in her death-damp shroud,
And with tiny wedges of golden light
Makes a million rifts in the floating cloud.

Transformed to a scene of chaos grand,
Like a heaving sea after howling storms,
The vapors before his magic wand
In varied and pantamorphic forms
Retreat, and in curling columns fly
From hill and valley toward the sky.
And afar, from the summit of Geyser Peak,
O'erlooking the hills, the town, the bay,
Again I gaze, but I vainly seek
For the foggy fleet that has fled away
From the pinnacle where the clouds'ets pla

HEALDSBURG, July, 1879. F. P.

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.*

About twenty-one years ago William H. Seward thanked God that the last Democrat was born. This was a mistake; he did not sufficiently qualify the expression. If he had said, "Thank God the last Democrat has been born of American parents," he would have announced a literal truth. Democrats are being created by courts, and away down among the more ignorant and vicious of our foreign population an occasional male child, brought up without mental culture or moral discipline, becomes a Democrat. The House of Refuge, the County Jail, and the State Penitentiary furnishes us some very painful examples of early neglect and absence of parental restraint, resulting in Democratic young men. Along our water front, and in the purlieus of Pacific Street and Tar Flat, some few specimens have been found. It is, however, very rare indeed to find a Democrat under thirty years of age that has been born in the country, either of adopted or native parents. All the boys of respectable German and Irish parentage are Republicans, and all, without exception, of native born American parents become Republicans upon attaining their majority. There will not be one single first vote of a well born and well reared young gentleman cast this year in California for either wing of the Democratic party. Democracy has ceased to be respectable. There was a time in the earlier history of the Republic when gentlemen belonged to that party. In our boyhood days we know several instances of such men—native-born Americans of good family, respectable citizens, who believed they were doing the right thing by adhering to the tenets and principles of the Democracy. These have mostly died out of the country, and their places have been filled with Irish, German, and other nationalities, who, in their ignorance and prejudice, have been captured by the word "Democrat." If it were not for foreigners there would be no Democratic party. Indeed, we may say, if it were not for ignorant foreigners there would be no Democratic party; for nearly all the intelligent, better educated, and property accumulating citizens of foreign birth are either Republicans, or are entirely independent in party matters. Another curious fact is observable among our adopted fellow-citizens: as soon as they acquire property, and gain some degree of social position, they become ashamed of their old political affiliations, and leave the Democracy. This does not apply to office-seekers and demagogues. We occasionally see a middle-aged American gentleman who is a Democrat because his father was a Democrat at the time when Democracy was honorable; but his boys are sure to be Republicans, and grow up to despise Democracy as something expressive of ignorance and vulgarity. Democracy is a synonym for everything that is bad in American political life. We observe that in the State of Virginia there is—and since the war has been—no Democratic party. There is an "opposition" to the Republican party. It calls itself "Conservative," "Liberal," anything but Democratic. The gentlemen of the South used to be "Whigs," and in early times, when Democracy was respectable, there were Democrats, but none of late years. The party of the South—the solid South—in the Senate and House of Representatives is not Democratic; it is anti-Republican. It is an abuse of terms to call a Southern gentleman a Democrat. He is simply an "anti-Republican." And whenever this negro question is settled—as it will be in the next four years—all the respectable, intelligent, moral, property owning, decent people of the United States, who love order and are willing to obey laws, will be "anti-Democratic."

All the riotous and disorderly classes in America for the last twenty-five years have been Democratic. We know of no mob that has ever existed within that time that has not been composed almost entirely of foreign Democrats. The Republican party is just about twenty-five years old. We date it from 1854. The Massachusetts and Alton anti-abolition rioters were Democratic; the New York rioters were Irish and Democratic; the Chicago rioters were German and Democratic; the Molly Maguires are Irish Democrats; the Pittsburg rioters were nine-tenths Democrats; the San Francisco riotous element is Irish, German, and Democratic. It is a curious and disgraceful fact that nearly all the non-law-abiding element of our society is of foreign birth; and it is equally a fact that all this element belongs to the Democratic party, is encouraged by Democratic demagogues. This is a disgraceful condition of things. It is a shame and reproach to Americans that they are despicable enough to encourage this foreign trash for its political alliance, and cowardly enough to submit to its insolence. It is bad enough to yield political control to ignorant foreigners, but it is utterly disgraceful when organized bands of aliens are permitted to set our laws at defiance. Kearney's career in this city ought to make every man born on American soil and every foreign gentleman blush for his cowardice. It ought to make every respectable Democrat go and either hang or drown himself. We regard it as the most disgraceful incident that has ever occurred in American politics, that an ignorant and, we believe, utterly unprincipled foreign adventurer could rally his gang of loud talking and blustering foreign bullies and set at defiance a city and State government—*a Democratic city and State government, thank God!* That it was a Democratic government that these Democrats could so utterly defy is a source of congratulation. That the Democracy is composed of foreigners is apparent from the fact that Kearney could lead enough of them out of the party to utterly demoralize and destroy it. It has not even self-respect left; scarcely enough of courage or discipline to enable it to form the skeleton of an organization to gather around for the hope of next year's Federal spoils. The Democracy has been compelled to borrow a Governor from the Honorable Bilks. It knows that Dr. Glenn is a Democrat, and that in his administration he will betray the organization that gives him his most reliable support. It is content even to be infamous; and the Honorable Bilks, for the honor of an empty victory, are content to halve this political prostitute between them and the Democracy. And yet the cowardly leaders of this same cowardly Democracy will come to the Republicans and demand a "fusion of parties," a "non-partisan ticket," in which they shall have an equal voice and an equal control. The thing is absurd, for there is no Democracy. There are leaders, but no rank and file. There are officers, and music, and a big drum major with his baton at the head, but no voters. Kearney has captured the entire command, and holds the whole party as prisoners of war, except a few good-for-nothing old office-holding fossils that he would not honor by having anything to do with. He won't even kick them.

There is one thing for the Republican party to do, and that is to make a straight out municipal ticket from Mayor and Sheriff down through the judges and legislators to the last position. There is then left to respectable Democrats just two things to do: they can go to the Republicans or go to Kearney. They can aid San Francisco to secure a good government, or leave it to go to the devil. This municipal contest lies between Kearney and his mob of ignorant and vicious aliens and the Republican party. There are enough respectable Democratic gentlemen to hold the balance of power and decide the result. The responsibility is with them, and if this city is turned over to be plundered by this band of foreign mercenaries the decent portion of the Democracy will be responsible for it. The same duty is apparent in State politics. White is an unfit candidate for Governor, and it is impossible to elect Dr. Glenn. Decent Democrats should vote for George C. Perkins. The same rule of conduct holds good to the Chief Justice. Robert Morrison, aside from want of legal learning, ought to be punished for lending his otherwise respectable name to the blackguard party that has nominated him. He is in bad company, and so is every other good citizen who has allowed himself to be placed in nomination by Kearney. We have been sincerely desirous of bringing about a citizens' organization to take control of our municipal affairs. We recognize how utterly illogical and absurd it is for two citizens of intelligence and property interest to divide upon the choice of a Mayor or a Sheriff because one is a Democrat and the other a Republican; but we find ourselves in this position, and experience determines our action. The Democratic party has gone to pieces; all that remains of it is a compact organization led by Kearney. The Republican party maintains its thorough and effective party machinery, and embraces in its working ranks a majority of the best people of San Francisco. To ask it now, within sixty days of an election, to disband and fuse with an unorganized remnant of Democrats is unwise and impolitic; to ask Democrats to vote the Republican ticket as it will be made is reasonable and proper. Hence we say to the Republicans, go forward, give us a good ticket, and trust to the best class of property owning and intelligent citizens to rescue San Francisco from the possible control of organized Democratic rascality.

The first great rally of the New Constitution party occurred at Union Hall July 19th. It was a large meeting and enthusiastic; numbers to the extent of a full hall, and enthusiasm to the extent of unlimited stamping of feet and clapping of hands are easily attainable of a pleasant evening in the centre of a population of 300,000 people. The speech of ex-Senator Cole was the most rational and argumentative of any we have read upon that side of the case. We think him illogical in saying that legislation and judicial exposition of the new Constitution may not be left with as much safety to the Republican party as to the organization known as the New Constitution party. His defense of Dr. Glenn as a land monopolist we regard as complete. The cultivation of large tracts of land is not open to the objections urged against the holding of lands for speculative purposes. It is better that land should be owned in small tracts, and be tilled by those who own them, and it would be an unfortunate condition of things if in this State all the arable and cultivatable land was owned in 100,000 acre tracts, and worked by machinery, Chinese, and nomadic laborers. The same general answer may be urged as to Mr. Perkins' relation to commerce and transportation. George C. Perkins is a stockholder in a transportation company and one of its board of managers. His company navigate the ocean with steamships. He is compelled upon one of his routes to have business arrangements with a competing land route. In the slang of the day he is compelled to "pool" profits, and is obliged to enter into business arrangements with a rival. His company is an honorable one. Its stockholders and directors are among our most respectable and honorable merchants. We have never known that Mr. Perkins has done anything unbecoming to him as a business man, and nothing that Senator Cole might not have done if placed in the same relation to the community. We would not unkindly criticise Glenn for controlling land; we would not condemn Mr. George Perkins because he has invested his money in the navigation of the sea. This is a commercial city, and the future prosperity of our State depends upon agriculture and commerce. The men who develop these and the kindred enterprises of manufactures and mines commend themselves to our kind consideration, and we have no indulgence for the buffoonery or brutality that delights in holding our most energetic and enterprising men up to contempt and ridicule. "Pinafore Perkins" and the "Khan of Colusa" seem to us but the expressions of a cheap and senseless wit. We think Senator Cole at error in this argument, that because a non-partisan movement sent delegates to a Constitutional Convention that it follows that a non-partisan ticket should be elected to fill our State offices with partisans. Every man on the ticket is either a prominent Republican or Democrat. Dr. Glenn is an *ultra* Democrat of the most emphatic character. He announces his intention to make a Democratic administration. He has accepted, and, through his friends, has sought a Democratic nomination; hence it is disingenuous in Senator Cole to make any argument in his election for honest legislation, or fair judicial interpretation, or impartial executive administration, that might not be expected with equal confidence from a Republican or a Democratic State Government. All this illustration of lambs nursing the wolves, and chickens entrusted to the fox, is neither witty nor sensible, nor in good taste, as coming from one whom the Republican party has so long, and so often, and so greatly honored. The speech of the Hon. Volney E. Howard was the same undignified rehearsal of railroad abuse, the same demagogical appeal to the passions and prejudices of the ignorant, that we have heard so often. We accord to the venerable Volney an amazingly retentive memory for old jokes. We pass over the speeches of Messrs. Webster, Bradford, and Clark as containing no ideas, stopping for a paragraph to sympathize with Mr. Lauren E. Crane, that his convivial habits, and fondness for poker cinch and kindred manipulation of the pasteboard kings, "have had a tendency, together "with railroad companies, to concentrate vast riches in the "hands of comparatively few men," and to regret "the deadly "power that some unprincipled men have" to deal from the bottom, to stock cards, to draw to a flush, to fill with aces, and thereby "doom our grand Republic to sure destruction." If the new Constitution curbs the insolence of dealers, and "checks the rapacity of public oppressors, and gives to the "world a new Declaration of Independence," amends the rules of Hoyle's games, and gives an honest greenhorn an equal chance with an old expert, then Mr. Crane "will ele-"vate this campaign above all meaner motives into the "plane of that high statesmanship" which contemplates for him a translation from a poorly-paying quartz-mill in the Sierra to the velvet-cushioned arm-chair of a carpeted room in the State capitol, where draw-poker and hot-scotch may beguile the long winter hours after the arduous official labors of the day are done.

The gubernational campaign may now be considered as fairly entered upon so far as the State canvass is concerned. Three parties are in the field, and are more equally divided than we supposed they would have been. Mr. Perkins will not command the full vote of the Republican party, nor will Dr. Glenn that of the Democracy, while White, the Workingmen's candidate, may receive a vote much larger than politicians have been willing to accord to him. All the data upon which political prognostications have been heretofore predicted is so disturbed that there can be no intelligent calculation made of results.

## AFTERMATH.

In the neighborhood in which my boyhood days were spent there used to be a nasty, little, venomous, wriggling, black, water snake; he could hiss and feebly bite. It was a source of enjoyment of a summer afternoon, while working in the hay field, to find one of these reptiles, stick the fork through him, and watch the venomous little beast in his anger while he turned and stung himself, and then to see him swell with the poisonous venom from his own fangs. I felt justified in the indulgence of this pastime because these things were serpents, and because the divine mandate had gone forth that we might bruise them with our heels. The devil, assuming the form of the serpent, wriggled his slimy way into the primal Eden, and did so tempt our mother Eve that she did eat of the forbidden tree, and we, her sons, have been indulged in the luxury of killing snakes ever since. Hence my apology for having stirred up the nasty little nest of political vipers that have been wriggling in my path for the past ten years, and for having stuck the sharp tine of the pitchfork of truth through the belly of Gorham, that I might watch his writhing and note his contortions as he hissed and wriggled, and in his anger bit himself.

Dropping the simile, and apologizing to the snake, let us see what sort of a mouse this laboring mountain of malice has brought forth. Let us see if Mr. Gorham's war is equal to his proclamation. After twelve years of preparation, after proclaiming that he would placard the walls of San Francisco with evidence of perjury, and burn in upon the forehead of his foe the ineffaceable brand of felon, he steals forth upon the stand at Union Hall with stolen manuscript—purloined from the ARGONAUT office by C. H. Street, who then printed the paper under contract, a professed Christian, a man whom I had befriended with loans beyond the full payment of his work, and who, in satisfaction of these favors, took to William B. Carr (for what consideration the receiver and the thief alone know) this evidence—and parading his own infamy in the fact of his possessing stolen property, charges and proves that I made an affidavit to an answer denying that I had libeled Mr. Aaron A. Sargent. Mr. Sargent sat upon the stand with him, and listened to and sanctioned his calumny, and thus continued to identify himself with this conspiracy. In the ARGONAUT of two years ago an article appeared criticizing Mr. Sargent's appointment of Pinney to the Navy Office, and for it he brings a suit for libel; and either he, or Gorham, or Carr, in cowardly collusion with a dishonest printer, bribe him to yield up the written evidence of authorship. A very nasty business this, lurking about a printing office, conspiring to steal. The ARGONAUT Publishing Company and myself personally are sued, and our attorney puts in the usual general and specific denial to the allegations of the complaint. To this answer I affix the formal affidavit, that the contents therein stated "are true of my "own knowledge, *except such matters as are stated upon* "*information and belief, and as to those matters I believe* "*it to be true.*" And this, according to Mr. Gorham, is "perjury." Mr. Gorham is either an idiot or thought his audience was composed of idiots. The fact is, the pitchfork is through the body of this most infamous, little, squirming political malefactor, and he now writhes under my exposure of his disgraceful and utterly unprincipled career. But, thank God, I am now rid of him; the Republican party is rid of him. He has crawled out from the party he has disgraced and ruined by his treasonable adhesion; he has gone over to the Bilks; he will bilk the Bilks. I have found no Republican sorry that he has gone and left us. I have found no Bilk that rejoices at his coming.

The fact is, Gorham is a bad egg in any party pudding. Away back in 1850 a Swiss-French woman opened a restaurant on Merchant Street, between Montgomery and Kearney, where the men about town used to breakfast. Eggs in those early days were mostly from Boston, and were not very good. One morning a noted politician ordered eggs. "How would you have them, if you please?" asked the polite madame. "Boiled, thank you," was the reply. "Oui, monsieur, but you had better have them scrambled. Our eggs are very good for ze scramble, but very bad for ze boil." He took them scrambled. Gorham will do for the scramble of political life. He generally gets something, but boiled down for honest work and worth he smells exceedingly bad. Gorham, Carr, and Sargent have nastied the Republican nest most dreadfully since they have been in it. Sargent thinks he is an honest man. I used to think so, too; but we are both of us wrong. Sargent ought to have known better, because he was more intimate with himself than I was with him. I know several people who think him honest still; they apologize for him by saying that he has been debauched by bad company, that he never took any of the spoils of Mare Island, never divided with Carr, and that his intimacy with him—stopping at his house, riding in his carriage, dodging his old friends, and refusing to acknowledge those who had advanced him to political honors—was not conclusive evidence that he divided political plunder with him. It is my opinion that Mr. Sargent is an honest man as far as money goes, that in all matters of dollars and cents he is beyond the suspicion of making dishonest gains. But it is my opinion also that he has been polititally demoralized by this vile association, and that in the opinion of all high-minded, honorable men, Mr. Sargent is irretrievably, and eternally, and politically—we always mean politically—damned.

Gorham says I endeavored to make up with the Senator on my Oregon trip. Now, that is true just to this extent, and nothing more: I did, for the sake of appearances, consent to a steamboat acquaintance with this unforgiving and implacable political accident, in order that we might not appear ridiculous. I found that I had taken passage on the same steamer with Sargent for Oregon. He had a national reputation; I a local one. We were dead heads upon the same line, would stop at the same hotels, accept courtesies from the same gentlemen, would visit the Cascades and Dalles, be guests of the Oregon Steamship Company, eat at the same table and sit in the same cabin; and to me it seemed childish folly that we should go sulking through the programme as strangers, pretending not to know each other. I would have spoken to him in order that he might not seem an ass, and that our political-personal quarrel might not have been offensively apparent to strangers. He preserved his dignity, and I had a good time. He was ever mindful that he had been a Senator, and read a French novel—was reserved, and spoke to none except upon a formal introduction, as thus: "Allow me to make you acquainted with the Hon-"orable Aaron D. Sargent, late Senator of the United States "from California," while for myself I spoke to everybody, every farmer, sailor, woman, and child that I met, and I found upon that trip, as in every other position in life, that I could always get information from the humblest individual. The fact is, I have never met any person in this world who does not know more than I do upon some question or other, and I never thought I sacrificed any dignity by making the acquaintance of chance persons.

The distinguished ex-Senator is still the slave of Gorham, else how can any man account for Mr. Sargent allowing himself to occupy with him the stand at Union Hall. Gorham had abandoned the Republican party and spoke for Dr. Glenn; the meeting was called for that purpose. Gorham assailed Mr. Perkins; Sargent knew he would. Gorham had turned traitor; Sargent knew it. It was a meeting called for the purpose of defeating the regularly nominated Republican candidate for Governor; and Sargent, with William B. Carr, went upon the platform, and gave the sanction of his presence to the treasonable utterances of Gorham against his (Sargent's) party. He ridiculed Perkins, called him "Pinafore," and made him the jest of his ribald tongue—Sargent approving, smiling, and endorsing the act by his presence. It was in bad taste; it was not in keeping, and it can not be accounted for upon any other hypothesis than that Mr. Sargent has lost his political independence, and dare not offend Messrs. Gorham and Carr by refusing to do their bidding. Mr. Sargent is not a free moral agent; he is charmed by these two political boa-constrictors. He is not himself; he is not Sargent of Nevada; he is not the Sargent of the olden time; he has lost his independence, his manhood, his self-respect, and he no longer looks his friends in the eye. He has betrayed and deserted his friends, his old friends, who made for him his career, and he has taken refuge in this prairie-dog's nest, where snakes, and owls, and lizards, where Gorham, and Carr, and other political things crawl. When Mr. Sargent has the manliness, the courage, and the independence to cut himself loose from this most vile and demoralizing association; when he becomes penitent for the wrongs he has admitted to have done me, and apologizes for his most contemptible and ungrateful conduct, I shall allow him to kiss my hand. Our quarrel will then be at an end.

Mr. Gorham can not be styled an orator of "no mean character," for he produces but mean results. He filled his first audience with my personal friends, who went for the purpose of hearing me abused. It was a gratifying compliment to my popularity. It is quite wonderful how we delight in the crucifixion of our friends. Until my name was introduced his audience was a buzzing mass of uninterested spectators. As soon as he had finished his vivisection everybody went away. At his second meeting he opened with his personal assaults upon me, and when he finished making his oratorical effort for Dr. Glenn, the entire audience rose to its feet and gave three cheers for White. Cheers were proposed for Gorham but not given, and he slunk away from his own hired hall in silence. Gorham will make but a sorry pilgrimage throughout the State. He will be compelled to hire his own halls, and blow his own bugle, as the Republican party will not acknowledge him, the Democracy will not own him, and the Ancient and Honorable Bilks will be embarrassed just how to receive a Republican who supports the New Constitution party for Governor and the Republican candidate for Congress. I suggest that Gorham and Kearney stump the State together—no gentleman would go with either of them.

Gorham commenced his official career by being notary public at Marysville, he ended by being Secretary at Washington, and this is the first time he has been out of office in twenty-four years. Never in his twenty-seven years of residence in California has he earned an honest dollar out of office, never paid a dollar tax, and yet he has the cool audacity to set himself up as the people's friend and champion against the exactions of monopolists and the tyranny of corporations. Having lived upon corporations all his life, he is now their opponent. It is suggested that he is here now in the interest of Tom Scott, and is hired and paid from a Democratic election fund to betray the Republican party at the next Presidential election. I wonder where he gets the money from to hire halls. Union Hall costs about $100 each night. Then there are gas, posters, reporters, and advertisements. His speeches are printed for circulation. I ask the question, who pays his bills?—his traveling expenses? Is it Haggin, Tevis, and Carr, that they may extort special railroad rates for Kern County? Is it Tom Scott in rivalry with the Central Pacific Railroad? Or is it the solid South? We do not believe John Martin is loaning him any more money. Huntington holds his notes, against which the statute of limitations has run. As he is no longer Secretary of the National Committee he can not issue his circulars to office-holders. We presume nothing is left of the $3,000 he brought out for the Congressional fight and which he refused to pay over to the State Central Committee. Gorham will be compelled, I fear, to go back to his negro minstrelsy days in the mountain bar-rooms, and fiddle for coin to travel on.

And now may I not be permitted to bid a final adieu, and take a last leave of this cowardly and contemptible blackguard; this political tramp and mendicant, who, having lived upon the party charity, has the base ingratitude to endeavor to work it harm by his treason; this assassin of character and thief of men's reputations? I leave him with my stolen manuscript in his pocket, which he or one of his confederates and pals either filched or bribed from this office. I leave him to apologize to decent people that he has temporarily enlisted their curiosity concerning the lying charges which even his ingenuity and inventive malice could not sustain, and ask that I may be indulged in letting him drop back and down to that obscurity from which it is one of the serious mistakes of my life that I ever aided to drag him. P.

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The opinion of Judge Nathaniel Bennett, reviewing the decision against the queue ordinance on appeal from Justices Field and Sawyer, strikes us as good sense and good law. If law is the perfection of reason, if the will of the people may be expressed at all in municipal legislation, if States are sovereign, and the Supreme Court Judges are not the law-makers, than we are confident that our Federal Judges are wrong, and Nathaniel Bennett is right. We have not the patience to discuss this question, nor kindred questions, very seriously. We are not at all in sympathy with sentimental judges, and while we regard that character of legislation and judicial decision that appeals to the prejudice and passion of the ignorant mob as greatly to be condemned, we believe that less hurt comes from it than from that sickly sentimentality so apparent in the decisions of courts, and so especially noticeable in this opinion of Messrs. Field and Sawyer against the cutting off of Chinamen's queues. It is bad law—unquestionably bad law. The power exists to cut off a man's ears or his head for crime. To invoke the Fourteenth Amendment as authority for the protection of vermin in a pagan's hair, and to reason that the soul of a soulless heathen is to be endangered, the sensibilities of a fatalist wounded, or the social standing of an Asiatic coolie injured, by cutting his hair in prison, is a little too absurd for us to seriously consider. Looked at through the blue spectacles of a New England Sunday-school teacher it may go down; but to those who stand upon this verge of the continent, confronting the incoming hosts of barbarians who threaten our civilization and our government, it is altogether ridiculous. When Judge Belden, of San José, decided that whipping was unconstitutuional because it was "cruel and unusual" punishment, he wrote himself a judicial ass. He forgot that into him the parental hand spanked the rudiments of that learning which made a judicial position possible; that he was thrashed at school, and that the wisdom of Solomon admonishes not to spare the rod; that corporal punishment has received the sanction of the highest civilization in the administration of laws; that it is a provision of the criminal code of half a dozen States; that a special and recent act of the Parliament of England punished garroters by the lash. The time will come, we hope, when all this sentimentality that provides prisons with coffee, and roast beef, and Thanksgiving dinners, and makes the incarceration of a felon more agreeable than the life of a laborer, and a State penitentiary more enjoyable than a poor man's home, will be cured by a healthier moral sentiment and a higher moral tone. We commend Judges Field, Sawyer, and Belden to a line of thought in the direction we have suggested; and we suggest to Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, the Reverends Joseph Cook and Henry Ward Beecher, and to all the good people of New England, an intellectual prospecting tour in the same direction. We hope that all the sympathy, justice, and generosity may not be expended on negroes, Chinese, and criminals, but that some of it may be reserved for our own white [illegible]

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Gives the "Old Son" a Few Points io Society Gossip.

OAKLAND, July 20, 1879.

OLD SON :—Thet was a high ol' scribble ye sent me las' week, wasn't it? I reckon I know 's much 'bout gittin' married ez you do, an' ez fur knowin' a p'liceman w'en I see 'em, I'm acquainted 'ith ther backs. Ye ken inform the widder thet I'm bewarin' o' the sirens an' gilded butterflys o' fashion. I was speakin' to them bulwarks o' Dimmycratic liberty—the *Zaminer* fellers—an' I tol' 'em w'at you boys wanted in regards to thet genooine out an' out Dimmycratic ticket, an' they said they'd hist her up ez soon's they found out w'ich side o' the crik Glenn was goin' to locate on. Much obliged to you an' the widder fur yer advice an' pints on the marryin' bizness, but I'm twenty-one odd, an' I reckon I've cut my eye teeth. Phil Raglin an' I went to one o' them high-toned gilt-edged fandangos they calls receptions, the other night —you might a seen my name in the list o' guests in the *Call* paper; a tall young feller 'ith a plug hat an' a checkered shirt took me down in a little book, an' they printed my full name in the piece they writ 'bout the shindy. It was a way up dig an' no mistake. All kinds o' smell waters pervadin' the palpitatin' air, ez the pome jerkers say. Fashins 'til ye couldn't rest, an' more folderol an' dog'n 'd patch the Rawhide ten acres. W'en Phil an' me fust come in we was bowed to an' scraped to 'til I got so sick I wanted to git out an' take a spin round the block—es it was I couldn't hardly keep from bustin' out into a hoss larf, the didos them fellers cut up was so ridiculous. We hedn't been sittin' round more'n five minutes w'en the show opened by one o' the young gals goin' to the pianner an' thumpin' away at the machine like she wanted to bust it all to pieces, w'ile a young feller 'ith a cutthroat collar an' a jack-tail coat walloped the music for her. You oughter a heerd thet gal pound thet pianner—it was better'n a circus. She come down on the left-hand section o' the machine like a mule beatin' tan bark; then she rattled up the board, lambin' the keys frightful. Ev'ry once in a w'ile she'd make a dive fur the left-hand end, an' the way the ol' box roared was a caution, you bet—you'd a thought a corral full o' wil' bulls had broke loose. Bimeby she let out 'ith her right an' fetched the machine a whack on the upper section 'til I could feel my skin a creepin' clean off o' my bones. It sounded like a ton o' gravel peltin' down through a line o' sluice boxes double-l bent fur election.

"Phil," says I, "w'at's she givin' us?"

"She's playin' the 'Battle o' Prague,'" says Phil.

"I didn't know but w'at it was the lunatic's march," says I; "an' I'll bet ten dollars the rooster thet invented it hed the jim-jams."

"You shouldn't be so hard on the composer, Mister Snaggleby," remarks a purty young gal 'longside o' me; "the 'Battle o' Prague's' a fine piece o' music."

"Mebbe 'tis," says I; "but nex' time the boys gits up another shiveree up at Tuttletown er over in Bodie, I'm goin' to recommend the 'Battle' to 'em fur a wind up."

Talk 'bout thet piece bein' a battle. It must a bin a tough ol' row to a perdooced secb a clatter. W'en she got through nothin' 'd do but to hev another rattle; so she whirls the pianner stool round two or three times an' squats. This time she wasn't so hard on the keys; she touched 'em up ez ef she was afraid she'd broke somethin' w'en she was playin' the other piece an' wanted to find out w'ich notes was damaged. It was like benzine tricklin' through a tin funnel. They called it "Home, Sweet Home, 'ith the variations," an' I reckon it was all variations, 'cause it didn't sound no more like the "Home, Sweet Home," I used to hear ol' Jack Silsby play on thet fiddle o' his 'n the "Arkansaw Trav'ler" sounds like a twenty-stamp mill. Well, w'en she'd finished up 'ith a "tum tiddle um tum" sort of a tune, the crowd calls fur a song from a dandyfied rooster 'ith red side w'iskers an' eye glasses. Fust off, the galoot 'lows thet we didn't want to bear him; then, w'en we wouldn't hev thet, he gives us a game 'bout hevin' a bad cold; but the gang was o' the opinion thet he was liein', an' he hed to prance up to the pianner. He was big enough to lay an ox flat an' not half try, but the song he bellowed out fur us was the kind wimmen sings to put their little kids to sleep 'ith. It went somethin' like this:

"Ther's a lettah from yer sigh-ah,
Baby mine, baby mine,
I could read, an' nevah tie-ah,
Baby mine, baby mine."

How's thet fur sick, ol' son? How many years d'ye think a *man* oughter git fur shoutin' sich stuff ez thet. "Baby mine!" Why, w'en he'd let up I wanted to climb right onto him an' chuck him out o' the winder.

"Hez thet duck got a fam'ly?" says I to Phil.

"No. Why?" says Phil.

"Didn't know but w'at he hed," says I, "he sings rock-a-bye-baby songs so well; thought mebbe he'd raised a raft o' kids in his time, an' was givin' us a sample."

Then Phil laughs and says: "W'y, Jim, thet's one o' the pop'lar songs o' the day; everybody sings it."

Thet settled it. It was fash'nable; an' the bigger the husky the better the fash'nables liked it. Then they called out a strappin' big gal, 'ith a hair mattress piled on top o' her head, an' she give us a song 'bout her gran'dad's ol' clock, thet kep' up its tick ninety years, an' then let go all holts w'en the ol' man passed in his checks. But w'at's the use o' goin over all the racket. After we'd listened to some more pianner baugin' an' scientific squealin', we began to git down to solid chin music. We talked mines, an' politics, an' scandals, an' literatoor, an' play actors. Then we hed somethin' to eat—lollypops, an' cake, an' champagne. I took mine straight, but I hed to call fur it—the barkeeper'd never a thought o' fetchin' on the genooine stuff ef I hedn't made a remark 'bout not carin' to indulge in sech thin drinks ez champagne an' port wine. The whisky wasn't w'at we git in the mountains—slides down a man's throat like axle grease or train oil—but wasn't so bad after all, considerin' the place we drank it, an' the mush-an'-milk style o' the comp'ny we was in. Phil. an' I lit out 'bout twelve, an' I've hed the distemper ever sence. Ther' ain't much goin' on down yere jes' now, 'ceptin' politics, an' they're terribly mixed—wus'n a Mexican grant lawsuit. I'll give ye a rattle on the "sitooation," ez they call it, nex' time I write. So long, an' don't furgit Yer old pard, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

To WM. BELCHER, ESQ., Tuttletown,
Tuolumne County, *via* Copperopolis.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

An Order for a Picture.

Oh, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you:

Woods and cornfields, a little brown—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels. Cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother. You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise.
At ten years old he went to sea—
God knoweth if he be living now.
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck.
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew—
Dead at the top, just one branch full
Of leaves notched round and filled with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads when we came to play
In its hand-breath of shadow day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir, for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me.
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry tree,
The mother—the lads, with their bird, at her knee—
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

He Wanted the Moon.

At the open bed-room window baby Charlie stands
Holding up, to catch the moonlight, both his chubby hands.
Enter mamma. "Moon!" says Charlie, tugging at her gowo;
"Will you reach it?" is his meaning; "will you fetch it down?"
Enter papa. *He* must get it, for his arm is long.
Pushing, panting, baby helps him, but the proof is strong
Extra aid must be enlisted; and the baby brain
Thinks of Bridget's pantry-cricket in the kitchen lane.
Toddling feet go slow to bring it; papa kens the plan;
(Though he laugh, we will forgive him, over-tempted man;)
So he mounts the six-inch helper, makes his utmost stretch,
Grabs and grasps, but all his efforts not a moonbeam fetch.
Is our little hero foolish, studying the broom
Hoisted up, as when his mamma storms the spider's loom?
(Month of cobweb grace and glory is September not?)
Let him try the new broom's virtue—he is learning what
O'er and o'er we learn in life-time, and forget too soon,
That we, poor aspiring mortals, can not have the moon!

Men and women, grown-up children, oh, what plans they lay!
Can we call them any wiser than our boy's to-day?

LUCY M. CHAFFEE.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

Heaven has no fan, and don't you forget it.

American women eat more candy than all the other women.

Jones calls his wife Misery because she likes company so well.

Dresses buttoned behind are not as fashionable as they have been, even for girls.

Young ladies wearing fashionable dresses now may be said to be in clothes confinement.

It is one of the curious ways of the world that a male hairdresser often dyes an old maid.

A Syracuse man thinks his wife is a righteous woman because she is never forsaken—by her mother.

A young lady, parting with a friend last evening, was heard to say, "I wish you would come up and be our coachman."

After all, things are pretty well balanced in this world. Single women have the headache more than married ones.

A woman at St. Cloud, New Jersey, whose husband eloped with a girl, kept the matter quiet until she could run him in debt $250 for dry goods.

"At what age were you married?" asked she, inquisitively. But the other woman was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."

A man who has a cross wife says her parents must have had a prophetic glimpse into futurity when they named her Hope, because she is always displaying her rancor.

Many a soft-headed girl can feed a young man ice cream out of her spoon for half an hour at a time, but she hasn't the most remote idea how to give a baby a dose of paregoric.

It was a married lady who began the telling of a story by saying, "Once I knew couple of little girls, one of whom died and went to heaven, while the other grew up and got married."

Young lady to recently married friend: "Is he all you hoped for?" "Why, of course." "Fine fellow, genteel?" "More than that; elegant. He talks like a book." "Well, when you come to volume second send him to me."

"No, thank you, I never waltz; ma says if any of the young men want to hug me they must do it on the sly; she won't have them mussing my dress up, and leaving finger marks on my white waist, so long as she does the washing and has to support me.

Fat cook (with unconscious blushes to the lady who wants to engage her): "As to there bein' no followers allowed, mum, you might recollect as how you've been single yourself; and a girl as is rather showy in figure can't well help 'em comin' about."

The married women of Chicago are in danger of extermination. The bald-headed men of that city have organized themselves into a society, the object of which is, in the strength of their union, to discover, though the heavens fall, a cure for baldness.

A Kansas farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend the house in case of his absence. After the bullet had been dug out of his leg and the cow buried, he said he guessed she'd better shoot with an axe.

A woman who will carry a twenty-pound baby around all day in a broiling sun, and never mutter a murmur of complaint, will make enough noise getting an eight-pound lump of ice from the front steps into the kitchen to run a freight train forty miles up grade.

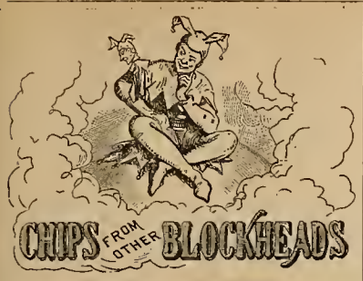
Talk of the bravery of the sterner sex. Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm?" While you trembled all over like the narrative of a stump-tail dog, and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your Adam's apple, what did she do? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.

A Paris beauty recently won a husband in three interviews. The first time she saw him she wore a water-green muslin, with short skirt and short sleeves; the second time a short silk polonaise over a frilled skirt of India muslin, and a straw hat trimmed with pink clover and a white feather; and a third, a gown of Wedgwood blue foulard and a Rubens hat. This fetched him

There is an Old Maid Association in Cleveland, with rigorous laws against the marriage of any member. Any one who marries is subject to a fine of a box of cake or one hundred big pennies, and by a vote of the society may have the letters U. D. I. branded upon the sole of the right foot. The annual meeting was held at Geauga Lake recently. Seventy ladies were present. The president was impeached because during the year she had not only permitted six members to marry, but had herself done likewise.

Grace Greenwood writes: "Never unsex yourself for greatness. The worship of one true heart is better than the wonder of the world. Don't trample on the flowers while longing for the stars. Live up to the full measure of life; give way to your impulses, loves, and enthusiasms; sing, smile, labor, and be happy. Adore poetry for its own sake; yearn for, strive after excellence; rejoice when others attain it; feel for your contemporaries a loving envy; steal into your country's heart; glory in its greatness, exult in its power, honor its gallant men, immortalize its matchless women."

A Michigan lady writes, with rare truth: "Under great sorrow or any great trial we can be calm and brave; but it is the thousand and one little vexations of daily life that start the fret, and we fret, fret, until we hardly realize or measure how much." A New Orleans lady says: "There are very many true and noble women in this world who would be quite willing to give up all for the sake of the man they love, and there are many worthless and selfish men who are willing to accept that sacrifice." An Ohio lady says that, "as for girls marrying men on small salaries, much depends on circumstances. If a girl is brought up to do all kinds of work, and can make her own dresses, she is fit for the position."




Always some hitch about it—A harness.

The goatee covereth a multitude of chins.

A cuff on the wrists is worth two on the ear.

A good summer resort for flies—Bald Mountain.

The way to meet a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

A man can not help being contented with his lot when he's buried in it.

The wretch who stole a pineapple and a bunch of bananas got his desert.

"A good workman is known by his chips"—and so is a good poker player.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge, particularly if the other fellow is bigger.

The clergyman who announced a sermon to old ladies had an audience of men.

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but do not hesitate to turn up our nose at its rank.

A little boy, proud of his new jacket informed his sister the other day that he was a six-button kid.

Let your motto be "Liberty or Death;" but if it comes to a choice, take out all you can in liberty.

It must have been in the green-cherry season that Tennyson wrote "from our waist places comes a cry."

The lilies of the field have pistils, and every wide-awake citizen of fair Texas is "arrayed like one of these."

Who owns the United States? The people. Who owns the people? The politicians. Who owns the politicians? The ——

Any father who would go out and put tar on top of his front gate after dark must be lost to all sense of humanity and ordinary respectability.

We never yet saw a workingman who hated kings and queens bad enough not to take a couple from the bottom of the pack if an opportunity offered.

Several notable happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a picnic.

A French newspaper the other day bad the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

We accepted a sight draft on a blind man the other day, not knowing he was blind. We are waiting for him to regain his sight so that we can get it cashed.

An auctioneer was endeavoring to sell a fowling piece, and failing to get a bid, a bystander who had read the papers said, "Blow in the muzzle and it will go off."

"Whither art thou going?" asked the tree of the leaf. "I am going to wither," was the reply. When we asked a friend's opinion of the above he told us to "dry up."

"The mills of the gods grind slowly." This is all because the hands are paid by the day. Will the gods never learn that it is to their interest to let out their work by contract.

Several boys weeding onions in Southport were prostrated by a stroke of lightning. Boys whose fathers own onion beds should cut this out and paste it in their father's hats.

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee isn't settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

"You're only artificial, and I'm natural," said the knot-hole in the fence to the bung-hole of the barrel that laid up against it; "but I ain't proud." And then they kissed each other and made the hole thing up.

A soft answer, etc.—Coster (to swell, who had accidentally knocked up against him): "Now, then, d'yer year, who a' you a shovin' of?" Swell: "My good man, what a preposterous question! Aw—how the deuce do I know?"

It wasn't one of the pupils of the New Orleans public schools who, during the recent round of visitations, startled the scientific and religious directors by defining "a heavenly body" to be "a corpse what's done dead and has been riz again."

"That land ought to be used for a cemetery," remarked a gentleman as the train glided by a field in which sand and stone were the principal productions. "Excellent idea," returned his friend; "nothing but the dead could ever be raised there."

"Our old hen," said Mr. Harkins to his wife; "our old hen has become a warm expression—it's sot." The cool reception the pun received discouraged Harkins, and he covered his confusion by hunting up a buttonless shirt and swearing about it.

"Young man," said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork." "How so, sir?" asked the student. "Because," said the stern old professor, "you can't get enough of it."

Mr. Czardine entered his domicile late on the evening of the Fourth very much overcome with the spirits of '79. "Bless my eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Czardine, "if the old fool ain't drunker'n a skate!" "Drunk, m' dear—nar' a bit"—said Czardine, catching hold of a chair. "Ben'ter see 'er fireworks. 'Rah! bully—lots rom'n can'les—took 'em all in—lots sky rock'ts with sticks in 'em—took in too many sticks, m' dear—zas wasser mazzer wiz me."

A one-armed tramp masticated custard pie and other delicacies of the season, belonging to one of our good families the other day. After he got thoroughly filled, he let loose the other arm and passed down the road swinging it in delightful unison with its mate.

The first poetry Lucy Stone ever composed ran:

"The maddest sight
On earth to me
Is a street-car horse
With a crooked knee."

Some people who are wearing the wig of pretended righteousness may some day run against a gale that will bare their demagogical pates to the indignant gaze of men and women who have been led to suppose the hair was real growth under the heads that wore it.

A little religion is a dangerous thing. That was well illustrated in the case of the fire-eating Virginian, who, while returning from a camp meeting, held out his hand to an old enemy and exclaimed: "Give me your hand, Sanders; I've got religion, and I feel mean enough to shake hands with a dog."

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What afflicted us much at the moonlight's last gleaming—
The neighbors' ca s mixed in a terrible fight,
And waking us all with their horrible screaming;
The flower-beds bare, the yard covered with hair,
Give proof to the house that the fight was just there.

A lively row was lately produced in what is curiously called a "Salvation Factory," at Leamington, England, when a citizen attempted to take home his daughter, because he objected to her being put through such a mill at late hours of the evening. He was set upon and violently assaulted by the assembled salvation manufacturers.

When you go home to dinner and find a handsome man turning the crank and singing at the top of his voice, "We s'all meet on that beautifu' s'ore," you sincerely hope that he means nothing personal, but is merely exercising his lungs for the benefit of the children on the front steps. The thought of hearing that voice in the "beyond" is a trifle more than you are willing to be good on this earth for.

"Come, while the dew on the meadow glitters,
Come where the starlight smiles on the lake."
"Not much," she said, "for I don't like bitters,
And the dew and miasma compel me to take
Quinine and whisky, dog fennel tea,
Whisky and quassia, quantum suff.,
Dogwood and whisky, whisky free,
Quinine straight, and all such stuff."

Colorado has the most delightful climate in the world, and bedbugs. A mother in Israel residing there requires her granddaughter, a young high-school miss, to read to her daily some portion of the good book. While so engaged recently the young lady suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, grandma, I declare, here is a grammatical error." "No matter, darling; kill it and go on."

A small boy had seen his mother's fur muff that had been badly eaten by moths. Shortly afterward he was in his father's stable watching the process of currying his pet pony. The animal was shedding his coat, and consequently large bunches of hair came out with each application of the comb. With tears in his eyes the little fellow rushed into the house and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, mamma! the moths have got into my pony, and I'm afraid he's ruined."

"Does that hurt?" kindly asked the dentist, holding the young man's head back and jabbing a steel probe, with back-set teeth, clear down through his aching tooth and into the gum. "Does that hurt?" he asked, with evident feeling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, in a voice suffused with emotion and sentiment; "oh, no," he said tenderly, rising from his chair and holding the dentist's head in the stove while he dragged his lungs out of his ears with a corkscrew. "Oh, no," he said, "not at all; does that?" But the dentist had the better of the young man, after all; for he charged him fifty cents and didn't pull the tooth then. But by that time the astonished tooth had forgot its aching.

Mary had a red balloon
All streaked with blue and white,
And flying it on gusty days
Was Mary's chief delight.

"Dear Mary, you're so awful thin,"
Her mother used to say,
"Unless you ballast that balloon
'Twill carry you away!"

But Mary laughed her ma to scorn,
And flew it more and more,
And in her innocence ne'er recked
The fate that was in store.

One windy morning in July
A gust came sweeping by,
And bore that gaudy red balloon
Up to the azure sky.

The string of that balloon was tied
To Mary's pinafore,
And Mary climbed the stairway, too,
And no one saw her more.

It was plain enough to all other passengers on the ferry-boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his fervor just a little. Therefore, as the boat reached mid-stream, she leaned over and tenderly said: "Johnny, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me I know you'll jump after me and save me." "Yes, I'll jump after you," he slowly replied, "but, but—" "But what, Johnny?" "But if I were you I'd take off my shoes first. Just the minute they haul you out of the water every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or No. 5's, and if you are in your stocking feet they can't get the size." The girl drew her feet under the chair, sighed once or twice, and did not regain her old enthusiam until the boy came along with peanuts.

### The Legend of Zimri.

Zimri, the beautiful, excellent of earth,
Journeyed across the desert, and his soul
Fainted within him. Weary and sore of foot
He toiled to reach the isle of waving palms
That marked the fair oasis' grateful rest,
And his sinking heart grew stronger than the leopard's paw
When 'neath his feet he felt the springing turf.
Beside the palm-crowned well he knelt and drank,
And; praying Allah for his gracious aid,
Sate down upon a gumwood stump to rest.

Then he arose.
A sad, sweet smile, such as he wears who dreams
Ecstatic visions. From his parted lips
There fell the desert cry. A long, long wail,
Like a steam-whistle with the mouth-piece cracked,
And all the joints wide open.

The Beddoee girls,
That heard his fearful wail, startled, uprose
And scooted for tall timber. Frightened birds
Added their clamor to the dolorous noise,
And all the desert by the racket knew
Zimri the beautiful had sot upon a wasp—
One of the steel-blue kind.

—*Hawkeye.*

## SOMETHING ABOUT FEET.

### The Sorts and Sizes of Foot Gear that Some Prominent New Yorkers Wear.

"Who has the handsomest foot of any man in New York?" repeated old George Glaze, the bootmaker, slowly and reflectively. "Well, I should say C. K. Garrison, the old Commodore, had. He's got a very high instep, a small, handsome forefoot, and nicely rounded heel, and naturally he likes to have it nicely shod. He wears a medium-sized button gaiter, something like this," continued the speaker, putting down a trim, neatly-cut shoe of self-flexible French calfskin, with lines as regularly rounded and as handsome a run as one of Henry Steers's yachts. "Yes, that's what the Commodore wears, though there's many a man not half his size that wears a bigger. There's another man that hasn't by any means a large foot. That's Manton Marble. He wears boots, like almost all the Manhattan Club men. He's got a little foot, either 6s or 7s, a very high instep, and requires to be measured and fitted with mathematical accuracy."

"What kind of a foot has Mr. Tilden got?"

"Sam Tilden? Oh, his is a sort of a contracted foot, not bad-looking, with a high instep, and very tender. He used to wear Congress gaiters, but lately has gone in for boots, single sole, with spur boxes. He rides a great deal; and all his boots have those spur boxes. He wears about an 8½, I believe, though we're not particular as to that. When we take a man's measure here, we build him a last at once to fill it, without bothering about sizes. Jay Gould's another man with a handsome foot. We just finished some goods for him before he sailed for Europe. He wears 6½, and goes in for double-soled Oxford ties and button gaiters. Most of the Wall Street men, especially the younger ones, wear Oxfords, or light shoes of some kind; but the politicians and statesmen, especially the Bourbons, stick to boots. They've worn boots for thirty or forty years, and they can't give 'em up. It's like drawing teeth for a man who's worn boots all his life, to throw 'em aside and take to shoes. It gets to be a sort of second nature with him to have a legful of leather sagging down over his ankle, and to believe that if he leaves it off his trousers will look caved in and empty. But a boot can never set as well or look as graceful as a shoe. Thirty years ago every American wore black throughout, a chimney-pot hat, and boots. The English brought in shoes along with tweed suits and Derby hats.

"A man's foot needn't be very small in order to be handsome. If he is a tall, large man, he ought to have a foot in proportion. There was Alexis; he wore 9½ enameled leather elastics. I remember sending a man to the Clarendon to measure him for them. He had a very handsome foot, with a bold, high instep. He was a big, powerful fellow all over, and a good-sized shoe became him. If he wore 7½ or 8, now, his feet would look bad and out of proportion. Whose was the largest foot I ever measured? Well, I think John Morrissey would have taken the premium for size and bulkiness. He had a tremendous foot. You can call it fourteen if you want to. It was the solidest, most powerful, and ponderous combination of bones, muscles, joints, and articulations that I ever handled. John C. Heenan had a small handsome foot, and used to wear jaunty, close-fitting boots. In the fight with Sayers the latter drove two of the iron spikes of his shoes into Heenan's left foot, just back of the toes, causing a deep wound and swelling, which never entirely disappeared. The next pair of boots I made him I had to take a new measure across the forward part of the foot, in order to allow for that disfigurement. With the boot once on, however, the swelling was hardly noticeable.

"Talking about tender-footed men, though, Sena-Mitchell of Oregon is about as delicate that way as any I know of. He wears eight-inch morocco buttoned shoes, and they have to fit him like a second skin or they're no good. There's a package now we're shipping for him to Portland, Oregon.

"Judge Barnard belonged to the Manhattan Club, and wore boots, as all the rest of them do. He had a small, pretty foot, and used to case it in patent leather and calfskin of stylish cuts. Richard Tweed has good understanding. He generally wears low shoes and gaiters. William R. Travers—'Bill' Travers—used to wear small calfshins, No. 8. Jim Fiske—let's see what it was Jim wore—his foot was a large 8, and he used to get patent-leathers and French calfskins—yes, Jim wore boots, and not many pairs of them either. Fiske almost always rode in a carriage. He rarely walked; and a pair of boots with a change of shoes or slippers, would last him nearly a year. He wasn't like some other of our customers, who wear three pairs a day—that is, change their shoes after breakfast, dinner, and supper, and then have a fourth pair ready to put on the next morning. That's being rather particular, you say. The idea is to avoid undue perspiration of the foot, to let the leather get thoroughly dry before putting it on again. We have customers who order four pairs of shoes at a time just to have two or three daily changes of foot gear. Some of their bills run as high as $500 a quarter. When a man gets used to it a change of shoes is as necessary as a clean shirt every morning.

"James R. Keene—'Jim Keene' they call him in Wall Street—has a handsome foot, about 7½, and wears single-sole buttoned shoes.

"A. T. Stewart always had his shoes and cork-soled boots cut in Paris. Bishop Potter's foot is long and slender. He wears No. 9 or thereabouts. Congressman Archie Bliss, of Brooklyn, has handsome feet, with a high instep; he wears about an 8½ size—boots, of course. Ben Wood has large feet, and cases them in elastic patent leather gaiters, No. 10, thick soled, in all weathers. D. T. Corbin, formerly from South Carolina, is a short, thick-set man, and has a robust foot. He wears 9s—boots. Louis Lorillard has a neat foot—No. 7—and wears a single-soled, square-edged button gaiter. Ex-Mayor Opdyke has a slim, narrow foot, and a partiality for single-soled button gaiters.

"We've got General Winfield Scott's last up stairs, and that of John C. Fremont. Scott was a big, stout man, and wore military boots, No. 12s. Fremont's foot was about four sizes smaller; he wore boots, too.

"Prices? They haven't fallen off much since war times. To get a good article you must pay for it. Oxfords, low-cut single sole, are $14; double sole, $16; patent leathers the same. Buttoned shoes range from $17 to $20, and boots from $21 to $35. The highest priced are hunting boots, like these," and the old shoemaker concluded by pulling down a soft, lustrous, single-soled calfskin, with long legs coming up to the knee, and ending in a heavy folded top of two thicknesses.—*New York Sun.*

A chasm that often separates friends—sarcasm.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Love's Land.

In the South is Love's land,
Where the roses blow,
Where the summer lingers
Fearless of the snow.
There no winter chills it,
So its life is long—
Gentle breezes fan it,
Age but makes it strong.

Nay, fresh roses wither
Where the sun is hot;
Not in torrid regions
Blooms forget-me-not.
Love's a tender blossom
Which the winter chills,
But too eager summer
With its kisses kills.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

### The Daisy Oracle.

He came not. In the happy blue
Stole out the yellow stars of June.
I plucked a daisy from the dew,
And told its petals to the moon:
"He loves me"—fast, like flakes of snow,
They fluttered down in airy fall.
"He loves me lightly—madly—no,
He loves me not at all!"

"O sad white prophet!" and I wept,
"He loves me—loves me not." O me!
"He loves me well"—a shadow crept
Betwixt me and the beechen tree.
"He loves me madly! Is it true?
O daisy, say!" The shadow pressed
Closer, and wide the petals flew—
I nestled in his breast.

ETTA W. PIERCE.

### Folded Eyes.

I have somewhere seen it written,
And have wondered if 'twere true,
"Folded eyes see brighter colors
Than the open ever do."

Can it be, the little sleeper,
Dreaming on the mother's knee,
Really sees what, from its smiling,
We can fancy it must see?
Little lips, oh, open for me,
Tell me if indeed 'tis true,
"Folded eyes see brighter colors
Than the open ever do."

Happy maiden, idly dreaming
Where the shadows come and go
In among the apple blossoms,
Tell me truly if 'tis so;
Is the picture fancy sketches
Brighter than all else to you?
"Folded eyes see brighter colors
Than the open ever do."

Folded eyes, from which the sunlight
Faded, leaving us in shade,
In the light which fadeth never,
Is it true, as poet said,
Still beholding in unfolding
Glories that are ever new,
"Folded eyes see brighter colors
Than the open ever do?"—*Home Journal.*

### The Lily.

The Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she.
What is the Lily dreaming of?
Why crisp the waters blue?
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!
Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide;
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side.
"Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny and cold,
And he lives on earth," said she;
"But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising Star;
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
And over the waters wide;
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.

O. W. HOLMES.

### Mirrored.

"To dream of standing before a mirror and of beholding oneself therein, is a most favorable omen for both men and women who propose marrying."—ARTEMIDORUS.

In my sleepe dreaming,
I saw a gleaming,
As of a lost starre shining on the grounde;
And stealing to it,
Lest I might rue it,
A silver mirrour in the grasse I founde.

Yet in the mirrour,
By some strange errour,
My bearded face could I by no chance see.
'Twas thy face onlie,
Which lived there lonelie,
And gazed, as if from windowe, out on me.

And from my dreame, love,
It thus doth seeme, love,
That I, deare hearte, reflected am in thee;
And thus discover
That I, thy lover,
Have ever beene, and ever yet will be.

C. G. LELAND.

### A Dream of Dice.

I lay beneath a rose-tree,
And felt the breezes blow;
They shook the rose-leaves o'er me
Like a shower of fragrant snow!
And still as the blossoms their pale leaves wept
My eyelids fell with them. I slept—and slept.

But soon to a scene Elysian
I wandered in a trice,
And saw in the land of vision
Two damsels casting dice;
And while o'er me the rose-tree its white leaves wept,
They played for the dreamer who slept—and slept.

And I dreamed that the fairest won me
With a lucky "Venus throw,"
And lovingly gazed upon me,
And called me to rise and go,
And linger no longer where rose-trees wept;
But I woke to my sorrow—no more I slept.

I would that the life which loans me
To sleep ne'er called me to wake;
And I wish that the maid who won me
Had carried away her stake,
Nor left it lying where rose-leaves wept,
For another to steal while he slept—and slept.

### Into the World and Out.

Into the world he looked with sweet surprise,
The children laughed so when they saw his eyes.

Into the world a rosy hand in doubt
He reached; a pale hand took one rosebud out.

"And that was all—quite all?" No, surely! But
The children cried so when his eyes were shut.

MRS. S. [illegible]

If Lecocq's *La Petite Mariee* really scored a success of two hundred and odd representations in Paris, as we are solemnly assured by the play-bill of the California Theatre, for one I have no little curiosity to know how it was brought about. Excepting a rather complicated plot—with few effective situations, and a plentiful suggestion of deliberate nastiness—I can find nothing in it. With a half dozen leading parts it has only a single character—"Lucrezia"—and of the twenty odd musical numbers there is rarely one that rises above the merest jingle, and not a single one in which the composer of *Angot* and the *Duc* is heard at his best. It is an *opera bouffe* of the flimsiest stripe, and seems to have been made up of scraps, and odds and ends that remained over after the author's thematic sketch-book had been exhausted for some better work; it sounds like the work of an uninspired fortnight. Perhaps Paris has grown tired of the better things; we have not, as yet, and can cheerfully dispense with Mr. Lecocq's *Mariee*, and content ourselves with the older works that have more in them. The performance was, as a whole, quite satisfactory; Aimée filling up her somewhat colorless rôle with charming costumes and graceful acting, and Madame Delorne making a very strong point of the jealous Amazon, "Lucrezia." Mezieres, as "Castedemoli," was also picturesque and effective, and Jouard found in the "Podestate" a part that fitted him to a nicety.

The *Grande Duchesse* on Wednesday found Mlle. Aimée so seriously indisposed that the vocal portion of the rôle seemed to cause her great distress. She sang the music delightfully nevertheless, husbanding her resources with great skill, and nursing her points with precision and effect; certain numbers, as the *Dites lui* and the *Drinking Song* of the last act, were deliciously given. Mlle. Aimée evidently requires rest, and with the host of pretty one-act operettas of the French *repertoire* that might be very acceptably given without her, it seems as though she ought to be permitted to withdraw for a few nights in order to recover from the severe cold that is undoubtedly gaining on her. A few evenings of *vaudeville*, interspersed with some of the pretty shorter operettas of Offenbach that are almost entirely unknown here, ought to be a very welcome change to our *habitues*, and would probably draw. The house on Wednesday looked as though the drawing days of the *Grande Duchesse* were almost over. This I can not understand. To me it is still one of the prettiest and wittiest of trifles; the music—always clever and full of point—is often really beautiful. The performance was not of the best; many things—Aimée and Juteau throughout, and Jouard occasionally—were excellent, the "Paul" of Poyard, "Wanda" of Gregoire, and most of the work of the chorus, extremely shaky. The orchestra, also, seemed not particularly well in hand, and was frequently over-demonstrative. I suppose these older operas are scarcely considered as requiring much rehearsal; this one would have borne more of it.

I predict something of a success for the *Grand Bal d'Opera Bouffe* to be given next Saturday evening, under the auspices of Mlle. Aimée and the artists of the bouffe company—that is, if the piquant Aimée recovers from her indisposition which has made her far from charming for the last week or so. This ball, it is said, will be on a scale never before attempted here, it being the intention to introduce all the novel features of the Parisian opera balls. A detailed statement of the features is promised. I presume one of them will be a large price for a ticket, and another will be an arrangement of parti-colored lights flashed over a throng of the curious, anxious to become acquainted with the interpreters of the naughty librettos they do not understand. This would be a great favor, and worth a corresponding amount of money, were the attractions "young and charming," but divested of their stage surroundings, it is a matter of conjecture as to what the verdict will be. Aimée herself is not the bundle of fascination she once was; but then there is Beaudet, who is pretty. And these French women know so well how to entertain and carry things with a dash that there will be none of that difficulty that comes from a first acquaintance. So all the stalwart young bloods of the town will be there, and they will enjoy it, and will imagine it to be Parisian for the nonce.

At Baldwin's the success of *L'Assommoir* has demonstrated that the morbid curiosity of people is worth catering to, for no one, who has sat through the play, will give it the credit of being a pleasing picture. It is fascinating, however, for its realism and attractive in its horrors. The wash-house scene, where the contestants are drenched to the skin by full buckets of realistic wash-tub water, is particularly attractive and of especial interest to the feminine portion of the audience, who enjoy a thing of this sort, and who can tell by the movement of every actress at the washboard whether or not this occupation did not antedate her stage experience. They all go through it with the faithfulness of fact, and souse each other with all the venom of reality. *L'Assommoir* has improved since its first presentation, and some wonderfully good acting is now being done by Rose Coghlan and James O'Niell. The other parts, with the exception of Miss Andrews as "Big Virginie" in the wash-house scene, are poor properties in the stage picture.

The Tony Pastor troupe has within the week invaded the Bush Street Theatre, crowding it with an entirely different element of our population than that which roared at the realism of Denman Thompson as "Joshua Whitcomb." A variety show has its constituency as distinctly marked and as easily recognized as the performers themselves. It appears to be a necessity here, too, in San Francisco. It relaxes from the romantic, and the sentimental, and the legitimate; it breaks up the tedious routine of the evening, and affords the average theatre goer an opportunity to commune with the sharps and flats of the sensational singer and the clatter of jingling heels in the dance without the disgrace and discomfort of diving below a sidewalk for this species of entertainment. Then again the variety performance brings along a novelty, and if there is any one thing this people demand it is something novel. For a novelty they will spend the last dollar in the trouserloons. And contrary to the general expectation the Tony Pastor troupe this season is very short of novelties. Nearly everything in this week's programme has been seen here before. "The Versatile Domestics" are very weak, the "Moonlight Flirtation" is old, and not as well presented as it used to be, Niles and Evans are new but not clever. The French twin-sisters are not strangers. Tony Pastor himself has not improved in either his upper or lower register. Morris, the mysterious change artist, has pulled himself to pieces here before, and the mystery is therefore no longer mysterious. And now we come to something good—Sheehan and Jones in their original Irish sketch entitled *The Ash-box Inspector*. It is new, it is exceedingly funny and animated in realism and action, and is worth the expenditure of one dollar of any man's money as the provoker of a genuine and side-splitting laugh. Kelly and Ryan are old favorites, and George Thatcher is so acceptable, especially in the white face comedy sketch, that the fact of his being an old resident is readily forgiven and forgotten. Taken as a whole the Tony Pastor programme is a good performance, and to the average attendant highly satisfying. It is only weak in point of novelties, and only unsatisfactory to the theatre *habitues* grown *blase*, for the benches have been crowded every night.

With this day's performance the juveniles retire from the Standard Theatre and the *Pinafore* fever is at an end. Next week *Diplomacy* will be given with Jeffreys-Lewis, Miss Nina Varian, and Messrs. Piercy, Keene, Billings, Freeman, and Morris in the cast. A strong combination of talent, indicative of a fine performance.

The performance at the Grand Opera House entitled *Bulls and Bears* is the most successful combination of a farce and an involuntary pantomime that has ever been seen in this city. It is thoroughly original and perfectly damnable.

Colonel Mapleson, writes a London correspondent, has met with a serious loss in the secession of Miss Alwina Valleria, one of the ablest of his youthful *prime donne*. Miss Valleria is an American, a native of Baltimore. Mapleson kept her in the background, however, and did not give her the opportunities she considered herself entitled to; so, at the conclusion of her contract, she quietly signed one with the Messrs. Gye, who have thus secured a valuable *prima donna*. She has taken a prominent position among the *prime donne* of Covent Garden, and it is said that the management of that house intend to place Miss Valleria in the position held by Zaré Thalberg, between whom and the management the *entente cordiale* has been somewhat disturbed, resulting in the almost total retirement of the latter lady, so far as the public are concerned. Mapleson is very much annoyed at the loss of Valleria, as he had, so it is said, intended to make her a feature of his next American tour, where, it is thought, she would have been quite as great a success as Gerster.

The Winnebago Indians, at Omaha, and for whom Wilhelmj played while on his Western tour, call him "Sha-hish-ta-ka-shush-ta-rook-tu-ra-he," meaning "The chief who knows how to touch the heart with music." Wilhelmj was telling a lot of musical people of his trip, the other day, at the Westminster, New York, and, during the conversation, related his Indian name. A party who was near spoke up and said the same tribe called Remenyi "Sha-hish-ta-ka-shush-ta-klaw-emoh-yh-liar-nehw-sih-treenoc-etuor-seodton-yap." "And what is the translation?" was the question by Wilhelmj. "It means, sir, 'The chief who knows how to walk home by rail when his concert route does not pay.'" "Oh, well," said Wilhelmj, "it's a shame to make sport of Remenyi. I pity him; I do, from the bottom of my heart, and with that feeling one brother should hold for another."

## THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS.

### Mlle. Bernhardt and Her Critics.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

LONDON, July 3.—That Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has offered her resignation as a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française is certain. That it will be accepted is not certain, and until accepted it is not a resignation in the ordinary sense of the word. A sociétaire is bound by a signed contract, and it is not by the act or will of one party to it that a contract can be broken. Madame Arnould Plessy tried it once. They fined her $10,000 for doing it, and in the end she went back to the theatre and played out her fine, which she never paid otherwise. A compromise was come to in her case, and the same thing is likely to happen in Mlle. Bernhardt's. Negotiations are going on, and however positive may be the statements published on one side and on the other, they are not yet terminated. But why did Mlle. Bernhardt wish to resign? The reasons she assigns are perhaps not the only reasons—though they are good reasons as far as they go. She was indignant at the cabal organized against her in Paris during her absence. The journal which has always attacked her, the *Figaro*, printed an elaborate lampoon on her from the pen of M. Albert Wolff, one of those scribes who thrive on poisoned gossip. M. Wolff said that she had exhibited herself to the London public in jacket and trousers at a shilling a head; that she had separated herself from her comrades and was exploiting her own popularity at their expense; that she had brought disgrace on the Comédie Française by her irregularities; and I know not what else. She thought it worth while to reply by telegraph, flatly contradicting M. Wolff's calumnies. The journal in which he aired them is too powerful in the theatrical world and on the Boulevards to permit even a great actress to treat the aspersions with the contempt they deserve. Some of the English papers had reprinted them, though the falsity of them must have been well known here. Mlle. Bernhardt has exhibited her pictures, but not herself. She was present at the private view of her paintings and sculptures, to which she had invited a numerous company of distinguished people, but she has never been to the gallery since. The trousers story is made out of whole cloth—more than enough for a complete suit. The irregularities in the public performance reduce themselves to the one failure in *l'Estrangere*, of which you have already heard. And so on. As for the private representations, she vindicates her right to give them on the ground that, under existing regulations, she is the worst paid sociétaire in the company, though both here and in Paris she is beyond dispute the most popular, and the one who brings most money into the general treasury. M. Wolff appears to base one count of his indictment on the fact that she accepts some of the social attention and homage offered her. To that charge she does not reply. She might reply truthfully that she neither accepts all her invitations, nor keeps all the engagements she does accept. You meet people going about with rueful faces who tell you how Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt promised to come on such an evening, and did not come. But she is by no means the only spoiled child of London fashion who takes those liberties. Perhaps it is true that her fellow-sociétaires, or some of them, have resented the lion's share of popularity which has fallen to Mlle. Bernhardt, and that they have made the theatre uncomfortable for her. Their friends in Paris, with the help of M. Wolff, might have succeeded in giving her a cold reception on her return. But I take it the main explanation of her wish to retire from the Comédie Français must be sought elsewhere. This visit to London has revealed to her the financial brilliancy of the future which is open to her in a position of independence. So long as she remains sociétaire, the Théâtre Français has the first claim on her services. She can not play out of that theatre except by permission. They say she contemplates a tour through Europe; that she wishes to play in all the great capitals. And you know already that she has formed a definite purpose of going to the United States. The rumor of this latter journey was in the air before her plan was known. When she consulted Mlle. Madeleine Brohan about her resignation, alleging one grief after another such as I have cited above, Mlle. Brohan, who had heard nothing of the American scheme, turned suddenly on her with one of those inspirations which women only are capable of, and said: "You are thinking of a voyage to the States; *voila, votre vraie raison.*" I believe Mlle. Bernhardt admitted the impeachment. But the other reasons contributed something to her resolution. As to this American visit, no details are yet settled. Nothing is settled beyond the determination to go. Dazzling proposals have been made to her, but the figures published are the offspring of active imaginations. It is probable that Mr. Jarrett, who has acted as her agent here in the matter of private representations, will be the agent of her American tour. It may be that she will make a contract with him for the whole business, and that he will charge himself with the burden of engaging the company to act with her, of dealing with theatre managers, and all the rest of it. But before any decision can be taken with respect to the time and circumstances of the tour in the United States, some conclusion must be reached as to Mlle. Bernhardt's relations with the Comédie Française. She may be induced to withdraw her resignation and to reappear in Paris on the return of the company and the reopening of the theatre—an occasion sure to be brilliant and memorable. But I apprehend that the real question at issue is whether, in case she consents to resume her place in the company, leave of absence will be granted her for her intended starring trips. It is too much to ask of an artist who has won the worldwide fame which now belongs to Mlle. Bernhardt, that she should sacrifice the great fortune within her reach. Her critics say she is fond of money. Very likely she is; so are most people who have their fortune to make by their talents or genius, and who know that their physical powers will not last for ever. Mlle. Bernhardt's health is delicate. She longs for a secure independence. She is at the same time fond of her profession and impatient of its trammels and exactions. She looks forward to the time when she shall be free to leave it, should strength or talents fail her. As sociétaire her income may be about $12,000 a year; while some of her associates whose names you never heard, and who even in Paris occupy a second or third-rate place in public favor, are earning, by virtue of senority and of the peculiar rules of the society, considerably more. If she can make half a million in two or three years by acting outside of France, why should she pay the enormous fine imposed on her by continuing in a position which prohibits her from accepting lucrative engagements? Such, I think, are some of the considerations which underlie the discussion now going on between Mlle. Bernhardt and the administration of the Théâtre Française. It would be a matter for regret to everybody who cares for dramatic art if the Comédie Française should lose permanently its most gifted actress. It would be a blow to the theatre which is confessedly the first in the world, and the drama could not but suffer. But I don't see why some compromise of the kind I have indicated may not be come to. G. W. S.

This is the letter Sarah telegraphed to the *Figaro* critic regarding his assertion that she received company in her studio in men's clothes: "And you, too, dear Mr. Wolff, you believe such insane stories. Who can have been your informant? Yes, you are my friend; for despite all the calumnies recounted to you, you have yet a remnant of kindly feeling. Well, I give my word of honor, I never wore men's clothes here in London. I did not even bring over my costume. I have only once attended my little exhibition. That was when I invited a few private friends. It is false, therefore, to say that anybody paid a shilling to see me play in private houses. You are aware that I am among the worst paid members of the company. I have quite a right, therefore, to do something to make up the difference. There are sixteen pictures and eighteen pieces of sculpture in my exhibition. I brought them here to sell, and therefore I must let people see them. Now, if the stupid things said discredit me with the Parisians, and they mean, as you seem to fear, to give me a bad reception on my return, I will tempt nobody to do a mean action, and will resign my place in the Théâtre Français, and if the London public, naturally irritated by false reports, are tired of me, and substitute hatred for good feeling, I will beg the manager to let me leave England, that he may not see one of his company hissed and hooted. I send this by telegraph, the great importance I attach to public opinion justifying such extravagance. Begging you to give the same prominence to this denial as you did to the calumnies, I give you a friendly squeeze of the hand. SARAH BERNHARDT."

### I Could Not Help It.

My feet are dancing to the song,
My happy heart is singing,
The sand seems strewed with diamond gems,
And sweetest birds are singing.
The lark is trilling in the sky,
And the dove coos in the grove,
My very soul seems melting down
In streams of lava, love.
Last night he whispered in my ear
Such words of love and madness,
My heart to-day is carried up
To heights of glorious gladness.
And oh! I can not help it.

I've seen ten thousand burning eyes,
But *his* are brightest of them all;
His tones make sweeter music far
Than those celestial harps let fall.
My heart is singing in response,
My blush the tale is telling—
With wild, delirious ecstasy
My very soul is swelling.
Last night I heard the first mad words
Of love, that glowing, passion thing;
My senses reel—my heart will burst,
My feet will dance, my lips will sing,
Because I can not help it.

And oh, such words of love he spoke—
The first I'd ever heard;
They charmed me as the charmer does
The tranced, fluttering bird.
The Paphian goddess never felt
A love so rich and warm
As thrilled my soul and swept my heart
At love's tempestuous storm.
The stars were out and all aglow—
(Scenes of bliss about me swim)
My head was snuggled on his breast;
And he kissed me—and I kissed him,
Because I could not help it.

While swinging their hoes in the weed-hunted rows,
Where beans and tomatoes are growing,
The son to his father set out to remark,
As warmly the sunbeams were glowing:
"Why like is this spot to the place that was not
Known to fame till that apple proceedin'?"
"I pass," quoth the parent. Then answered the son:
"Because 'tis the garden of weedin'!"

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The California Street Railroad is now extended to the Lone Mountain Cemetery. That part lying west of Fillmore Street is constructed of wood, while that eastward and first built is of iron and solid masonry. It is a curious and suggestive fact that the wooden extension, while costing less than half as much as the stone and iron, is a better road. By better, we do not mean more durable, but the cars move over it with less noise, and with an easy, springy motion. The building of cable roads over our hills has proved of great advantage to the Western Addition, and has solved the problem of the occupation of our hills as residences. Lands of little or no value have been brought into demand, and it is now clear that the most expensive and elegant dwellings are to be built upon summits that have heretofore been regarded as practically inaccessible and nearly worthless. The Western Addition is now the most prosperous portion of the town; more buildings are being constructed there than elsewhere, and it is the only part of the city that has not seriously felt any real depreciation in the value of real estate property.

True love has been sealed up tight in an apothecary's shop in Pesth. The proprietor had died; his assistant was about to make a bid for the business, and also to marry; and the two lovers, whose happiness was still a secret so far as the neighbors were concerned, were exploring the premises and talking of their future. Suddenly a legal officer presented himself, charged with the duty of affixing seals to the goods and chattels. The assistant and his financée were struck with sudden confusion and alarm, and the latter made her escape into a wardrobe, upon which her admirer quickly turned the key. The official proceeded to make out his inventory, and sealed up the door of the wardrobe as well as those of the other rooms and receptacles. He then departed, leaving the custody of the whole place in the charge of the young man, and specially directing his attention to the severity of the legal penalties enacted against those who break or allow to be broken the seals attached in the usual way. There remained now to the hero of the tale only three courses—either to allow the lady to endure the pangs of starvation, to incur the pains and penalties of the criminal law, or to disclose all, and invoke the clemency of the testamentary court. The latter was the course ultimately adopted; but it was many hours before the requisite authority could be obtained, and the lady could be released from her uncomfortable hiding-place.

The Reverend Mrs. Bowles, an eminent and highly cultivated woman, who has been ordained to preach the Gospel under the auspices of the Universalist Church, and who has been a resident of San Francisco for one year only, has inaugurated a movement for bettering the condition of women and children. It is her purpose to establish kindergarten schools, to rescue the little Arabs and baby hoodlums from their vicious lives, and indirectly to influence the parents in the direction of more careful guardianship of their children. The city is to be districted, and placed under the care of intelligent Christian women, who will devote themselves to the care of those waifs and neglected ones whom careless parents have abandoned to the chances of a vicious and abandoned life. This society is to be of a literary character, and is to be modeled after a similar institution in Boston.

Notice a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly, and imagines all sorts of things. Her husband has fallen down the hatchway at his warehouse. Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Maria has been scalded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination. When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelope, she finds he will bring a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls the children together, and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go round and give the visitor a few extra.

The firm of Bradley & Rulofson have executed a large photograph of Miss Lilian Ardrews, the actress who personates "Big Virginie" in such a realistic manner in the play of *L'Assommoir*. The portrait can be seen in the vestibule of Baldwin's Theatre. It is a fine piece of work, and one more in the long list of specimens abundantly proving that the above-mentioned firm give the best satisfaction in professional or in fact any description of photography.

Joseph Schwab, late of the firm of Morris, Schwab & Co., and Mr. Joseph C. Breeze, late with the old firm of Snow & May, have struck hands in a new business venture, and opened out with free art gallery, oil paintings, engravings, chromos, artists' materials, etc., etc., opposite the Palace Hotel, on Market Street.

The best and only place to get TENTS and CAMP OUTFITS is at E. DETRICK & CO.'S, 119 to 123 Clay and 118-120 Commercial Streets.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

An elegant assortment of Gold Watches and Chains at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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FRECKLES, MOLES, SALLOWNESS, BLACK WORMS, POCKMARKS, WARTS, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, instantly and permanently removed by MONS. A. MOREL, with FEISTEL & GERRARD, Chiropodists, who remove skillfully and without pain CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, etc. Finger-nails made almond shape and rose-tinted. Sole Agents for the Genuine Sozopado, for disinfecting and modifying excessive perspiration. Highest testimonials. Specifics sent to any part of the world, on application at our office, 838 Market Street, opposite Fourth. Parlors 2, 3, and 4.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

WANTED,

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.

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Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

M. A. KENNEDY.....MANAGER.
C. R. BACON.....TREASURER.

Monday evening, July 28, and every evening during the week

THE DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE SEASON.

The management takes pleasure in being able to announce the production of the greatest society play of the period,

DIPLOMACY,

With an extraordinary cast, every character being delineated by artists specially selected for their marked ability.

Miss Jeffreys Lewis, S. W. Piercy,
Miss Nina Varian, T. W. Keene,
Miss Fanny Young, Max Freeman,
Miss Florence Wood, Felix Morris,
Miss Belle Chapman, A. D. Billings.
Walter Leman, etc., etc.

Only DIPLOMACY Matinee, Saturday, August 2, at two o'clock P. M. Box Sheet now open.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHAS. E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Grand Successful Inauguration of

**Tony Pastor's Engagement.**

Standing Room Only greeting the first appearance of

TONY PASTOR

and his Great Double Troupe,

*The Best Company Tony Pastor ever brought to this Coast—consisting of*

George Thatcher, Kelly and Ryan,
Sheridan and Jourdan, Niles and Evans,
Gardiner and Kaine, Irwin Sisters,
John Morris, Bryant and Hoey,
Sheehan and Jones, Edwin French,
French Twin Sisters, Frank Girard.

TONY PASTOR

Himself appearing at each performance. ☞ Family Matinee Saturday. ☜

*BALDWIN'S THEATRE.*

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY MATINEE.

Unqualified Success of the Powerful Temperance Sensation

L'ASSOMMOIR,

A vivid and realistic picture of

DRINK

And its consequences. IN NINE TABLEAUX.

NOTICE.—During the run of L'ASSOMMOIR the curtain will rise at 7.45 P. M. instead of 8 o'clock—the performance terminating at 11.15 P. M.

The next production at this house will be

WON AT LAST.

*CALIFORNIA THEATRE.*

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

AIMEE,

THE QUEEN OF OPERA BOUFFE.

Sunday, July 27, by special request, and positively last time,

LA PETITE MARIEE.

Aimee (positively appearing) as.....Graziella

Next week Two New Operas. Monday and Tuesday, July 28 and 29,

LA BOULANGERE A DES ECUS,

(The Rich Bakeress), written expressly for Aimee.

Wednesday Evening, July 30th, the event of the season. First time in this city of the reigning European sensation

MADAME FAVART.

Thursday Evening, August 7, Grand

OPERA BOUFFE MASKED BALL

Under the auspices of Mlle. Aimee and all the artists of her company.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

BRILLIANT SEASON OF

TONY PASTOR

AND HIS

GREAT DOUBLE COMPANY.

Monday, July 28—

**Entire Change of Programme.**

Tony Pastor in New Songs.
George Thatcher in White Face Comedy.
The entire Company in a varied selection of new acts, etc.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 P. M.

*R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,* removed to 200 STOCKTON ST., cor. Geary, S. F.

J. J. BIRGE, DENTIST, 313 Kearny Street.

**Western Addition Music Hall.**

"LED ASTRAY" will be produced at this hall, Friday evening, August 1, 1879, with entirely new scenery and all necessary appurtenances. The cast includes some of the most talented amateurs in San Francisco.

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Those desiring space should apply at once.
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J. H. CULVER, Secretary.

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Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 19) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 26th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*THE FIRST TERM OF THE FIFTH* year will commence August 7th, 1879. MISS M. S. CASTLEMAN, Principal and Teacher of Academic and Grammar Grades.

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**Mrs. M. Atkins Lynch, Principal.**

*TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR WILL* begin July 30th, 1879.

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COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

NAPA, CALIFORNIA.

*NINETEENTH SESSION OF THIS* first-class boarding-school will open July 30, 1879.

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*RECEIVES PUPILS IN THE HIGH-* er development of PIANO-FORTE PLAYING at his rooms over M. GRAY'S MUSIC STORE, No. 117 Post Street.

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*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 616 SACRA*mento Street.

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*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

**REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.**

**HON. H. F. PAGE,**

NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS, SECOND DISTRICT

.....AND.....

**COL. GEORGE W. CARTER,**

OF LOUISIANA,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| MOKELUMNE HILL | Saturday, July 26 |
| SAN ANDREAS | Monday, July 28 |
| SHEEP'S RANCH | Tuesday, July 29 |
| SONORA | Wednesday, July 30 |
| COLUMBIA | Thursday, July 31 |
| STOCKTON | Saturday, August 2 |
| SACRAMENTO | Monday, August 4 |
| ELK GROVE | Tuesday, August 5 |
| GALT | Wednesday, August 6 |
| LODI | Thursday, August 7 |
| FARMINGTON | Friday, August 8 |
| AUBURN | Saturday, August 9 |
| FOREST HILL | Monday, August 11 |
| IOWA HILL | Tuesday, August 12 |
| DUTCH FLAT | Wednesday, August 13 |
| TRUCKEE | Thursday, August 14 |
| GRASS VALLEY | Friday, August 15 |
| NEVADA | Saturday, August 16 |
| SAN JUAN | Monday, August 18 |
| COLFAX | Tuesday, August 19 |
| ROCKLIN | Wednesday, August 20 |
| MARTINEZ | Thursday, August 21 |
| ANTIOCH | Friday, August 22 |
| NORTONVILLE | Saturday, August 23 |
| PACHECO | Monday, August 25 |
| OAKLAND | Tuesday, August 26 |
| HAYWARD'S | Wednesday, August 27 |
| SAN LEANDRO | Thursday, August 28 |
| CENTREVILLE | Friday, August 29 |
| LIVERMORE | Saturday, August 30 |
| GEORGETOWN | Monday, September 1 |
| PLACERVILLE | Tuesday, September 2 |

County Committees will please make the necessary arrangements for the meetings.

HON. STEPHEN G. NYE, of Alameda, will accompany Hon. H. F. Page through the counties of San Joaquin, Contra Costa, and Alameda.

By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

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*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

**REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.**

**GEORGE C. PERKINS,**

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR,

.....AND.....

**G. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.,**

OF HUMBOLDT,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| SAN LUIS OBISPO | Saturday, July 26 |
| SALINAS | Monday, July 28 |
| WATSONVILLE | Tuesday, July 29 |
| BAKERSFIELD | Thursday, July 31 |
| VISALIA | Friday, August 1 |
| FRESNO | Saturday, August 2 |
| MERCED | Monday, August 4 |
| MODESTO | Tuesday, August 5 |
| SAN FRANCISCO | Wednesday, August 6 |

County Committees will take due notice and make the necessary arrangements for the meetings announced.

By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

---

**H. T. HELMBOLD'S**

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

**BUCHU.**

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

**BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.**

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO*ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

**HELMBOLD'S BUCHU**

**Does in every case.**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumalism,
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Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

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INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

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H. T. HELMBOLD,

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GER*MAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a Dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of seven and one-fifth (7 1-5) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1879. By order: GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 30th, 1879.

---

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the thirtieth day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

---

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

---

*GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of September, 1879, to pay the deliquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 62, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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**THE BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.**

**A Preparatory School to the University.**

*The only fully organized Preparatory School on the Coast.*

*THE INSTRUCTORS IN THE GYM*nasium consist of refined and educated gentlemen, who are permanently connected with the institution. Boarding establishment strictly first class. Location healthful and accessible. The third school year will commence on the 14th of July. Examination of candidates for admission, 11th and 12th. For catalogues, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, Berkeley, Cal.

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**GEYSERS!**

*Via Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.*

**W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.**

*CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICT*URESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P. R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....$10 00
Healdsburg to Geysers and return, only..... 4 00

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**NOOK FARM.**

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that this is the finest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH,
Rutherford, Napa County.

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C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,

*DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126* Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this traio for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this traio. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Mooterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco a 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $4 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

### SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

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# COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, Presideot.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND* Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacrameoto River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance from Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | To San Jose. | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | R*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

### CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Andersoo & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED to 25 cents.

### SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1879.

*Between San Francisco and San Rafael.*

WEEK DAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. | 8.00 and 11.00 A. M. |
| 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). |
| 5.45 P. M. | 7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M. |

SUNDAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. | 8.50 and 11.30 A. M. |
| 12.50, 3.45 and 6.00 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 2.15 and 4.30 P. M. |
| 8.00 A. M. | |

†*8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* Saucelito Ferry, for all points between Saucelito and Junction.

††*9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

†††*1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays,* from San Quentin, Through Train for Duocan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Sancelito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sancelito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. rom Saucelito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Dnncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. via San Quentin 7.55 P. M. and via Saucelito 8.10P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, $2 00; Tomales, $3 00; Duncan Mills, $4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Mooday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers: connection made at Fulton for Korhel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this traio will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Dooahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Dooahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

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August.....15 | September ....13 |

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For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequaled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

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*Capital paid up*.....$10,000,000
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AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.
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SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$5,000,000

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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
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AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, Cbina, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhageo, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailiog, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NBAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.


## NAMES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

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OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 409 California Street. ☜

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SACRAMENTO—W. R. Strong, N. Dingley, Geo. W. Chesley, Robt. M. Hamilton, W. D. Comstock, S. B. Ridgway, O. B. Goodbue, A. S. Hopkins, Dr. G. L. Simmons, Dr. E. Jacobs, E. S. Dennison.

GOLD HILL, NEV.—Robt. P. Keating, Capt. Thos. G. Taylor.

LOMPOC—J. Rudolph.


# ALASKA

# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.


# REGISTRATION.

## REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTE,
Rooms Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, 703 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 26, 1879.

The vital importance of immediate Registration must be apparent to every Republican, when the fact is announced that the entire Registration of this City and County has been wiped out, and that no one will be allowed to vote at the September Election unless RE-REGISTERED. The State Central Committee calls the earnest attention of Republicans to this matter, and requests them, without delay to REGISTER themselves, so as to strengthen the hands of the organization and place it in a position to win the approaching contest. No true Republican will neglect this most imperative and urgent duty. By order of the Committee.

W. W. MORROW,
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

# JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.

A select assortment of the latest Novelties in **JEWELRY** and **SILVERWARE** just received. Goods marked in plain figures at extremely Low Prices.

## BRAVERMAN & LEVY

**119 Montgomery Street.**

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Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

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## CHICKERING
PIANOS AT COST.

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**ROYAL MILLS**

Writing Papers.

Notes, Letters, Legals and Foolscaps, all weights. An EXTRA SUPERFINE PAPER at low price.

**H. S. CROCKER & CO.**

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*336 KEARNY, ST.*
& 910 MARKET, ST. S.F.

## SPRING STYLES
**ALL IN NOW!**
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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TRADE MARK,
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**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

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| Black Doeskin Pants, | $8 |
| White Vests, | 3 |
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ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

SALE PRICES—Pants from $3: Suits from $12; Overcoats from $10; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

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**We have just received a choice assortment of REPOUSSE and DECORATED SILVER. Also, a collection of NOVELTIES in JEWELRY, at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.**

## GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, July 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 45) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, July 21st, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

---

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

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UPRIGHT
## PIANOS,
**Post Street, near Dupont.**

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**LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.**

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*Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe,*
When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?

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Good accommodations, comfortable dressing rooms, long distance, rafts, splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT,
Under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed.
☞ Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde. ☜
W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

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*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for all Time."*

## REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**GOV. GEORGE L. WOODS**
....AND....
**DANIEL M. BURNS,**
Republican Nominee for Secretary of State,

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| PLACERVILLE | Saturday, July 26 |
| AUBURN | Monday, July 28 |
| FOREST HILL | Tuesday, July 29 |
| GRASS VALLEY | Wednesday, July 30 |
| NEVADA | Thursday, July 31 |
| TRUCKEE | Friday, August 1 |

County Committees will please make arrangements for the meetings. By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

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*"The Principles of the Republican Party are not for a Day, but for All Time."*

## REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

**HON. JOSEPH McKENNA,**
NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS, THIRD DISTRICT,
.....AND.....
**GEORGE T. BROMLEY, ESQ.,**

Will address the people on the issues of the day, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| CHICO | Monday, July 28 |
| RED BLUFF | Tuesday, July 29 |
| SHASTA | Wednesday, July 30 |
| WEAVERVILLE | Thursday, July 31 |
| FORT JONES | Saturday, August 2 |
| YREKA | Monday, August 4 |
| CLOVERDALE | Friday, August 8 |
| UKIAH | Saturday, August 9 |
| CAHTO | Monday, August 11 |
| RHONERVILLE | Thursday, August 14 |
| ARCATA | Friday, August 15 |
| EUREKA | Saturday, August 16 |
| HEALDSBURG | Tuesday, August 19 |
| SANTA ROSA | Wednesday, August 20 |
| PETALUMA | Thursday, August 21 |
| SAN RAFAEL | Friday, August 22 |
| WOODLAND | Saturday, August 23 |
| MARYSVILLE | Monday, August 25 |
| COLUSA | Tuesday, August 26 |
| OROVILLE | Wednesday, August 27 |
| ST. HELENA | Thursday, August 28 |
| LAKEPORT | Friday, August 29 |
| NAPA | Saturday, August 30 |
| DIXON | Monday, September 1 |
| VALLEJO | Tuesday, September 2 |

County Committees will please make all requisite arrangements for the meetings.
By order of the Committee.
W. W. MORROW, Chairman.
M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

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R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,*
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(P. O. Box 770.)

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# S. W. RAVELEY,
STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER
**And Printer of the Argonaut,**
518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 5. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 2, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OLD JACQNOT.—A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY J. H. S. BUGEIA.

### CHAPTER I.

Allons aux champs, que loin du bruit des villes
S'écoule en paix ces jours de vrai bonheur ;
Les souvenirs reviendront plus dociles
Aux doux attraits de ce coloris enchanteur.
BENJAMIN SUTTE.

Eliza has an absurd enthusiasm about French Canadians, especially the *habitants*. I was teasing her about it the other day, and she has undertaken to show me, as she says "some of the romance that lies hidden in the lives that seem to us so dull and common." She began by taking me to a genuine French village on the St. Lawrence, not far from Montreal, a place where there are no English inhabitants, except the Irishman whose wife is French, and the Frenchman whose wife is Irish.

It is about a mile from the station where we *debarqued*, as they say ; and I have seldom enjoyed anything more than I did that walk. How still it was, how green and fragrant, and how near to God one seemed to be in such a place! We passed through a gateway of high granite rocks, all clad with bush and briar and clambering vine. The smooth road runs, blossom-bordered, through meadows of grass and grain and rustling corn. Along the homely rail-fence the sweet wild roses bloomed ; blue forget-me-nots peeped from the grass ; buttercups, daisies, and honest old dandelion gleamed in the meadows. Once we passed a whole field of sweet clover such as grows in grandmother's garden ; the bees were humming among its spikes of white blossoms ; b-z-z-z—how busy the workers, how lazy and sleep-provoking their song ! The clover was first sown about some beehives, Eliza explained, and the present "shiftless" farmer has allowed it to spread everywhere. I felt like calling out to him to say fervently, Heaven bless you, let it spread ! Just there, by a curve in the road, we came upon a glorious view of the St. Lawrence, that calm and noble stream. As we entered the village, Eliza pointed out a snug white cottage with a pretty garden beside it, and at the rear an elm-shaded lawn sloping down to the river, where a boat, moored to a tree, was idly swinging.

"That," said Eliza, "is where the Roses lived one summer long ago."

"Roses! What do you mean, people or posies ?"

"Well, something of both, but mostly people ; I mean the family La Rose I am going to tell you about them by and by, and I thought it would be pleasant for you to remember the looks of the cottage ; but we will call on our way back. I have a dear old friend there."

As we continued our walk up the street I thought of Langly Lane :

"Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors' buttons grow ;
And over all, in the clear blue sky,
The woolly-white clouds go sailing by."

Bright-eyed, dirty, pert, and polite, the children were playing on the walks before the doors ; pretty young girls were laughing and chattering—what soft voices they have, those young *Canadiennes ;* old women, with those funny full borders on their snow-white caps, were gossiping over their knitting, among the pots of geraniums in the windows ; old men, coming and going, bowed and smiled as if we were old friends. How quaint they all were ! There was an old man coming up from the river, with two great buckets of water suspended upon a wooden yoke upon his shoulders. He looked like the old traditional Jean Crapaud, in his clothes of homespun gray, his moccasins, and blue woolen *tuque.* With a beaming look of delight he set the pails down upon the walk, and wiping his hand on his trousers, presented it to Eliza, touching his *tuque* with the gallantry of a chevalier.

"Aha, bon jour, mamselle ! Have you come back to us again ?"

What a sweet, cheery voice ! His old palsied head was wagging about, and his words came out in the drollest dislocated fashion, yet he looked almost handsome with that glow of pleasure on his face. After a few words more in his droll *patois* we left him to trudge along with his pails.

"That is one of my heroes," said Eliza, as we walked on ; "the very one I am first going to tell you of—my brave old Jacqnot."

Of course I knew it was some one by the way she treated him, but I had not suspected him of being a hero. You can't judge of Eliza's kind of people by their looks—at least I can't. Next we went down a green lane to a cluster of picturesque buildings by the river ; an old, tottering church with a grand new one beside it, waiting like an heir-apparent for the throne. At the right is the presbytery, or rectory, and out upon the point the convent in the midst of a broad lawn. On the end of the point stands an old windmill, its broken arms hanging helplessly down, or lifted to the sky as if preparing for one last benediction, that it may tumble down and be at rest ; a group of little girls were playing around it, overlooked by a nun who sat upon the broad steps with some needlework in her hands. Occasionally some of the little ones would rush up and give her a hug and a kiss, and bound away to their play again.

"That doesn't look like sad life," I said. "How peaceful she looks there, with the beautiful broad water glimmering before her, and all the loveliness of the rare landscape in her sight !"

"Sad !" said Eliza ; "as far as my human eyes can penetrate, the Canadian nuns are, as a class, the happiest women I know ; bright and rosy, and full of fun, contented, and proud of their estate. I think there is a great deal of sentiment wasted upon nuns, and that there is far less romance and tragedy in their histories than in those of half the people whom we daily meet upon the street. But now let us go into the church."

Within I found it to be like almost all other old Canadian churches—high pulpit, altars and images, star-bedecked chancel roof, organ loft and gallery high up at the rear of the building, and in the body high, unpainted box-pews. A few lights were burning dimly on the altars ; one or two women in black were kneeling at their prayers. It was so still, it seemed as if all the vanished years had left their silence in the place. When we came out the sun seemed to glare upon us, and the sounds of busy life to smite upon our ears. After wandering a little while beside the river, we returned to the Rose cottage. We were met at the open door by a lovely blue-eyed old lady, whom Eliza called Madame Le Blanc. Within, the bare floor was so white it seemed almost wrong to step on it ; the window-curtains were snowy-white with pink linings. There was a great comfortable lounge covered with blue chintz, and two or three easy rocking chairs ; a large fireplace with dark red tiles was filled with fresh cedar boughs, and a great jug of roses stood on the mantel. Everything was so clean and sweet, the air around Lady Macbeth's castle could not have been daintier. The scent of pinks and mignonette came in at the windows, and a humming bird was flitting about the honeysuckle on the porch. An open door showed a glimpse of the kitchen, clean and white like all the rest, with a great red cupboard, a red table, and red chairs with twisted bark bottoms. Beyond, we saw the little court with clean swept floor, the whitewashed milk-room under a tree, then the lawn and the sparkling river. Opening from the sitting-room was another room with a great high-post bed with chintz curtains ; the furniture was old and dark, but the floor had strips of bright carpet, and there was a large mirror framed in gilt, and some bright prints upon the wall ; also a large portrait in oil of a fine, venerable-looking priest with a humorous set of wrinkles about the eyes and mouth ; I felt like having a joke with him. One corner of the room had curtains of white and blue drawn across it.

"Come to see my Madonne," said Mme. Le Blanc, and fastening back the curtains she disclosed the sweetest little oratory that you could imagine—in a country house at least. The walls were tinted in pale blue—the virgin's color ; the little altar, draped with pale blue silk and fine lace, stood beneath a niche where was the most exquisite statuette Madonna, in fine marble. On the altar were white roses and lilies in an antique silver vase, waxen candles in tall silver candlesticks, a small marble font of holy water—in design an angel holding a sea-shell, an ivory crucifix, and across a missal, bound in crimson and silver clasped, lay a rosary made of olive wood ; above swung a small silver lamp suspended by a silver chain ; a soft crimson cushion lay before the altar. I was glad the dear old lady knelt comfortably.

But, "come to see my Madonne," she said. "Is she not beautiful ? She was brought to me from abroad by a so dear friend—by Madame Casgrain. You know of her, Mlle. Elise ? But attendez, I will show to de young lady her portrait."

I wish I could transcribe her charming broken English, but it is impossible to give her grace of expression. The portrait was a miniature on ivory of a bright, beautiful face, with a hint of sadness beneath its smiling. It had an outspringing glance that seemed to reach beyond the spheres. It might have been idealized as Faith. "Dis is she, my sweet Adeline. She is dead, oh, years ago, in all her fresh young beauty. *Eh, oui,* it is said to outlive one's friends," said she, slipping the picture back into its case. "And dis, mademoiselle, is de portrait of my broder," pointing to the portrait on the wall. "He was de curé of dis parish for many years, and I have live wid him all de time since I am widowed until he died. It is for dat I like not to leave dis little village, aldo dey are all gone, de old friends ; none left but poor old Jacqnot and meself. He comes sometimes, de poor old man, to speak of de old times, and to look at dis little picture of Adeline ; and I am glad to show him some kindness for de sake of his brave life, pauvre vieux ! Look, Mlle. Elise, dat is one history you should write."

"Yes, dear madame, I am just going to try it, and I have brought my friend here that she may see you, and the village, and the hero."

"Ah, yes, he is indeed a hero, aldo not of de kind we have in de old romanzas, but I tink he is far more brave and glorious in de sight of heaven dan one of dose grand chevaliers. But come," she added, with her gay smile, "my ancient maid has prepared a lunch for us. Come, mademoiselles, we will partake of it if you please."

And verily the "ancient maid" had spread for us the most delicious of country lunches on the finest linen, the most antique of silver, and the most ceramical of china. Oh, I sat and coveted that china till I could hardly eat, hungry as I was. And that beautiful old woman, who never suspected my vileness, sat and poured out her tea and her droll speeches, and we laughed and chatted like three school-girls in holiday time ; and when I just hinted at my abject prostration before china, she laughed the merriest of laughs, and said : "Eh bien, my dear, if you will accept dis and keep it in memory of your first visit here, I will be very proud and happy of it."

And she presented me with a dessert-plate that made my eyes water ; then, with another graceful speech, she presented Eliza with a cup and saucer.

We departed ; we took the train ; we whirled through the green splendor of God's summer fields, and at sunset we arrived at that horrible old Bonaventure Station. We picked our way through the back yard of Montreal and wended on to our own proud terraced heights. But, oh, my heart ; it lingers by the singing river and in the rose-sweet cottage of the blessed old lady.

Thus I have been prepared for the story of

### OLD JACQNOT.

"*Non ! je-ne-ma-rié-pas !*" says the old man, when the teasing youngsters say to him : "You ought to marry, bonhomme Jacqnot. "There's Mme. Giraud, now, with her good little farm and her fat purse. She'd jump at the chance of making you master of it all."

"Ah, no," says the patient old man, good naturedly, giving the youngsters their joke ; "with the farm and the purse she'll catch some younger fool. As for me, my boys, it's high time for me to die."

"*Non, non !*" they shout, for they all love him. "Vive le bonhomme Jacqnot !" and up go their ragged straw hats, while the old man smiles and goes along to his work.

It must have been long ago that he was young, you think, yet you got a glimpse of his youth and beauty in that smile that swept like sunshine over his weather-heaten face ; and in his time not a handsomer, wittier young fellow was to be found in all the country round than Louis Jacqnot—good, too, with the innocent purity of the country in those old simple days.

His father owned a small farm a few miles from the village, on the St. Anne Road—"St. Anne au bout de l'isle" of boat-song fame. Besides Louis there was a houseful of younger boys and girls, and one year of hard work and coarse fare ended only to give place to another just like it. But those French Canadian farms with their narrow fronts make close neighbors, and the *habitants* have always been a social class, so that then, as now, there was many a gay gathering of farmers. Their labor was set to mirth and music when the "bees" set to work at plowing and planting, reaping, and corn-husking, and wood-hauling. They worked with talk and laughter through the day, and at night the talking and laughing went on, with song and dance, and music of violin. There was no lack of pretty girls at these frolics, and many a gay young *habitant* was there, haloed round with his own peculiar glories. Yet, to Jacqnot, there was but one girl worth mentioning. That was Adeline la Rose, who, in return, thought Louis Jacqnot as grand as a seigneur almost. Not that she let him know as much—no, indeed, sly little, shy little Deline! She had many a bright glance and smile for the other lads who hovered around her, much to Louis's discomfort, yet none but he ever saw that soft light shining in her brown eyes, or those rosy waves of color flooding her sweet face. It was rather strange that he was so silent about his love ; they are not usually slow in wooing, these young Canadians. With them the grand passion finds rapid and graceful utterance. But Louis was so different from the other young fellows. Nature seemed to have meant him for a nobleman ; fine and pure, his nature, like his complexion that never lost its freshness in sun or storm, never gathered taint or coarseness from his surroundings. Such natures are sensitive and somewhat timid about themselves, and so it happened that Louis was always shy and fearful with Deline. But they were so young, he thought, and so poor. How long it would be before they could marry ! And it was so pleasant, this doubtful land of hope and fear, and sweet suspense ; such happiness, just to dream that she loved him, and knew all that his fearful heart would say ! The sugar-making was over, and the spring work ; the summer days came on, and Adeline, in her short blue petticoat and sacque, spun and wove by her mother, and the broad-brim straw hat, braided and sewed by her own little nimble fingers, went singing through the meadows, working in the hay or flax, whose blue flowers always made her think of Louis's clear eyes. Sometimes she stopped to thrust a daisy or a wild rose in her dark braids. Many a time the waters of the St. Lawrence mirrored her lovely sunbrowned face, when with little bare feet flitting through the dewy grass she had run down the meadow-path in the first blush of the morning. On such a morning she stood bending over the water laughing at her own laughing face reflected there ; the east was one great bank of opal dropping its faint light upon the river ; the islands lay in a pale green mist, and the breeze came up from the forest creek with scent of fern and violet.

"Ma mie, ma douce mie,
Reponds à mes amours ;
Fidèle à cette belle,
Je l'aimerai toujours !"

sang Deline coquettishly, laughing and kissing her finger-tips to the face in the water, stooping to dip her hand and raise it with the water slipping from her fingers like Guinevere's pearls into the sea.

"Ma mie, ma douce mie,
Reponds à mes amours !"

sang, oh, whose voice, so sweet and tender ?

"O Deline, I love thee!"

She turned in swift surprise to Louis, standing there with the wind blowing his yellow hair about his young, blushing face, hardly less surprised at the sudden declaration than Deline herself; and yet it was his presence there that surprised her, rather than his words. She had always looked for them, always been dreaming about them—here beside the river's rippling flow, in the daisied meadows, at her house work; even at her prayers the sweet little dream would slip itself in between the Hail Marys and contemplation. All tremulous and confused they stood, this young Phœbus and Aurora, in the breezy dawn, with the sunrise flushing up the sky and falling around them. The birds burst forth into full morning chorus, the river broke into little ripples of laughter, as the breeze freshened and bore their murmuring vows out into God's great, glad world of love.

"Deline! Adeline!"

It was a little sister shouting down the path: "Adeline! why art thou there so long? Come along with the water, *maman* says."

The supreme moment was over. After all they were still upon the earth, and Adeline had to go to breakfast. Though, as Louis walked up the path beside her, the little sister running backward, crab-fashion, before them, and Deline demurely talking of anything except what they were thinking of, it still seemed as if he were walking on air. But even that delusion faded as they approached the house, and, entering, got a lightning flash from Mme. La Rose's sharp eyes. She saw the new light in their faces, and it did not please her. Louis was penniless, and they were not rich. It seemed to her that such a pretty girl as Deline ought to make a good match. There were plenty of rich young farmers around, and more than one was beginning to be very civil to her and the *bonhomme;* should this empty-handed boy be allowed to carry off the prize, then? No, no. She therefore found plenty of tasks to keep Adeline busy while he stayed. A worldly-wise woman was Mme. La Rose, ruling her household firmly; a proud woman, too, for she came of good French blood that years ago ran along the veins of the *noblesse.* There was not much choice of family about Point Paradise; but money was to be had, or, at least, good farms, with plenty of cows, and sheep, and fat horses; and those Mme. La Rose meant to secure for her girls if any management of hers could do it. Poor Louis, whose good looks, and gentle humor, and pure morals, did not in the least atone for his lack of land, was made, in a hundred ways, to feel the keen edge of her disapproval, and the ecstasy of his morning was a little chilled. He looked around the room with a slight creeping of awe that he had never felt before. The house was a little larger and a little finer than the neighboring farm houses, as it became the house of an *aristocrate* like Mme. La Rose to be. The floor, whose whiteness represented weariness of back, had strips of home-made carpet, clean and faded by much washing; the high square bed in the corner bad snowy curtains edged with knitted lace, looped back to show the gay patchwork quilt. There was a big blue chest for the house linen; the bark-bottomed chairs had turned posts and were painted red; there was a large, handsome cradle, too, an important article in a French Canadian household. But the grandeur of the house broke out in a large *armoire,* or wardrobe, ancient, and heavy, and dark. It was an heir-loom, and stood for Family; yet it was far more valuable than they knew, for to their uncultured vision the glory of its carving was unrevealed. Only the flames in the great fireplace, when their season came, knew its capabilities; they flickered up and down its panels, and leaped from point to point of carven leaf and flower; then, withdrawing, they watched the shadows, those gloomy pretenders, steal out and take possession of it; then back again they flashed to swift and brilliant victory! There was another *meuble de famille.* In the space between the fire-place and a window was fitted up a simple oratory—a little white-covered table with waxen *enfant Jesus* in a glass shrine, reposing on a bed of paper flowers; a wooden crucifix and rosary, a china font, two or three colored wax tapers, and a glass of flowers. For even in winter Adeline managed to have a geranium or two, a white chrysanthemum, or some gay petunias, or at least a few fragrant green leaves to offer to her blessed Mother Mary, whose picture hung above the table. And that was the other heir loom. The pictured face looked dimly out of the old black canvas, in the dark, worm-eaten frame. Pictured? Sometimes, in strong sunlight, or the ruddy glow of the hearth-fire, it seemed to spring out like a living face emerging from the gloom—noble, calm, full of rest, yet with the shadow of sorrow behind her tender smiling. Who could fathom that look and find its meaning? Heavenly pity, it seemed to be, for all the weary, sorrow-burdened souls that came to bow before her incarnate motherhood. It was so that Adeline interpreted it; often, exhausted by the day's hard toil, she had thrown herself before it, crying:

"O dear Mother Mary, I am so tired! Wilt thou please to pray for me?"

And always the sympathetic smiling seemed to answer: "Sleep, dear child, sleep in peace; Mother Mary will pray for thee."

Louis looked at her that morning. She had drawn the shadows before her face, but her smile shone faintly through. It touched him with a thrill of fear. Why should she pity him when he was so happy? Was anything going to happen to him, or to Deline?—little Deline flitting in and out of the room with that pretty look of consciousness when she stole a glance at him. Ah, I suppose I shall have a hard time to win her from that hard heart, her mother, because I am so poor; but how I will work, and earn money, and buy land, and make a good home for Deline. Oh, yes, there is time enough, and I shall manage it; I shall be rich yet, *garanti!* And there sprang up before his young hope a picture of fields waving with grass and grain, or dotted with feeding flocks, and, in the midst, a little cottage set around with trees and flowers; and there Deline should reign! He thought Mme. La Rose would be rather pleased with that, though she did seem just then to be pretty cross. What a strange, proud woman she was! But then, the mother of Adeline ought to be proud.

Ah, well! there was no time for gossip there; there was hay to be made. So, after a joke or two with honhomme La Rose, who heartily liked the young fellow, and a deprecatory, gallant speech to Mme. La Rose, which didn't at all soften her, he managed to murmur a word of adieu to Adeline; that was answered by a swift, sweet glance, that he bore away in his heart, where it rested like a bit of heaven all through the toiling day. Mme. La Rose said nothing, but Adeline felt that she was closely watching. Her heart was so running over with joy, she knew it must be shining out of her eyes, and flaming on her cheeks, and filling up the dimples around her smiling lips that she tried to keep so serious! Those keen eyes were reading her through and through, and she was thankful to escape from them for a few moments of solitude among her flowers.

"Ho donc, les filles et les garçons! Come on, all you boys and girls! To the fields away!"

Out rang the cheery voice of the father, jolly, kind-hearted Baptiste la Rose, who was soon marching at the head of his young company, all of them armed with rakes and forks, all laughing, all shouting and singing the glad songs of careless youth. Merry times they had out there in those green, sunny places, beyond the reach of the mother's sharp voice and driving ways; and Adeline and her father joked and laughed together like *bons camarades;* but that morning Baptiste waited long for her jest, as she raked behind him.

"Thou art very silent, my little girl," he said at last, glancing around; "sad, dear child?"

"Oh, no, papa! I am as gay as a bird. I was only thinking a little."

"Well, don't think too hard, Deline; people sometimes lose their wits by much thinking; though that depends a little upon the head."

Deline glanced around; the children were down at the other end of the winrow

"Papa, why was my mother so cold to Louis this morning?"

Baptiste's heart gave a throb. He knew, he had seen it all; but he felt like a coward before this child, whom he could not bear to deprive of even one brief dream of joy. So he answered carelessly:

"I noticed nothing unusual; thy mother is very peculiar, as thou knowest, and is sometimes fanciful and haughty; that comes of her proud French blood; she means nothing by it, it is only in her manner; though perhaps she was vexed to have such a matinal visitor; and it was rather early now, was it not, Deline? And he ought to have known that he could not spare a rake from the field in this hurrying weather."

And he smiled slyly at Deline, who stooped to pick a drooping daisy from the hay.

"Papa, I should like to own a field where all the daisies could grow in peace; never a root be plucked up, or a blossom cut down, except when we girls wanted one for our hair or to tell our fortunes by."

"There now! wouldn't that be a fine thing to have in the country? And wouldn't you have all the farmers cursing it? If you could have a miracle performed, and keep the seed from scattering and the roots from spreading, it might do. But even then I think your big field would render better service if sown to good hay or grain and given to the poor, who suffer much more than your daisies. Now don't you think so, my sensible little girl?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, papa; but it does seem wicked to hunt down any beautiful thing that God has made."

"That is true, Deline, it does seem so; but it is always like that, somebody or something sacrificed for the good of the rest. Why, I never thought of that before," said Baptiste, leaning on his rake, and lifting his hat as if to air his brain after such an unusual effort. "Why, Deline, away back in the beginning innocent things, like doves, and kids, and lambs, were sacrificed for bad people; and innocent people were sacrificed for sinners all the way down to the Great Sacrifice of our Lord, and—and daisies don't seem much after that, do they, now?"

Then they both laughed, it was so plain to be seen that Baptiste had got beyond his depth, and stopped off rather short for an orator.

"*Crapaud donc!* My horse got away from me there; but I assure thee, Deline, if I had only the education I could speak like a member of Parliament!"

For all their laughter over poor Baptiste's awkwardness he had uttered a great truth, though not a new one; and in after years Deline often and often thought of that conversation.

All that day Louis, too, was hard at work in the other hay field, singing, whistling, and joking with his brothers. He meant to tell his mother of his happiness, but "by and by," he said to himself at night, as he floated down the river to the place where he and Deline had stood in the morning—he wanted to get out into solitude a little while, away from the noisy household. Under the low-bending branches of Adeline's bower his boat lay hidden and swinging with the current, while he lay dreaming, and planning, and shaping out the great future. On flowed the river in the warm summer-night air, the same old tones that he had heard from childhood, yet they came to him then like a new song, bearing the burden of Adeline's sweet words. Out on the moonlit water another boat was gliding up, laughing voices blent with the soft sound of dipping oars, and at last some one sang tenderly a little, happy song of love, and blue eyes, and golden tresses. The boat passed, the song, and laughter, and sound of oars grew faint and fainter, and died in the distance.

"That is Jos le Beau, and Marguerite, and some of the others," thought Louis, laughing; "lovers are plenty, it seems; and Jos thinks Marguerite's yellow hair and blue eyes something wonderful. Marguerite is a pretty girl, too, if she is my sister; but, *ah ciel!* when you come to beauty—oh, my little brown-eyed Adeline, who so beautiful and full of grace as thou!"

And as he pushed his boat out into the moonlight, and turned it homeward, a falling star trailed its splendor through the sky and disappeared behind the forest.

All this time Adeline, with her rosary hanging from her careless fingers, was leaning out of her window, under the eaves where the swallows slept and the honeysuckle climbed; the breath of the roses and spicy pinks came up to her through the falling dew; beyond the shadowy meadow she saw the river with its sheen of silver light—type of our lives, beyond the shadows the light, the glory! But Adeline was not making such reflections. She was only thinking of Louis and wondering how their affair would end, feeling a little afraid of her mother, yet seeing everything in the rose light of young love.

"After all, Louis loves me," she thought; "no one can take that away; and we will say nothing, but wait until he has earned money—so much that my mother can not refuse."

Then the good little Catholic turned to her prayers, with gentle swaying back and forth, and softly murmuring lips, as one by one the beads slipped through her fingers, and her dreamy gaze fell on the moonlit river, or was lifted upward to the dimly shining stars.

## CHAPTER II.

Sunday, to Canadian *habitants,* is not a day of dread or *ennui;* it is their feast day; a day of rest and innocent amusement, as well as a day of worship; a day for pretty dresses and fluttering ribbons, for shining spic-span boots, best hats, and bandanas wildly waving to the notes of nasal trumpets; a day for comfortable gossip among the old, and simple gayety and love making among the young—yet always between the services of mass and vespers, faithfully rendered to *le bon Dieu.*

The old stone church of Point Paradise is an object of interest for poet and painter. The painter would revel in its quaint architecture, and the wondrous coloring of its weather-stained, lichen-patched walls, and the graceful foliage of the elm trees waving about it; the poet would love it for its almost human look of venerable age, dreaming itself away in that tranquil spot, with those great green branches leaning over it and spreading their arms around it, as if to cherish it into longer life, with the broad St. Lawrence flowing before it; and behind, shut out by its high fence from the noises of the village, the little graveyard, with the shadows of maple leaves falling on its green, sunny graves. Only the singing of the birds, the twittering of the swallows in their nests beneath the eaves, the laughter of children in the convent yard near by, and the lapping of the wavelets on the shore, come to break the silence of the place through all the busy week. A few devout ones come in the morning, or at the Angelus, to murmur their prayers in the holy place, but there is no sound save of the opening and shutting of the mossy doors. On Sunday it is quite different. All the morning people are pouring into the village from every direction. You wonder where they all come from. They crowd up the broad steps and in at the broad doorway till the church is full and the village is empty.

So, one Sabbath morning in that old time, came young Louis Jacqnot, in gorgeous Sunday attire; waiting quietly under the trees at the opening of the lane, he saw at last his little saint coming down the street with her sisters. How sweet she looked under that pretty hat, plaited of the finest straw, and tied with broad, bright ribbons. Her dress was something fine; it was made of bright pink calico brought from Montreal; Mme. La Rose knew the value of dress. In her hand Deline carried a little nosegay, and a missal bound in blue velvet and clasped with silver; not that it was of any practical use to her, for she could not read, and she knew prayers and meditations enough to keep her red lips busy through the whole mass; but her mother insisted upon her carrying it, because it looked aristocratic, and she never lost a chance to impress people with her grandeur. So Deline came tripping along with her sisters, the blushes flaming up on her cheeks when she saw Louis waiting, and the little girls crying out in great surprise:

"Why, there's Louis Jacqnot waiting for us!"

Jean Baptiste and the boys, Alexandre and François, had stopped to take care of the pony and great two-wheeled cart, that had brought them along with such a bobbatory motion that they must have been shaken to jelly if their flesh had not cleaved very tightly to their bones. Mme. La Rose had remained at home with the young children. So it happened that Deline and Louis were coming down the green lane together, happy and so proud of each other.

Cling-clang! cling-clang! the bell rang out from the tower; and, as if the soul of the church were reaching out to the forest on the other shore, its tones floated across the river, to fall and die in that green solitude. All in the sunshine and clanging music of the bell, the young lovers passed into the church—reverently, for to them—simple souls, who had not learned the sneering wisdom of the world, who had never even heard that there is such a thing as cynicism—to them it was God's house.

*Gloria in excelsis Deo!* sang the choir. As long as his heart beats, Louis will remember how Deline looked kneeling that morning—her hands clasped against her breast, her radiant face uplifted toward the great altar with its glimmering lights and flowers and silken draperies; and, sweeter than the incense from the silver swinging censers, rose the prayers of those two young hearts, full of hope and love and praise.

When mass was over, and the people were pouring out of church, a good many turned to look at the little rustic beauty, and among them the strange gentleman who was visiting the Curé. He stood by the doorway, waiting for Mme. Le Blanc, the young widowed sister of Father Des Aulniers, a very quiet looking gentleman, and modest in dress and manner; not at all like the young swells who often came out from the city for the drive or for a day's fishing, and who stared at the village girls and chaffed the young fellows till they fairly tingled with the desire to pitch them into the river. No, that was a real gentleman, though not very rich, they thought, because of his dress. He was joined at last by Mme. Le Blanc, and walked away, but not without glancing back for another look at pretty Adeline. At dinner Mme. Le Blanc teased him about it.

"Now, do you not think, Mons. Casgrain, that we have some pretty flowers in our meadows?"

"Yes, certainly, madame; and I have always had a fancy for field flowers."

"Perhaps, then, monsieur might find one here fit to grace his beautiful home?"

"I think not, madame; unfortunately they do not bear transplanting; what is lovely in the country is simply awkward in the town, and *vice versa.* It is not well to change the Lord's plan."

"Eh! eh! you are going a little too fast there, my friend. Do you flatter yourself that we are ever able to change the Lord's plans?"

"Yes, father, I think we do change them. He seems, at least, to suffer it to be done pretty often. I should be sorry to think that all the bad plans in the world were of his creation."

"I believe you are right, my dear; continue," said the smiling old priest, with a gay wave of his hand. "But first

let me say of this La Rose family, that the mother—an oldish rose, well set about with thorns, by the way—is of no mean blood. She comes of a family as old as your own, and—pardon me, my son—of higher rank. It is a curious point in the history of Canada, and a lamentable one to consider, that so many noble families have sunk into the obscurity of peasant life."

"One would imagine that it would serve to ennoble the class," said Mons. Casgrain.

"Ah, my friend, Poverty and Ignorance are hard masters; they grind their slaves down very surely. Poverty! what volumes of unwritten woe, struggling, and impotent despair are in that word. You favored ones, who go through the world with plenty in your pockets, and plenty in your stomachs, you are no more fit to judge of the poor—the abject, helpless victims of poverty—than you are to criticise the merits of a book written in an unknown tongue. A friend of mine used to say, 'The destruction of the poor *is their poverty*.' I often think of it when I suggest to my poor parishioners plans by which they might make some money, and they say sadly, in reply, 'Alas! Mons. le Curé, we are too poor.' But to return to our Roses. I wanted to tell you about a painting that Mme. La Rose has—an heir-loom. I am no connoisseur, but I believe it to be a picture of rare merit. I would like to take you there to see it."

"Ah! now you touch my heart, father! An old painting; that is worth while. Let us go by all means; and let me not offend Madame le Blanc by hinting that it would be a miracle to find a *chef d'œuvre* in a Canadian farm-house."

"Well, I have to say that if monsieur finds the picture as interesting as he did another member of the family this morning, it will indeed be worth his while to drive over," said the good-natured little lady, with her bright smile.

After a few sparkles of repartee between them the conversation drifted to other subjects, and Adeline and the picture were forgotten for the time. The next day, however, Father Des Aulniers and Casgrain appeared at the farm. They walked through the little yard, that was all aglow with pinks and peonies, marigolds and bachelors' buttons, and fringed with sunflowers along the fence, up to the low stone cottage half covered with scarlet runners, and honeysuckle, and hop vine. The swallows flitted back and forth from their nests under the broad eaves; the bees, whose hives were seen in a snug row under some apple trees not far away, were busy and musical among the flowers; a "goglu" sang his delicious and bewildering song in the clover-meadow just over the fence; from the unseen regions behind the house came laughter of children and a great rattling of tin pans. Some mischief was up, evidently, for Mme. La Rose's voice broke in upon them with terrible threats: "Tiens, mes petits crapauds! Upon my life, I'm going to call the *loup-garou* to come and eat you up, bones and all!"

"All right, Mme. La Rose, I've got him right here," cried the jolly Curé shaking with laughter, as he glanced at the amazed look on Casgrain's dignified countenance; "bring on the bad boys!"

Silence so profound as to be almost tangible was followed by an exclamation from the *bonne femme*, and three faces, well smeared with syrup and surmounted by very short flaxen hair, appeared around the corner of the house, and were suddenly withdrawn at sight of the grand visitors. The Curé led the way into the house, where they were met by Mme. La Rose, who set aside her green cedar broom and received them with the dignity for which she was remarkable.

Casgrain glanced around the picturesque room, noting everything—the huge fireplace full of pine boughs, the baby on the floor in white cap and blue dress, kicking up his fat legs and crowing at the cat, a magnificent leopard-like creature, asleep in the sunshine on a coarse-braided rug of crimsom and pale blue; then he lifted his eyes in surprise at the *armoire*; but he saw no painting on the whitened wall, nothing but those horrible lithographs of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin holding their pierced hearts outside their breasts, St. Peter with a pair of keys that look like loaded bludgeons, St. John Baptist with his sheep, and all the other afflicted saints, but no painting.

"By your leave, Mme. La Rose," said the Curé, arising. He had seen his friend's wandering gaze, and, going to the corner window, he drew aside the red curtain and let in the bright sunlight. "Come, now," he said, smiling, "Our Lady is unveiled."

Casgrain exclaimed with surprise. He had not expected anything like the face that looked at him there, like the face of angel shining through the night,

"Star-sweet on a gloom profound."

"Why, this is wonderful," he said, excitedly, turning to the Curé. Then, courteously, to Mme. La Rose: "You have something rare here, madame."

Madame received the compliment with great dignity, smiling graciously, as if she felt herself appreciated at last.

"Do you know who painted it?"

"No, monsieur; it has been in our family for ages."

"It is a Madonna?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Are you sure of that, madame?"

"Oh, certainly; I was always told so by my mother, whose mother brought it from France. It goes to the eldest daughter, and the armoire there to the second. I, being the only child, inherited both."

"Madame was fortunate indeed," said Casgrain, looking through the armoire. "It is a fine specimen of the antique, and gloriously carved."

"It is so large and convenient, too," said Madame La Rose, smiling on it affectionately. "It is quite like another room in the house, and it keeps my blankets and all our wardrobe so beautifully clean."

It was plain that Madame La Rose's pride was upon the armoire rather than the picture, and she spoke of their wardrobe as if it was something rich and rare.

Casgrain listened politely, but he returned to the picture which he gazed at long and closely, going up to examine the canvas, and finally retiring to sit where he could keep his eyes upon it.

"It is fascinating, is it not?" said Father Des Aulniers, delighted that he was so pleased with it.

Mme. La Rose was enraptured; no one had ever so admired her picture; in fact, she herself had never found any beauty in it—a dull, black old thing that was precious only because it was a picture of Our Lady, and came from the château in France. Indeed, she was much surprised at the sensation it produced in monsieur, though she was not going to show that. So she gave her dignity a shake and set it up afresh, as it were, to the amusement of the Curé, who knew her so well. He had been telling her of his friend's house in Quebec, where he had the finest collection of pictures in Canada, which was not saying much; but the good woman didn't know it.

While they were talking Adeline appeared at the door. Confused and blushing at the unexpected sight of visitors, she stood under the porch with her great hat in her hand; the sunshine came through the vine-leaves and trembled on her hair, the scarlet blossoms reached out as if they longed to slip themselves into her braids, or greet the sister blossoms of her flaming cheeks.

"*Tiens*, my little rose of the meadow, art thou there?" cried the Curé, gayly. "Come, art thou vexed to see us that thou standest there to sting us with the thorn of silence?"

"Mons. le Curé is always welcome," she answered, laughing at his badinage and coming shyly forward to give him her little brown hand, by which he led her forward and presented her to Mons. Casgrain as one presents a daughter of whom he is proud.

"Mons. Casgrain, behold the fortunate young lady who will have this picture for her *dot*. I have brought this *Quebecequois* here, mademoiselle, to show him that all the treasures of nature and art are not confined to his city on the hill."

"I hope monsieur is pleased with our Madonna," she said, modestly, feeling that something was required of her, and looking up with a smile.

Yes, he was pleased with it; and he began to tell her of other pictures he had seen in the old world collections, especially one that had a peculiar story, watching her closely as the sympathy came out in her face, looking back and forth from her to the picture as if comparing the two.

"But now," said the Curé, "we will pay a short visit to the bonhomme in the field, and then return home."

But first they had to partake of Mme. La Rose's root-beer and seedcakes, which Adeline brought to them on a tray, with a branch of roses thrown carelessly across it. Certainly the blue blood has not all been ground out of this family, thought Casgrain as he saw it, and watched the graceful girl present the homely refreshment as if she were Hebe serving rarest wines before the gods.

Before long they were driving home, Father Des Aulniers running on with his merry talk, Casgrain watching the river, that was like a flashing band of jewels under the sunset, and thinking of those two faces in the farm-house.

"Now, what think you of the picture?" said Madame le Blanc.

"I think, madame, that it is the work of a master, and that it is a family portrait."

"And, Louise," said the laughing Curé, "he has set Madame La Rose up so that I doubt if the parish will hold her much longer."

"What a calamity!" she exclaimed in mock consternation. "But, monsieur, not a Madonna, why do you think that?"

"Well, it has not the look of one; they are always more or less idealized, and there is a startling look of reality about this. There is also a resemblance between it and the young girl, Mlle. Adeline."

"Now, surely, you are wild!" cried Mme. Le Blanc, throwing up her hands; "Deline's dimpled, happy, young face like that!"

"Ah, that is just it, the little girl is happy; but let her experience a great and unselfish sorrow, and she will look like that."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mme. Le Blanc, earnestly, for she loved Deline.

"Nay, Louise," said her brother, gently, while a look of tender glory broke over his face, "the most beautiful gift of God and our most precious birthright is sorrow."

Light-hearted Louis was singing at his work:

"A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener;
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que m'y suis baigné.

Il y a longtemps que je t'aimé,
Jamais je ne t'oublirai."

It is an old song set in the heart of every French Canadian, and one of their oldest and most famous national songs—therefore I venture to give a translation of it. The air is gay and light, yet has a plaintive undertone that lingers on the ear like that of falling waters or a soft wind blowing through mountain pines; in fact, it is very much like the people whom it represents, as, indeed, national songs or tunes are supposed to be.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

Beside the crystal fountain
At eve I chanced to stray,
I bathed within its waters,
So pure and clear were they.
Long, oh, long ago, I loved thee;
Faithful is my heart alway.

I bathed within its waters,
So pure and clean were they;
The nightingale above me
Poured forth her roundelay.

The nightingale above me
Poured forth her roundelay;
Sing, sing, thou nightingale,
Whose heart is light and gay.

Sing, sing, thou nightingale,
Whose heart is light and gay;
Thy heart is full of gladness,
Mine melts in tears away.

Thy heart is full of gladness,
Mine melts in tears away—
My love is lost forever,
I threw her heart away.

My love is lost forever,
I threw her heart away—
All for a branch of roses
That I refused one day!

All for a branch of roses
That I refused one day!
I would the rose was blooming
Again upon its tree.

I would the rose was blooming
Again upon its tree,
And that they both were buried,
Deep buried in the sea!
Long, oh, long ago, I loved thee;
Faithful is my heart alway.

'Tis a foolish old song, full of whimsical repetition, and at first one is inclined to say, like Touchstone. "It hath no great matter, yet, after all, is it not an epitome of life's endless, oft repeated story?"

Fountains and nightingales, fond hearts and vows for lightest trifles broken; yet murmur, fountains! and nightingales, sing! Never mind the hearts; there's a world full of them. But not of broken hearts was Louis thinking, while working in field and wood—

"Il y a long-temps que je t'aimé;
Jamais je ne t'oublirai!"

There lay all his philosophy; all his hopes, and dreams, and plans of life clustered around that; Love and Faith and Adeline—that was what it meant to him. Busy days were those while the hay was mown and the grain reaped, in the slow, old-fashioned ways. Yet many an hour was stolen away for a little talk with Adeline; and the old sweet words were spoken, and the old vows breathed again, and it was all so beautiful, and strange, and new! Sometimes Louis thought Deline a little sad and *distraite;* but that, he said, was because she had to work too hard in the field, poor girl; or may be it was that thorning mother of hers, with her tiresome grand airs; for one day Adeline exclaimed:

"*Tiens*, Louis! if one didn't have grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and all that!"

"Yes, it's a damage, Deline. But wait a little; a good farm will bury a great many of them, and the cling-cling of silver dollars in one's pocket will put all those old ghosts to flight. Thou shalt see, *ma mignonne!*"

"But how to get those cling-clings, Louis! We are here, you and I, and we work, and we work, and we work; and the farms get no larger, but the brothers and sisters do, and more of them. When thou canst be spared from home, what wilt thou have to begin with?"

"Eh, *crapaud!* my two hands; that's what I'll have! and they've got to earn a farm, too. Ah, thou has not heard my grand plan, dear heart; listen then: Last night I was talking with my mother—Deline, she has the heart of an angel, and she is so clever, too; she can talk so beautifully when she will, only, as thou knowest, she is so quiet and shy; but she thinks much. Well, then, she has invented a grand plan for us—you and me—Deline! She says that Paul and Pierre are now old enough to help my father do the work of the farm, to manage it without *me*—me, so important!—and that this fall, even, I can go away to Montreal to our old friend Duvernet, who has promised to take one of us boys whenever we can be spared from home. I will work for him during the winter; and with those earnings, and a sum that my mother has saved from her weaving, besides that she will do this winter—bless her!—I can in the spring buy a farm from the government, and the necessaries for working it. Joseph Le Beau, who, as thou knowest, is going to marry Marguerite, is also in the plan. He will take a farm next to mine, and for the first year we will live together and help each other. When we have each cleared a piece of ground for crops, and have built our two little houses, snug and warm, we will come for the housekeepers. When Mons. le Curé has blessed a good gold ring on this little finger, we will show them the brave farmer and his wife, will we not? Eh, Deline, my dearest! What sayest thou? Is it not a beautiful plan?"

Love's young dream! forever beautiful—and fleeting!

There was something going on at the Rose farm. Mons. Casgrain was making a long visit at the presbytery, and he came often to the farm. The picture was very attractive; in fact, he was really fascinated by it, and with good reason. The more he studied it, the firmer became his belief in its value. He had studied pictures abroad, and especially those of a certain master, even the thought of whom set his blood bounding; but he had never been able to get possession of one. And to think, that here in this little Canadian farm house might be, and he firmly believed there was, one of those treasures, almost set him wild! He was nearly ill with the suppressed excitement of it. He became nervous and absent minded; his appetite failed. He would pace up and down the porch, pulling at his moustache, till Mme. Le Blanc said she herself was half crazy with his nervousness. Then he would suddenly call for his horse and ride away to the farm. "In love, of course," thought the little widow.

At the farm he would sit and gaze at the picture, and go up to examine it, for the thousandth time. So real, so lifelike seemed that face! Sometimes he fancied the lips were going to move and reveal their story. The children, of course, made fun of him, and peeped and tittered behind the doors. Many a time did Alexander and François get their heads soundly thumped against each other when their mother came upon them unawares and caught them at their mischief. At last he asked permission to have it restored. "Restored?" Mme. La Rose didn't know what he meant by that. He explained. She thought about it for some time; she had begun to think the picture something truly wonderful, and she was afraid it might be spoiled. Supposing the paint should all come off! Supposing it should all fall to pieces—it was so old! But then Mons. Casgrain ought to know; well—yes, she would trust him. So the picture was restored. Restored! It seemed to these ignorant people, who knew nothing of pictures, nor of those illustrious names that stand on prouder heights than those of kings or conquerors—it seemed to them that this might be a celestial window through which their Rose of heaven showed her beauteous face; and they threw themselves before it with signs of the cross, with *Ave Marias* and *Salve Reginas*. Casgrain was hardly less excited than themselves; in fact, he was more deeply moved, for he had discovered beneath the picture, faintly traced, yet unmistakably, "Tiziano Vecillio."

Titian! The name that set his blood on fire fell on the ears of these people like dull lead. Yes, he would buy it—he must have it, he said; and he would take it to Italy and have it tested; for possibly it might not be genuine. The portraits of Bordone had often been mistaken [illegible]

but he would risk it. After all, what were a few thousands, more or less, to him who had an income so far beyond his wants, while to this family it would be a providence.

He therefore told Mme. La Rose what he thought of her picture, and what he would give—naming a sum that fairly took away her breath—assuming the risk of its being genuine. It was a princely sum he offered—it was to them a fortune, or at least it would lead them on to fortune. Yet the honor of her family seemed to tremble in the balance; she felt as if it would be another disgraceful case of birthright and pottage. But Casgrain had foreseen her scruples, and was ready with arguments:

"My dear madame"—he always addressed her with the greatest courtesy—"do you not know that when old families fall into misfortune they are often forced to part with such possessions? Even in light pecuniary difficulties"—he chose his words carefully—"it is common for one nobleman to sell to another some treasure of art or literature. There is no disgrace in such transactions when you do not put yourself at the mercy of vulgar people. Here your picture is unknown, unvalued, like your family—I say your illustrious ancestry, madame. Should the picture come into my possession all will be different. My collection is constantly visited by artists and connoisseurs, by our countrymen from abroad, who will remember your proud name; it will live again, it will regain something of its ancient prestige; this picture will be a glorious representative of the house for which Titian painted! And you, madame—what kind of life is now open to your children? From year to year to eat the bread of toil, to live illiterate and unknown, to see nothing of the glorious things with which the great world is filled, to have all longings and strivings for a nobler life thrown back upon their hearts by the cruel hand of poverty; to marry, and rear their children to the same fate, each generation losing something of that fineness of nature which comes from gentle blood. But with the money that I offer you for this you may educate your children, and thus lift them into a different way of life. As they receive their educations, I myself will see that they are placed under the patronage of people of their own rank; and then, by their own talents, and by fortunate marriages, your sons and daughters will be able to rebuild the fortunes of your noble house, and France will welcome back one of her lost children. Ah, madame, do you not perceive that it is your duty as a Frenchwoman, as a daughter of that great house that cries to you from its ruins, and as a mother, to do this thing?"

He was walking to and fro, his countenance glowing, his eyes alight with enthusiasm.

As the woman listened she was moved by a thousand emotions—family pride, selfish ambition, mother-love, all rushed at her heart, and beat against its walls. *Ah, ciel!* What bewildering visions of her children become noble ladies and gentlemen; what a dazzle of jewels, and laces, and silken robes, prancing horses, and splendid carriages, and coats of arms, and liveries—and here her gaze fell upon poor old Jean Baptiste, in his blue shirt and trousers, sitting with staring eyes, and open mouth, and hands hanging helplessly over his knees; his old black pipe lay in fragments at his feet, as if there were no more place for it in life, since that grand order of things was to come about. The sight broke in so ludicrously upon her grand dreams that she burst into a laugh. Casgrain, following her glance, laughed too. But the woman, with a wifely tenderness stirring at her heart, ran to her poor old *vieux*, and taking his face between her hands gave him a good resounding kiss. Baptiste, thus pleasantly aroused from his stupor of astonishment, laughed good-naturedly.

"*Sapristi!* Now who will restore my old pipe; almost as old as thy family, Marie?"

"Poor old *camarade*," he thought, stooping to gather the fragments, "when all this grandeur arrives I too shall go to pieces."

They did not see Adeline, who stood behind them at the window, with shadows of vine leaves quivering on her face and breast. She listened with a look of terror growing in her great eyes, till at last she turned and fled down the meadow to her retreat beside the river.

"Ah, my Louis, my Louis! it is all over with us! They will take me away, and all our happy life will be ended."

To Jean Baptiste, gathering up his broken pipe, and Adeline, weeping by the river, the restoration of that ancient house didn't seem to be very desirable. But the picture was not yet sold. A shrewd woman was Mme. La Rose, and a word that Mons. Casgrain had uttered in his eloquent exhortation had been as tinder to the fire of her ambition, and she wanted time to consider a little.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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Baron Lionel de Rothschild was the first Jew admitted to a seat in the Parliament of England. He was several times elected from the City of London, but could not take the Christian oath. This oath was subsequently modified, and he served one or more terms. During the struggle which ended with his acceptance as member for the City of London, on one occasion when he had been returned, but was not permitted to take his seat, he was addressing a crowd of electors and non-electors, to whom he said, "I stand here the chosen of the people," and a voice from the crowd shouted out, "So stood Barabbas."

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Mr. Austin Corbin, of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, at Coney Island, desiring to make it the favorite resort of the culture and refinement of New York, has, by his open declarations, forbidden Jews the hospitality of his house, and discourages them from becoming his guests. So the Jewish controversy rages again as it did last year, when Judge Hilton issued his edict against the chosen people at his caravansery at Saratoga.

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The New York *Herald* suggests the name of General Grant as our next Minister to England. It is a good berth with nothing to do. It would be an appropriate way to pension and honor one who deserves so well of the American people. There is only one place and one honor that we would not willingly bestow upon General Grant, and that is the third Presidential term.

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Somebody has been stealing the *Call* from off the doorsteps of Tar Flat. It is very petit larceny.

## PUBLIC TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

There has never been an age more strongly marked than the present by the tendency of men to mass in large cities and withdraw from rural pursuits. The overshadowing proportions of our urban population during the last half century is an index of the progress the world has made in the sciences and arts of civilization. The inventions of new machinery and labor-saving appliances that have followed the introduction of steam and electricity, as important factors of civilization have been the means by which the manufacturing and commercial centres of the world have grown and absorbed most of the vital force and intellect of the people. With the help of improved farm machinery larger areas are cultivated than of yore, with less than half the labor formerly required. Instead of one-half of a community being required to produce its food by their physical toil, the work is largely done by iron and steam taking the place of the human machine. This introduction of machinery to take the place of laborers in agricultural pursuits has thrown no inconsiderable proportion of the population into manufacturing industries, where the increased employment of machinery has created new demands for manufacturers, opened new markets for them, and stimulated commerce.

Modern methods of transit have materially reduced the obstacles of time and space between widely separated localities, and thus facilitated the exchange of commodities, and developed great commercial centres to which the Briareus of trade draws its necessary supplies. These facilities for transportation have, by opening cheap and easy lines of travel, made the laboring masses more mobile than heretofore. Instead of a laborer spending his entire life within the confines of the village or county where he was born, as was the rule a hundred years ago, it is no uncommon thing for him to traverse a continent in search of a season's work. Every line of travel he may follow leads him to a large city as its centre, and the attractions and excitements of the city hold him with a firm grip when once he comes within their reach.

The numerous opportunities the city affords for the employment of mind in place of muscle is its great attraction for many. The desire to escape the primal curse is almost universal. The army of those who incur the penalties of its evasion by lives of idleness and crime is steadily growing. The most serious phase of our later civilization is that it congregates in growing proportions in the great centres of population the idle and vicious; that it develops fewer producers and more consumers. While the heretofore limited field of practical intellectual pursuits and skilled labor has been immensely enlarged, the demand for raw, untrained labor is commensurately curtailed. While the masses are given enough useless knowledge to make them dissatisfied with the drudgery of life, they can not be given the capacity to rise above their natural level.

The vicious element of a metropolitan community may be divided chiefly into two classes: First, those who have, from vicious parents, a natural heritage of the animal passions and depraved instincts, which from their birth are fostered by their immoral surroundings in the streets and slums of the city; the second class are those who are drawn into the social maelstrom of the city from their humble country homes. The first step to be taken in the way of checking this growing preponderance of the pauper and vicious element of society is by changing the plan and scope of popular education. A little learning may be a dangerous thing—but the danger lies chiefly in the misapplication of learning. It is a homely old proverb that "you can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear;" one does not look for figs from thistles, and no amount of information poured into an inferior brain will make an able man of its possessor. The present system of public instruction treats the mind of the pupil as being much like a jug into which is to be poured a given supply, regardless of the holding capacity of the vessel. The result is a great waste. The mind of the recipient is not *educated*—drawn out—but is weighted down with material little better than useless, and the golden moments of opportunity for useful, practical training are lost. The capacity for profitable intellectual work is denied the multitude, and given to the chosen few. The demand for the accurate eye, the trained hand, and the firm muscle, is practically illimitable, and nature has given the capacity to acquire them as a general heritage of humanity. That is the best system of education which by reason of its flexibility and comprehensiveness is most adapted to the capacities of its subjects, and qualifies them for their most useful places as members of the commonwealth. When a course of education develops an intelligent producer in the republic of toil, the State reaps a manifold profit upon the original cost of his education.

The fact should be recognized that while, as regards certain political rights and rules, all men are equal before the law, yet the God of Nature has created them of widely differing capacities; that while a few are competent to wield all the implements of the intellect which a liberal and profound education can give them, many can only employ the ruder and simpler forms. The State should therefore provide merely the simpler and more elementary parts of the mental curriculum for the great mass of the public school pupils; and it should also generously support one or more public institutions of learning for those whose ambition and natural ability for mental exercise enable them to master the preliminary learning required for their admission to its benefits.

In addition to the common school, with its modified and simplified course of studies, should be the school for teaching the technology, and, as far as may be feasible, the practice of the trades, arts, sciences, and other industries, as a portion of the public school system. At the age of fourteen years the average pupil who has had from seven to nine years of study in the way of what may be here designated as mental education—as distinguished from the teachings which qualifies the hands as well as the head for useful work—should have the opportunities the last-named class of schools would afford for acquiring the knowledge and skill necessary for the mastery of the branch of industry he may choose for his calling in after life. Physical culture was a prominent feature of the school system of the old Greeks and Romans, and has been adopted by the leading governments of Europe as a part of the course embraced by their public schools. Let not only mental exercise—as used in its restricted sense—but also technical training in the various branches of learning pertaining to the industries of the country, be given in suitable public schools, and a great advance will be made in the direction of elevating and investing with added dignity the too often despised handicrafts of the country.

The new Constitution of California—which in some respects at least deserves to be called the poor man's law—recognizes the importance of schools for imparting technical instruction. The first section of Article IX. says: "The Legislature shall encourage by all suitable means the promotion of intellectual, scientific, moral, and agricultural improvement." Section six of the same article makes further provision for schools of this class by making them a portion of the public school system: "The public school system shall include primary and grammar schools, and such high schools, evening schools, normal schools, and technical schools, as may be established by the Legislature or by municipal or district authority."

Under these provisions it would seem to be the duty of the Legislature to establish and provide for the support of technical schools, which will be instrumental in developing a higher and more intelligent class of farmers, artisans, mechanics, engineers, and practical scientists, than is likely to be evolved in any other way. Such schools could be supported only in the larger towns and cities, but when established they would become not only conservatories of the useful arts and trades, but fertile homes of invention and discovery.

The women—the mothers, daughters, and sisters of those who by the accidents of time and place are enabled to get their daily bread without the exercise of their hands or the soiling of their clothes—are responsible for much sham and dishonorable gentility. The starved in body and weak in mind individual, who has barely sufficient native wit to express his small stock of inane society talk, and whose chief aim seems to be to preserve his hands white and his linen unspotted, is looked upon with favor, while the man immeasurably his superior in all manly qualities is contemned, because, forsooth, he "works"—because he obtains of honest toil the livelihood which is his rival's only by sufferance. It is in the more general recognition of true manliness under the artisan's garb that woman can do a most excellent work. To take away the social ban from honorable manual toil, and place it where it belongs, upon the shoulders of idle incompetency, would stimulate the youth of the land to qualify themselves for success in the practical industries, and go far toward checking the undesirable increase of drones and non-producers in the social hive. F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879.

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Mr. John Proffatt, recently deceased, and at the time of his death a member of the San Francisco bar, is the author of a work entitled *Curiosities and Law of Wills*. The following extract from the will of the husband of Frances, the Countess of Waldegrave, is in contrast with that mean and illiberal sentiment that deprives a wife of her inheritance in event of her marrying again: "The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again to some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society during the many years of her possible survival after my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection, and I pray and confidently hope she may long continue to possess the esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her, and can appreciate her admirable qualities, and the respect of all with whom in any relation of life she is connected." Another instance is given of a Mrs. Van Hamigh, who in her will declared: "It is also my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry ere long a nice, pretty girl, who is a good housewife, and above all to be careful that she is of a good temper." Every little while some old sauerkraut of a husband passes in his chips and turns up his toes to the May weeds, after having provided "that in event his beloved Hannah Maria weds again, then and in that event the said property herein devised shall," etc., go to some other heir. If we should be elected Superior Judge, and assigned to the Probate Court, we will agree to invalidate all such provisions as *contra bona mores*, especially if as a matter of fact it is ascertained that the lady has had some old hunks of a husband. The Countess Waldegrave for a long time occupied a prominent place in London society, and did much to bring fashionable and artistic people together at her famous home at Strawberry Hill. She was the daughter of John Braham, the singer, and was four times married. Her first husband was Mr. J. J. Waldegrave; she subsequently married in 1840 the seventh Earl Waldegrave, who died in 1846; in 1847 she was married to Mr. G. G. Vernon Harcourt, who died in 1861; and in 1863 she became the wife of the present Lord Carlingford.

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From the importance given by the *Chronicle* to William F. White, the Workingmen's candidate for Governor, and the amount of abuse just now being heaped upon Kearney, it would seem that, in the opinion of that journal at least, White is a formidable candidate, and Kearny still a dangerous political power. If the Workingmen's party is as weak as the *Chronicle* represents it, and there is no danger that White will receive votes, and that Kearny is injuring his party and making votes for Dr. Glenn, assuredly the *Chronicle* would not be so much alarmed as it appears to be. It would be a curious result, after all, if White, the "impoverished tramp," should beat the wealthy Dr. Glenn, with his broad acres; and that Denis Kearney should, after all, turn out to be a political power of greater influence than the *Chronicle*, Terry, Howard, and all the others of the Ancient Order of Honorable Bilks.

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At Sacramento, School Director Hornblower gave notice of a motion to declare vacant the position of French and German teacher, and to elect a teacher of French. We advise our friend Hornblower to give notice of a motion to turn every teacher of German, French, calisthenics, music, drawing, and higher mathematics, out of service, and in their place elect native-born American women of good character, who have no husbands and who are not young and pretty, to fill their places. If we should get to be a school director this is what we would do.

## THE CONSECRATED BELL.

A Legend of Lower California.

On a bare, burnt hill there stands alone
An angle of tottering wall,
A rugged mass of unhewn stone
That hath stood while the years have flown,
That stands and can not fall;
For its foundations firmly hold
The sacred, consecrated bell,
Hung by the holy monks of old;
And though upon it clings the mould,
The cankerous rust can never quell
Its sonorous tolling. So the wall
Upholds it and it can not fall.

Two hundred years have fled,
Two hundred springs lie dead,
Since in the early spring
The chapel, like a thing
Of life, upreared its head;
With most laborious care,
The monks piled rock on rock,
Till, rising firm and square
In shapely hollow block,
God's house stood strong and fair.
Then, as the chantings swell,
The consecrated bell
Is swung into its place,
And then on every face
A purer radiance fell;
And as the tolling rung
Sonorous on the air,
A mighty longing sprung
To journey through the land
To preach the Holy Cross—
Bearing that cross in hand,
To die, nor count it loss.
And many thus dispersed
Firm in heroic faith,
Daring, not fearing, death,
But counting it the worst
To draw a silent breath.

And while they journeyed, preaching holy love,
Those that remained busied themselves abroad
In tillage of the hills, in sowing grain,
In planting vines and groves of orange trees,
In making fruitful all that had been waste.
Each sunrise heard the consecrated bell
Call the good fathers to their daily toil—
Slacked but at mid day, when once more it rung
To indicate the hour of needful rest;
And then, at even song, with solemn chime
Bidding its hearers come and render thanks
For all the strength vouchsafed them through the day.
And so the months passed on in tranquil peace;
Spring warmed to summer, and then, ripening, fell
To autumn, slow succeeded by the damp
And chill of winter, which in turn gave place
To brighter spring; and thus the seasons flowed
In even stream of quiet, pleasant days,
Until five years had passed. The now strong vines
Sent forth their autumn clusters, rich and ripe,
Mellowed with bloom, half hidden by the leaves
That only served by their o'erhanging shade
To tempt the willing sunlight to the fruit.
Below the vineyard, bordering on its edge,
The orange groves were grouped; and from them stole
A sweet soft essence that made sick the air
With very strength of dreamy odorous scent,
While low upon the branches hung the fruit,
Lit by the sun to burnished gilded balls;
The wheat fields lay beneath, their produce reaped
And safely stored in granary and barn,
While, nibbling at the stubble where the oaks
Flung coolest shade, the cattle stood and dreamed.

Another year, and from their pilgrimage
Those that six years had wandered now returned,
Fewer in numbers, some bent down with age,
All saddened by the lessons they had learned:
How holy zeal could not accomplish all,
How that the heathen clung to heathendom,
Uncaring though the warning voice might call
All unbelieving in the world to come.
Grieved by this failing of their utmost strength,
Wearied with travel, disappointed, worn,
Back to their chapel came the monks at length
To reap the tranquil rest their deeds had borne;
And while yet some distance from their goal,
Hid from the chapel by the rising hill,
They heard the bell peal out its solemn toll
Mournful and weird, then die and all was still.
In dubious silence, brooding as the night,
They slowly toiled upon their upward way
Until they stood upon the further height,
And all they longed for close before them lay.

A bare, burnt hill lay stretched in dreary length
Of barren melancholy, till it lost
Its wreck of wasted lands in valley fog;
Some half-way down, dismantled, overthrown,
With but one angle standing midst its wreck,
There lay the chapel ruins, scarred by fire
And utterly destroyed—no remnant left
But that which still upheld the sacred bell.
It, swinging on its pivot, slowly rung
A mournful requiem, a funeral dirge;
Then, on the hill-top, with the wreck beneath,
They, the last followers of the Holy Cross,
Fell on their knees, and with united voice
Cried out for mercy on the wasters' heads,
And one, the leader, most bowed down with age,
Prayed that the remnant of their chapel wall
Which still upheld the consecrated bell
Might stand, and that the bell might ever sound,
A living voice upon a barren land;
Then, turning back, they sought another place.

Therefore, by virtue of this call,
Alone on the barren land,
Held by the angle of mouldering wall,
The bell still stands, and it can not fall;
And is rung by no human hand,
Though still it strikes upon the ear
Mournfully solemn, majestic, grand,
Ever sounding, and those that hear
Are stricken pale by a sudden fear
Of the voice in the barren land.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, July, 1879. HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

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No less than forty thousand women of Massachusetts are still compelled to button their own gaiters. The allegation that "man proposes" does not seem to be true of the Old Commonwealth.

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J. R. Keene has nominated five horses for the Derby and St. Leger races, and they are all American colts.

## THE TALISMAN OF CHARLEMAGNE.

There is after all something very pathetic in the life and death of the young Prince Imperial of France. We may at least embalm his memory in kind and tender recollections of his many virtues, and we may perhaps be almost permitted to rejoice at his early death. History will now regard him as a brave and filial son. He loved his mother and thought he loved France. He was grateful to England, and may have hoped to serve the land that had protected, educated, and honored him. He enlisted in her army, and died in her service. His death was the death that fitted the son of a warlike race—not brilliant as heroes die on the battlefield, for none may know how this poor, abandoned boy fought for his life against a murderous band of Zulu braves. His fate was beyond his own or his mother's control. History, cold and unsympathetic, will have but few regrets for his ambitious mother. Had she not been desirous of fixing her son more firmly upon a throne usurped by his father, she would not have stirred the war between Germany and France. German mothers and French mothers may be pardoned if, in the loss of their sons in an inexcusable war for throne and dynasty, they do not excuse the Spanish woman nor mingle their tears with hers in the loss of her only boy. This lad, when a child in years, was sent out at the head of the splendid army of France to endure his baptism of fire and blood. Did the empress-mother then think that this fire was the desolation of woe, and this blood the best blood of France?

When the body of the Prince Imperial was received from the bloody field, his clothes were stripped from him, but his jewels, his watch, and a famous talisman worn about his neck, were left. Concerning this talisman worn by the Prince Imperial there is a curious story as told by Moncure Conway: "In the will of Napoleon III. occurs the following remarkable passage: 'With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch, and which comes from my mother; let him carefully preserve every thing that comes to me from the Emperor, my uncle; and let him be convinced that my heart and my soul remain with him.' The 'talisman' which the late Emperor so solemnly enjoined his son to wear, which he did wear, and which returns to his mother from that wild scene beside the Tombakala, is almost certainly the once famous charm of Charlemagne. It has a more interesting story than any gem in Europe, if not in the world.

"'La plus belle relique de l'Europe,' as a French antiquarian described it in the last generation, was by one myth said to have been contrived by one of the magi belonging to the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, who came from the East to pay homage to the great Emperor of the West along with certain ambassadors. The wife of Charlemagne, Fastrada, asked the magi for a talisman which would always cause her husband to be fascinated by its wearer, and this charm was framed at her instance. But another fable ascribed to it the following origin. While Charlemagne had his seat at Zum Loch, near Zürich, administering exact justice to all, he had a column fixed at his gates with a bell and a rope. It was open to any one demanding justice to sound this bell; and when the Emperor heard it, even though at his meals, he would instantly answer the summons. On one occasion this bell was repeatedly rung without any person being found near it. At length an enormous serpent was found twined around the rope. The Emperor, hearing this, immediately went forth; the serpent inclined respectfully before him, and then moved slowly off; Charlemagne followed it to the river, where he saw a monstrous toad sitting upon the nest and eggs of the serpent. Resolved to administer justice to all creatures, the Emperor ordered the toad to be burned. A few days after, this serpent crept into the judgment-hall, bowed low to the Emperor, crept upon the table, and having dropped a precious stone into a golden goblet, glided quietly away. The Emperor, impressed by this marvel, built on the spot where the serpent's nest had been a church called "Wasserkelch." He gave the precious stone to his beloved spouse, Fastrada. The stone so drew toward her the Emperor's love that he could hardly suffer her out of his sight. In the hour of her death, the Empress, dreading lest another should succeed her in the affections of the Emperor, placed the gem beneath her tongue, and it was buried with her. Charlemagne could not separate himself from the body, and for eighteen years carried it about with him. At length his confessor, by some black art, discovered the stone and its virtues; after which Charlemagne allowed the body to be interred, and transferred his affection to the confessor, who became his Prime Minister, Archbishop of Mainz, and Chancellor of the Empire. But then, either in a moment of repentance or anger, this individual threw the stone into a lake near Ingethüm. Then the affection of Charlemagne was diverted from his former favorite to the lake, and he built beside it a palace, for whose decoration his other imperial residences were made bare. But when Charlemagne came to die, his throes were long and violent; and the archbishop, knowing the cause, had the lake dragged for the gem he had thrown into it. The talisman having been restored to the person of the monarch, he died peacefully (814).

"The tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, was opened by Otto III. in 997, and it is said that the wonderful gem was found suspended from his neck. However that may be, the gem had been for a long time the most valued relic in Aix-la-Chapelle when it was presented by that city to Napoleon I. It was a moment when he seemed to many, preëminent to himself, an avatar of Charlemagne. Napoleon presented it to his favorite Hortense, *ci-devant* Queen of Holland. At her death, in 1837, it passed to her son, Napoleon III. It shared his imprisonment at Ham, and accompanied him through all his vicissitudes.

"In the course of its long history the precious stone has undergone evolutions. The nut-like stone constituting its basis is surrounded by antique filigree of fine gold, and is set with various gems and a relic of the Holy Cross."

This amulet must have lost its charm. At any rate the Queen Hortense had an experience of its attractive power widely different from that of Fastrada. The magian amulet perhaps could not coöperate harmoniously with that of the true cross, for Hortense was divorced from her husband in 1810. The Emperor Napoleon III., after all the vicissitudes of his early life, his imprisonment, flight, and exile, is finally taken prisoner of war, and dies only after his armies are defeated, his wife and son in exile, his throne overturned, and a new government erected upon its ruins. The young Prince Imperial found in it no protection from the cruel assegais of the barbarous Zulus, and his young life-blood poured forth in spite of heathen amulet or Christian talisman. Still his was a happier life and a more honorable death than that of the other Napoleonic boy, the Duke de Reichstadt, who died at the Palace of San Souci, amid the sensuous pleasures of dissipation, murdered by the charms and indulgence of voluptuous women. What shall be the fate of the next young Napoleon, Prince Victor, son of Prince Jerome? We hope he may not inherit the fatal talisman that has proved so unfortunate to two Napoleons.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879.

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### The Domestic Relations of Garibaldi.

The adverse decision of the Italian tribunals in Garibaldi's suit for the nullification of his unfortunate second marriage was not generally expected. It gives an immediate interest, however, to the story of the Italian Liberator's peculiar and complicated family relations. Garibaldi was followed from South America to Europe by his faithful Anita, who bore him three children—two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, and a daughter, Teresa, the "Teresa—Ah, Teresita," of Mrs. Browning's poem. Anita died in 1849, on the flight from Rome, in the forest of Ravenna; the dagger which she had always carried Garibaldi took from her side and wore it in remembrance of her till 1860, when he lost it during the fight of Caserta. It was subsequently recovered and now lies on the little stand by his bed every night. Meanwhile, during the campaign in Lombardy in 1859, he met the young daughter of the Marquis Raimondi, a handsome and dashing woman, who made the campaign as a member of his staff in male attire and on horseback. This young woman offered her hand and heart to Garibaldi. They were married and had hardly left the altar when the bride informed her husband that her declaration was an imposture, that she was in love with one of his aides-de-camp, Signor Confrimi, and that she had married him only to escape the consequences of her father's anger. Garibaldi at once left her and has never since looked upon her face. She gave birth some months later to a son, who was registered as Garibaldi's child, and is legally his heir. After Aspromonte, Garibaldi retired to Caprera, where he was visited by his daughter Teresa, who had been married to General Stefano Canzio (he by the way is undergoing a year's imprisonment for having resisted the police in March last), and brought with her as her child's nurse a peasant woman of Asti, Francesca by name. Francesca nursed Garibaldi with much tenderness during an illness, and one morning he surprised his daughter by telling her that she must find another nurse for her child, as he intended to make Francesca one of the family. By this Francesca Garibaldi has had three children, two of whom survive, Manlio and Clelia.

A recent letter from Rome describes her as being still what she always was, a simple peasant woman. She is now between forty and forty-five years of age, with prominent cheekbones, gray eyes somewhat of the almond shape, which relieve with their vivacity her dull complexion, an abundant head of hair, and a strong, stout figure. Manlio, her boy, is the image of his father. From all these domestic complications it follows that while Garibaldi's earlier children are illegitimate his later ones are equally illegitimate, their father being in law another woman's husband, and that the only heirs the courts can recognize is the son of Signor Confrimi and Signora Raimondi. The Chambers, when they voted Garibaldi $20,000 a year during his lifetime, and a remainder of $10,000 a year to his heirs, did not specify who those heirs should be, an omission sufficiently remarkable in the circumstances, and from the consequences of which relief is now sought. The decision of the courts will probably compel Garibaldi to have recourse to the Italian Legislature, which can modify the act of donation so as to enable the Liberator to secure the reversion of the remainder at least to his own children. Should he die with matters standing as they are at present, the complication would hardly be more curious than that recently arising out of a case in France, in which a girl had deceived a man into marrying her. Though the pair had separated, and though the girl's written avowal of her child's real paternity and her husband's written statement and will reaffirming the facts were produced in evidence, the court decided that her child must inherit her husband's whole estate. In this French case, moreover, the presumption was that the wife had instigated the murder of her unfortunate husband during a tour in Spain.

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Miss Lizzie Strong has just finished the painting of a dog for Mr. E. W. Trailor, which in all respects is an improvement on all her previous efforts. It is not that mere portraiture or imitation which is the characteristic of still life painting, but it is that higher art which has its finest development in historic painting. It evinces something more than talent—that aptitude and strange, happy expression we call genius. That she is in love with her art is easily seen from the patient, close study she has brought to the picture in question. She has admirably managed the drawing, which is unusually correct and carefully done; and in tone and color—especially the middle tints and the nice gradations throughout the whole work—she has achieved, I may say, a triumph. The picture has caused some excitement in art circles, and has secured for "La Petite" a number of commissions. Miss Strong will leave for France in a short time, where she purposes devoting some years to patient, industrious study of her art, and we predict that her friends, who are very numerous, will have reason to be proud of her.

PINXIT.

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Mayor Bryant makes a complete answer to the charges of maladministration made against him by the *Call* and *Bulletin*. His figures make a favorable showing with any for the past ten years. It is our judgment that we have not had so efficient, honest, and economical a city government since that of the Mayoralty of E. W. Burr. If Mr. Bryant could be renominated, we should be glad to give him our support.

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The Duke of Argyle, father of Lorne, and fathe[illegible] the Queen's daughter, recommends the Americ[illegible] reëlect Grant and keep him in the Presidential [illegible]

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Retrospect.

Free from the scheming, fitful mart,
In peace I tranquil rest;
Quenching needs of my thirsting heart
At Nature's teeming breast.

Under the wide oaks rustling low,
Kissing the sun's last beam,
Where pansies smile and daisies blow,
Alone I lie and dream.

Drifting back with the young lark's song—
Back to the olden time—
I hold again, with soul so wrong,
My boyhood's faith sublime.

The poppy's breath, the streamlet's flow,
The cooing of the doves,
Wake tender chords—the ardent glow
Of early manhood loves.

The twilight gray, the lowing herds,
With shambling, noiseless tread,
Bring sombre thoughts, unspoken words,
Above my sacred dead.

Lost with the jaybird's mocking call,
The retrospect of years;
On flower and dream the dewdrops fall,
A veil of gentle tears.

Throbs yearning heart, throbs burning brain,
Like fallow deer outran;
Again I face the strife and strain,
A bitter, restless man.

WATSONVILLE, July, 1879. MARINER J. KENT.

### Chained.

If we were manacled—if on our arms
Were gyves, and in a prison-cell our lips
Were guarded by a jailer's vigilance—
Love could but speak through eyes of fire
In mute despair.
But are our bonds
Less galling than those cruel chains?
Are not our lips as dumb, our hearts
As silent, and our eyes alone
The vehicle of love, as if
A prison-cell our lives confined?
The sun that cheers the free but plays
The spy on us; the moon that lights
An honest passion will but tell
To curious multitudes our love.
Fate hangs her fetters round our throats,
Laughs at our love, and bids us seek
Our freedom and embraces in
The icy bed of death—not here.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879. WILL.

### Moonrise on the Nile.

A pictured dream of old Egyptian days
Leans from the wall, drawn with inspired skill
In some rare moments of the painter's will,
Into whose languid depths I sit and gaze.

The large low moon floats in a balmy sky
Soft with the peace of rainless Egypt nights;
Its golden glory hides the lesser nights
Of remeant stars in conscious rivalry.

Dark mosques, half hid in plicate palms, uplift
Tall slender minarets, bathed in the glow
Of the white radiance sleeping on the slow
Soft swelling of the Nile's quiescent drift.

An idle boat upon the lazy wave;
Some dreaming lovers dip warm fingers in its fold,
As Cleopatra might in days of old
Have giv'n soft limbs to the slow water's lave.

O rare Egyptian days of repressed fire!
Long nights of languor and of lotus flowers,
Where rich delights were dials of the hours,
And each in passing brought another higher.

I have turned back a leaf of Time, and fall
Beneath the spell of old Egyptian days
In gazing on the emblem of their praise,
Embalmed and mute before me on the wall.

NORTH COLUMBIA, July, 1879. MAY N. HAWLEY.

### Sonnet.—To Mattie.

Friend of my heart—sweet niece—sweet fraulein
(Take whatsoever term may please thee best)—
In what sweet future by the kind fates blest
Dwells he whose heart shall claim thee as its queen?
Me Nature's bonds restrain; yet in my heart
I hang these votive lines a gift to thee,
Like dripping seaweed from life's changeful sea,
For kinship's sacred altars set apart.
So, while amid thy thoughts Love haply writes
Another name, oh, leave, I pray, for me
A little place in thy kind memory,
That thoughts of thee, like stars on stormy nights,
May shine upon me while life's pulse still lingers,
And sweep my heart-strings with fairy fingers.

MARYSVILLE, July, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### Ad Lydiam in Urbe.

Unused to polished speech or courtly ways,
I dread lest I offend my lady's ear;
No eloquence adorns my rustic lays,
The simple record of a smile or tear.

To note the field-lark's song at early morn,
The hum of bees, the nightingale's sweet trill,
The whispering of the breeze o'er bending corn—
No other art have I, or grace, or skill.

But now my sylvan pen unused doth lie;
No more my verse I carve on beechen tree;
A vision bright hath fixed my roving eye—
That vision, lady mine, is e'er of thee.

Of thee, and thee alone, I ever dream;
By day or night I see thee ever nigh,
I see thy image in each placid stream,
I hear thy voice in every zephyr's sigh.

Couldst thou forsake thine urban home to share
A rustic cottage where wild roses twine?
'Tis love alone could make our dwelling fair,
But that, my dearest one, shall e'er be thine.

OAKLAND, July, 1879. MARK PHILLIPS.

## AN EPISODE OF ECHO CAÑON.

By Ben C. Truman.

On the 8th day of December, 1866, after a trip of four days from Denver, Colorado, I arrived at Fort Bridger, Utah, in company with Mr. William G. Halsey, private secretary of Ben Holladay. Having roughed it in a stage-coach for eleven days and nights, from Fort Riley to Bridger, and having been nearly scared to death half a dozen times by demonstrative Cheyennes, who were on the war-path along the Smoky Hill Fork, I was easily induced by my comrades of "the Atlanta campaign"—Majors Anson Mills and Andy Burt of the 18th U. S. Infantry, and who were on duty at Fort Bridger at the time—to tarry a while at that charming oasis in the heart of what "Peter Parley" termed the "great American desert." Besides, the thermometer showed the mercury 30 deg. below zero; and notwithstanding the creature comforts in the shape of a splendid buffalo-robe and a two-gallon demijohn of whisky given me by General Ihrie at Denver, I reached Bridger half frozen, and stiff as Lot's wife after her wonderful saline transformation. I was bruised, too, on account of an upset near Church Butte, twenty-three miles east of Bridger. It was the first time in my life that I had been capsized—in a stage-coach. Matt Worth was the driver, and a worth-less driver was Matt. Possibly he had pulled too often at my demijohn, although I would have scorned to have palmed off an excuse for the shrinkage of its superior contents upon him while two such ardent Bourbons as Halsey and myself were fellow-travelers.

At Church Butte station a stable-keeper, named Janisse, and family joined us, having received instructions to take up quarters at the next cabin, eleven miles west. Mr. Janisse's family, beside the head thereof, consisted of his wife, two children, a male cat, a cur of the feminine gender, a coffee-mill, two guns, four bags of grain, and a can of syrup. Mr. Janisse was extremely solicitous about his can of syrup, and talked molasses continually. Mrs. Janisse was full of an old cow which had departed this life a few days previous. The juvenile Janisses whiled away their time in pugilistic encounters; and guns, coffee-mills, cats, dogs, grain-bags, and molasses danced cotillions from one part of the stage to another. Halsey and the writer of this sketch were gracefully doubled up like jackknives on the front seat, and on the whole delighted. Just as Mrs. Janisse was humming "Who will care for mother now?" and while her poorer half had his starboard eye on his vessel of sorghum, the nigh fore wheel went into a deep rut, and over went the vehicle. Great heavens, what a comical sight! Such a mixture of adults and children, cats and dogs, molasses and guns, coffee-mills and gunny-bags, etc., etc., I had never witnessed before. When I recovered my equilibrium, the first object that met my eyes was old man Janisse reaching wildly for his can of syrup, the contents of which were running into his hat. Like the humane captain who mourned the loss of an oar thrown to a drowning sailor, Janisse cried: "There goes my molasses!" absolutely forgetting Mrs. Janisse, who was mashed up into one corner like the last rose of summer, and his two children, who were thrown across the middle seat screaming like a couple of Rocky Mountain antelope kids in distress. We were not long in extricating ourselves, however, and great was our joy in discovering that no biped had been seriously hurt. This joy, I regret to state, subsequently partook of a tinge of grief, occasioned by the untimely demise of both the canine and feline pets—the dog having been crushed beneath Mrs. Janisse and another bag, and the cat having met his sad fate by having his head jammed into the coffee-mill. "What a cat-astrophe!" ejaculated the dismal-looking Mrs. Janisse. "I felt sure that syrup would get tipped over, dog-gone it!" murmured the demoralized head of the outfit. "Are you going to stay in there all day?" shouted Matt from the outside, in accents unmistakably un-Christian. "No!" and out we lumbered; right side up went the coach, and on we went to Bridger.

Fort Bridger is about five hundred miles west of Denver, and one hundred and twenty-five miles east from Salt Lake City. It is situated in a beautiful valley on Black's Fork, a tributary of Green River, some twelve miles from the station of Carter on the Union Pacific Railroad. One mile above the fort Black's Fork divides itself into five channels, and, after passing through the valley, again unites its waters one mile below the post. One of these streams, some thirty feet in width, runs swiftly over a pebbly bed through the centre of the parade ground, supplying the garrison with an abundance of delicious water free from all impurities. The portion of the valley in which the fort is situated is about three miles in width, and is clothed with luxuriant and nutritious grasses during the summer season. Fort Bridger was established in the spring of 1858 by Albert Sidney Johnston (killed in action at Shiloh, Sunday, April 6, 1862, while in command of the Confederate army), then in command of the United States troops sent to Utah by President Buchanan. During the winter of 1857 the army occupied Camp Scott, about two miles above the fort. The following spring, however, a party of officers was detailed to select a suitable site for a post, and the present one was chosen. It was named in honor of James Bridger, a celebrated mountaineer, who had settled in the valley and established a trading-post many years before, and who was at the time a guide to the army. The object of establishing Bridger was to form a base of supplies in anticipation of a conflict with the Mormons; and the place was regarded as one of great importance.

At the time of my arrival at Fort Bridger the garrison was composed of two companies of the 18th U. S. Infantry, a regiment that participated in seventeen great battles, under Buell, Rosecrans, Grant, Thomas, and Sherman, and lost more officers and soldiers in killed and wounded than any other regiment in the service during our late civil war. Its casualties at the battle of Stone River, alone, were five officers and sixty men killed, eleven officers and two hundred and twenty men missing, and only *two* enlisted men missing. Fort Bridger has been commanded by some of the ablest of American officers, conspicuous among whom were Albert Sidney Johnston, Charles F. Smith, Canby, and Philip St. George Cooke. The best known person at Bridger, though, was Judge Carter—poet, scholar, traveler and gentleman. Every man of note who crossed the continent previous to the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad has been his guest. Horace Greeley, on two or three occasions, told him what he knew about farming; Artemus Ward has sat for hours with the Judge and cracked his inimitable jokes; Warren and Jerome Leland have chatted about things gastronomic; Fitzhugh Ludlow has toasted his shins before the Judge's hospitable fire and presented his theory upon the action of wind and water. Colfax, Bross, Richardson, and Bowles have spent many a pleasant moment at the Carter mansion in the wilderness, listening either to the stories of the Judge, or to the rendering of delicious *morceaux* from Verdi and Flotow by his pretty daughter Ada. So also, have Burton, the great English traveler and writer, and that "blarsted Britisher," Hepworth Dixon, and many, many others. Judge Carter has been associated with the United States army in Florida, Texas, and the Territories, as sutler or post-trader for nearly fifty years, and he is a perfect encyclopædia concerning it. He has lived at Bridger for about twenty years. He owns large tracts of lands, horses, cattle, stores, saw-mills, etc. For several years previous to the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, he sent his own trains to the States annually, and once paid $175,000 cash in St. Louis for a stock of goods.

The next day after my arrival at the reservation, Carter, who was both Federal Judge and Postmaster, commenced a term of court, and the first prisoner brought before him was a highwayman and horse-thief named Richard Gardner, *alias* "Obelisk Dick," so-called on account of his hiding-place near what are known as the "Obelisks," at the mouth of Echo Cañon. Gardner was as fine a looking ruffian as I ever laid eyes on. He stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and was large in proportion, without a pound of superfluous flesh. He had handsome short curly black hair, high intellectual forehead, a perfect nose and mouth, moustache and imperial, small ears and large dark eyes that flashed like diamonds. He had participated in a dozen or more stage robberies, and had stolen and sold nearly a hundred valuable horses and mules during a career of thirteen years. He never, in all that time, so he declared, had pointed a loaded weapon at a person. He professed to be a Mormon, and had one white and two Indian wives, living in separate cabins near the Obelisks. He had a son nineteen years of age, who was the terror of all three of his father's wives, and who boasted that he whipped each of them once a week in order to preserve peace and humility in his father's triangular household. Jonas was the name of this remarkable disciple of Satan, which may possibly account for his whaling propensity. He was one of the rioters killed in the fight at Bear City in 1868.

The particular accusation against Gardner at this time was for stealing a saddle horse from the Cummings brothers, two farmers and traders residing in Bear River Valley. The Cummings brothers appeared as witnesses against Gardner, who testified that they "laid for Obelisk Dick and nabbed him with their animal in his possession." This simple testimony closed for the prosecution, and the accomplished horse-thief was asked, as he had plead "not guilty," what he had to say in defense.

"Have you counsel to conduct your case, Dick?" inquired Judge Carter.

"No, sir," responded Gardner. "I concluded that as I was innocent, it was no use throwing away money on a lawyer."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"No; my son Jonas has disappointed me. He should have arrived in the stage this morning. If that truthful young man could have left the bedside of his mother, he would have come to my relief this morning. He, sir, could swear—"

"To anything!" interposed Hamilton Cummings, the elder of the two brothers.

"—that I was at home the very night these Cummingses accuse me of stealing their horse," concluded Gardner. "You see, Judge, these Cummingses don't like me a bit—"

"You bet we don't!" said Amasa, the younger of the two.

"Order in Court, gentlemen," said Judge Carter, pleasantly, but firmly.

"That's right, Judge; give me a fair show. The Cummingses have had their say, and now it is my turn. I didn't interfere with them when they were getting in their work against me. Now, I want to tell you why the Cummingses are so down on me: I do a little trading now and then with the Snakes, you see, and that riles them. So they got together one evening, happening to see me coming toward them, and they said, 'Here comes Obelisk Dick; let's put up a job on him. He's got a couple of Snake women living with him, and that gives him influence with the tribe, and we must get him out of the way. We'll just drive out Stonewall Jackson, and when Dick stops to examine his good points—you know, Judge, I am a great admirer of a good horse—we'll rush out and snatch him, and get out a warrant against him for grand larceny.' Now you see the animus, don't you, Judge?"

"Dick," said the justice, "I must remind you that you are on your oath. How did you learn of this job, as you call it—can you swear—?"

"Why, of course," said Gardner, "I can't swear to it myself. But my son Jonas, he will swear—"

"Yes, his son Jonas; he will swear that the old man never saw a horse," said Hamilton Cummings, "if necessary."

"Judge," responded Gardner, excitedly, "I see there is no sympathy for me in this Court, and I guess I had better withdraw my plea of not guilty, and confess that I did steal that horse. You see, these Cummings boys are lightning in everything they undertake, and they are bound to convict me. I want to make one explanation, though, before this case is closed. It is simply this: The stealing of that horse was the first dishonest act of my life; and, even then, it was not the paltry value of the horse, sir, that urged me to commit such a disgraceful act, as my noble son Jonas would willingly swear to; it was the name of the animal, sir, that seduced me. I am a Virginian, Judge Carter, and the name of that grand old rebel, sir, thrills me with—"

"Time is precious, Dick," said the Judge, "and I am compelled to cut you off in your little speech. Do you withdraw your plea of not guilty, and plead guilty?"

"I do, sir; and ask the mercy of the Court, this being my first offense, as Jonas would be perfectly willing to swear to."

It being his first offense, Judge Carter sentenced Gardner to serve a term of nineteen years in the Territorial prison at Salt Lake City, and at once made out the necessary papers of commitment.

The next morning the western bound stage arrived before

daylight, having only a light mail and no passengers. In the meantime two men, named Jack and Bill Coaster, had been deputized to take Gardner to Salt Lake City. I had secured an outside seat, and the brothers Coaster and their prisoner occupied the inside of the coach. We left Bridger about nine o'clock in the morning. The weather had greatly moderated, and the sun came out warm and nice. We made about seven miles an hour until we arrived at Quaking Asp Hill, one of the highest spurs of the Wasatch range, from which a magnificent view of diversified country was obtained. Proceeding down the western slope of Quaking Asp Hill, the landscape seemed a panorama of picturesque and long-drawn beauty. All of a sudden the mountains were transformed into huge rocks of grotesque shape and terrific perpendicularity, and the whole network of valleys gave way to gorges or cañons of indescribable impressiveness.

The most remarkable of all these gorges is Echo Cañon, which, next to Yosemite, for rare beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, exceeds any natural picture I have ever seen. This cañon is thirty miles in length, and trends to the southeast. The Union Pacific Railroad runs through it. A tiny streamlet meanders this jagged and irregular avenue, lending an additional charm to this *chef d'œuvre* of Nature. As the tourist enters the cañon, the first attraction which meets his gaze is Cache Cave, a subterranean monstrosity upon the right of the road. Then is presented a succession of sights, such as "Swallow's Nest," "Winged Rock," "Pulpit Rock," "Ket tle Rocks," "Phillip's Cañon," "Hood Rock," "Great Republic," "Sentinel Rocks," or "Obelisks," as the rugged-looking shafts at the mouth of the cañon are sometimes called.

We reached Echo Cañon about three o'clock in the afternoon, and stopped for dinner at the first station. We all finished our frugal meal at about the same time. Gardner had been closely guarded by the Coasters, but had been permitted to air himself and stretch his limbs both at the eating station and at Quaking Asp Hill. The driver had shouted "all set," and I had climbed up to my seat on the outside, when, all of a sudden, out jumped Gardner from the door on the nigh side of the coach, and away he went down the cañon like an antelope. In less than two seconds the Coasters were after him, each one crying "Halt, or I will shoot!"

"We may as well follow up and see the fun," said the driver, and off went the team on a clean run. Just as we came up to the scene the Coasters were getting winded and Gardner was gaining on them.

"We bad better try and wing him," said Jack to his brother, and both of them halted, drew their revolvers, and commenced firing. Each took deliberate but rapid aim, and, after several shots, Gardner jumped into the air and fell like a dead man.

We all hastened to the prostrate prisoner, and found that two bullets had gone through him, and that he was evidently dying. He lived only fifteen minutes, and spoke but once, gasping out faintly:

"It was my first offense, boys—ah—ah—it was my first offense—ah—and Jonas would swear to it." And then he expired, with his head in Bill Coaster's lap. The latter at once said:

"It is getting dark, and we must do something with the body; we had better cover it up with stones so the coyotes won't get at it, and come back to-morrow and bury it."

As if something had suddenly flashed to his mind, Jack pulled forth the commitment papers and perused them hurriedly and excitedly. At last, after drawing in a long breath, he said:

"According to this document, Bill, we have no right to bury the man at all. It commands us to take him to Salt Lake."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to take his carcass to Salt Lake, do you?" said Bill, sneeringly. "Have you ever seen any one transport dead horse thieves far in this section of America?"

"I pretend to say that this document (holding up the commitment papers) commands me to take him to Salt Lake, dead or alive. Let me read you: 'You are commanded'—*commanded!* don't you see?—'to take the body'—the *body!* the *body!* mind ye, the *body!*—'of Richard Gardner to Salt Lake,' etc. Isn't that as plain as A B C? Don't make any difference whether he's dead or alive, we are commanded to take his *body*. Am I right, Tom?" added Jack Coaster, addressing himself to the driver.

"Well, it seems to me, pard," responded the driver, assuming an important air, "that the word body is sort o' technical, as it were. They all read that way. I've seen lots of them. I was deputy-sheriff once in California, and had a man taken away from me by some Vigilantes, and we buried him right under the limb of the tree they swung him from. If I had my way I wouldn't pack a dead man. But I'm only the driver, you know, and don't want to take any responsibility. If you boys say pack him, why, let us be in a hurry, it's getting dark."

"Now, Jack," said his brother, "let me reason with you. The word 'body' in that paper is a legal term. Just let me go to the next station and get some tools, and I will come back to-morrow and bury him; and you keep right on to Salt Lake, and inform the authorities of all the circumstances."

Jack again reads his papers: "'You are commanded to take the body'—the *body*—"

"Well, hurry up about it, then," said the driver, "for I'm not going to stay here any longer."

So the body of Obelisk Dick was strapped on behind, under the mail bags, and taken to Salt Lake City.

We left the scene of the tragedy just at dark, and made thirty miles in four hours, including two stoppings. It was one of the grandest rides I ever had in my life. The driver was as full of the Old Nick as an egg is of meat. He cracked his whip every few minutes, the reverberations of which sounded like rolls of musketry. We dashed down some of the declines at lightning speed, the thunders of our vehicle creating a din louder than the movements of a battery of artillery. With a dead man behind and a whole demijohn of spirits in front, the driver seemed perfectly at ease; he plied the stinging, cracking lash continually, and declared, every once in a while, that he "didn't care whether school kept or not."

Just as we got well into the cañon the magnificent gorge was flooded with light from an incomparable full moon, and each succeeding turn in the road presented, like the kaleidoscope, a new and pleasant sight to the delighted eye. Tremendous rocks, of a diversity of irregularity, towered grotesquely upon either hand, and shade and moonlight fantastically skirmished with each other along their sides for mastery. Every object encountered, from the murmuring rivulet below to the majestic formations above, electrified the senses. Leaving the "Obelisks," as the ragged old sentinels of rocks at the mouth of the cañon was called, we got into the open country watered by the Weber River.

Nothing further transpired until we were within two or three miles of Salt Lake City, when the driver drew up his team, alighted, and took the "body" of Obelisk Dick from the inside of the boot and strapped it to the outside. As Tom took his seat he quietly informed us of what he had done, and said, "Things will pop when we get into town."

And "things did pop." We arrived at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office on a clean canter, with at least five hundred men and boys following and yelling. Halsey (who had arrived two days before), Tracy (now special agent of the Postoffice Department in this city), and Bassett (at present Superintendent of the Southern Pacific Railroad) will, I think, never forget this "Episode of Echo Cañon."

San Francisco, July, 1879.

## HIGH RATE OF INTEREST.

Money can be hired in Boston, on good Boston security, for four, five, or six cents on the dollar.

Money can be hired in San Francisco, on good San Francisco security, for six, eight, or ten cents on the dollar.

Money can be hired in Watsonville, on good Pajaro Valley security, for ten, twelve, or fifteen cents on the dollar.

Now, why should a dollar hire for a year in Watsonville for nearly three times as much as the same dollar would bring in Boston, Massachusetts, or for nearly twice as much as it will bring in San Francisco?

In answer to this question I would say: partly, it is custom or habit; and partly, it is circumstance. So far as it is habit it can be easily remedied; but the matter of circumstance is more troublesome.

What are the circumstances as to Boston? It can not be that the prices of eating and wearing are so much cheaper in Boston than with us, because we ship wheat, flour, wool, fruits, etc., to Boston, and sell the same for enough to pay for carrying them so far, and have fair wages left over. The trouble must be found in the difference of securities. There is plenty of money on the Pacific Slope, as is shown by the amounts locked up idle in San Francisco and elsewhere; by the amount put into four per cent. government securities; by the rapidity with which exciting mining stocks are bought up, and by other things—to say nothing of our heavy money owners going East to invest in low-paying speculations, such men as, for instance, Jim Keene, D. O. Mills, and Senator Jones.

It is not the scarcity of money or the difference in the price of living that tells against California, but it is the insecurity, or apparent or imaginary insecurity, of hired money which makes against us. Real estate is really as secure in San Francisco as in Boston, but you can not make many Bostonians believe it. They say that San Francisco does begin to look quite like a solid city, but the San Franciscans would leave it in a day if the discoveries in gold of 1848–49 could be repeated. Leave San Francisco! Yes, on a minute's notice, as they have left other towns they have spent years in building up. Capital, being born of caution, is afraid of this and other possibilities.

There are thousands of people in Boston who would not move permanently away from that city for any money consideration—much as they love the filthy lucre—but who is there now living in San Francisco, who, if shown a fortune like that which once smiled through the red soil of the Sierra, wouldn't drop his hold on San Francisco, and just "git up and git?" An unstable disposition is poor security. We do not lend our purse to the man who may be gone to-morrow.

Then there are the repeated spasms of alarm about changing the business centres of the city, such as the shifting of the city front, the railroad occupation of Goat Island, and the division of trade to other points inside or outside of the Bay of San Francisco, etc. All these things, and rumors of things, are as naught to the "old Californian," in whom time and experience have begotten confidence; but to the stranger and the new inhabitant, in whom confidence has yet to grow, they are matters to hesitate upon and ponder over before investing coin.

When we leave San Francisco in any direction, unless indeed it should be westward, the securities become more tremulous, or perhaps it were better to say pendulous, because they are mainly based on agricultural values; and agriculture in California swings like a pendulum, from wet to dry, as the seasons change. Four or six "good years" raise the price of grain land to $50 or $75 per acre, while two or three "bad years" drop the price of this same land to $15 or $30 per acre—unless the owner is good game, and holds out to show his grit.

Thus are these lands, though good of their kind, rendered risky as securities, and in lending money at interest the rule is: the greater risk, the greater rate.

When the securities are of garden lands or "vegetable lands"—that is to say, moist bottom land capable in dry seasons of bringing green crops—the fluctuation is less; but the risk is in overvaluation, such lands being more valuable to the home farmer who lives upon them than to any one else. The lender of money for hire does not want the land to handle, as he is usually not a success at farming, and the farm, except to sell again and get his money back, would be an embarrassing possession—just as a ship, however valuable to sailors, is of little worth to a landsman if he can not sell it.

The "dry years" ought to support and confirm the price of the moist bottom lands, and such would be the case but for the Chinaman. This latter personage puts in an appearance, works for low wages, sends his money home to China, buys mainly Chinese food and clothes, pays few or no taxes, and thus, while robbing the country of its circulating coin, shuts out the American or European, suspends immigration of actual settlers and land buyers, and keeps down the price of land because there are so few buyers.

Take this valley of the Pajaro—the trail of the pigtail is over it all; and while the late unfavorable seasons should have raised the price of the land, the contrary is the case—for lands, the very best lands, have actually decreased in value in the last three years. And this decrease will continue slowly and surely, like the progress of a dry rot, until we get a European or white substitute for the Mongolian.

How can it be otherwise?

Look at the facts. In Pajaro Valley there are a little over nine hundred Chinamen always on hand, for as one goes away another takes his place, and so keeps the crowd full. We call the crowd nine hundred so as to be within bounds. These nine hundred Chinamen, we will say, save each $33 per year to send out of the country; then they each spend for Chinese goods $67 more, and these put together make $100, which go to China each year for each Chinaman. Some Chinmen send more than this money to China, and some send less, but the average is about as I give it. Now nine hundred times one hundred is of thousands ninety. Ninety thousand dollars this little Pajaro Valley loses each year in order to support a system of cheap labor which drives away the land-buying, house-building laborer, and thereby reduces the price of land, raises the rate of interest on money, decreases the price of home productions by destroying the home market—and gives Denis Kearney a chance to pass around the hat.

That the new organic law has added, and will still yet add, to the volume of caution possessed by the money loaner I am prepared to believe. I am prepared to believe it because much loanable money is held by ignorant people—by very ignorant people—that is to say, people ignorant of all things except the ways of economical subsistence and money-getting through the negative power of saving percentages—and these ignorant people are very fearful of law changes and of judicial interpretations.

These money-savers employ lawyers, as Michael Reese did John B. Felton, to do their legal thinking for them—and if Michael and John B. were alive to-day, it would puzzle both of them to say what interpretations the courts will put upon the mandates and meanderings of the new Constitution of California. And, therefore, not knowing how the law is to be, these people will button up their pockets and wait a few years, or invest in other countries for a few years, until they can see and know, to a "dead sure thing," what effect the new law is to have upon loans and other investments of capital. If the Workingmen (with a big, big W) can also afford to wait a few years, or can invest himself somewhere else, we may in time come out all right; but will never get rid of high rates of interest on borrowed money until we are able to solidify our commercial centres, make permanent our occupation, simplify and cease to change our laws, gauge the fluctuations of our seasons, and oust the Chinaman.

J. W. Gally.

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Even old fruit cans have their use, and may be utilized in the following manner: The can is pierced with one or more pinholes, and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry, tomato, or other plant. The pinholes are to be of such size that when the can is full of water the fluid can escape into the ground very slowly. Thus a quart can properly arranged will extend its irrigation to the plant through a period of several days. The can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns throughout the longest droughts. In all warm localities, where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit cans as here indicated will be found profitable as a regular gardening operation.

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A Madison paper gives a fearful account of woman's perfidy. A young man went to take his girl for a walk, but found that she had not done her milking. With a gallantry that does credit to the Madisonian young man, he volunteered to do the milking for her, while she was making her toilet. After he had got her milking done, had hung the milk stool on the bars, and set the pail of milk in the kitchen, washed his hands at the pump with soft soap, and wiped them on the tail of his duster, he discovered that she had gone to a circus with another young man who did not know enough to extract milk from a milk wagon. The deserted young man kicked over the milk pail, and went his way a sadder man.

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It is said that the San Francisco editors and proprietors of our leading dailies will tender Whitelaw Reed, of the New York *Tribune*, a dinner upon his return to San Francisco. We do not believe it; the thing is impossible. There are no two of them in the city, except Pickering and Fitch, who are sufficiently in accord to dine at the same table. It would be a curious happy family—Pickering, MacCrellish, de Young, Fitch, Pen Johnston, and Col. Jackson attempting to eat out of the same trough.

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Every city has its honest old cantankerous Diogenes, who goes about with a lamp in the day time hunting for honest men. Sam Soule has been doing this in San Francisco for the last thirty years, and has succeeded in finding but one, and that is himself.

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It is said that D. O. Mills, of San Francisco, has made $3,000,000 by an investment of $500,000 in New York elevated railroads. We hope this is true, and that Mr. Mills will come home to spend it among his poor neighbors.

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Some of the Eastern papers threaten Senator Sharon with a loss of his mileage and *per diem* because he did not attend the extra session of the Senate. It will be very hard on the Senator to lose so much money these hard times.

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A lawyer once rushed up to Jerrold in the street, and said, with a flushed face: "Mr. Jerrold, I've just met a scoundrelly barrister." Jerrold looked at him with a bland smile, and simply answered: "What a coincidence!"

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Our blatant Talmage said that God so loved the Chinese that he made four hundred millions of them. By the same brilliant reasoning, God so loved snakes and mosquitoes that he made billions of them.

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Talmage, who is traveling in Europe, will have to shut his mouth in order to get it through the Mont Cenis

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.*

In view of the coming Presidential election, it would seem to be important that we should understand the real sentiments and temper of the Southern people; that we should know just the relation that Southern States hold to the General Government, and that we have accurate and exact information of the purpose and attitude of the late Confederate States to the Government of the United States. Naturally, we look to the Senate and House of Representatives as the barometer, and naturally we look to the members of Congress from the Southern States to ascertain the feelings of their constituents. Of course, we fully comprehend that after so long and so terrible a war that there must, and most naturally does, survive many and strong resentments. We are fully conscious that a civil war leaves irreconcilable enmities; we appreciate the humiliation that a proud and chivalrous people feel when defeated in arms; we understand the peculiar feelings that survive this strife, when among seven millions of white people there remain four millions of black people, whose political condition has been changed from personal servitude to freedom and sovereignty. We sympathize in a degree with the dominant race, and feel how hard it must be for them, defeated in arms and ruined in fortune, to have ignorant former slaves elevated to political equality, and made magistrates, executive officers, and lawmakers for those to whom, except for the war, they would have held the relation of chattel property. We sympathize with Southern people in having been compelled to submit to the insolence of Northern carpet-baggers, and Southern scalawags, and negro arrogance. We can understand without questioning how preachers, women, small politicians, and non-belligerents may feel. This class at the South is as unrepentant and irreconcilable as the non-belligerent demagogues of the North are ungenerous and super-loyal. What we desire to know is the real sentiment of the great laboring middle classes—Southern merchants, planters, mechanics, and citizens; those who own the property of the South, and upon whose shoulders rest the responsibilities of the present and the welfare of the future. What are their political opinions? What do they propose? What is to be the attitude of the South to the nation? Is there to remain a solid South? Is the country to be for ever divided by a geographical line, south of which the people hate those north of it? Is the South a great field of flax, liable at the fall of a chance spark to again burst into flame? Is the great Southern heart so bursting with malevolence and hatred that at a moment's notice the nation may again be plunged into war? We hear strange, bad stories from the South, and from men whose opinions we respect we hear tales of social and business persecution toward the stranger who enters their gates from the North. We hear it said that the Southern people are full of deadly hate and unforgetting animosity to the people of the North, and that the brigadier-generals of the Senate and House are only "prudent in utterance," and not "loyal in heart." We hear that the Confederate flag is honored as the emblem of a lost cause and the hope of a new rebellion. We hear that the non-political Northern man going South with his family is socially tabooed, and that the Northern business man who goes South to pursue a legitimate industry is not only not welcomed, but is suspected, insulted, and driven away. We had a relative, a modest and quiet gentleman, who went to Tennessee, hired a plantation, paid his rent, hired black labor and paid for it, minded his own business, who was so vexed and annoyed, so swindled and imposed upon, that he could not endure life, and left the State. A gentleman, who has been a Supreme Judge in this State and lived once in Georgia, visited his former residence, and on his return informed us that it was true that Northern men could not establish for themselves either friendly, social, or business relations with the Southern community; and in reply to our remark that "affairs would improve when "the next generation grew up," said: "Not so; the children were taught to hate the North and Northern people. "The animosities of the war are nursed, and resentments are "taught as part of the household religion." A gentleman, recently returned from a foreign embassy—himself Northern-born—a former slave-owner and intimate with the South, declared to the writer of this article that Southern opinion was utterly irreconcilable; that in the office at the Warm Springs Hotel, in Western Virginia, the Virginia ordinance of secession is framed and mounted, and that the Virginia gentleman and planter visiting at the springs makes daily pilgrimages to it, and on the floor before it offers libations of tobacco juice. A traveler throughout the Southern States informs us that this sentiment of animosity is almost universal. He instances the effort of an enterprising Northern man to engage in marketing live-oak ship-lumber from the splendid forests of North Carolina, and says that he abandoned the enterprise because of an organized opposition toward him because he was from the North. We hear that negroes are fleeing from their homes to Kansas and other free Western States because they are persecuted, swindled, and dishonorably dealt by, and yet we see the South producing more cotton by an annual million of bales than before the war; more wheat, barley, corn, and general produce. The South is growing richer with free than with slave labor. We hear that Southern sentiment recognizes the material advantages resulting from emancipation. We hear from Washington Senators and Congressmen the utterance of generous sentiments, but we see that they persistently rule the Democracy in caucus to hostile and unfriendly legislation. We note the honeyed accents of Lamar and the chivalrous opinions of the other Southern politicians, but when the opportunity presents itself the lamb of Mississippi leaps for the throat of the lion of New York. We think we hear in caucus the sharp, quick crack of the plantation thong over the Democratic back, and sometimes we think we see the phantom spirit of the old war-fiend of the slave-holders' rebellion on his skeleton knees fanning the spark to keep alive the smothering fire of another civil war.

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If we could ever be surprised at anything Mr. Sargent might do, we would have thought it strange that in his recent speech at Platt's Hall he should, through a long and wearisome hour, have flaunted the bloody shirt. We have a class of Northern politicians, and Mr. Sargent is one of them, who seem to have no other political capital than Southern outrages, and who, whenever called upon to address their fellow-citizens, immediately elevate the red rag, and narrate, with painful accuracy, the details of black preachers murdered, women violated, children killed, and property destroyed by predatory bands of murderous whites, that go about the Southern land slaying inoffensive blacks. We have learned to distrust all these bloody narratives. While we do not think Southern men are perfect, yet we think them, upon an average, about as good as other men—about the same sort of humanity as exists at the North—and we are altogether incredulous of these recitals of blood. We are disposed to believe that they are forgeries, or at least gross exaggerations, manufactured for political purposes, and that it is upon this kind of thing that the next political campaign is to be conducted. Mr. Sargent's speech was a curious one altogether, and calculated, if not intended, to give the Republican candidate for Governor but scant encouragement. What Mr. Sargent might have done, if he desired, he did not attempt to do. He might have truthfully exonerated Mr. Perkins from the imputation of being a railroad candidate. He might, if he had desired, have lifted the Republican party into a better and a purer atmosphere, and instead of leaving the question of fares, and freights, and railroad management, like the old man of the sea, upon Sindbad's back, he might have endeavored at least to take it off. He attempted nothing of the kind. Hence we are disposed to regard Mr. Sargent as insincere in his professions of friendship to the Republican party. Indeed, how can anyone recognize his conduct as that of friendship to the party. He goes upon the stand and gives countenance to an attack upon Mr. Perkins; he hears Perkins assailed, ridiculed, and misrepresented, and he is silent; he hears Dr. Glenn extolled, and he applauds. Again, at his own meeting, he takes occasion to say that Mr. Gorham is an honest man, and because he is honest and sincere he can not remain in the Republican party. This may be good politics, but it looks to us very much like treason. Sargent, Gorham, and Carr have, by the *Chronicle*, and we may say by universal public opinion, been charged with a premeditated desire to injure and destroy the Republican party. Gorham and Carr leave the party, and Sargent remains behind to cover their retreat. We believe this whole matter is one of prearrangement between them; that it was understood and planned by them; that Sargent is neither honest nor earnest in his present attitude. Nor do we think his testimony will go very far toward making a character for his renegade confederate. One other word as to this political trinity: We are convinced that Mr. Sargent is somehow in the power of Gorham and Carr; that he is not a free moral agent; that he is not acting of his own volition. There are some very strange rumors afloat, and it is not improbable that when the secret and real history of this conspiracy shall be disclosed there will be a ripping open of abdomens.

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In his attitude toward the Central Pacific Railroad Mr. Sargent is less irrational than we had expected to find him; and if his expressions indicate his opinions, he is not wide of the policy that ought to be adopted in dealing with the great transportation companies. The right of Legislative control is decided by all the courts. Railroads are, in their relation to the public, as toll-roads. Their charges should be fixed at such rates as will enable them to earn, say, six per cent. per annum upon the capital invested; to pay the interest upon their bonded debt; to keep their property in repair; to lay aside a reserve to meet—in case of the Central Pacific road—the amount due the Government, and to pay fair and liberal compensation to the managers, salaries to their employees, and all the current expenses of carrying on the business. The unwise interference of prejudiced and passionate demagogues with the complicated business of a great railroad system might work incalculable injury to the interests of a community, and any control from the political power should be wisely and moderately exercised.

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We may illustrate our views upon railroads by drawing this parallel: Twenty-five years ago we took up our residence in the Western Addition, now the corner of Fillmore and Union Streets. Then there was no public open road to our residence; we followed a Spanish trail through the chaparral over the hills to the Presidio road. The land was valueless, unfenced, unimproved, with only an occasional house. The region was devoted to gardens and milk ranches. We had no road, no lights, no planked streets, no sidewalks. In the dark nights of a rainy winter it was a dreadful pilgrimage, and in the dusty days of a windy summer it was scarcely less unpleasant. Then there came an omnibus once in two hours—fare half a dollar each way; this was an improvement. Then came streets, sidewalks, gas lamps, water mains, houses, families, and street railroads—the first a very poor one. It was Casebolt's—irregular, dirty, and slow; and then in time came the California Street cable road—the very perfection of locomotion—clean, quick, regular, and conducted by gentlemen. During all of this time the right of the Legislature to regulate and control fares and freights has existed, but when did the time come that we and our neighbors should have invoked the power? When the omnibus charged half a dollar?—when Casebolt charged ten cents?—or now that the California Street Railroad charges five cents? Was it when our land was valueless and could not be reached, or now when this portion of the city is populous, and its lots valuable by reason of facilities of travel? We hoped the omnibus would have made money enough to put on two omnibuses, and to have given us better accommodations; we hoped Casebolt might make money enough to keep his track and cars in better repair; and now that the California Street road is extending its line, and contemplates building to the ocean, we hope they will give us a branch line down Fillmore Street. We do not yet demand lower fares, because the California Street road is employing its earnings and expending its gross profits in building new roads. We are patient, and propose to remain reasonable, so long as the enterprise of the management is extending the area of its roads, reaching out into new and unsettled parts of the town, giving us better facilities of travel; and while we recognize the fact that as pioneers in a new part of the city, we have been subjected to inconveniences, we also recognize the fact that omnibuses and railroads have contributed to the value of our lands, and made our suburban homes comfortable and convenient to our business. We think it will be time enough to pass ordinances for the control and vexation of street railroads to our part of the city when they are all completed, when the district has become more populous, and when they are making more money; and even then we shall think that the gentlemen who built them should have interest and profits upon enterprises undertaken in early times, when success was at least doubtful. We have no doubt that the time is not far distant when the California cable road will run a car each minute, instead of five, and that their fares may be reduced to one penny instead of five, and the road still make money. We reason in the same way in reference to our large system of transportation; and if George C. Perkins had run a ferry boat from the foot of Fillmore Street to the water-front, and compelled our irascible neighbor, Casebolt, to keep his fare down to five cents instead of ten, we would not refuse to vote for him for Supervisor, nor abuse him for being a monopolist and bad citizen. We remember the isolated condition of our State and city, its sparse population, its unoccupied lands, its undeveloped capabilities, its overland wagon road, its Panama Steamship Company, its monopolies of merchandise; its corners in commercial ventures. We contrast that ante-railroad era with our present condition, and believing it to be true that the railroad companies are using all their earnings, and borrowing all they can, to build other roads, to construct another transcontinental road, and to reach out for a broader empire of trade, and believing that this will enrich us, and give our city more business, and our State a greater population, we are unwilling that the railroad should

be vexed with an interference that comes from jealousy, politics, ignorance, and demagogy. We would allow them to go on building and extending, and when the system is completed we would then subject them to such rational supervision and control as would compensate them for the risks taken, energies expended, and money laid out in giving us a railroad system so indispensable to the progress and prosperity of California. If in connexion with this great industrial enterprise George C. Perkins has been compelled to regulate his transportation rates from San Francisco to Los Angeles, if he has been a public-spirited and honorable merchant, if he is intelligent and honest, we would not withold from him our vote for Governor, and give it to the great agricultural spider that has sat down upon the county of Colusa to work land with machinery, tramps, and Chinamen, and allowed no small farmer with garden and cottage to come within the reach of his grasping tentacles.

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Some of the leading English journals are considering the Chinese question as one destined at no great future to become a most important one. Some months since a writer in the *Revue du Monde* devoted several pages of that journal to an analysis of this question. These writers are regarding the possibilities of an invasion of Europe, and are considering how either by peaceful or warlike immigration the destinies of Europe might be affected by a movement from the great eastern hive of Asia. It seems as though the long quiet of this vast multitude of people was about to be disturbed. There are signs of a movement that, shall it take an invading and warlike phase, may again, as in earlier times, threaten the peace of Europe. It has been believed that the Chinese were immovable; that the race had attained its highest possible civilization; that it was a case of perfected development; that its millions of people were content to abide within the walls of their self-imposed isolation, and that the movement of immigration to the islands of the Pacific Ocean, to the continents of South America and Australia, and to the Pacific Coast, was the natural result of European contact with the fringes of Chinese population, induced by special and temporary causes, and would pass away without seriously moving the fixed Chinese policy or seriously menacing the countries subject to their invasion. The alarm expressed by California thinkers, journalists, and publicists, has been met by the sentimentalists and pietists of the East as something to be derided and laughed at. The weak minded of the Northern pulpits and the weak eyed of the Eastern Sunday-schools have succeeded in praying down the alarm that is justly felt by the men and women of the Pacific Coast who stand at the very threshold of this invasion and are charged with the patriotic duty of resisting it. Kearney and Irishism upon this coast, cant and pharisaism upon the eastern border, had the power to resist a scheme of national legislation for preventing a national danger. Commerce and cotton factories, lemonade and Methodism, invaded the Presidential mansion, and Mrs. Hayes and her husband set up their sentimental opinions and their desire to save the souls of heathen against the legislation of the national Congress, passed in obedience to the universal opinion of those Pacific border States which have felt the influence of Chinese immigration, and whose people *alone* had or have any intelligent, practicable, and valuable opinions upon the question. Statesmen in Europe—not in America, thinkers in Europe—not in New England, merchants in London—not in New York or Boston, are beginning to observe the movements in China; they note the fact that the English and American merchants have lost their footing in the commercial ports of China, and that the great trade formerly controlled by English and American merchants is lost and is now monopolized by Chinese merchants. It is observed that there are more Chinese now doing business abroad than foreigners doing business in China; that the use of steam is being understood and utilized by the Chinese; that the navigation of the Chinese coast and the river Yangtze Kiang is now under the control of Chinese; that the government of China is importing and manufacturing arms of precision and great guns of heavy calibre; that it is importing and building war vessels, iron clad and armor plated; that in its army it is introducing the drill and discipline of the western nations. It is feared that the great sluggard of nations is about awaking from its long torpor; that the old hive is about pouring out its hordes; that famine, opium, and commercial greed may start the innumerable caravan on a pilgrimage of conquest and invasion. Steam has bridged the oceans; China has accumulated vast deposits of silver and gold; its people are wise, cautious, subtle, long scheming; China has 400,000,000 of population. Whenever it shall move it will present a real danger to the world. In whatever direction it shall move it will prove a desolation as destructive as an army of locusts, as irresistible as Asiatic cholera. We can only ring the danger bell and sound the alarm upon this coast. We are powerless to do more; and we are conscious that all the clamor of our outcry will be drowned by the derisive, scornful laughter of the occasional well fed, peripatetic professor, preacher, and politician, who may wander to our coast in search of coin, or subject for sensational lecture, sermon, or stump speech. All the statements of our press, all the protests of our suffering labor poor, all our arrested industries, all our paralyzed enterprises, all our legislative endeavors, all our expressions of public opinion, will be silenced by the loud prayers of some fat and oily man of God, by the euphonious sentences of some bureau lecturer, the plausible rhetoric of stump demagogues, or the unconsidered utterances of some ignorant penny-a-liner of the Eastern press. We may well despair of immediate relief, or indeed of any relief, when sentimental considerations control the President, and when a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States invokes the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States to protect vermin on a Chinese criminal's head.

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There is no American to-day who has a warmer place in the affections of his countrymen than Horatio Seymour of New York. His has not been the brilliant career of the battle-field. He has never been a sensational statesman. He has filled ably and patriotically distinguished positions. He has been Governor of New York. He has been a candidate for the Presidency, and all the time he has been the intelligent farmer living upon his own modest acres, in his cottage home at Deerfield, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. He has been overseer of the roads in his native town. He has been, and is now doubtless, president of a company employed in making cheeses. He has delivered the address at his county fair. He has written the geology of the country surrounding. He has made an address to the State prisoners at Auburn—an address breathing sympathy for unfortunates. He takes an interest in colleges, Indians, mechanics, and farmers. Ripe in years, full of honors, learned, frugal, content, and happy, he declines honors, nominations, and all the fuss and bustle of political life. He has flung away ambition. We visited him at Deerfield—spent a day with him. He was proud to show the old parchments, title-deeds, and original seals of his own inherited domain. He was pleased to talk of the old families of the country, and trace their fortunes, and ask for those who had gone out from the old hives to other lands—of which number we are one—and to tell the stories and anecdotes of the olden time. Full of learning, broad of views, wise in his great experience, calm, moderate, and self-poised, Horatio Seymour impressed us as a great, good, practical and patriotic statesman, of whom America ought to be proud. That his days may be long in the land is our earnest wish.

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Out near our dwelling in the suburb of the town there is a water hole. "Laguna," we call it, because laguna is more genteel than the American words "pond" or "mud-hole;" but mud-hole it is. It is fed from pure running springs that come from the hillside, and it receives also the water of the drains and sewers that come from the neighborhood. It overflows in winter; it smells bad in summer. The Health Officer makes periodical and spasmodic assaults upon it. There are several curious things about this "filthy pool," but the most curious phenomenon is, that as soon as the rains begin to fall, and without any premonition, there suddenly bursts forth the tremendous symphony of a multitude of frogs; not a few frogs, nor a few hundred frogs, but, borrowing from Steve Whipple's story, *all* the frogs. Not by degrees, one frog leading off and the rest following, but all at the same time; not in low tone, growing and swelling as it continues, but all the throats with all the lungs bursting into full melody at once. The whole orchestra of frogs give voice at the same instant, as if at a hint from the leader's baton at a grand concert. No little frogs to pipe their feeble notes, but all full grown, leather-lunged, noisy frogs, croaking, some in base and some in tenor, some *allegro*, some *andante*, *scherzo*, or *rondo*, but all in concord, a harmony of mingled sounds. We never see a frog—they are hid among the weeds and grass; we never hear a frog till the concert begins. We do not know where the frogs come from, nor, when the pool dries up, where they go. They preserve an invisible summer silence. Now, all this is quite a marvel to us. Robins, blackbirds, sparrows, and the little brown quaker, come to our grove and lawn in their regular times, in pairs and families, and go away when their nesting is done; gophers have their day; grasshoppers and rose-lice come and go; crows used to hold conventions at our country home in Western New York, and most excellent oratory have we heard from the hemlock tops. Frogs we heard in the Genesee ponds, but they remained all the year and were visible, and the same old bull-frog with his tremendous bass voice was heard from year to year; and there were lesser frogs, and they piped their tunes in different keys. We heard them in concert on grand occasions, and in lesser strength as they sung their vesper hymns around the family log; sometimes solos, as a plump *prima donna*, perched on rock or stump or friendly bank, sang her music to the moon. We could hear them plump themselves into the water, croaking a protest at the hostile rock flung by incarnate boys. These were sensible, easy to be understood frogs; they were good to eat. But the frogs out near our dwelling are mysterious and inscrutable. We have been studying their habits, and have come to the conclusion that they are political frogs. Their habits, as near as we can find them out, are identical with those of our San Francisco politicians. During all the long, dry times between conventions our politicians are quiet and undemonstrative; they are never seen or heard. We know, of course, they are hidden, skulking in the grass and weeds and mud, ready to come out at the first warm rain of opportunity. When the conventions are called, they all burst out into full whoop, all full-grown, and the air is blue with their patriotic vociferation. They are as thick as angle-worms or toads after a shower; they are crawling and hopping in every direction; and as soon as the filthy pool dries up again, the conventions over, and nominations made, they crawl and hop back to the obscurity and silence of their original insignificance. Sometimes we compare a nominating convention to this frog pond of ours. We sometimes submit to ourselves these silent conundrums: Whether a convention of frogs or crows is not about as important and as rational as the proceedings of us, who vainly claim to have been created in the divine image?—whether all the din and croak and racket and caw of our politicians have any more significance or importance than the seemingly unimportant animal conventions?—whether their din is not about as harmonious as ours—their achievements about as important as ours? We have no sort of doubt that to themselves their proceedings are quite as rational and quite as as serious as ours to us. Political conventions and politics are curious things, and we can not but think there is a degree of sense in having a governing class to attend to all this political business, and relieve our party frogs from crawling forth from the filthy pool to agitate themselves for the national welfare. We are quite sure that some wise, old, strong-winged, long-legged, and leather-lunged crow is corned and carrioned as monarch of all the crows. In our pond, in Western New York, we are quite sure that our venerable old patriarchal bull-frog maintained a sort of political dictatorship for many years; and we have no doubt that all families of birds, beasts, reptiles, and crawling things recognize this leadership, and obey that law of nature that makes them obedient to a born ruler. It would be an immense economy of time and talk if we could agree at least upon a leader in the Republican party, and when we obtain him keep him so long as he behaves himself—a Warwick, or king-maker for the party. The Republican and Democratic parties have more trouble, confusion, and broil over their leadership than over their offices. We take a hint from Kearney, and ask whether it would not be well to elect a president of the party, who should dictate its policy, its platforms, and its candidates. The New Constitution party has done this thing, and Hon. David S. Terry stands forth among the Honorable Bilks their acknowledged autocrat and dictator; and the thing works well. When we listen to the clamor of the crows and the concert of the frogs, we question what they are saying, and wish we could interpret their language. We are quite sure they are fully as intelligent and rational in discourse as any ordinary political convention. In contemplating a convention of crows, we wonder whether there is a Gorham among them, with loud caw expressing his discontent, and threatening that unless the master of yonder cornfield, where he has so long fed undisturbed, shall take down his scarecrows, and allow the whole flock to enter, he will for ever abjure corn in any shape. We wonder whether the frogs have like conventions, singing each other's praises, and placing each other in nomination for the choice places of the swamp by proclaiming their marvelous virtues. We always have a higher opinion of human nature when we listen to the encomiums of the gentleman who rises to put a gentleman in nomination—one who was born in Abraham's bosom, fed on nector and ambrosia, reared upon the golden pavement, had angel's wings and a special halo given him for the purpose of coming down to take office; the most intelligent, the most honest, the most honorable, the most virtuous, the most popular, the most amiable. We sit in open-mouthed wonder. Who is this divine apparition that will consent to serve the people through love to them? Then the next honorable gentleman arises to place in nomination another honorable gentleman; and then come more adjectives, more taffy, more molasses poured down the back of the convention, till the whole atmosphere is sweet with the smell and perfume of laudatory bosh. To such an utterly absurd extent was this carried in the late Republican Convention that E. D. Sawyer and Walter Van Dyke were suggested for the Supreme Bench under the mistaken impression that they were lawyers. We never heard anything more absurd. And then after we have nominated a ticket, drank wine with its candidates, congratulated them and ourselves that there never was such a nice set of people, so strong and so popular that their election is certain, the newspapers break out in clamorous denunciation of the entire proceedings, and, in the opinion of some blackguard newspaper writer, some other and blacker crow, some hoarser frog, the whole thing is a mistake, and every man on the ticket is deserving imprisonment, death, and annihilation. If the doctrine of metempsychosis is true, we pray that in the next six hundred thousand years we may be either crow or frog, or anything else than a politician.

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A correspondent of the *Record-Union*, writing from Colusa, counted forty Chinamen at work in one of Dr. Glenn's harvest fields with threshers and headers. This is not a very serious matter, as nearly all our farmers do hire Chinese laborers. But what is the use to lie about it? If Dr. Glenn could have had his way, California would have [illegible] State, and his ranch would have been worked [illegible]

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### A Monkish Legend.

Beautiful stories, by tongue and pen,
Are told of holy women and men,
Who have heard, entranced in some lonely cell,
The things not lawful for lip to tell,
And seen, when their souls were caught away,
What they might not say.

But one of the sweetest in tale or rhyme
Is told of a monk of the olden time,
Who read all day in his sacred nook
The words of the good Saint Austin's book,
Where he tells of the City of God, that best
Last place of rest.

Sighing, the holy father said,
As he shut the volume he had read:
"Methinks if heaven shall only be
A Sabbath long as eternity,
Its bliss will at last be a weary reign,
And its peace be pain."

So he wandered, musing under his hood,
Far into the depths of a solemn wood,
Where a bird was singing so soft and clear
That he paused and listened with charmèd ear—
Listened, nor knew while thus intent
How the moments went.

But the music ceased, and the sweet spell broke;
As if from a guilty dream he woke,
That holy man, and he cried aghast:
"*Mea culpa!* An hour has passed,
And I have not counted my beads nor prayed
To the saints for aid!"

Then, amazed, he fled; but his horror grew,
For the wood was strange and the pathway new;
Yet with trembling step he hurried on,
Till at last the open plain was won,
Where grim and black o'er the vale around
The convent frowned.

"Holy Saint Austin!" cried the monk,
And down on the ground for terror sunk—
For lo! the convent, tower and cell,
Sacred crucifix, blessèd bell,
Had passed away, and in their stead
Was a ruin spread.

In that hour, while the rapture held him fast,
A century had come and passed,
And he rose an altered man, and went
His way, and knew what the vision meant;
For a mighty truth, till then unknown,
By that trance was shown.

And he saw how the saints, with their Lord, shall say,
A thousand years are but as a day—
Since bliss itself must grow from bliss,
And holiness from holiness,
And Love, while eternity's ages move,
Can not tire of Love.

PHŒBE CARY.

## WAS IT RIGHT?

It is just ten years ago to-day. I was sitting in my office indulging in a little reverie, when a well-dressed lady entered and said, somewhat hurriedly, she wished to speak with me.

"Certainly," I replied, and bade her be seated. She began at once, much excited.

"I have no home, no money, and can find no work."

Involuntarily I glanced at her elegant dress, when she instantly replied:

"Yes, I know my appearance is against me. If I ask assistance from you I must tell you all. My wardrobe is made up from the cast-off clothing of my sisters, who are wealthy Southerners, and move in the best society."

I had already noticed that the style of her dress was a little *passé*, and believed what she said might be true. But why, thought I, do not these wealthy sisters assist her? She seemed to anticipate my question, and answered:

"Yes, they have offered help years ago, but only on condition that I should leave my husband. I had married a gentleman from the North whose principles were obnoxious to my family. I could not enjoy their society and his at the same time; I must choose between them and him. I chose the latter. We were married, and came to New York. I was happy."

The dark eyes grew bright, and she seemed very handsome to me. No longer young, her dark hair already tinged with gray, but there is a something in true womanly love that is divine, and transfigures the being possessing it. After a pause she resumed:

"For a time all went well. Our darling Mabel was born, and our cup of happiness ran over. My husband's business brought him much in contact with gentlemen who drank. I soon discovered he was neglecting his business—but, oh, I can not, I must not let strange eyes look upon my lost, loved Carl; no, not even your kindly eyes which seem to pity me."

"It is not necessary," I said; and she continued after a silence of a few moments, during which she seemed oblivious to all about her:

"My Mabel I reared as best I could, and while I would not forsake my husband in his poverty and degradation—for in spite of myself I loved him still—I accepted gifts from my sisters. Six months ago my Mabel married and came West. Shortly after her departure death came and took what was left of one of the noblest, gentlest men God ever made—grand even in ruins. As soon as possible I started for Chicago to be with my daughter, intending to pass the remainder of my days with her; but her husband does not want me in his house; I know it; I can not go back to his house—never! I can not go South where my husband was not welcome, and I have resolved to get work—to make my own way as best as I can. I have heard of you, and I have come to ask you to be my reference in an advertisement in the *Tribune;* for I can get no respectable place without reference."

"Reference," said I, smiling; "I have not known you half an hour!"

"True," she replied; "but what can I do? I've no place to go, and no one will have me. What shall I do?"

Just at this moment a friend entered the office, and this friend happened to be one of the directors of a boarding-house for working women, known as the Chicago Woman's Home. I stepped aside with him for a minute and said:

"You see that lady sitting at my desk. Are you willing to give her a card of admittance to the Women's Home?"

"Do you know her?" he asked.

"Since half an hour," I replied, smiling.

"I don't know," said he (he was a cautious man), glancing at her; "her dress is against her."

"Yes," I replied, "but if I were not boarding I would give that woman the keys to my house—install her as housekeeper, and fear no ill."

"Introduce me," he said.

I did. After a few moments' conversation he turned to the desk, and wrote on one of his own cards, "Admit the bearer, and give her a comfortable room." He handed the card to her and left.

I approached and asked her what kind of a situation she wanted. She said anything honorable; she could cook, sew, etc.; her education not being sufficiently thorough to enable her to teach—she was accomplished merely.

What ought I to do in such a case? Would it be right to let her use my name as reference? What should I say when persons came to inquire, as come they would, and come they did? Reader, what would you have done? I took stock in my case! I wrote an advertisrment like the following, and sent it to the *Tribune:* "Wanted, a situation, by a middle-aged American lady, as housekeeper, cook, or seamstress. Reference, M. H., 106 Madison Street."

Early next morning a gentleman from Wabash Avenue, No. —, confronted me at my desk.

"Madame, I believe, if I am not mistaken, you are the person referred to here," holding up the *Morning Tribune.* I said yes, and then related carefully all I knew about the lady desiring the situation, which the reader already knows. A cloud of displeasure came over his face. Discovering this, I said:

"Sir, if I were not boarding, *I* should have give that woman the keys to my house yesterday, and should have gone home to my dinner last evening expecting to find everything as carefully arranged as though I had been present."

"Would you if you had a sick wife and two little children at home?"

"Yes," I said.

"Very well. I will go and see her," he answered.

He went. The result was he took her home, and put her in charge of house, sick wife, babies, servants, and all. Several months later the physician in charge ordered a change of climate for the sick lady, and the "housekeeper" was out of a situation. She called at the office one morning smiling, and said:

"I have put another advertisement in the *Tribune*, but I was not obliged to ask you again—the gentleman and his wife kindly offered their names as reference."

Time passed, nor paused in all its flight for sighs or smiles. The great Fire came which made all mankind brothers. Poor Chicago peered through her smoke and ashes upon car loads of food all prepared for her homeless, hungry thousands. All hearts were touched for this prostrate Queen of the Lakes, and with lightning speed supplies were sent to her famished people. Weeks passed ere families, separated on that awful night (October 9, 1871), found each other. Some, alas! are searching yet, and will never find the missing ones this side the narrow river.

After a temporary post-office had been established, a note from an unknown hand reached me one morning, asking me to call at No. — Fulton Street, west side, which had escaped the fire. With no small degree of curiosity I wended my way thither, rang the bell, and was ushered into the parlors. Who should meet me but the lady for whom I had been reference in the *Tribune?* She was not only handsome, but queenly, as she swept through those spacious parlors. She began:

"I knew you were in the burnt district; I knew your office and types were in ashes; I feared you, too, while wrapt in quiet slumber, had passed to the other shore. Thank God, 'tis not so." Turning with a graceful wave of the hand she continued: "This is my home. Will you share it with me?" Without waiting for a reply, she led the way to a beautiful suit of rooms, and said, as a Victoria might have said it: "Do me the favor to occupy these rooms at your pleasure, and take your seat at our table as a member—an honored member—of our family. My husband knows you," she said, smiling. "I have told him all. He is a noble man. I told him I did not, could not love him as I did my poor lost Carl, the husband of my youth. 'He didn't expect it,' he said; but I love him very dearly. He is very kind to me, and his son and daughter, quite grown, are respectful, and seem like my own children. Now, if you will remain with us for ever, we shall be very happy."

I have avoided names in this little narrative, so as to offend none. Should these lines meet the eye of the dear lady who so kindly offered a home to one out of a deluge of fire, or the dear friend who was then Director of the Chicago Woman's Home, may they each send one kind thought toward the setting sun.

M. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879.

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The world has altered little these twenty-five centuries. To the question, "What is difficult?" the same answer as Cheilon's might be made: "To keep silence upon secrets, and to dispose well of leisure, and to be able to bear unjust treatment." When Cheilon saw the corpse of a miser being carried forth, he said: "This fellow lived a lifeless life, and has left behind his life for others." How easy it seems, but how difficult it is, to conform in spirit and truth to the following maxim of Cheilon: "To the banquets of friends come slowly, but to their misfortunes with speed." Cheilon was evidently a man of foresight, consideration, and patience. His ideal was of virtue, and was a sound one; many a lofty profession of religion, if bared to its real basis, would show a less worthy range of motives. Cheilon taught "to prefer punishment to disgraceful gain, for the one is painful but once, but the other for one's whole life;" "not to laugh at a person in misfortune;" "if one is strong, to be also merciful, so that one's neighbors may respect one rather than fear one;" "not to dislike divination;" "to obey the laws;" "to love quiet."

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A Texas minister who refused to marry a couple without his fee in advance, went on with the ceremony when a seven-shooter was brought in line with his head.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

"Don't worry about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," responded the darling.

A Michigan lady wants to know whether or not it is honorable for a young man to stand idly by and watch a girl pass out of her teens into the twenties, and so on down to the shady side of forty, still bearing her maiden name.

At a ball at Paris the other day ladies were given a sort of check-book with counterfoils. On these checks were printed, "Good for —— dance." These they gave signed to their intended partners, and then wrote the name of the partner on the counterfoil. By this means all mistakes were avoided.

A young lady graduate read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text, "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she purchased eight ounces of zephyr of different shades, and commenced working a sky blue dog with sea-green ears and a pink tail on a piece of yellow canvas.

Rosa Bonheur is now a little stout lady of masculine appearance; her hair is gray in places, and parted on the side; and she has bright eyes, strongly marked features, and a wonderfully resolute mouth. She wears a plain black silk skirt, with a vest and jacket of black velvet, and white linen collar and cuffs. She tells a pleasant little story concerning the painting of her famous picture of the "Horse Fair." She went every day to the fair to paint, and was one day working, and thinking only of her work, when a horse's head appeared over her shoulder, engaged seemingly in examining her picture. "I merely looked round," she says, "to see my admirer, the horse; but, alas! it was too late—he had stepped into my box of colors, and, I suppose, taking fright at my scream of dismay, he gave one bound ahead, overturned the easel, and stepped on my canvas, tearing a hole right through the centre of my cherished piece of work. Owing to the friendliness of that horse I had all my work to do over again."

The recall of a country girl to life by a sister's shriek is one of the local topics of Evansville, Indiana. The young lady had been quite ill for weeks, and was thought to be dying of consumption. She had grown so weak and emaciated that her strength was no more than a child's. One afternoon, while lying upon her couch, her sister came in. A conversation began, and the invalid began to speak. As she uttered the first word she felt a bewildering weakness, and a sinking flutter of her breath; her eyes became fixed, the lower jaw dropped as in death, and the body became motionless, while consciousness disappeared. The sister leaped from her seat and ran to the door, shrieking to her mother that her sister was dead. The sound of the shriek penetrated through the veil of death, and roused the sinking faculties. The blood, which had congested the lungs, was sent back by the nervous shock, and, gathering her strength by a strong effort of will, the invalid opened her eyes and awoke to life again, breathless and amazed at the thrilling peril she had escaped.

A correspondent of London *Truth* writes: "I was present at the gathering for the Oxford and Cambridge match at Lord's Cricket Ground, and think the costumes worn for the occasion even surpassed last year's in variety and elegance. Pompadour confections were in the ascendant; scarlet jupons, with chintz upper skirts, white grounds and colored patterns were most general. Sky-blue and rose-pinks were a good deal worn, and I observed a few of the dark blue and green intermixed most harmoniously. Bibs, yokes, and puffed sleeves are much in vogue. Poke bonnets are gaining ground. One lady I observed wore a most remarkable costume of black silk, with gold bows of ribbon arranged down the front, gold sunshade, and gold oranges on the bonnet. Another was arrayed in a complete robe of claret velvet, and bonnet to match; both the wearer and her toilet were radiant. A third was in a sage-green satin, with pale-green lace fichu with chenille flowers embroidered over it. My eye also lit on a remarkable vision attired in a maroon satin, with a broad band of gold on the front of the jacket and continued down the skirt. I noticed a dead-green under satin petticoat, with a brocaded gold, rose, and green sack let in at the back. White is not so fashionable as last year, nevertheless I observed two or three muslin costumes with white lace flounces, which looked well.

In Dublin, says a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, a young lady is educated for music and matrimony—or both. She is a perpetual piano-player or a constant husband-seeker. There are no longer the "Baby Blakes" or the "Lady Gay Spankers" of yore; her follies as to field sports are no more. The Irish girl of the period abhors declamation about "woman's rights." She generally takes them—in a Platonic way. She is much more Irish than the men, twice as witty, and ten times as intriguing. These Irish girls have an indescribable way of capturing you (mentally, at least) before you know where you are. They are fine-looking rather than pretty, and commanding rather than coquettes, yet they have their share of all that ubiquitous family. In point of education they are more gifted than the English girl and more solid than the American. They dress too much—an excess of fal-lals. Frills and laces, bog oak and ribbons, abound about these girls, and their merry laughter and soft-solder dash of "grammachree ma cushla" serve to make them intensely interesting, even at the respectful distance they invariably keep you. This type of Irish girl, with her rosy and white complexion, her large blue eyes and auburn hair, in her eighteenth year is more of a child than an American girl of thirteen. The Irish girl of the period has one bright star ever before her in the heavens of her hopes—a husband with a title. She would rather be poor Lady Splurge than parvenu Mrs. Shady. Yet she is the most loving and devoted of wives—when properly wedded. The Irish girl loves to make a noise in the world—has a grand passion for dash. She will leap social five-bar gates and double stone walls to get the right man, while she would prefer to be an old moping maid rather than be chained to the wrong one. She dislikes a tame man and can control a wild one. In the courage of her opinions she excels both as to quality and quantity. She would rather rule in a certain dreadful place below than serve in a better one above.

## THE "SALON" OF 1879.

Adapted for the "Argonaut" from the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

"What do you think of the *Salon?*" is a question which is asked every year, and with each recurring exhibition it becomes more and more difficult to answer. How is it possible in the midst of six thousand objects of art to form an opinion, or come to any conclusion? One is very apt merely to utter a few vague remarks, coloring them according to our mental prejudices. The optimists declare that the artistic standard is being raised; the pessimists, that it has never fallen so low. Strange as it may seem, both are right; for however the favorable criticisms on the *Salon* may vary, there is one point in regard to which all agree, and that is, that the *system* of our exhibitions is very defective, and that its modification is very necessary. A reform has been attempted by establishing "Triennial Exhibitions," of which the first will be held in 1881. From that date all the works which have won medals, or gained public approbation, will be reëxhibited every third year. A special jury and a different set of judges will be announced for these alternate exhibitions. M. Bardoux, the Minister of Fine Arts, in his report has already defined the difference between the exhibitions which exist at present and those which are to be established: "The first will be the exhibitions *for artists*; the others, the exhibitions *of art*." The idea is an ingenious one, and there is much faith in the efficiency of the new institution. In the meantime the existing plan will not be changed during the coming two years. Begging M. Bardoux's pardon, I think that, *for artists*, what he calls *their* exhibition is particularly injurious. Those who send good work would be dissatisfied, for they often chance to be most disadvantageously placed—and pictures are not like women, whose beauty shines the brighter from the midst of unsightly surroundings. But its effect is peculiarly pernicious on bad artists, causing them to indulge in allusions which the jury sustains. Permission to exhibit they construe into a title to distinction, and feel that securing an entry on the list is the beginning of glory. Many young men run the risk of having their daubs accepted as one buys a chance in a lottery, and invoke the blindness of jurors with more chances of success than if they counted on the wheel of fortune.

Now what better remedy could be applied to this avalanche of canvas, and to the injurious influence of the jury of admission, than to admit—as was done in 1848—all pictures sent, and to appoint a committee of classification, whose duty it would be to place the best paintings in a certain limited number of rooms—say four or five. There could be grouped the works by the great captains of the art, of those who had been decorated, of all who had taken medals of any class, and of those younger members of the profession who promised to attain distinction, or had already done so—in a word, all the candidates for the "Triennial Exhibition." The public, when hurried, would content itself with visiting the rooms occupied by the *élite*. If curious, it could extend its tour of inspection, and seek for unknown and unrecognized *chefs-d'œuvre*. Objections can be made to such a system, but what is perfect in this world? Let us, pencil in hand, carry out our project, and in our modest sphere of critic undertake the task of a committee of classification. We will endeavor to fill those privileged rooms; and, seeking for hidden talent as well as apparent, will try to discover some nuggets of gold amidst this mass, which, this year, hazard rather than selection seems to have accumulated in the "Palais de l'Industrie."

The painting to which, in honor both of subject and artist, we must give the first place, is the portrait of M. Victor Hugo by M. Bounat, who continues his gallery of great men. After M. Thiers came M. de Lesseps, and now we have the greatest poet of the nineteenth century painted for posterity. Victor Hugo is seated; the left arm resting on a table supports the head, slightly turned to one side; the right hand is thrust half into the vest which is black, as are the other clothes. The figure is only seen to just below the knees. We can read the title of the old book on the table, it is "Homer." The general effect is striking, and the eye naturally wanders toward the fine forehead, the high light of the picture, thence to the hand, the fingers of which blend with the white hair. However little we may examine the detail, we are surprised at the depth of the eyes, almost lost in a shadow, whose capricious outlines M. Bounat has admirably drawn. What strikes us in the painting of M. Bounat—a perfect union of design and color—is that it is true and healthy, neither tricks nor surprises are to be found, but evident sentiment, life, and power. He never impresses a factitious interest on accessories; he thinks that a poet, comfortably seated in a chair, leaning on a table, is as interesting as if he were surrounded with lyres and muses, and he is right. After all, the best way to depict a god is to paint a man.

I should like now to mention M. Duez, who has without doubt the best picture in the *Salon*, but he must give way to M. Carolus Duran, whose portrait forms a worthy pendant to that of M. Victor Hugo. The subject is not however a poet, but Mme. V., whom the artist has represented standing, dressed in white silk, with a very long brown fur cloak thrown around her shoulders; no model could have a grander pose than this figure. All is executed with rare perfection, and the proper importance given to each detail. I do not think M. Carolus Duran has ever before done so good a portrait. M. Duez, to whom we will now return, has this year taken giant strides; we have known him as a skilfull painter, as a delicate colorist, as a slightly superficial observer of modern life; we now discover a great painter, and a religious painter. He puts into brilliant practice a very well founded theory, which we will examine by the light of his picture. It is in the form of a triptych, a style much in vogue, as it permits three pictures instead of the two authorized by regulation, and M. Duez's success will render it still more popular. I acknowledge without blushing that I know very little of the reputation of Saint Cuthbert, an Irishman. Fortunately this year, thanks to an innocent innovation borrowed from the English, the subject of the painting is written on the frame, so that we can read the story before according our admiration. On the left wing the saint, who lived in the seventh century, is represented as a shepherd; while he watches his flock he sees the soul of Saint Aïdan, Bishop of Lindisfarn, carried up to heaven. M. Duez has wisely placed this scene in uncertain half light, and has given to the young herdsman a posture full of devotion. Of the three scenes it is the one that pleases me the least. The right wing is perfect; the saint, grown old, has retired to an island where he makes companions of the birds. We see him, back toward us, nude to the waist, sowing grain in the fields. The whole is very light. It is impossible to overpraise the group of trees, the light of whose branches gives force to both foreground and background. These two scenes are, however, but accessories.

In the large canvas the saint, clothed in his sacerdotal vestments, cross in hand, has been forced to rest, exhausted from fatigue and hunger. He has told his companion—a child—not to despair, and, pointing out an eagle, assures him that if God wishes he can make use of it to procure them food. M. Duez has represented the moment when the eagle appears with a fish; and the child, on his knees, gazes up into Saint Cuthbert's face with an expression of joy and gratitude, while he who has never doubted remains impassive. The miracle is set in a most charming landscape; green meadows by the seashore, crossed by hedges of trees, and a sky of exquisite harmony. Nothing could be more delicate than the tone of the chasuble, of a dark green hue, relieved by embroidery and jewels. The atmosphere which envelopes all is deliciously clear and transparent; the heads show a touching simplicity and naïveté. Thus much I have said to show the cleverness of the painter; I can now dwell on the power of the thinker. Yes, M. Duez revives religious painting, deriving his characters only from reality, and surrounding them with an atmosphere of truth. Our generation worships nature, and Rousseau, Diaz, and Corot have taught us to venerate fields, trees, and clouds. M. Duez, then, is sure of affecting us when he transports us into one of those corners of the earth which we love, which is familiar to us, and toward which we have often directed our steps and our thoughts. The Irish saint was probably a simple fisherman, a peasant, who could very well resemble a sailor from Villeville, and a child of the seventh century ought not to be very different from a boy of our own time. Another artist applies to the scenes of the Old and New Testaments the same principles as M. Duez; he also thinks that the best manner of representing holy persons is to make them national; to give them as a framework a landscape such as the Florentine and Venetian painters used as a background for their Madonnas. M. Lerolle has entirely different qualities from M. Duez; he is rather harmonious than brilliant. "Jacob before Laban" does not make us think of the Orient. The harvest, the farm buildings, the horizon, the tender color of the sky, every touch of nature, rather recalls a department of France than a scene in Judea. This large canvas shows us but three figures: Jacob, who makes his request; Laban, who listens; and Rachel, who hides behind her father with a charming modesty of manner.

We must also class among the lovers of nature M. Fantin-Latour, whose two portraits in the same frame are very fine. Two young girls are drawing; one, blonde, seated with her head down, is copying a plaque placed upon a table; the other, a brunette, is standing before her easel, working from a model whom we do not see.

The accessories are admirably executed—the carpet and a pot of rhododendron are delicious touches. What fine color and true drawing! *La Gazette* intends to reproduce this superb work by an etching. Not to have M. de Nittis amongst the lovers of truth would be a serious oversight. He has never painted more generously an uglier model than his "Vender of Matches, London." The texture of the flesh, the ragged garments, the background composed of the waters of the Thames and fragments of a bridge—all are observed and reproduced with that just valuation and charm of execution which place M. de Nittis amongst contemporary masters. There are lovers of nature whose perceptions are more intricate, and who make use of more involved methods to express them. M. Henner, for example, seeks simplicity, and for him the beauty of a well painted human body surpasses all dramatic conceptions, all subjects, ancient or modern. His ideal is rather that of a sculptor; to understand the meaning of one of his figures, painted with such wonderful skill, the spectator must appeal generously to the imagination. For instance, do you suppose that in the two female figures that compose "The Eclogue"—one in profile, seated, and playing, the other leaning against a pedestal—M. Henner has merely given us simple copies of two models similarly posed in his studio? By no means. He has selected the poetic hour of twilight when all nature becomes sombre in tone, and the effect is simple and natural. What quiet reigns in this shadowy corner! "The Eclogue" is clothed with melancholy, and should rather be called an elegy.

The utmost gloom is depicted in his painting of "Jesus in the Tomb." What an admirable piece of work! Drawing, form, color—all proclaim the deserted tenement. It is impossible to imagine anything finer than the half tints of the legs and feet, as well as in the contrast shown between the white linen and ghastly flesh. It is, under the guise of simplicity, one of those pieces of artistic *finesse* of which M. Henner is alone capable.

BALTIMORE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879.

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XC.—Sunday, August 3.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Fish Chowder.
Melon.
Boiled Tongue, Mayonnaise dressing.
Corn Fritters. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Veal. Baked Potatoes.
French Artichokes.
Apricot Ice. White Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Gages, Plums, Pears, Figs, Apples, Nectarines, Grapes.

TO MAKE APRICOT ICE.—Take some very ripe apricots and crush them; mix with a little water and sweeten; freeze as you would ice cream. It is much easier, and equally as good, to procure Lusk & Co.'s canned apricots, as one can will with the juice be sufficient.

TO MAKE WHITE SPONGE CAKE.—Take the whites of ten eggs and beat to a stiff froth. Sift one small jelly-glass of flour; put in one teaspoonful of cream tartar; sift into the flour one and a half glasses of powdered sugar. Again sift all carefully into the white of the egg Flavor and bake three-quarters of an hour.

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Dennis J. Oliver, of San Francisco, an Irish-American, has been given the title of Marquis by Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Oliver has been noted for his attachment and liberality to the Holy See, and was created a Count by Pius IX. The bull conferring the title of Marquis declares that it shall be hereditary in Mr. Oliver's family, descending to the eldest son.

## HOMESPUN ELOQUENCE.

An Oration which Overreached Aleck Stephens and Bob Toombs.

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs—then Senator to the United States—was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of visits, the value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and, as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it.

"No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked out to see that it was made out, and it was. Peter was obstinate; and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Toombs will not be too hard on me."

Senator Toombs promised, and Peter began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you and I is plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these 'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but, they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now, this man Royston was a new doctor, and I went for him to come, an' to doctor my wife's sore leg. And he came an' put some salve truck onto it, and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors as is doctors, sure enough; but this man don't earn his money; and if you send for him, as Mrs. Susan Atkinson did for a negro boy as was worth $1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't," thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter, with the slow accent of a judge with a black cap on.

The doctor was silent, and Peter proceeded:

"As I was sayin', gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton, has got to give vally for the money we ask, and a doctor ain't none too good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, no how."

The physician again put in his oar with "Look at my diploma, if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma!" exclaimed the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskins, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man as now carries it, and I pint out to ye that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out: "Ask my patients if I am no doctor."

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"That is a hard sayin', gentlemen of the jury, and one that requires me to die to have powers as I've heard tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel of Gabriel down to toot his horn before the time and cry aloud, 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this Court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the tomb and say to him as is at last at rest from physic and doctor's bills, 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was you hurried up some by doctors!' He says, 'ask his patients,' and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beazly's man Sam? Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peak's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed, and he had the corpse ready. Where is that likely Bill as belonged to Mr. Mitchell? Now in glory a-expressin' his opinion on Royston's doctorin'. Where is the baby gal of Harry Stephens? She is where doctors cease from troublin' and infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has eat chickens enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags; and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her; and I am humbly thankful that he never gave her nothin' for her innards, as he did his other patients, for somethin' made um all die mighty sudden."

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and, in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs, the Doctor lost and Peter Bennett won.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879.

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Several years ago, in a Western town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but they had their little faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning money at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, etc. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the meeting and own up his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were temperance people and abhorred intemperance. The sinner went to the confession, found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession: "I confess," he said, "that I never took ten per cent. for money." On that confession down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food and shelter." Down went another head. "I confess I never sold a skim-milk cheese for a new one"—whereupon a woman shrieked for mercy. "I confess that I have not been pharisaical and self-righteous, and have not sought to injure or persecute those who have not happened to agree with me"—when down dropped numerous heads. "I confess that I never played the hypocrite, and that I do not lie, and that I have not used religion as a cloak"—when down went several other heads, and among them the heads of the very ones who had been so anxious that he should confess. "But," concluded the sinner, "I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it." Whereupon the meeting quietly dispersed.

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"Truth without fear" is the motto of an exc[illegible] without compunction.

The production of *Madame Favart* at the California was in some respects the event of the *opera bouffe* season. The novelty of the work, its superb mounting, and the earnest treatment it received at the hands of the company, conduced largely to this result. In saying this much we do not predict for it any great measure of popular success. As in most of Offenbach's later operas, there is a dearth of those exquisite bits of melody that constitute the chief charm of *La Fille de Madame Angot* and the *Petit Duc*. With the possible exception of a rather pretty rondo and an effective trio in the first act, and a Tyrolean duet, that had the merit of taking with the audience, in the third, the music is generally uninteresting, and even at times monotonous, from the excessive recurrence of quick *tempi*. The plot, however, which is founded on a story of considerable interest—the pursuit by the Marechal de Saxe of the celebrated comedienne, Madame Favart, is worked up with great taste, a keen eye to dramatic effect, and a practical sympathy with the needs of *opera bouffe*. Though the Marechal is not brought on the stage he is, as it were, the *Deus ex machina* of the piece. The most amusing situations result in the development of the piece, and the last act culminates quite dramatically in "Madame Favart's" acting before the king at Fontenoy, and thus securing the royal favor and immunity from further persecution. It is to be deplored that Jouard, whose "Favart" was otherwise excellent, did not bring out the full dramatic value of this scene. Even in *opera bouffe* the theme must sometimes be taken *au serieux*. Mlle. Aimée, though evidently suffering from fatigue, acted and sung with great taste as "Madame Favart." Mlle. Raphael was, as usual, delightful as "Suzanne," and won a merited encore for her rendering of the song "O mon papa." Indeed she never fails to add largely to the effect of any opera in which she appears. Duplan made up excellently as "Major Cotignac," and Juteau had an opportunity of displaying the essentially bouffe quality of his style in the Tyrolean duet, which he did not fail to improve. The most praise is due to M. Mezieres. This excellent comedian's methods are so broad, and his self-absorption is so natural, that he is always the central figure when on the stage. As the "Marquis de Pontsable," he was senile to an almost painful degree. There was on his face an insatiable expression that spoke of a hunger no food could satisfy, and the broken hobble of his gait implied a condition of nervous debility beyond cure. It was an impersonation not likely to make one attractive.

The revival of *Diplomacy* at the Standard was a good move on the part of the management, as the death of the unfortunate Montague prevented it from having the run it deserved. It is by all odds the best of Sardou's plays. Perfect in construction, it possesses to a high degree beauty of incident and strength of characterization. As presented by this company *Diplomacy* loses none of its strength, though the absence of that evenness and finish which characterized its production at the California was quite noticeable. Mr. Piercy's "Julian" was very fresh and manly, though we missed Montague in the quieter scenes. Miss Lewis was as pungent as ever, and Messrs. Keene and Billings satisfactory in their respective rôles. We wish we could say as much for Mr. Freeman; his attempts at impressiveness were not effective. Miss Varian, as "Dora," was a decided improvement on Miss Granger, and displayed an intensity in the second act with which she is not generally credited. The piece was fairly well mounted, but there were some unnecessary improprieties, notably the servants talking broken English, which did not help the effect of the performance. We will say in this connection that it is not good form to wear a white necktie with a frock coat. Both Mr. Morris and Mr. Freeman were guilty of this social solecism.

James Steele Mackaye is probably the best stage manager in this country. Wherever he has superintended his own plays they have invariably been successful. This may account for the favorable reception of *Won at Last* in New York last season. There is certainly not much in it as presented here. It is poorly constructed, and written so entirely from the actor's standpoint that the situations are forced, and the characters inconsistent and unnatural. "John Fleming" (Mr. O'Neill) is a *blase*, whose heart is "ashes," and who marries a pure, trusting girl simply because it was enjoined in his father's will that he should marry some one. His wife, who exemplifies the old adage, that listeners hear no good of themselves, becomes cognizant of these sentiments, and, moreover, is witness to a compromising scene between "Fleming" and his old mistress, a French adventuress, now married to a certain "Major Bunker." Indignant at the outrage practiced on her on her very wedding day, she refuses to accompany her husband home. He appeals, however, to her generosity not to make him ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and finally succeeds in inducing her to assume formal relations as his wife. Things now get hopelessly mixed up. "Fleming" falls in love with his wife, and orders his whilom mistress out of the house. The French woman, by way of revenge, discovering "Fleming's" love for his wife, finds the means of telling her that her husband made an appointment with her, and produces in proof a letter written a year ago, but not dated, except as regards the day. The wife, through pique, elopes with her cousin "Tracy." In the last act things are straightened out a bit. The regenerated "Fleming," after refusing a sort of *hari-kari* duel with the cousin because he does not want to endanger the life of the man he thinks his wife loves, is about to kill himself when the French woman conveniently appears on the scene, and discloses that she had deceived his wife in regard to the letter and the events of the preceding morning. The husband and wife are united, and we are informed that she has loved him all along, which is satisfactory, as we were left somewhat in doubt by her conduct with her cousin. Miss Coghlan and Mr. O'Neill gave the full force to their scenes together, which fortunately were among the few well written ones—Miss Coghlan being especially charming where she sews on the button of her husband's glove. There was a directness and a heartiness about her handling of this bit that was of the highest art. Mr. O'Neill delivered his lines with an exquisite sangfroid in the earlier scenes, and with much tenderness in the later ones. The part suited him perfectly. Miss Corcoran's "Mrs. Bunker" was a veritable creation. Exquisitely dressed, and made up so as not to be recognizable, she sustained her broken accent with a precision rather rare in so long a part. Her French, too, was better than we had a right to expect. "Professor" and "Mrs. Tracy" were either abominably written characters or they were very much over-acted. They commanded no respect whatever, and the scene where "Mrs. Tracy" breaks the news of "Will Tracy's" return degenerated into a burlesque of the commonest description. Mr. Morrison's "Will Tracy" was as well acted as it deserved. Miss Revel's "Miss Fitzgiggle" was an admirable bit of character acting. This young lady excels in work of this kind. The other characters—"Major Bunker," "Baron Von Spiegel," and "Dr. Sterling"—had little or no connection with the action, and were thrown in to fill up. Bishop was unctious, as usual, as "Major Bunker." Mr. Herne neither looked nor spoke like a German, and was generally unsatisfactory. Why Mr. Maguire retains him as stage manager—the most important part in a theatre—we are at loss to imagine. It is bad enough to have him spoil his own rôles, without giving him the power to affect those of others.

Tony Pastor draws large crowds at the Bush Street Theatre, such is the prestige of his name. Measured by the success of his entertainment, which after all is the test of merit in things theatrical, his troupe is of excellent composition and presents a pleasing performance.

## COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL.

**Correspondence.**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1879.

SAMUEL W. PIERCY, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—Understanding that you are about to return to the Eastern States to fulfill a professional engagement, the undersigned members of the Bar of San Francisco desire to testify to you their appreciation of the industry, ambition, and patient study which have brought to deserved prominence as an actor one who first adopted the law as a pursuit. We remember with pleasure your *debut* as "Iago," and respectfully request you to repeat the performance at an early day, that we and the public may substantially express our appreciation of your merit as an actor and your character as a man.

Yours, etc.,

W. H. L. BARNES, HALL MCALLISTER, JAMES THOMAS BOYD, C. R. GREATHOUSE, E. D. DUPREY, and many others.

**Reply.**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24, 1879.

Messrs. W. H. L. BARNES, HALL MCALLISTER, J. T. BOYD, E. N. DUPREY, and others—Gentlemen:—Allow me to express my heartfelt thanks for your complimentary letter. I am happy in your favorable opinion, and I can assure you that by careful study and close application I shall endeavor to justify it. In reply to your kind and flattering request, permit me to name FRIDAY EVENING, August 8, 1879 (the anniversary of my birthday) as the time, and the GRAND OPERA HOUSE as the place, for the performance of OTHELLO.

Respectfully and gratefully,

SAMUEL W. PIERCY.

To keep the cars clean and free from cinders, railroad companies should employ female engineers, so that every engine should have a spark-catcher.

In some parts of Europe Talmage is mistaken for Edison, simply because he is known as the man who knocked spots out of gas.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

Although we can scarcely be said to have any clearly defined musical season—or, indeed, season of any kind, for the matter of that—matters are permitted to languish somewhat during the summer months; concerts are off, pupils take their vacation, the churches draw on the standing *repertoire* for their programmes, and the music shops wear a somewhat deserted air. With August everything freshens up anew. Piano fortes are opened and resume their accustomed jingle, teachers begin to trot about with little rolls under their arms, Mr. Herold looks up his old scores and makes serious work of deciding upon the new ones to be taken in hand, "the Quintet" arranges its programmes, vocalists get out their "taking" songs and—possibly—furbish them up a bit (adding a new bit of frippery in the way of a cadenza or trill that is to "make the thing" go), pianists—well, of late our pianists have not troubled themselves much about the season; they give their lessons and keep up the supply of bread and butter—which is probably best, after all. Our concert public is not very generous in the matter of bread and butter; it has been spasmodically and erratically so, but never reliably.

Prospects for the coming season, though not by any means brilliant, are far from discouraging. I suppose the nature of it will be influenced largely by the encouragement accorded to the earlier efforts. Mr. Herold is making his preparations for the commencement of his Orchestral Matinées somewhere toward the end of the month; if he adheres to what was his intention toward the close of last winter we shall have a fine series of concerts, with many new works and very thorough rehearsals. I carry about with me a constant hope that more attention will be given to the standard works of the old *repertoire* and less to the sensation business of the new; there will be ample time and opportunity to familiarize our public with the later when it has become better acquainted with Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and other of the "old buffers." Mr. Boscovitz is understood to be preparing a series of piano forte Recitals, which will undoubtedly prove highly interesting. And there are also rumors of a similar series by Mr. Ernst Hartman. Mr. Hartman has not been heard in public for quite a long time; I fancy his reappearance would awaken unusual interest. The future movements of the Schmidt Quintet still seem to be somewhat uncertain. The projected Eastern trip, although not entirely given up, is by no means an accomplished affair, and it is quite probable that we shall keep our Chamber musicians for at least another winter. In this case, of course, they will play; and, as they are constantly working and steadily improving, the result will undoubtedly be better peformances than ever. Of all our public performances the concerts of the Quintet have been the best, and in case of another season it is hoped they will be appreciated and encouraged.

The Handel and Haydn Society has as yet announced no programme. It is understood, however, that Handel's *Samson* is to be the next oratorio to be given entire. I have already expressed my views with regard to the attempts at the rendering of great works with material that is in the very nature of things inadequate. The performances are, as a rule, dull and unsatisfactory; they are of no service to anybody. Chorus as well as solo singers do not really profit in the struggle with music that is so much too difficult for them, while the result on the audience is generally a sense of weariness and *ennui*. It were far better that our chorus should occupy itself with simpler compositions *until it has learned to sing*. Handel and Mendelsohn are better unsung than badly sung. I believe that Mr. Toepke, the conductor of the society, feels this as strongly as I do, and wish he might have his way for a time, without any interference from music committees, etc.

Miss Jennie Landesman (who does not remember the announcement of the departure by steamer—it was about nine years ago—of Miss Jennie Landesman *and father!*) has returned from a preternaturally long course of study, and promises an early appearance in concert. Several new tenors are in the lists, and what not of other things.

I trust that Mr. Herold's announcement of the fall series of matinées—it may be looked for any day—will give as nearly as possible the programme of more important works for the entire season, in order that amateurs may, by procuring and studying arrangements of the compositions, prepare themselves somewhat for an intelligent hearing of them. As we have no musical circulating library, and foreign music is very expensive, the more modern things are not likely to receive as much attention as the standard works which have appeared in cheaper editions—some of them, as Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, indeed, being nowadays to be found on the music desks of most pianists—and this is one of the reasons why I think it would be very desirable that the programmes should be made up as largely as possible of standard compositions. A little time given to the reading of a Symphony before hearing it performed by the orchestra is sure to render it much more intelligible to the listener. Even well-trained and experienced musicians do not neglect an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the contour and character of a new work before hearing it; and in the case of amateurs I should consider it to be very important. W.

## A GUSH COMPARATIVE.

We have at present in this city two leading actresses who, I believe, rank with the foremost of their sisters on the American stage. Their talent and appearance belong to the upper-tendom of the profession; they are both sought after by all the leading managers, and each fills what, to the knowing caterer for histrionic pleasures, is known as the "bill of a first-class leading lady." They are both English subjects; one hails from the city of Dublin, the other from the antipodes. One is darksome as the caves, and slender as the crevice; the other of a brownish shade, gray eyes, and with a well rounded body, easy, indolent, and dreamy. The dissimilarity of their birthplace, their form, and moving, gives an incongruity to the maxim that "art has but one outlet;" they are rarely gifted, but after such an opposing fashion that, if I had a theatre under my control, I would engage them both and show them off on alternate nights.

There is Rose Coghlan of magnificent proportions, who moves as the light cloud in a tropic sky. I delight in closing my eyes and listen to the full harmony of her round, ripe voice. She is an actress after the old English school—deliberate and thoroughly self-controlled. I never saw her give way to the fire that burns within her; for her to forget herself for one moment and be carried off by the character she impersonates would be, it seems to me, sacrilegious. Take her, for instance, as "Gervaise," in *L'Assommoir*, in the wash-house scene. It seems to me, even as she deluges "Big Virginie" with soap suds, and her passion is strained to the top of its bent, as if in the woman the actress is controlled, not to show herself thoroughly abased. When she finally gives way and becomes a victim to drink—when she, at the instigation of her husband, tastes the first glass of brandy in the bar-room of "L'Assommoir"—even while she utters her sentences of despair and her malignant curses, the intensity of both have no harshness in them. It is like a painter depicting a shipwreck with a sunny sky. With her, acting is an art, not an impulse. She measures motion and elocution with the eye of a sculptor. I am told she only consented to take the part of "Gervaise" upon the earnest entreaty of the manager, and that she, to use her own words, "loathes the character." I can well understand that, to do her talent thorough justice, she should not appear outside the classic; even in modern comedy she seems out of place. Perhaps she might become a great actress if she gave full sway to her "inner self;" she certainly would electrify where she now charms. But I like her best as she is—graceful, classic, indolent, and dreamy.

Then we have Jeffreys-Lewis, the Sarah Bernhardt of the antipodes. She is taller and perhaps a trifle less slender than the Parisian sphinx, but hers is the same impulsive, reckless nature; it is all passion, and fire, and incongruity with her. When she opens her eyes your appreciative theatre-goer who plans the treat of a centre seat in the dress circle a week ahead, or the urchin who runs miles to earn the quarter which will secure his admission to the first-class space among the "ten centers," begins to tremble; and when she bursts ahead, locomotive like, with her impetuous sentences and actions as "Countess Zicka," she binds them both with such strong cords that it would seem to them a gift from heaven to save her from any impending danger. She moves and is moved entirely by impulse; no thought, no action with her is preconcerted; she hurries on as the storm-cloud, uneven, without fashion, but she makes herself felt for the moment. She carries her audience with her, and when she disappears they follow her. She is as slender as the sunbeam, and darts along the horizon in zig-zag; she bustles around the stage; when she speaks she thunders; the rhyme and measure of the language troubles not her; grace of movement has no charm for her; in her the woman is buried in the actress and the impetuous artist. She is *par excellence* a melodramatic actress.

There you have them both as well as I can portray such opposite natures in the same column. They are charming both—each fills the bill in her way; one, I suppose, will draw as much money to the managerial pocket as the other. Your blasé and gifted listener will admire one, while the eager greeny, who takes his pleasure in homœopathic doses, will go into ecstasies over the other. For myself I like them both, but then I always take a *pousse cafe* after having had generous "port" at dinner. SCIOLUS.

Mr. S. W. Piercy takes a benefit August 8th, at the Grand Opera House. The play is *Othello*. Mr. Piercy taking the part of "Iago," and Mr. Keene "Othello;" "Brabantio," by E. N. Duprey; "Roderigo," Felix Morris; "Duke," A. D. Billings; "Montono," John M. Chretien; "Gratiano," Lucien M. Tewksbury; "Ludovico, J. H. Ryder—Miss Jeffreys-Lewis taking the part of "Desdemona." Messrs. Duprey, Ryder, Chretien, and Tewksbury, are all young lawyers, amateurs, San Francisco boys, and playing for the fun of the thing. We hope this affair may be so much of a success that these young gentlemen will abandon the law and choose the profession of the stage. We have too much talent at the bar, and too little in the dramatic line—too many gentlemen at the bar and too few on the boards. The theatrical profession is getting to be more respectable than the law. The one profession is running down; the other is gaining in character and dignity. We know a great many very poor lawyers who would make very good actors.

Some persons seem determined to make merry after they are dead, or at least afford their survivors the means of doing so. One old man left a bequest to a city parish on condition that the church bells should ring a merry peal once a year; but there was a dark side to this picture, for the peal was to be rung on the anniversary of his wife's death, whereas a tolling was to mark the anniversary of his wedding day. An advocate of Padua, in the sixteenth century, directed that none of his relatives should shed tears at his funeral; singers and musicians should be engaged to supply the place of mourners; fifty of them were to walk with the priest before the coffin, each receiving half a ducat as a fee; twelve maidens in green habits were to carry the coffin to the church, singing cheerful songs as they went; lastly, all the clergy of Padua, and all the monks except those who wore black hoods, were to be invited to follow. Every man to receive an honorarium. A Frenchman who died about half a century ago had some time before left instructions concerning the mode in which his obsequies were to be observed. All the musicians of the town were to be invited to attend and play dancing and hunting tunes during the procession; his house and church were to be decorated in the liveliest way possible, and (but this must have been a very difficult point to settle) his property was to go to the relative who laughed the most joyously on the occasion.

Suggestions have appeared in the Peking *Gazette* pointing to the possible abdication of the youthful Emperor and the enthronement of some other member of the family. This is owing to criticisms upon the unprecedented circumstance that the present Emperor was chosen from the same generation as his predecessor, instead of a later; so that they can not follow the time-honored custom of worshiping his ancestors. He is, in fact, first cousin and the adopted brother of the late ruler, and ancient forms of state ceremonies will require an entire change if he continues to reign. Trifling as the difficulty appears to foreign eyes, it is considered a most difficult problem in Peking. Quang-Su, the Emperor of China, is only eight years old. He succeeded to the throne by proclamation at the death of the late Emperor, February 2, 1875. His accession to the throne was the result of a palace intrigue directed by his father and the Empress Dowager.

"Who comforted Job?" was confidently put by the pastor, and as fearlessly responded to by a little, bright-eyed girl in the assembly, whose raised and agitated hand expressed her anxiety to answer. The pastor's eyes caught the zealous little scholar, and pleased to gratify the child's desire, he said: "Well, Gracie, speak up loud now, who was it comforted Job?" And the response came clear and with sincerity: "His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

It is estimated by the Virginia *Chronicle* that the hand of a printer who sets 8,000 ems a day will travel 48,000 feet, picking up about 24,000 letters. There is a compositor in the *Chronicle* office who, every time he sets up a long sentence, travels into the next saloon for a drink. He sets about 2,500 ems a day, and walks altogether about four and a half miles after beer. His strong objection to the country is, that poor men have no show there.

A Paris letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says that Master Isaac Bell, Jr., the young nephew of James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, is just five days old. The day after the young gentleman's advent his uncle called to see him, and laid on his cradle one hundred United States bonds of $1,000 each as a christening gift, or rather a gift of "joyous arrival," according to the old mediæval custom at the accession of a king.

A fat French woman despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come, than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I grow fatter than ever."

"I would box your ears," said a young lady of Bellefaste to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if"—"If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

THE PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR. By Edwin D. Babbitt, D. M.—"It claims to have reached the laws of atomic and chemical action, and through them to have established the basic principles of Electricity, Heat, Cold, Magnetism, Light, Color, and other forces. While Gen. Pleasanton makes blue his leading color, and Dr. Pancoast blue and red, Dr. Babbitt gives an immense array of facts from scientific authority and from his own experiments, as well as from cases of actual cure, to show that all colors have their exact chemical and therapeutical power. The demonstration of chemical affinity and chemical repulsion, and the great number of cures wrought by light and color where other methods have failed, are certainly remarkable features of the work. New and beautiful octaves of color above the visible spectrum are demonstrated by spectrum analysis and otherwise. This higher world of hues and tints is shown to have been hinted at, and more or less believed in, by Sir John Herschel, Stokes, Hunt, Tyndall, Reichenbach, etc., while the author claims that he and many others are able at times to see them, and deduce marvelous laws of terrestrial, mental, and physical action from them."—*Chicago Tribune, July 13, 1878.*

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### Willy's View of Things.

Charley he's my little buther
And we has the mostest fun,
Don't we, Charley? Our mother,
Whenever we whips one 'nother,
Tries to whip us, and we run,
Don't we, Charley?—and nen byme-by,
Nen she gives us cakes and pie,
Don't she Charley?—when we come in,
And p'omise never to do it agin.

He's named Charley; I'm Willy,
And I'm got the puttiest name!
My Uncle Bob calls me "Billy,"
Don't he, Charley? Our Billy
I named "Billy," the same
Thist like me—and our mother said
"Bob puts foolishen into our head,"
Didn't she, Charley?—and she don't know
Much about boys, cos Bob said so.

Baby's the funniest feller—
Naint no hair on his head,
Is they, Charley?—it's meller
Wite up there; I'd sell her,
And buy one 'at wasn't so red,
Wouldn't you, Charley?—nen we could play,
And have most fun wiff him every day,
Couldn't we, Charley?—and have most fun:
Wisht they'd a buyed a purtier one.

Our little sister she's 'leven
Years old; 'ats muther'n I,
Ain't it, Charley? I'm seven.
But our little sister's in heaven—
Dead peoples goes to the sky,
Don't they, Charley?—Nen they has wings,
Thist like Fanny—and purtiest things,
Don't they, Charley? Nen they can fly,
Thist fly—and—ever'thing! Wisht I'd die!

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Friday, August 8th, Benefit of Mezieres,

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Saturday, August 9th, Farewell Night and Benefit of Mlle. Gregoire,

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Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.


*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 19) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 26th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the thirtieth day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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*GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.


THE BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

**A Preparatory School to the University.**

*The only fully organized Preparatory School on the Coast.*

*THE INSTRUCTORS IN THE GYM*nasium consist of refined and educated gentlemen, who are permanently connected with the institution. Boarding establishment strictly first class. Location healthful and accessible. The third school year will commence on the 14th of July. Examination of candidates for admission, 11th and 12th. For catalogues, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, Berkeley, Cal.

---

GEYSERS!

*Via Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.*

**W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.**

*CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICT*URESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P. R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....$10 00
Healdsburg to Geysers and return, only..... 4 00

---

NOOK FARM.

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH,
Rutherford, Napa County.

## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for Sao Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco a 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday moroings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anabeim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, aod Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Ferniside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Ferniside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—15.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED to 25 cents.

### SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1879.

*Between San Francisco and San Rafael.*

WEEK DAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. | 8.00 and 11.00 A. M. |
| 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). |
| 5.45 P. M. | 7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M. |

SUNDAYS.

| Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). | Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). |
|---|---|
| 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. | 8.50 and 11.30 A. M. |
| 12.50, 3.45 and 6.00 P. M. (Via Saucelito Ferry). | 2.15 and 4.30 P. M. |
| 8.00 A. M. | |

†*8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* Saucelito Ferry, for all points between Saucelito and Junction.

††*9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from* San Quentin Ferry, for all points between Sao Francisco and Olema.

†††*1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays,* from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Saucelito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returniug leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving ing in S. F. via Saucelito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. rom Saucelito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. via San Quentin 7.55 P. M. and via Saucelito 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, $2 00; Tomales, $3 00; Duncan Mills, $4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, Geoeral Ticket Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Traio at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONANUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

### JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

August.....15 | September....13 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequaled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital paid up*.....$10,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.

This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$5,000,000

D. O. MILLS.....President.
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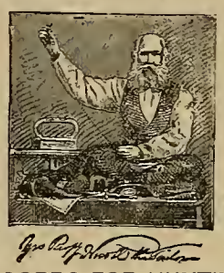

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## OLD JACQNOT.—A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY J. H. S. BUGEIA.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

### CHAPTER III.

Flow down, thou ceaseless Suamico,
By golden sands forever flow!
Take the songs the wild birds sing,
Take these flowers that I fling;
I would your murmuring waters bore
Some fragrance from this flowering shore—
That those who mourn upon thy sands
For hearts grown cold in stranger lands,
Might see the ark of Hope sail by,
Might hail it in their deep distress,
And in it float to happiness. J. O. CULVER.

Ripple, ripple, ripple—oh, the sweet singing of the river, and the breaking of the little, lazy waves against the shore! The fields were full of whirring insects, the first faint warning of the summer's flight. The corn leaves rustled in the wind that came so fresh and fragrant from river and forest. At the presbytery—a charming cottage under elms and maples—the well kept lawn glowed with verbenas and geraniums; the flower-bordered walks glistened with fresh gray sand. On the high, vine-shaded porch, in sight of the river, sat Father Des Aulniers and Mons. Casgrain, joined at last by Mme. Le Blanc, whose ever sparkling wit ran through their talk like the flashing river between its green shores. They were discussing the picture, and Casgrain's chances of getting it.

"Louise, be good enough to give us your opinion," said the Curé; "you women understand each other."

Mme. Louise answered, with her merry, honest laugh: "O you, so great and wise! who know so much of science and philosophy, who can fathom the intrigues of politicians, can settle the affairs of nations, and float them away in your clouds of smoke in an hour's talk here among my flowers, yet can not you see through the plotting of a simple country woman?"

"No, my Louise, we great ones can not, and your ridicule makes us feel very small; yet I venture to say that excepting the Lord who made you, and the Adversary who got the better of you in the primal paradise, none but a woman can see through your plottings. But a truce to sarcasm and badinage! Louise, tell us what you think."

"Frankly then, messieurs: Mme. La Rose comes, as you know, of a race of diplomats. She is a clever, far-seeing woman; and if she had been our celebrated grandmother, when tempted of the Adversary, she would have bargained with him for another paradise in case she lost that. At present she is playing a deep game with our friend Casgrain. In a word, I think she means to sell her picture and keep it, too."

"Mme. Le Blanc, we are now completely mystified," cried Casgrain, in comic despair. "In the name of heaven, how does she expect to accomplish that?"

"Well, monsieur, not exactly in the name of heaven, but in the name of one of its angels—her pretty Adeline. If monsieur were to marry her the picture would remain in the family, don't you see."

"Not so bad, Casgrain! Why have we never thought of such a simple way before? *Honneur aux dames!*" cried the Curé, laughing till the tears ran down his comely cheeks.

Casgrain laughed a little, too, but he looked annoyed and a little confused. Mme. Le Blanc noticed it, and said, slyly:

"Perhaps the idea is not so new to Mons. Casgrain."

"I assure you, madame, I have never thought of anything so absurd," he answered, haughtily.

"But why absurd?" she returned, warmly. "That is a very clever little girl, I can tell you. Of her modesty and grace you do not need to be informed; but I assure you, as to the rest, it would not take a long course of instruction to put her far in advance of any of your society ladies; and, proud as some of the Quebec dames are, they can not boast of better ancestry than hers."

"Come, Louise! has Mme. La Rose retained you as her counsel, that you plead so warmly," said the Curé.

"Indeed, no. Mme. La Rose needs no assistance from me; though I might, as a special favor, plead Mons. Casgrain's case with Adeline—if he should fail to make as successful an impression as he would like, though it might not be of much use—"

"You think then, madame, that my chances are not very good with the little girl," said Casgrain, laughing.

"Surely, Louise, no young girl like Adeline would refuse the chance of becoming Mme. Casgrain!" said the Curé, in laughing earnest.

"Surely, my brother, all young girls are not the fools you take them to be;" and here madame showed a spark of temper.

"Thanks, madame!" said Casgrain, with a deep bow.

"Monsieur, I did not intend to reflect upon you. I spoke on general principles, and mean, as far as Adeline is concerned, that you would have to win her as any other would. The thought of your wealth and position would not dazzle that sensible little girl."

"Mme. Le Blanc, you really have thrown my mind into a state of confusion. Allow me to retreat to the calm shade of the river trees; I would commune with nature, and seek wisdom of her." And, with a profound bow, by way of rounding off his grandiloquent speech, he went laughing down the steps.

"Any way," said Mme. Le Blanc, "he may laugh at it as much as he likes. I believe he is in love with Deline already; or if he isn't he will be. Mme. La Rose will have her own way, if she waits a thousand years for it, and breaks Deline's heart in the bargain."

Mons. Casgrain had spoken the truth. He really did want to get away by himself and think the matter over a little. To his surprise it gave him a strange feeling of pleasure; there was a little thrill of excitement in the idea that was altogether new to him. All that Mme. Le Blanc had said of Adeline was true. He had often admired her; had enjoyed drawing her on to make her quaint remarks; had liked to see the color deepen on her cheeks and light up her rich complexion; and that shy glance and smile, how charming they were! Yet he had watched her chiefly for the sake of tracing her resemblance to the picture. He wondered if her mother had built her plans on that; that is, if—anyway, he thought, he would just ride over to the farm. When his horse was ready he said, carelessly:

"I think, Monsieur le Curé, that I will ride over to the farm and see how affairs look now."

"That is well, my son. *Benedicite!*"

But he was vexed, as he rode away, that his color should rise at the Curé's mischievous smile.

"Louise!" cried Father Des Aulniers gayly, entering the house, "I believe we shall have a wedding after all."

Casgrain walked so quietly up to the cottage that he was not perceived by Mme. La Rose and Adeline, who were alone with the baby, asleep in his cradle, and another little tow-head, whom sleep had overtaken on the floor, where he was building his cob-house. Very gay was the little house, with logs of red and white corn cobs, chinked with moss, and set in a forest of green boughs stuck in pieces of bark—but the little architect had fallen at his work, the gay walls were toppling over, and the forest looked as if a hurricane had passed that way. Mme. La Rose sat at her spinning wheel; her foot moved up and down incessantly, and as the busy wheel flew round its course, and the flaxen thread slipped through her fingers, she sang, with the droning, nasal tone peculiar to the Canadian women,* a simple old ballad:

"Par derrière chez ma tante,
Vale, mon cœur, vale!
Par derrière chez ma tante
Etait un pomier doux,
Tout doux!
Etait un pomier doux.

"Les trois filles d'un prince,
Vale, mon cœur, vale!
Les trois filles d'un prince
Saut endormies dessous,
Tout doux!
Saut endormies dessous."

Adeline sat in a low rocking chair, swinging back and forth, unconsciously keeping time to her mother's tune. She was knitting a blue woolen stocking. The needles flashed as they slipped through her fingers, and their shadows, like little imps, were dancing in a spot of sunshine on the floor. She stopped, and her hands fell in her lap; the dancing imps vanished; but one long, slender shadow pointed to the little ruined house in its hapless forest, upon which her gaze had fallen sadly. Casgrain hated to spoil the picture, but

"All that's bright must fade."

A light knock on the door aroused them. Mme. La Rose came forward in some confusion; she felt that "*Par derrière chez ma tante*" was not quite the thing for a lady of rank to be singing; but she soon recovered herself, and was again the gracious châtelaine.

Adeline, who had risen with a quick glance at the back door, as if she thought of retreating, at a look from her mother made a little courtesy and sat down. Again the needles flashed, and the imps came back to their dancing.

Casgrain looked at her hands, so brown, yet so small and shapely, and thought how pretty they would be if white, and sparkling with jewels, and shaded by soft laces, as his wife's should be. That horrible knitting should change to the bright needlework with which ladies loved to idle; that homespun sacque and petticoat, to silken, broidered robes; and the clumsy shoes, that so disfigured her little feet, to daintiest slippers.

But that graceful little head with its glossy braids, the long lashes, and the lovely rounded cheeks, and the exquisite curves of the red lips—nothing could enhance their beauty, he thought.

Mme. La Rose's tongue ran on in some meaningless talk; but she had not lost a glance of that admiring study.

"My plan is working," she thought; "one must have a little tact in this world, and not be too bashful. Fortunate marriages; ah, yes, that is a good way."

Casgrain, finding that Adeline was not inclined to talk, began telling her of his travels in France, of the estates of her ancestors, of the once noble château, whose broken walls and falling towers were left to bats and owls; he pictured its days of prosperity; told her of knightly deeds of the old chevaliers, and the proud beauty of their dames. He wished to arouse her enthusiasm and fire her blood with the pride of birth. But her pretty head only dropped lower over her knitting.

"Monsieur," she said at last, "you should tell all this to my sister Mariette; she is always eager for the stories of those times; to me they are nothing worth. Our father is a peasant, and I am like his family; I care nothing for those old dead and gone days of splendor." And in heart she added: "Dearer to me the little cottage in the forest, and the quiet life with Louis."

But, as Mme. La Rose said, the plan was working. Casgrain was really falling in love with Deline—Casgrain the invincible. If she had been anxious to captivate him it never would have happened; or if her coyness could have been attributed to coquetry, or natural maidenly reserve, he would perhaps have found no incentive to his ardor; but her avoidance of him, her uneasiness under his admiring looks and half-tender speeches, were so evidently genuine, that he was, man like, moved to deeper earnestness. She showed a dignity which commanded his respect; her simple grace, her naïve wisdom fascinated him. How his fashionable friends would have laughed to see him bowing down before that little country girl, who could not read her own name. But it was serious enough to him, who had been asking for love, to see that frightened, imploring look turned upon him.

"Oh, for the love of heaven, monsieur, do not ask me that. You really do not care for me so much! no, surely! How could you? A little, ignorant girl like me; and you with so many rich and beautiful ladies to choose among in the great towns. Why, monsieur, you would be ashamed—oh, so ashamed of me there; I, who have no education; who would not be fit even for a servant in your grand house!" and she clasped her hands together nervously.

"But, little one, you shall have teachers. I will wait until you can come among those people and feel at ease—the very queen of them all—for your sake, Deline, for I should not be ashamed of you as you are. You are far lovelier in my eyes than any of those great ladies, as you call them, nor shall you be under obligations to me; with the money I give your mother for the picture you can study and travel. I will wait two years—three if you wish, only give me your promise to try, in all that time—only to *try*, Deline—to love me. Surely that is not so much to ask. Why do you feel so afraid of me? Am I then such a monster in your sight, Deline?"

"Ah, no, no, monsieur; you are so good, so kind; you deserve everything, but oh, I can not ever, ever love you—it is not in my heart to give! Yet look, monsieur; there is my sister Mariette, almost as old as I, and far more clever. She would study and learn, oh, so eagerly, for her mind is that way. She loves not this life of ours; she is always sighing for something different. And she is so pretty; has monsieur ever noticed her? I think not, for she is so shy, she flees at the approach of strangers. She is like a wild fawn, so timid and graceful; I am awkward and ugly; so black! but Marie is fair and beautiful as a pink rose. Ah, when you you have seen her you will not think of me again!"

How she wrung his heart with her imploring, and could anything be more like a hunted fawn than she with that look in her brown beautiful eyes? He felt as if it would haunt him all his life. But what did she mean by it? What did he ask of her but to be loved and honored and uplifted into a world of beauty, to have all splendid and pure gifts showered upon her, to be sheltered from the pain, the toil, the unloveliness of the life she bore?

"Deline, will you tell me *why* you are in such terror of me?"

"Monsieur, I am not in terror of you, but I am afraid of my mother. She loves me, but she would break my heart; all must bend before her ambition—and I, monsieur,—" and the blushes ran over her face—"I love Louis; I have promised to be his wife!"

He rose and walked away a little, toward the trees—they had been sitting in the garden near the porch. There were no blossoms there; even the leaves looked old and tired and dusty, all the fine sweet bloom of the summer had faded away, and only the glowing, glaring splendor of early autumn remained to them—the Jahlias and petunias, the verbenas and asters—but then it was all the same to him; he didn't care much for flowers just then. He set his heel in the earth and ground it down. What! to be thwarted by the only thing he ever really tried to gain—ever really fought for—and by a lad like that Louis Jacqnot. Well enough in his place, but to rival him! and should he give Deline up to him and let her drag out her life of poverty and ignorance? By heavens, no! he would not do it; she must love him! she must love him! He would never give her up. But he must be patient and calm; not to frighten the little creature any more; and that mother of hers? She must leave her in peace. He would protect her from her, too, if he could. She must agree to his plans. Deline was safe enough. Let her see a little of the world, increase her natural refinement and delicacy by books and travel and cultured society, and she would never give herself back to the old life or the old lover, he said; and that settled, he returned to Deline.

"Well, little one, we will say no more about it. You shall have your own free way. I will not exact any promise from you; only remember, Deline, as long as God gives me life I shall love you. By and by you will understand better what such a love and such a life as I offer you is worth."

"Ah, there is Mariette coming," she cried. "Y[illegible]

* I speak of the uncultured. Some of the most glorious voices I have ever heard were among the *Canadiennes*. Albani is but one of many, only more fortunate in having received thorough culture.

"Alas for those who die
With all their music in them!"

me call her, monsieur? I wish you to see how lovely she is. She has eyes like the violets in the wood, and her hair is like waves of gold."

Casgrain could not help smiling at the beguiling look and tone of the little intriguer, plotting to turn his love away from her. Was there ever a girl so free from coquetry? And how it made his heart ache, too, her innocent pleading, her sweet hesitating speech, her tones so full of pathos. And oh, how precious she was growing! No, he would never give her up—but patience.

There was, then, only to arrange with Mme. La Rose about the picture. After a long and serious talk with Casgrain and Father Des Aulniers, she consented to accept the situation and follow Casgrain's plans. With a heart overwhelmed with grief and terror at the vague new life that seemed to hang like a cloud above her, Adeline saw them drive away with the picture. Jean Baptiste, too, leaned on the fence and smoked in silence—heavy-hearted. But little Marie was radiant, and Alex. and François performed a circus that set the younger ones wild with laughter.

"Yes, laugh, my little ones!" cried the mother, "Laugh now; your happy days are beginning. No more hoeing and digging and back-aching in the fields. No more scrubbing and washing and mending old clothes, and dirt and disorder, and scolding and disgust. Poverty means all that, little ones, but we are rich now; we are going to have everything beautiful and easy and plenty!"

"Ah, Mme. La Rose!" cried a neighbor who arrived in time to hear her song of deliverance, "you think that? But try it, try it! I wouldn't mind trying it also."

## CHAPTER IV.

"Lose who may, I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they."
ROBERT BROWNING.

Three years, how soon they slip away—even five years; in some lives they are hardly noticed, so quietly they pass; but oh, what ages swept along poor Louis's life in the five years that followed Adeline's departure! How terrible a thing it is suddenly to take the hope, the light, the joy, out of a young life. What burden so hard to have as a heavy heart?

It was a grand day for Mme. La Rose when she marshaled her family out of Point Paradise like one who marches on from victory to victory. Yet Jean Baptiste and Adeline went like captives in her train, even looking back with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Alas, my mother, I shall never see my little Deline again; to me she will never return!" cried Louis, whose grief was bursting from his young heart like a flood. "She will become a beautiful lady, while I remain here an ignorant, awkward fellow."

"My child, my dearest, thy mother knows; all thy grief is in her heart; but take courage, my son. I have thought about it all; thou, too, shalt have thy chance at a different life. Still shalt thou go to Friend Duvernet; thou shalt work with him, but thou shalt study, too. In the seminary is Father Clement—I will tell thee this, now thou canst understand it—he loved me once, long years ago, but already he had vowed his life to the church, and he would not break the vow. Ah, what a beautiful heart was his, my son, and his life, too, has been beautiful, and pure, and full of good deeds; I have often heard of them. Well, Louis, Mons. Duvernet will take thee to him, and he will teach thee; it will give him joy to do it, I know; and thou shalt be diligent and brave, and ever loving and courteous to those friends. So thou shalt advance in learning and in gentle ways. Thou wilt learn the manners of the town-people, and when Adeline returns she will find thee a gentleman—wiser than she, for thou wilt study more. Will not that be a sweet surprise for her? As for the money, that will come afterward. Come, now, my son, art thou happy to think of it?"

"Yes, I am almost happy again. Work? But will I not? And as for that fine *M'sieu*, I'll make him swallow a good measure of oats! [*Faire manger l'avoine*, to make one jealous, to humble a rival.] But my chief ambition is to learn how to properly salute that grand lady, Mme. Jean Baptiste La Rose. I suppose I shall have to give several months to that."

"Yes, thou canst take a winter, and practice on the icy streets of Montreal; there thou mayst learn to fall and rise with grace."

"In effect, I think that is a good exercise in grace, judging from what I already know of it."

Thus they plotted, and planned, and laughed together, and Mme. Jacqnot's heart was running over with love, and pride, and fond ambition for her handsome boy, to whom, indeed, a new life seemed opening. But alas, the beautiful plan served only to tide him over his first keen grief. *Bonhomme* Jacqnot, the father, had long been poisoning his blood with bad whisky—that was why things had gone so badly at the farm; and at last he finished up his career with paralysis, a good, thorough stroke that left him a dead weight and a living sorrow on the hands and hearts of his long-suffering, yet loving, family.

A year went by

"As the tortoise goes, heavy and slow."

Mme. Jacqnot begged of Louis not to give up his own plans; she could not bear to have his life sacrificed to them, yet what a comfort it was to have him take the burden on his young, strong shoulders.

"Mother, say no more; you would despise me if I had the heart to leave you now. What could you do alone with those boys to manage the farm, and that poor father to take care of? No, I will do my duty here, and gladly, for your sake, mother. Let the rest take care of itself."

But oh, what a pang it gave him when Marguerite and Jos married, and set gayly out on the life they had planned together when Adeline was there! With tears of grief and passion he threw himself down beneath the trees of Adeline's deserted bower, and passed there such hours of bitterness as only they know who have seen, one by one, their desperate strivings fail and fall, and black night gather around their last hopes.

"Mother, it is cruel, it is unjust," he said to that only confidant.

"Hush, my son; it is the will of God."

"But why, why should He blacken my life like this? It is as if my heart were a forest through which a fire had passed; where once were proud hopes, strong and buoyant, like green trees waving, there are now only the charred and lifeless trunks. What have I done to deserve it? And thou, too, my mother, thou so sweet and patient, why should He make thee suffer so? What pleasure, what rest, hast thou ever known?—what but toil, and sorrow, and a mother's pain? And now thou art wan, and pale with grieving; ah, poor little mother, thou hast thy griefs and mine also in thy heart; would I could bear them all!"

"Dearest child, thou dost not know the sweet comfort of thy love—the mother's pain is far less than the mother's joy. It is only when thou art bitter and despairing that thou dost wound thy mother's heart and add to thine own burden. Say not that God makes us suffer; I can not explain what I think—only a poor, ignorant woman is thy mother—yet here in my heart I feel the truth, that God does not make us suffer. It is all our own bad management, and if sometimes He leaves us to suffer for the faults of others, I know that in some way it is best for us to endure it—it must be so—it must be so. Did He not give His own Son to suffer poverty and shame and agony of pain? And our blessed Mother Mary, was not her gentle heart pierced with many sorrows? Think, too, of all the blessed martyrs who endured such torments in this life. Did they deserve it? Child, what are we that we should hold up our troubled lives in His sight and ask Him why He is cruel? Wait, my son, wait, my blessed boy; together we will work and endure while God will, and when thy mother has to leave thee alone with thy broken heart, know always that she will be praying for thee there, and that at last thou, too, shalt rest among the martyrs. God sees, God loves, God pities us, and He will comfort us."

Ah, mother-love, thou Beautiful! Poor, sad, illiterate—who dares to pity this woman? Did God give her no compensation, put no beauty in her life? What do you call Beauty? Did he not open her eyes to behold the loveliness of his creation—that wondrous something which we call Nature. She saw that, she read that; it never wearied, its consolation never failed; and, sweetest of all human joys, the love and the existence of her children, as she herself had said, "the mother's joy."

Louis looked at her—as she stood before him, love-inspired—with pride and deepest reverence. He felt ashamed that he had ever dared to murmur at anything he had endured for her sake.

"*Mon Dieu*, how she talks! Monsieur Le Curé can not speak better than that; no, nor even Monseigneur the Bishop. She's an angel; I have always said so."

All the tenderness of his thwarted heart flowed toward her, that brave and beautiful mother. He had no more bitter words, no more foolish railing at fate; but cheerfully he struggled on. He got no knowledge of science; the treasures of literature, the delights of art and music were unrevealed to him; the profound mysteries of polite society were unfathomed; but he learned the grand lessons of Patience and unfaltering Faith, and in his soul was built up, day by day, one of those pure temples into which God alone may look. Many times he was urged to leave his charge to younger brothers, many inducements were offered him by well-meaning friends, who loved but did not understand him.

"No," he would always say, "my life is vowed to my mother and father. This is my place."

So the years passed till the fifth May-time came around and it was rumored that the La Rose family were coming to spend the summer at Point Paradise. Louis heard it with a troubled joy; he well knew that Adeline was for ever lost to him, though not married, they said; still he knew she was far beyond him; but oh, just to look on her fair face once more! His heart seemed to bud and blossom with the trees, and to sing with the mating birds, "Adeline! Adeline!" A fine new sense of gladness stole into his veins and flushed his cheeks and brightened his eyes. It made his mother's heart ache to see it. The days slipped by; the month of May had almost passed and they had not come. It was now lonely about Point Paradise; the apple-trees were in the full tide of their pink and white beauty; the sweet clover was sending out its spikes of white blossoms, and far and wide the bright gold of the dandelions was scattered over the fields. The last day of the month was wearing away. The sunset colors flushed the sky and the river, and faded, slowly faded, into twilight. The Angelus-bell rang out and the people paused to murmur a Hail Mary. The church was lighted; the altars were splendid with lights and flowers; the air was heavy with perfume. It was the last of the mighty celebrations that during the month of May are offered in her honor.

The alms, collected during the festival by young girls belonging to the society of the Children of Mary, were about to be taken. Louis was kneeling in a side pew. It was there, always, that the burden seemed to be rolled away from his heart and its place be taken by the very Angel of Peace. There, while the litany was softly chanted, he would close his eyes to shut out all distracting things and rest in that sweet presence.

Down the aisle came the pompous *badeau*, bearing the crucifix before him and followed by the young lady with the alms-box; the pieces of silver fell into it with a soft sound that came nearer and nearer; a deeper hush seemed to have fallen upon the house. Louis unclosed his eyes. *Mon Dieu*, who was that! Slowly down the aisle she came, so softly, sweetly smiling as the offerings fell into the box—clad all in pale rose and white, with pearls upon her breast, and something gleaming in her dark hair—its rays flashed down upon poor Louis; they struck through his heart.

That was she—O God, that was Adeline! She was coming—he looked in her face—she passed by! Did she see him? Did she see that white face uplifted, stricken with her glory as if she were an angel? Down the aisle she moved, and up the other, still sweetly, gravely smiling, as the silver fell with its soft music into the box, and the people turned to gaze upon her loveliness. The offerings were delivered, and she knelt before the altar.

She was falling! Mme. Le Blanc and Alexander La Rose hurried forward, and her brother carried her out. Yes, she had seen him.

"Poor girl," they said; "it was so warm, and she was tired. They had only just arrived; no wonder she fainted."

June had come. Adeline was spending a few days with Mme. Le Blanc at the presbytery. They were all by themselves, one morning, in madame's own little bower of a room that look upon the river and the misty green island. The murmuring of the water mingled with their talk as they leaned from the window, pushing aside the honeysuckle to look at the old fashioned damask roses—the rosiest roses that God ever made, I think.

"How sweet and dear the old places seem to me," said Adeline, reaching down to take a rose; "the old places and the old faces. I feel like embracing every one I meet. And poor papa; I don't think he has had a really happy day till our return here. It makes me laugh to come upon him in the post office, or the shops, with his old comrades gathered round him, all smoking, and talking, and laughing, so comfortable and jolly. Mme. Le Blanc, if I could only take up my old life again, like that, how gladly I would do it. But now—I want you to tell me all about Louis."

And as Mme, Le Blanc told the touching story of those heroic years, and how sweetly Louis had borne his burden, Adeline covered her face with her hands, and the tears fell down like rain through the jeweled fingers.

"Oh, Mme. Le Blanc, how cruel it all is!" she cried. "When I saw him there in the church that night, with his poor face so white and pitiful, gazing up at me with that look of awe, as if I were a saint, it seemed as if it would kill me, and I felt as if it ought to. I find myself in such a strange position. I have loved—oh, how faithfully—the memory of that old time where was enthroned the love of my youth, of my old self. I have been so lifted out of and borne beyond that way of life that I can never enter it again. I am no more fit to be Louis' wife now than I was then to be the wife of Mons. Casgrain. But I can not be educated backward, and Louis—poor Louis!—must remain where he is. Alas! we are forever separated; yet I can not bear to have him think that it is through unfaithfulness of mine. It seems as if I ought never to have left this place. Yet I was forced to do so—of course, I could not do otherwise. It is a wretched business; there seems to be no help for it, no way out of it."

"Deline, dear, there is no question about that; it was decided in every mind but yours when you left us, five years ago. We all knew that you could never marry Louis—except for the little time that he indulged in the hope of advancing his own life, but that was very brief, poor boy. And now, Deline, may I ask what about Monsieur Casgrain?"

Adeline blushed, and made a gesture of despair.

"Oh, Madame Le Blanc, how strangely things are mixed in this world. As Louis belongs to the old life, he seems to belong to new one. He has been always so kind and generous, and so beautiful. We are under great obligations to him. You know about the picture—at least that it was a genuine Titian; Monsieur Casgrain was also correct in another particular, it was a family portrait; there is a romantic story connected with it; yet Monsieur Casgrain gave us far more than the value of the picture, and he has done many other things to increase our obligations. I do really love him, Madame Le Blanc, but not as I loved Louis. I shall never again know anything so beautiful as that young love. I have clung to it always, and I would never consent to marry Monsieur Casgrain until I had seen Louis again. He knows what I think of it, but he smiles at what he calls my fidelity to a romance. 'You love me well enough, Deline,' he says, 'I shall be quite contented with such a heart.' My mother, too, gives me no peace. She is infatuated with the idea of reëstablishing our family; and indeed there are estates belonging to us, though we are too poor to undertake their recovery. Our money is pretty nearly spent. Fortunately the elder boys have their professions, and Mariette will soon be married to a French gentleman who came out with us; he has a name a league long, but not much money with it. My father and mother are getting old now, and there are the younger children to provide for. I tell you truly, Madame Le Blanc, I would never marry if left to my own choice; but they all expect it of me, and everybody's comfort seems to depend upon it, so I have decided to do it. There is just one thing about it that troubles me. I have not been able to speak of it to any one; but since I have shown you so much of my heart I will tell you this, and you shall help me. We say that I am far removed from Louis' way of life—lifted above it; yet I know that there will be a time when his soul will rise to glorious heights. God will give him high rank in heaven. In the land of souls who will be more beautiful than my Louis? And, oh, I would be worthy of him there! But if I give myself in marriage to another here will I not be far removed from him forever?—counted unworthy even to look upon his glory where he stands among the martyred saints?"

Deline's great eyes shone with such beauty she looked almost like a saint to Mme. Le Blanc, who read her soul in that look.

"Alas, poor child," she answered, "what is your own life but a flower-strewn sacrifice? But fear not; it, too, is in God's sight. As for marriage, dear girl, that is an estate belonging only to this life; up there we shall be as the angels—an intercourse which we can not comprehend now, only we know that it is wholly spiritual, and independent of any form or institution ordained for this life; although our enjoyment of it must depend upon our purity of life here. I can not well explain it to you, Deline; I am not in the habit of expressing my thoughts on such subjects; but your clear brain will follow out the idea. Do not fear, then, Deline, to do whatever you feel to be your duty to others, especially to your father and mother; that can never lead you far out of the way."

"My dear friend, you do not know what a comfort it is to speak to you so freely, and feel myself so thoroughly understood. I have thought about this till it seemed, sometimes, as if my brain would turn. One thing more—I want so much to go and see Louis and that dear old mother; I could not bear to have them think that I am too proud to speak to them; and perhaps it would be some comfort to Louis if I should tell him how dear he has been and will always be to me; and I wish you would go with me, Madame Le Blanc."

What passed in that interview between Adeline and Louis was never told; but Mme. Jacqnot always spoke of the beautiful girl with blessings, and if ever any any one hinted that she had been unfaithful to Louis, "Hush!" she would say, "you do not understand; she is one of God's angels."

It was soon known that Mlle. La Rose was to become Madame Casgrain, and Point Paradise looked for the grandeur of a brilliant wedding; but that was too much to bear, Adeline could not be married there; the old church, the old

town should be kept sacred to old life, she said, so the great affair took place in Montreal.

The evening before they left Point Paradise, all the young people were out for a last ride—a gay company, dashing through the streets, proud and beautiful; around by the river, and up the green lane they rode, and there they came upon Louis in his coarse, working clothes, carrying a sack of something on his shoulder; it was heavy, and his face was red and heated, and his old hat pushed awry. He tried to turn aside, but they were upon him in a minute, and one gay young fellow nearly rode him down. Glancing back with a laugh he said to his companion:

"How droll it is to see these *chaussons* open their eyes and stare at one!"

Adeline, flushed and indignant, reining in her horse, gave him a look that ought to have killed him.

"Monsieur, that gentleman whom you have insulted is one of my best friends."

She turned and rode back to Louis, and stooped to give him her hand. They did not hear what she said, but they could see the beautiful look in her face as she detached something from her watch-guard and gave it to him. He kissed the hand that gave, and then she rode forward to join the party, riding in advance with her brother, so that they did not see her face. He stood under the trees, where they had walked together years before, gazing after her, with a look that was heart-breaking to see.

"How do you like that, Mons. Casgrain?" said the pert beauty who was riding beside him.

"Mademoiselle, that is a very noble young man, and one of Mlle. Rose's oldest friends. She is bidding him adieu."

"Well, they are a droll couple, those two," said the belle to the beau.

That was the last; on the morrow they were gone.

In the same dull old way Louis's life went on—

"Still o'er and o'er to sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears."

The old father died at last, and they wept and mourned for him. Alas, under any circumstance it is anguish deep and keen to give our own to Death. One by one the brothers and sisters married and set out for themselves, leaving Louis and the old mother on the farm, a soil that was pretty nearly covered with debt; in fact, it had to be sold at last, and Louis took his mother to the village to live; there he earned enough for their simple living, but never much more, for he was broken down with hard work on the farm, and the terrible task of caring for his father in those last years. Mme. Jacqnot, too—blessed old woman!—one day slipped out of life, in a gentle, painless sleep, and Louis was alone. Yes, quite alone, for, one after another, the rest of the family had died or drifted away to "the States," or to distant parts of Canada. Age and feeble health, stealthily, surely they crept on, and Louis was at last "Old Jacqnot."

Oh, to be old and homeless, uncared for, to toil through the day, and sink upon a wretched bed at night, praying "May it be the last!" To wake again and sigh, "Alas, another day God wills for me to endure!"—that is Jacqnot's life; but he smiles as he goes up and down, patient and cheerful—he knows no other way.

"Pauvre Deline!" he says, "she is dead, long, long ago; God placed her far beyond me here, but up there I shall be wise like her—there I shall stand without shame in her presence."

And in the lonely nights, as he turns upon his hard bed, he draws from his bosom the little golden cross that she gave him, and lays his poor old withered cheek upon it. That is his pillow, and it brings him such dreams as only they know to whom God sends his comforter. Beautiful Old Jacqnot!

CALISTOGA, July, 1879.

## MAYOR BRYANT AND THE "CALL-BULLETIN."

Mayor Bryant has brought his contest with Messrs. Fitch and Pickering of the *Bulletin-Call* to an issue. After now two years of almost daily assault of two daily papers, run under one management and in one interest, Mr. Bryant has had the opportunity of a thirty minutes' speech in reply. There are two wonders: One is how little a vindictive, personal, and unjust newspaper assault amounts to, and the other is how thoroughly effective and convincing an honest reply, with honest figures, by an honest man, may be to vindictive and malicious misrepresentation. The *Bulletin-Call* charge Mayor Bryant with dishonest administration; with neglect of his duties, resulting in extravagance of expenditure; with increased taxation to the people, and they specify carelessness in reference to Dupont Street, and the determination to purchase Spring Valley at an exorbitant price. Mayor Bryant responds by stating the well-known fact that for twenty years the *Bulletin* was the dominant political power in our city politics; that its editors made the city government. It would have been but honest also to admit that during this period, while the *Bulletin* made many and serious mistakes, it accomplished much good, and was governed by an honest desire for the city's welfare, and that the substantial outcome of its twenty years' direction of municipal politics was advantageous to the best interests of the city. Mr. Bryant compares his administration with those of Messrs. Otis and Alvord, both of whom are accredited with having been both competent and honest, and if his figures are not false his administration makes a better showing than theirs. He says the total tax raised in the Otis year of 1874–5 was $4,374,000, while the expenses of the year 1877–8 was $2,830,736, out of which $357,771 were paid to construct the City Hall, and $35,177 for the Golden Gate Park, and $589,117 paid for liquidation of old debts; that the net indebtedness of 1874 was $3,979,868 56, while the net indebtedness of 1879 is $3,040,785 21; that he has paid off a floating debt of $300,000; has spent on streets $500,000 less than Otis or Alvord; that during the years immediately preceding his administration the city had sold many millions of dollars worth of its property, and made but few durable improvements; that he has sacrificed no property, but on the contrary has recovered the Bensley branch of the water system, valued at not less than $2,000,000; that bonds were issued before his term, and none since; that in four years he has reduced the city debt $1,250,000, and expended on the City Hall $1,250,000, and given the city miles of cobble and basalt pavements in place of planks and in places where there was none. Mr. Bryant admits the irregularity of Dupont Street, regrets it, and yet claims that with all its irregularities, and the misconduct of its secretary, that it makes a better showing than the opening of Montgomery Avenue by his predecessors, Messrs. Otis and Alvord. We produce Mayor Bryant's comments as something more frank than usually finds utterance in the politician's plea. He said in his speech:

"There is one thing that probably I regret as much to-night as any man in California, and that is what is known as the Dupont Street Commission. I don't propose to walk around it, but I propose to meet it fair and square. I say to you, fellow-citizens, that in the carrying out of that Commission we acted as the servants of the tax-payers—the owners of that property. We took the secretary that they brought to us; we took their attorney. We thought that if it had got to be, it was right that we should carry it out as the great majority of the tax-payers wanted. It was unfortunate that we took the same who had acted in what was known as the opening of Montgomery Avenue. Now, to-night, I will put Dupont Street right square against Montgomery Avenue. I will put my acts in that Commission as against the acts of Mr. Alvord or Mr. Otis, two as good business men as ever stood before a San Francisco audience—careful in every branch of life. They were fooled, led away, as we were. I will take any twelve disinterested men upon that question, and if they will say after a fair investigation that I did wrong, face to face where I can meet my enemies, that I was careless, that I did not carry out and act for what I believed to be the interest of the tax-payers, I will pay the $87,000, every cent of it."

An endeavor has been twice made to indict Mayor Bryant. On each occasion pronounced and bitter personal enemies have become members of the grand jury, and efforts, secret, covert, and by no means either creditable or honorable, have been resorted to to dishonor him by charges that could not have been sustained. They have failed. The last, most persistent, and most ill-founded of all the charges against Mayor Bryant, is that he has endeavored, and is still endeavoring, by some indirection to buy water works and to pay for them an exorbitant and dishonest price, accompanied with the insinuation of personal and dishonest profits in commissions. It may be answered that he has not bought the Spring Valley Water Works, he has not attempted to purchase them, and Mr. John F. Swift, who has been intimately and honorably connected with water politics, says that "the course of Mayor Bryant has in this respect been "honest, honorable, and been conducted with great business "prudence and sagacity."

Mr. Bryant makes the direct, specific, and open charge, that Messrs. Pickering and Fitch have, within two years, been personally urging the Water Commissioners to purchase Spring Valley for $11,000,000, and promised the support of both *Bulletin* and *Call* to its advocacy, and that they were visiting both Sharon and Mills for that purpose. This statement demands a denial or an explanation, in view of their insinuations against Mayor Bryant's integrity for attempting, as they falsely assert, to do the same thing. Our personal friendship for Mayor Bryant, and our entire confidence in his official integrity, prompts us to say that in our judgment he has fully vindicated himself from the charge of neglect or want of integrity, and that the hostile attitude of Messrs. Fitch and Pickering toward him seems to have been assumed from some other consideration than that of the public good. Our community complains that the best citizens will not take office. Why in the name of heaven should they when it is certain that the whole daily press will open upon them the sluices of its nasty ink, and the whole public join in the dirty work of bespattering its public servants? Any honest and honorable business gentleman, who will consent to serve San Francisco in a municipal office, is fortunate if he escape without being vilified, abused, and misrepresented by the daily journals. This is a crying evil and demands a reformation. We are disposed to think that in the main our State and city has been well governed; that the administration of Governor Irwin has been successful, honest, and economical; and that in the main San Francisco has been well governed. The street department is ill conducted and loose; the school department is a monument of folly and reckless extravagance. But we are not convinced that the Board of Supervisors has committed any grave error, or that any one of the present city and county officials deserve the abuse that it seems so fashionable just now for newspapers to deal in. A little more discrimination, more generosity, and a more careful adherence to facts, would serve the community better than such indiscriminate abuse. To continue this unjust assault upon officials will in the end give us no candidates for office except thieves and scoundrels clothed in rhinoceros hides—men who have no reputations to lose, no sensibilities to be affected, and no pride of character to be wounded. We should be glad to make the experiment of nominating some honorable business gentleman for Mayor, give him twelve competent and honest business men for Supervisors, and then compel the daily press to keep a respectful tongue in its head—or a decent pen in its hand—till proven facts, and not mere suspicions, justified personal abuse and indiscriminate insolent assaults. The good citizen who takes municipal office for an honest purpose must be a man of great moral courage.

The Benton *Tri-Weekly Letter* has hit upon a novel method of pleasing all its readers. The reading matter of that paper is set up at the case without copy of any kind, an occasional note in pencil indicating the subject to be treated. No proof is taken, and the editor makes the following request with each issue: We request every one of the numerous readers of the *Tri-Weekly Letter*, immediately on receipt of the paper, to take out his or her pencil and commencing at the first line on the first page read it carefully through, marking as they occur every error—then the reader has a perfect copy to file away. Those not having pencils will be supplied on application at this office. By adopting this rule our readers will enjoy an advantage possessed by the readers of no other paper in the world. If you find anything objectionable, or offensive, or personal to yourself, you have only to draw your pencil over it, and there you are with a paper just to suit you—becoming, as it were, your own editor; and five minutes after the paper is out you won't have to be running all over town looking for us when we are safely hid away in the sage brush.

A man arrested for murder proved that on the night and at the hour of the murder he was at home whipping his wife, and this fact saved him. A word to the wise, etc.

The fool goeth out in a sailboat when he doesn't know a boom from a breaker, but the wise man picks up pebbles on the shore, and flirts with the girl in a pink dress.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Two Nests.

A little nest of sober-tinted clay—
Its crumbling walls, deserted long ago,
Still clinging where its builders labored so
To place its tiny moulded blocks of gray—
Forsaken when the swallows flew away.
And lo! upon the hillside, parched and brown,
Another last year's nest, all crumbling down—
A human nest—stands empty many a day.
One harbors nestling swallows nevermore;
The other hears no dark-eyed children's glee,
As 'neath the clustering roses at the door
They dance to Spanish music, wild and free.
Two empty homes, by life no more possessed—
An old adobe and a swallow's nest.

SANTA CRUZ, July, 1879. S. E. A.

### Beliefs.

It is a fond belief, yet we
Fear it is specious utterly,
That kindred spirits, parted here,
Shall meet above
In some bright planetary sphere,
Where, clothed in beauty, fairer far
Than fairest human flowers are,
Soul will respond to soul, and two
Fond hearts will be as one in true
And perfect love.

Could we be sure to meet alone
Those whom we love, or those unknown
Who would have loved us had we been
By circumstance
Placed near together on Life's scene,
Heaven would for glory need no gems,
No gold, no pearls, no diadems;
Nor songs, nor harps, nor wreaths of flowers
Could that calm happy love of ours
One whit advance.

But those most confident to go
To Heaven above make Earth below
A world of bitterness and tears
To all around;
And all the gems of all the spheres,
With all the harps, and crowns, and songs
Of million angels' silver tongues,
To souls condemned with such to dwell
In Heaven would but make the Hell
Still more profound.

But some cry out, "All, all are saved!
There is no anger to be braved:
The other world is like to this,
But we shall rise
From strength to strength, from bliss to bliss;
Developing in love and truth,
And fresh with a perpetual youth,
Evil will shrink and good increase,
Till happy in a perfect peace
The spirit lies."

This is a lovable belief,
Or true or false, and some relief
Brings to life's cares, but yet for aught
That we can tell
'Tis but a dream by fancy wrought.
Yet 'tis far better than the creed
That makes incarnate Godhead bleed
The wicked who believe to save,
While doubters, virtuous, wise, or brave,
Must go to hell.

Ere long these old faiths must give way,
Reason and Truth assert their sway,
Belief be founded upon proof,
And Virtue reign.
The firmament, earth's crystal roof,
Has turned to space; the fixed, flat world
Is round, and round the sun is whirled;
The rocks have given up their bones,
Sermons are preached by plants and stones,
Dark things are plain.

We see the genesis of life,
The gradual growth, the constant strife
Through untold æons; we behold
The growth of Man.
Not suddenly did he unfold,
But slowly, ever rising, till
He reached to godlike form and skill.
His was no Eden, then or now,
But work with Labor's sweat on brow
Since life began.

Yet still each day, on every hand,
From many a pulpit in the land,
The priests and ministers proclaim
With thundering voice
Damnation in a Saviour's name.
Each manly soul that will not bow
Its knee to Baal, they dare to vow
A sacrifice to endless ire
In lakes of everlasting fire,
While fiends rejoice.

This may be gospel, but 'tis not
Glad tidings. Better far to rot
In the most drear annihilation
Of soul and sense,
Than sink to buy a low salvation
By faith that those we love are lost.
Go, save your souls at any cost,
Ye cowards! Cringe, and fondly cherish
The faith that those who doubt will perish
For that offense!

But reverent souls will look with awe
Upon the veil Man ne'er can draw
That hides the future, dark or bright,
From human ken;
And, battling bravely for the right
Against the powers of wrong and ill,
Will live a Christ-like life, until
The hour of their departure near
They look back o'er a record clear,
And die like men.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1879. W. N. LOCKINGTON.

Crabb Robinson and a lady in the same carriage: "Oh, Mr. Robinson, you are an antiquarian." "Madame, I am a noun, and not an adjective. An antiquary, if you please."

*Yim an Loh* is the name of the new Catholic paper to be published at Shanghai. It means, "writing about things useful to be heard of."

## THE DREAM LADY.

One of the Mysteries of the Oakland Ferry.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Had the Doctor not assured me, on his word of honor as a medical man, that such was the case I would never have suspected it. Had he not persisted in discovering a diagnosis that was convincing, I might still question his authority. But I am one of those persons who do not dispute a fact, with a man to back it, or question a fiction that hallows the fame of the gentler sex. We had spent an entire evening in admiration of the Dream Lady. We had diligently compared notes and experiences. We had dined; mutual confessions naturally followed. The delicious aroma of the Doctor's cigars pervaded the apartment. At reasonable intervals my learned companion prescribed palatable doses of a cordial, a flagon of which stood between us on a small table.

The Dream Lady had first attracted our eyes on the half-hourly ferry—that floating school of flirtation. We were for some time at a loss to decide whether she resided in the metropolis or only visited it on some flighty purpose. I believe neither of us had yet detected her in the act of transporting those perennial packages that are the ensigns of citizenship in that populous grove on the other shore of the Bay. Nor were her hours regular, though every pleasant day found her seated on the sheltered side of the boat, inhaling the salt air, and looking off upon the lovely bay with eyes singularly tranquil, and herself the embodiment of absolute repose. It is not often that birds of passage ruffle their plumage so little as this transmigrant—though it is a tradition in the forecastle that the albatross sleeps upon the wing—for even when surrounded by her friends the Dream Lady never for a moment lost the sweet composure, which is perhaps the least common, as it is the most magnetic, form of femioine fascination. In vain I awaited the hour when, under trying circumstances, she might forget that she was a little more than human. I hoped to find that in the *rôle* of the belated passenger she could run a race with the "last man" from the gate to the ferry. She was never late. Indeed, she often remained upon the boat, returning at once to the other shore, evidently voyaging only in search of sunshine and salt air. As the steamer entered the slip the Dream Lady was the last to rise and follow slowly in the wake of the throng that passes at least one-third of the time on its feet, crowded into the bow of the boat in a state of agonizing suspense. Other voyagers looked care-worn, anxious, impatient. To the majority the forty minutes' trip is a dead loss. Business men observe the journals, moist from the press; business women nurse their cares in their faces; the young of the species wander to and fro, happy in seeing and being seen. Not a ferry crosses the Bay, from sunrise to midnight, but the census is voluntarily taken by scores, whose labor is entirely gratuitous. The Dream Lady seemed to know nothing of this. In her turn she passed from the breathless tranquillity of repose to the ecstatical tranquillity of motion. Mark her! She moves with the indolent grace of the swan. There is languor written in all her outlines. The *modistes* of the hour copy nature with the fanatical devotion of an artist. Fashion is imperative, and fashion has once more unmasked the divinity of the human form, from the rose that rocks upon the bosom of the Dream Lady to the rhythmical undulation of the hips and the soft folds of silk or satin gently agitated at the knee. Besides, this there is the delectable *frou-frou* and the voluptuous fragrance of *ylang-ylang;* what more is to be desired? The faultless arm cased in a close sleeve, the faultless hand and wrist, the glove—a perfect fit, idealizing the flesh—droop at her side. Your eyes wander from the barbaric bangles that hold the hands in luxurious bondage, over all the lines of beauty to the superb shoulders, the proud white throat, the low brow burdened and overshadowed with disheveled locks, and become entangled at last in the bewitching chaos of the shapeless hat. When she enters the train, let it be never so full, there is room for her. The energetic little lady who has been buzzing like a bee, and a very plain bee indeed, is not so fortunate, for all her haste. The little woman stands and glares at the comfortable brutes who do not abdicate in her favor. She is no Dream Lady; her parasol is not a magic wand; her eyes are not dreamful and magnetic; she does not turn them upon you with that far away look that makes you, poor fellow, feel as if you were nothing more nor less than a mote in a sunbeam.

The Doctor smiled on me—a patronizing smile of superior intelligence, which you have doubtless often observed in professional men. There is nothing more exasperating than for one to throw open the secret chamber of his soul and have the family physician depreciate the furniture. I was about to turn the subject, realizing that I had betrayed an inexcusable, perhaps gushing, interest in the Dream Lady, when my friend refilled the glass that stood within my reach. We moistened our lips, we restored our souls, we resumed the subject.

"By the bye," said the Doctor, with the egotistical besitation which usually precedes any professional opinion—"by the bye, have you noticed the Dream Lady in society, or at the play?"

Of course I had. The same midsummer calm was hers, redolent of *ylang ylang*. She floated in the waltz. She was the embodiment of all the yearning after something which we have not and which we know not of; of all the vague unrest which never speaks louder than a sigh, and of that delicious melancholy—the elysian minors in the Strauss music. At the play she looked not at the actors, for they were but shadows; she seemed to see the motive over and beyond them. All this was written in her wonderful eyes. It was strange that she said little or nothing. Not many are wise enough to expend only the interest on their capital stock of knowledge. Why need she speak, when her eyes were like open volumes, but volumes written in an unknown tongue! Floating in the waltz she had the rapturous look of a young dervish, when his turbaned head sinks backward, and his outstretched arms, waving like wings, mark the slow circles in his sacred dance, while his dilated eyes, searching the pale dome of the mosque, guide him in imagination through airy spirals into the Prophet's paradise. When the music ceased she resolved herself into a cloud of gauze and ribbons, with her two glorious eyes for fixed stars, and exhaled an atmosphere of *ylang-ylang!* The Doctor turned toward me with an air which I resented, for I thought it supercilious. Unbending for a moment, he pushed my half filled glass toward me.

"*Ylang-ylang*," said he, with a fastidious manner which put me on my guard; "*ylang-ylang* is but a sweet disguise, and evidently, in this case, assumed successfully."

I caught his meaning in a moment, and shuddered. It is needless to ask why your hound follows your trail in the dark, even after your footsteps have been hidden by the resurrected grass. He will track you over city pavements that are worn smooth with ceaseless travel. You know as well as I do, that it is a consolation to be near some people, while the very presence of others is distressing. There are those whom you admire, and even reverence, yet the clasp of their hand is disagreeable; and there are some who, though unworthy of you, unconsciously distill the balm which you may seek in vain elsewhere. The human flower breathes forth a subtile fragrance. It is the artless medium through which love is first betrayed. The heart has nothing to do with it, save to respond or to resist; the intellect is subordinate. You ask but one question the moment you become conscious of the influence of aromatic flesh: "Is it appealing, or repellant?" If the warm-scented heliotrope parches my throat and chokes me with an imperceptible dust, if the tuberose prostrates me with melancholy, it is not the fault of these delicate perfume distilleries; it is because there is no affinity between us. My neighbor feeds ravenously upon substances that are poison on my lips; all physical relationship is distinguished by this unlikeness. If the Dream Lady were a heliotrope, my obdurate soul would instinctively turn from her, though she were endowed with miraculous gifts.

"Is she a heliotrope masking in an atmosphere of *ylang-ylang?*" The question startled me. I turned to the Doctor in my extremity, and begged him to explain himself.

"You are on the wrong scent," said he, and added, "Do you know anything of *opiophagy?*"

I know something of *opiophagy*, though the word is not in the dictionary. The Doctor objected to the term, probably because it is the invention of a medical brother in Indianapolis.

"The *opiophagists*," continued my companion, "or, let me rather call them the *theriaki*—since every apothecary prefers his own compound—the *theriaki* are increasing in numbers to an alarming extent. *Opiophagy*, I condescend to use the term for convenience's sake, is rapidly becoming a national vice."

"To whom may we attribute the primal cause of this unfortunate, and alas! fatal habit?"

"To the physicians—notably to the allopaths." The speaker was of the other school.

"You have observed the Dream Lady too often and too well to have overlooked the diagnostic which she can not veil from the eyes of the world. Not all the perfumes of Arabia can so charm her circle of admirers that she will escape detection!"

The speaker leaned forward in his chair and fixed his eye upon me. I trembled like a guilty thing; I shrank at the thought of a revelation too horrible to be repeated beyond the private consultation room of my professional friend.

What was it? Listen!

The doctor was one evening summoned hastily to attend a case in a family previously unknown to him. He could not be expected to indulge in speculation—being already past the meridian of life—though the messenger, who urged immediate action, was profoundly silent as to the condition of the patient. Never was the sister city more serene; it seemed at peace with all the world; one might pace its shady streets, flooded here and there with moonlight, without meeting so much as a solitary policeman. The Doctor was ushered into a mansion, one of the many beautiful residences, the pride of the city, environed with flowers, a home embosomed in eternal summer. He was led at once to the chamber, whither, pardon me, I dare not follow him. A globe, tinted like the harvest-moon, diffused a roseate glow that was enchanting. How could sickness, or sorrow, or death cross that sacred threshold. On a low couch, shrouded in lace, reclined the patient. She was insensible; she had remained so for many hours; a graven image, breathing softly as a babe, but sunk millions of leagues under the waters of Lethe—a sleeping beauty overcome with the unearthly joys of her nepenthe cup. The air was impregnated with an amber-scented odor which once inhaled can never be forgotten. It was not *ylang-ylang;* it was not the breath of any flower that breathes; nor was it the very potent exhalation, finer than air, sweeter than honey, softer than silk—the life and the light of fair and fruitful flesh. It was alien and artificial, and the Doctor at once began searching for the source thereof. With a liberty which is the patent of his profession, he examined every nook and corner of my lady's chamber. With relentless hands he disturbed the the delicate decorations of the toilet table; he drew open the secret compartments of that magazine of mysteries, the bureau; he penetrated into the dark recesses of the closet, yet found no clew. Sagacious woman, who is more cunning than you, unless it be your maid?

The maid was summoned to assist in rescuing the patient, who still languished in billows of lace. The maid was interrogated by the Doctor, and reluctanly betrayed her mistress. A casket was brought from an adjoining boudoir, and opened in the presence of the physician and the family. The casket contained a pipe, a probe, a small lamp, a box of gum opium. The mystery was solved. The Dream Lady lives in cloud-land; when her dream is over, repairing in secret to her enchanted chamber, she arrays herself for the passionless bridal with this angel of sleep. Her white fingers clasp the fateful pipe; she lights the vestal lamp; she anoints the pipe-bowl and applies it to the flame, and from the cloud of incense springs the genie into whose maddening embrace she sinks enraptured. The fumiferous rites are followed by trances, ecstacies, and rapturous visions, which are at last swallowed up in death-like sleep.

It was out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death that the Doctor sought to rouse the Dream Lady. It was her prolonged sleep in the valley of death-shade that alarmed the house, and was the occasion of the Doctor's precipitous summons. Slave of the lamp! Never again could she withhold herself from the biting flame; but, like the moth, her joy was in fiery martyrdom.

I ventured to express the hope that her fate was as exceptional as her beauty. On the contrary, she is one of thousands. The Doctor spread before me a volume of statistics.

"Observe the chemical constituents," said he: "meconic acid, meconine, morphia, narcotine, narceia, etc. The beneficent function of opium, belladonna, and night-shade, as a sedative or anodyne, can not be too highly extolled. Applied externally, taken into the stomach, or administered hypodermically, with caution in all cases, who shall gainsay the soporific virtues of the infatuating drug? Note the sale of it in every form: Laudanum, elixir (the deodorized tincture), wine of opium, black drop (opium vinegar), and paregoric. Look into the obscure houses of San Francisco, where white men and women are furnished with pipes and pots of opium paste. Consider these official figures: In 1840 twenty-four thousand pounds of opium were imported into the United States—a pound of opium for every seven hundred and thirty-three inhabitants. In 1872 the importation amounted to four hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-four pounds—a pound for every one hundred and twenty inhabitants. Forty thousand dollars supplied our opium market in 1840; we now pay two millions of dollars per annum. The importations have increased nine hundred per cent. since 1840; and the consumption of opium has outrun the growth of the population nearly four times over in the last third of a century, and this in spite of the four-fold increase in the price of the drug!"

I was appalled at the statements set down in black and white. I was about to suggest the feasibility of cultivating hypnotism as a fine art, and of developing clairvoyance, so that it may, if possible, become available as a substitute for this calamitous passion. I looked to the mesmerist for a potential cure, and turning to the doctor was startled to find his eyes fixed upon vacancy; he had fallen into a nervous tremor. I sprang from my chair; he seized me by the wrist, and, with a smile which was not his own, said:

"Will you feast with the *theriaki?* Will you submit for once to the spell that binds the *opiophagist* to the body of this death?"

He dragged me to the door of an inner chamber, unlocked it, and pushed me forward. There was his couch, his pipes, his lamp, and various jars, the uses of which I at once suspected. The unmistakable odor which he had referred to as permeating the chamber of the Dream Lady was noticeable here. He begged me to join him in this sensuous and fashionable dissipation. He threw himself upon his pillow; he trimmed his lamp with a care that would have done credit to one of the seven wise virgins; his eyes sparkled with anticipation; he filled the room with white clouds; the air was sickening. At intervals he begged me to join him, growing calmer and less urgent by degrees, until I saw the pipe slide from his relaxing fingers, and the lamp burn blue in the dense and fœtid vapor.

He had followed in the footsteps of the Dream Lady and of all of the dream children who feed on the baleful drug. In imagination I saw hundreds of thousands of willing or unwilling victims dragged at the wheel of relentless fortune, and doomed to a common fate. With horror I turned from the chamber of his sacrifice and fled into the street. It was silent as the grave. The last train was about to meet the ferry, and with the proud scorn which is the birthright of the metropolis I shook the dust of the Athens of the Pacific from my retreating feet.

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Russian proverbs: The wolf asked the goat to dinner, but the goat declined. A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams. The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf. Dog, why do you bark? To frighten the wolves away. Dog, why do you keep your tail between your legs? I am afraid of the wolf. Love, fire, and cough can not be hid. Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of the axe. Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth. Bread and salt humble a robber. A full stomach is deaf to instruction. If you hunt two hares you will catch neither. You may shut the door on the devil, but he will enter by the window. Praise not the crop until it is stacked. It is not necessary to plow and sow fools; they grow themselves. Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire. A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out. No bones are broken by a mother's fist. Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praise I sing. Lies march on rotten legs. Who lies will steal.

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Julian Rix, the artist, has settled down to the elaboration of the beautiful sketches he took during his vacation trip to Austin Creek and the neighborhood of Duncan's Mills. These sketches—some twenty or more in number—are in oil, and give beautiful ideas of color and effect, and will be the realistic basis of many a fine landscape from this talented and industrious worker during the winter months. Rix is improving wonderfully in his handling of subjects, and this last batch of sketches is indicative of something in the line of landscape painting that will certainly be appreciated by those who love and who patronize art.

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At the French Bazaar io the Albert Hall a lady was dispensing tea. A solemn gentleman approached and asked the price of a cup. "One shilling," replied the lady; and he put down a shilling. Before handing him the cup the lady raised it to her lips, and observed that the price was now a sovereign. The solemn gentleman gravely replaced his shilling with a sovereign, and said: "Be good enough to give me a clean cup."

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Little Annie plays so hard in these vacation days that she does not become so round and rosy as her mother would like. Not long since, as she was having her Saturday night bath, her mother said: "Oh, Annie, dear, what shall I do with you? I believe you grow thinner and thinner every day!" Annie thoughtfully regarded her mother for a moment, then asked very seriously, "Am I thin enough yet, do you think, to be mother of a paper doll?"

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Julius C. Green, proprietor of the Millbrae Dairy, is nominated for Sheriff. The Convention had proceeded no further in nominations at the time of closing our forms Friday afternoon.

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Mr. Bradford P. Flint is nominated by the Republican party of San Francisco for Mayor. He is, we are informed, a wool merchant. Those who know him speak well of him.

## SENATOR BOOTH'S SPEECH.

It is most refreshing, after listening to the empty and meaningless political harangues of party demagogues and office-seekers, to read the speech of a gentleman. The address of Senator Booth at Platt's Hall, on the evening of August 1st, was a model of dignity and moderation, containing ideas, and clothed in something like scholarly diction. Free from passionate declamation, free from personal abuse, it was an appeal to the sense and understanding of intelligent people. After the dull reading of platitudes from a manuscript by Hugh Glenn, ignorant commonplaces of White, the beastly blasphemies of Kearney, the mendacious and cowardly slanders of Gorham, the shallow appeals to sectional prejudice of Sargent, and the rabble-rousing, vulgar eloquence of such stump orators as Terry, Howard, Marshall, and others, it is indeed a treat to hear a political oration, temperate in tone, chaste in language, and moderate in utterance. We regret that our space confines us to extracts from an address which is so perfect as a whole, and which, if properly distributed, will in our judgment do more to influence votes than a hundred flippant and ill-considered political stump speeches. Senator Booth's utterances carry with them strength and conviction, because of his high personal and political character, and because the community that has honored him believe in his sincerity and that he utters none but honest sentiments. The opening sentence of his speech is complete in itself. He said:

Ladies and gentlemen:—I believe that the best interests of the State and nation, the good order of society, the general welfare, the protection of each in the enjoyment of his own, the security of equal rights before the law, will be subserved by the success of the Republican party at the September election. This is my text.

After eulogizing the personal character of George C. Perkins in fitting and modest terms, he says:

In 1871 I received the Republican nomination for Governor. The only reason for my nomination was my identification with the anti-monopoly wing of the party. I had the original, earnest, and steadfast support of Mr. Perkins. In 1873 I was elected to the United States Senate, after a contest made directly before the people on questions of railroad policy. Mr. Perkins supported me and voted for me, under circumstances and against persuasions which would have moved a man whose convictions are not steadfast. They did not disturb him. Of course, I am not here to give Mr. Perkins a certificate of character. He does not need it. The charge has been made that if elected he will be subservient to the Central Pacific Railroad Company. I point to his record as a refutation. The man who could maintain the position he did has independence enough to fairly meet any questions which may arise on the subject of corporations. He is not made of the kind of stuff which is subservient to any one. With George C. Perkins for Governor, and A. L. Rhodes for Chief Justice, the people of this State will have perfect assurance that the executive and judicial departments will be presided over my men of unsullied purity, and of ability equal to their high positions. * * * * * *

Acknowledging no fealty to party which is not subordinate to private conscience and public duty; holding country higher than party, and justice superior to both, I am here to declare my earnest conviction that the honor and welfare of the State and nation, and the object of all government—the security of each in the enjoyment of his rights as an individual—will be best subserved by the success of the Republican party at the approaching election. I disparage no candidate, attack no character, impugn no motive. I concede to others the sincerity which I claim for myself. I concede, too, that Republicans are not all saints; that the party is a human instrumentality; that it contains a great deal of human nature; that ambitious men may seek to rise through it, selfish men to secure private aims through it, that hypocrites may wear its livery; and of what institution—civil or ecclesiastical—in the world's history may not this be said? But I do affirm that it is a party of great ideas, splendid achievements, lofty aims, patriotic impulses, and principles broad as humanity itself. I do affirm that the honor of the nation, the welfare of the State, the good order of society, and that liberty of the individual, protected by law, which is the best achievement of civilization, are safer in its hands than in those of any other, whether it be of yesterday, last year, or fifty years ago. For the purpose of making a diversion and raising a false issue, the charge is made, reiterated, and scattered broadcast, that the success of the Republican party in this State this year means the dominance of the Central Pacific Railroad Company over the State Government. I deny it. I make the denial bold, broad, and absolute. The Central Pacific and other railroad companies have a direct and immediate interest in the selection of Railroad Commissioners. They have the same kind of interest which other holders of property have in the choice of a State Board of Equalization. If the charge were sincere, if it were not made for effect, attention would be directed to these offices, in place of the unjust attack on the head of the Republican ticket, who, when elected Governor, will have less to do with the interest of the railroad than the Assessor of any county through which it passes. If, however, Mr. Perkins were a candidate for Railroad Commissioner, I could proclaim my belief that he is a just man, and that the people could trust him to do right. I have known him winters and summers, and I can not be shaken in this belief by false clamor for partisan effect. * * *

The people of the State have a right to expect and demand that the rates of freights and fares shall be just and reasonable. They desire nothing in anger or by way of punishment. They will not tolerate discriminations in favor or against persons or places. They want rights, not favors—equal rights under the law. The power to discriminate is too great and dangerous to be confined to the arbitrary exercise of any one. They recognize that classifications of freight are necessary; but they deny that these should be changed arbitrarily with a view to increase the railroads' profit. They deny the right of a railroad company to advance the freights of any article when its market price advances, and thus make themselves partners with producers and manufacturers. These things, as I have said, are to be accomplished not in anger, or passion, or revenge, but in a spirit of fairness and justness, and under the majesty of the law. They are no longer topics for agitation and partisan appeal, but for judicial consideration and decision. To ask more than this is to deserve less. In all the phases of the railroad question in this State—and it has had many—Mr. Perkins has always been fairly abreast of the best public opinion, and far, far in advance of many who now denounce him. It has ever been the part of new converts to attempt to atone for loss of time by a display of zeal, and to substitute violence for faith. In the choice of a friend, a business agent, or a public officer, which do you prefer, character or cast-iron pledges?

Discussing the question of land monopoly, the Senator said:

The effect of the large land holdings in this State demands patient, thoughtful, and dispassionate consideration. The evil is admitted, and some remedy should be earnestly sought, which, without doing violence to rights acquired under existing laws, should prevent it from increasing and entailing itself upon the future. The good order, and orderly progress of society, the perpetuity of Republican institutions in spirit as well as in form, depend more upon an equitable division of lands than upon anything else. If every man in this country could live in his own house, cultivate his own lands, we should have a bond of faith for security and progress, wise laws and good government.

Referring to water rates, and Chinese immigration, which he regarded as the question of vital and paramount interest, he expressed the opinion "that its present importance was only exceeded by the magnitude of its possible results; and that, in the not distant future, the practical issue would have to be met as to whether the civilization of this coast, its society, morals, and industries, should be of American or Asiatic type." Leaving the discussion of local questions and referring to national affairs, he said:

That the contest next year for the election of President and the control of Congress will be doubtful, it would be useless to deny. That every State election this year, whether in Maine, Ohio, New York, or California, is a part of that contest, it would be idle to conceal. The Republicans of California stand in line with their brethren of the Eastern States, and purpose to stand or fall with them. Since the fourth of last March, for the first time in seventeen years, the Democratic party has had a majority in both houses of Congress. It has been bold and aggressive. It is announced that the verdict of history is to be reversed; that the principle of State sovereignty, for which the Rebellion was fought, is to be vindicated, and that its only crime was its failure. The measures of the Republican party during the war, and during the still more difficult period of reconstruction, are impeached, their authors maligned, and the intention announced of repealing them all. The Democrats of the South claim that if there was any virtue in putting down the Rebellion and saving the Union, it belongs to the Democratic party of the North, and the Democrats of the North concede that hereafter the principles on which the Rebellion justified itself are to be recognized as the true interpretation of the Government. * * * * *

Nullification and secession are as open questions as when Calhoun argued for them or the Confederacy fought for them! Examine the debates on the Democratic side at the extra session of Congress. You will find one principal underlying them all: that the Government of the United States has only jurisdiction in any State by the State's consent. It was contended by all the Democratic speakers that Congress had no power to pass laws to secure a fair election of members of Congress. It was contended, without dispute on the Democratic side, that the President of the United States had no right to use the army to enforce Federal laws in any State, except on the demand of the Governor or Legislature of such State. That goes a bow-shot further than Buchanan's celebrated sentence in regard to the coercion of States; admit it, and you make secession as easy as a town muster. I think these things ought to be a bugle call to summon every Republican into line. Not only the future policy of the Government is at issue, but the memories of a past, made sacred by sacrifice, are at stake. In the tremendous conflict that divided the nation, heroism may have been equal, but there was a right and a wrong—and they were too widely divided for the wrong to be reinstated in power before the generation which was scarred by the battle has passed away. The achievements of the Republican party make a great chapter in history—one of the grandest in the book of time. Was ever a party confronted with so many difficulties which made so few mistakes? It is to-day a moral power and patriotic force, which humanity can not spare. * * * * * * *

It has been charged—and that was the animus of most of the Democratic speeches at the late session of Congress—that the Republican party was in favor of military control of elections and the interference of the army in civil affairs. The charge is as ridiculous as false—an army of less than twenty-five thousand men, two-thirds of it guarding an Indian frontier, to influence or control forty-five millions of people! There was a time when the Republican party, administering this Government, controlled an armed power. When the rebellion was crushed there were more than a million of Union soldiers in arms, inured to toil and hardship, accustomed to discipline, proud of their leaders, flushed with victory. There was a time when power could have been perpetuated by force. At a breath of law this armed host, invincible to any power on earth, melted into civil life, and became indistinguishable in the peaceful pursuits of industry. History will point to that as the supreme triumph of the time. It is an abnegation of power which has no parallel in human affairs. It has been charged (the charge is as old as the party itself) that the Republican party was hostile to State rights and local government. At the close of the war eleven States were at its feet. It could have wiped out their boundaries, changed their names, made them military dependencies. Its chief care was to rehabilitate them, and restore them to proper relations with the Federal Union. It would be amusing, if it were not serious, to watch the average close construction Democrat of to-day, who believes the war has settled nothing, and that nothing has been settled since the resolutions of '98, parsing through the Federal Constitution to show by copulatives and disjunctives just where the boundary line is between State and national sovereignty, and precisely how the General Government exists by sufferance of the States. It is the satire of the time, and of all time, to see men claiming the especial care of the letter of the Constitution to-day who but yesterday were striving to rend the instrument to pieces and scatter it to the winds. Next year there will be a tremendous conflict between these two great forces, moral and political—the Republican and Democratic parties. This year there is a marshaling of the forces. Can California afford to be absent from the Republican line? If I have not convinced you, I at least am convinced that the best interests of the State and nation, the good order of society, and its orderly advancement, the protection of each in the enjoyment of his own, and the security of equal rights under the law, will be subserved by the success of the Republican party at the September election.

We mistake the character and temper of the Republican party, and we have underrated its intelligence and its patriotism, if the reasoning of such men as Senator Booth, General Miller, John F. Swift, and other eminent Republican orators, who are certainly not railroad hirelings, will not have the effect to swing back those who have been temporarily alienated from its ranks. There was a time when we feared that many Republicans, stirred by the insidious appeals of agitators, and influenced by the defections of traitors, vexed by the insolance of corporations, and alarmed at the encroachments and exactions of corporate power, might forget their allegiance to the Republican organization; that under the spurious and artful logic of Terry, Howard, and others they might be estranged from the party that embodied the highest and best sentiments of republican government, and cast their votes for one whose highest claim to executive honor was that he was a Democrat, born in Virginia, reared in Missouri, had not been educated at Harvard, owned one hundred thousand acres of land, worked Chinese coolies, and voted for the new Constitution. This danger we regard as passed, and the Repulican who does not vote for George C. Perkins for Governor, A. L. Rhodes for Chief Justice, and their party associates, will display neither intelligence, patriotism, nor fidelity to principle.

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We are not as enthusiastic over the possibility of an isthmus canal at Panama or Nicaragua as some of our friends. We are not convinced that San Francisco would be advantaged by it to the degree that is prophesied. We fear that the line of oriental trade would be so far from us that our port of San Francisco would suffer. We are now in the direct trade of India; one railroad and soon two others will be prepared to transport the merchandise of Asia across our continent, San Francisco being the point of distribution. This is not a local question alone to be considered by New York and San Francisco. It is a national one, in which Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, and all the great States and cities of the interior are interested. All the railroads, canals, towns, and farms of interior America will not think themselves advantaged by seeing the commerce of the oriental lands shipped from oriental shores direct to Liverpool or other European ports, paying no tribute to our people and affording no employment to our interior lines of transportation. Reserving to ourselves the privilege of considering and maturing an opinion upon this important question, we are not quite prepared to gush over Mr. Ferdinand Lesseps and this enterprise of dividing our Americas by a ship canal.

## PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

Le dépit de ne pouvoir épouser l'homme qu'elles aiment, fait souvent accepter aux jeunes filles l'époux qu'elles n'aiment pas. A mon sens, il vaudrait beaucoup mieux qu'elles ne se mariassent point; car dans une union mal assortie, le temps amène tôt ou tard deux malheurs inévitables: un parjure pour la femme, un ridicule pour le mari.—*Adolphe Ricard.*

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Autographe d'une de nos célébrités littéraires, copié dans un album: "Ce qui est quelquefois décourageant, c'est de voir que le génie humain a des limites, tandis que la bêtaise humaine n'en a pas. Ne discutez jamais, vous ne convaincrez personne. Les opinions sont comme des clous, plus on tape dessus, plus on les enfonce."—*Alexandre Dumas, fils.*

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Une première aventure qui inspire le fatuité à un jeune homme rend la fausseté nécessaire aux femmes; on a obligé un sexe à rougir de ce qui fait la gloire de l'autre.—*Duclos.*

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La fausseté est aussi nécessaire aux femmes que le corset. La violence des maris a toujours produit la ruse. Il est évident que les femmes comprimées en tout sens, n'ont de ressource que la fausseté. Le tort en retombe sur le sexe persécuteur et sur la civilisation qui, en amour comme en politique, asservit le fort au faible.—*Charles Fourier.*

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Si les femmes ètaient telles naturellement qu'elles le deviennent par artifice, qu'elles perdissent en un moment toute la fraîcheur de leur teint, qu'elles eussent le visage aussi allumé et aussi plombé qu'elles se le font par le rouge et par la peinture dont elles se fardent, elles seraient inconsolables.—*La Bruyère.*

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Le plus puissant de tous les obstacles à la durée des feux de l'amour, c'est de n'en avoir plus à vaincre et de se nourrir uniquement d'eux-mêmes. L'univers n'a jamais vu de passion soutenir cette épreuve.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

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En amour, ce sont moins les occasions qui nous manquent que nous qui les manquons:

Il est d'heureux moments, des moments où le cœur
Est ouvert sans défense et n'attend qu'un vainqueur;
Mais il faut les saisir, il faut qu'on les épie:
L'occasion est une et veut être ravie.—*Dupaty.*

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Vouloir oublier quelqu'un, c'est y penser. L'amour a cela de commun avec les scrupules, qu'il s'aigrit par les réflexions et les retours que l'on fait pour s'en délivrer. Il faut, s'il se peut, ne pas songer à sa passion, pour l'affaiblir.—*La Bruyère.*

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Les femmes se complaisent tellement dans la flatterie qu'il n'est pas jusqu'à la plus laide et à la plus maussade à qui vous ne puissiez persuader qu'elle est aimable et jolie.—*Aug. Guyard.*

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Le premier amour qui entre dans le cœur est le dernier qui sorte de la mémoire.—*Petit-Senn.*

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Il y a des femmes qui sont puissantes par le seul son de la voix. Elles touchent, elles remuent le cœur; et on les aime avant d'avoir même songé à les regarder.—*Saint Prosper.*

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L'amour est comme la fièvre, il naît et s'éteint sans que la volonté y ait la moindre part.—*Stendhal.*

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En songeant à une jeune femme dont les rigueurs le faisaient souffrir, un poète amoureux se disait à lui-même:

Allons, allons revoir l'objet de mon tourment,
Ses yeux, d'un seul regard, peuvent en ce moment,
Soulager l'ardeur qui me tue.
Mais je me flatte en vain d'un si charmant espoir;
Pour guérir, je cherche à la voir:
Et tout mon mal ne vient que de l'avoir trop vue.

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L'amour n'a pas besoin de nos paroles pour se faire voir; il a un langage muet plus éloquent que l'éloquence, et les yeux se font beaucoup mieux entendre que la bouche. C'est dans les yeux que la langue du cœur est écrite.—*Mme. Cottin.*

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Peu des femmes savent se consoler de la perte de leurs charmes; cesser de plaire, c'est pour elles cesser de vivre.—*P. Rochpèdre.*

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Une jolie femme est un charmant joujou qui plait à tout le monde; mais quand elle n'est que jolie, les hommes d'esprit s'en amusent et les sots s'en amourachent.—*Adolphe Ricard.*

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Il est aussi ridicule de jurer à une femme qu'on l'aimera toujours que de soutenir qu'on se portera toujours bien ou qu'on sera toujours heureux. La femme pourrait aussi jurer qu'elle ser a toujours belle et aimable.

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Le mariage est un roman dont la préface seule est attrayante. Malheureusement cette préface est courte, et le livre est souvent bien ennuyeux et fort long.

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A literal translation from the French:

In a circle—vicious—of which the members are animated of the sentiments of mistrust the best founded, and mister of appearance strangely suspected lets fall several cards of his pocket in drawing his handkerchief.

All the world raises himself.

"Do not make attention," says the mister, in reassuring the attendance with a gesture; "it is for another circle."

All the world reseats himself.

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But yesterday the busy bees
Were clustering on the locust trees,
When one poor drone, all covered o'er
With sweat that oozed from every pore
And drenched his form,
Approached his lithe and active queen—
"Of all the blithering weather seen
This is the worst!" he gasping cried;
"Hive so observed," the queen replied,
"Indeed it's swarm."

## THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.

### The Small Gold Box.

[*Time*—The year 1937. *Place*—The National Capital. *Dramatis personæ*—Hon. Daniel Webster Wanlee, Mongolian member of Congress from California. Mr. Walsingham Brown, his friend, who had just come on from New York in the pneumatic tube. They are warming themselves before a thermo-electrode, and reading the *Interminable Intelligencer*. President Trimbelly has just been elected as successor to President Riley. Conspicuous among the guests are Mrs. Riley and Miss Nora Riley; General Quong, just defeated for the Presidency as candidate of the Mongol Vegetarian party; the Chinese Ambassador; Secretary and Mrs. Quimby; Count Schencke, the Austrian Ambassador; Mrs. Hoyette and the Misses Hoyette, of New York; Senator Newton, of Massachusetts, and his lovely daughter. *Scene*—Ballroom at the capitol, lighted by the hydrolectic process; music from the Conservatoire at Paris, by the telephone. Wanlee in love with Miss Newton, daughter of the Senator from Massachusetts, an old-fashioned conservative, with a prejudice against Wanlee by reason of his nationality and his political principles. The lovely Clara—Miss Newton—reciprocates the love of the Mongolian. Story opens in the great ballroom in the capitol building.]

"Let us not lose this lovely waltz," said Miss Newton, putting her hand upon Wanlee's shoulder. "It will be my first this evening."

"Then you have not danced?" asked Wanlee, as they glided off together.

"No, Daniel," said Miss Newton, "I haven't danced with any gentleman."

The Mongolian thanked her with a smile.

"I have made good use of Francesco, however," she went on. "What a blessing a competent professional partner is! Only think, our grandmothers, and even our mothers, were obliged to sit dismally around the walls waiting the pleasure of their high and mighty—"

She paused suddenly, for a shade of annoyance had fallen upon her partner's face. "Forgive me if I have wounded you. You know, love, that I would not—"

"I know it," he interrupted. "You are too good and too noble to let that weigh a feather's weight in your estimate of the Man. You never pause to think that my mother and my grandmother were not accustomed to meet your mother and your grandmother in society—for the very excellent reason," he continued, with a little bitterness in his tone, "that my mother had her hands full in my father's laundry in San Francisco, while my grandmother's social ideas hardly extended beyond the cabin of our ancestral san-pan on the Yang-tse-Kiang. *You* do not care for that. But there are others—"

They waltzed on for some time in silence, he thoughtful and moody, and she sympathetically concerned.

"And the Senator; where is he to-night?" asked Wanlee at last.

"Papa!" said the girl, with a frightened little glance over her shoulder. "Oh! papa merely made his appearance to bring me and because it was expected of him. He has gone home to work on his tiresome speech against the Vegetables."

"Do you think," asked Wanlee, after a few minutes, whispering the words very slowly and very low, "that the Senator has any suspicion?"

"It was her turn now to manifest embarrassment. "I am very sure," she replied, "that papa has not the least idea in the world of it all. And that is what worries me. I constantly feel that we are walking together on a volcano. I know that we are right, and that heaven means it to be just as it is; yet I can not help trembling in my happiness. You know as well as I do the antiquated and absurd notions that still prevail in Massachusetts, and that papa is a conservative among the conservatives. He respects your ability—that I discovered long ago. Whenever you speak in the House, he reads your remarks with great attention. I think," she continued with a forced laugh, "that your arguments bother him a good deal."

"This must have an end, Clara," said the Chinaman, as the music ceased and the waltzers stopped. "I can not allow you to remain a day longer in this equivocal position. My honor and your own peace of mind require that there shall be an explanation to your father. Have you the courage to stake all our happiness on one bold move?"

"I have courage," frankly replied the girl, "to go with you before my father and tell him all. And, furthermore," she continued, slightly pressing his arm, and looking into his face with a charming blush, "I have courage even beyond that."

"You beloved little Puritan!" was his reply.

As they passed out of the Hall of Representatives, they encountered Mr. Walsingham Brown with Miss Hoyette of New York. The New York lady spoke cordially to Miss Newton, but recognized Wanlee with a rather distant bow. Wanlee's eyes sought and met those of his friend, "I may need your counsel before morning," he said in a low voice.

"All right, my dear fellow," said Mr. Brown. "Depend on me." And the two couples separated.

The Mongolian and his Massachusetts sweetheart drifted with the tide into the supper room. Both were preoccupied with their own thoughts. Almost mechanically, Wanlee led his companion to a corner of the supper room, and established her in a seat behind a screen of palmettos, sheltered from the observation of the throng.

"It is nice of you to bring me here," said the girl, "for I am hungry after our waltz."

Intimate as their souls had become, this was the first time that she had ever asked him for food. It was an innocent and natural request, yet Wanlee shuddered when he heard it, and bit his under lip to conceal his agitation. He looked from behind the palmettos at the tables, loaded with delicate viands, and surrounded by men eagerly pressing forward to obtain refreshment for the ladies in their care. Wanlee shuddered again at the spectacle. After a momentary hesitation he returned to Miss Newton, seated himself beside her, and, taking her hand in his, began to speak deliberately and earnestly.

"Clara," he said, "I am going to ask you for a final proof of your affection. Do not start or look alarmed, but hear me patiently. If, after hearing me, you still bid me bring you a *pâté*, or the wing of a fowl, or a salad, or even a plate of fruit, I will do so, though it wrench the heart in my bosom. But first listen to what I have to say."

"Certainly, I will listen to all you have to say," she replied. "You know enough of the political theories that divide parties," he went on, nervously examining the rings on her slender fingers, "to be aware that what I conscientiously believe to be true is very different from what you have been educated to believe."

"I know," said Miss Newton, "that you are a Vegetarian, and do not approve the use of meat. I know that you have spoken eloquently in the House on the right of every living being to protection in its life, and that that is the theory of your party. Papa says that it is demagogy—that the opposition parade an absurd and sophistical theory in order to win votes and get themselves into office. Still, I know that a great many excellent people, friends of ours in Massachusetts, are coming to believe with you; and, of course, loving you as I do, I have the firmest faith in the honesty of your convictions. You are not a demagogue, Daniel. You are above pandering to the radicalism of the rabble. Neither my father nor all the world could make me think the contrary."

Mr. Daniel Webster Wanlee squeezed her hand, and went on:

"Living as you do in the most ultra-conservative of circles, dear Clara, you have had no opportunity to understand the tremendous significance and force of the movement that is now sweeping over the land, and of which I am a very humble representative. It is something more than a political agitation; it is an upheaval and reorganization of society on the basis of science and abstract Right. It is fit and proper that I, belonging to a race that has only recently been emancipated and enfranchised by the march of ideas, should stand in the advance guard—in the forlorn hope, it may be—of the new revolution."

His flaming eyes were now looking directly into hers. Although a little troubled by his earnestness, she could not hide her proud satisfaction in his manly bearing.

"We believe that every Animal is born free and equal," he said; "that the humblest polyp or the most insignificant mollusk has an equal right with you or me to life and the enjoyment of happiness. Why, are we not all brothers? Are we not all children of a common Evolution? What are we human animals but the more favored members of the great family? Is Senator Newton, of Massachusetts, further removed in intelligence from the Australian bushman than the Australian bushman or the Flathead Indian is removed from the ox which Senator Newton orders slain to yield food for his family? Have we a right to take the paltriest life that Evolution has given? Is not the butchery of an ox or of a chicken murder—nay, fratricide—in the view of absolute justice? Is it not cannibalism of the most repulsive and cowardly sort to prey upon the flesh of our defenseless brother animals, and to sacrifice their lives and rights to an unnatural appetite that has no foundation save in the habit of long ages of barbarian selfishness?"

"I have never thought of these things," said Miss Clara, slowly. "Would you elevate them to the suffrage—I mean the ox, and the chicken, and the baboon?"

"There spoke the daughter of the Senator from Massachusetts," cried Wanlee. "No, we would not give them the suffrage—at least not at present. The right to live and enjoy life is a natural, an inalienable right. The right to vote depends upon the conditions of society and of individual intelligence. The ox, the chicken, the baboon, are not yet prepared for the ballot. But they are voters in embryo; they are struggling up through the same process that our own ancestors underwent, and it is a crime, an unnatural, horrible thing, to cut off their career, their future, for the sake of a meal!"

"Those are noble sentiments, I must admit," said Miss Newton, with considerable enthusiasm.

"They are the sentiments of the Mongol-Vegetarian party," said Wanlee. "They will carry the country in 1940, and elect the next President of the United States."

"I admire your earnestness," said Miss Newton, after a pause, "and I will not grieve you by asking you to bring me even so much as a chicken's wing. I do not think I could eat it now, with your words still in my ears. A little fruit is all that I want."

"Once more," said Wanlee, taking the fair girl's hand again, "I must request you to consider. The principles, my dearest, that I have already enunciated are the principles of the great mass of our party. They are held even by the respectable, easy-going, not over-sensitive voters, such as constitute the bulk of every political organization. But there are a few of us who stand on ground still more advanced. We do not expect to bring the laggards up to our line for years, perhaps not in our lifetime. We simply carry the accepted theory to its logical conclusions, and calmly await ultimate results."

"And what is your ground, pray?" she inquired. "I can not see how anything could be more dreadfully radical—that is, more bewildering and generally upsetting at first sight—than the ground which you just took."

"If what I have said is true—and I believe it to be true—then how can we escape including the vegetable kingdom in our proclamation of emancipation from man's tyranny? The tree, the plant, even the fungus, have they not individual life, and have they not also the right to live?"

"But how—"

"And indeed," continued the Chinaman, not noticing the interruption, "who can say where vegetable life ends and animal life begins? Science has tried in vain to draw the boundary line. I hold that to uproot a potato is to destroy an existence certainly, although perhaps remotely, akin to ours. To pluck a grape is to maim the living vine; and to drink the juice of the grape is to outrage consanguinity. In this broad, elevated view of the matter, it becomes a duty to refrain from vegetable food. Nothing less than the vital principal itself becomes the test and tie of universal brotherhood. 'All living things are born free and equal, and have a right to existence and the enjoyment of existence.' Is not that a beautiful thought?"

"It is a beautiful thought," said the maiden. "But—I know you will think me dreadfully cold, and practical, and unsympathetic—but how are *we* to live? Have *we* no right, too, to existence? Must we starve to death in order to establish the theoretical right of vegetables not to be eaten?"

"My dear love," said Wanlee, "that would be a serious and perplexing question had not the latest discovery of science already solved it for us."

He took from his waistcoat pocket a small gold box, scarcely larger than a watch, and opened the cover. In the palm of her white hand he placed a little pastille.

"Eat it," said he, "it will satisfy your hunger."

She put the morsel into her mouth. "I would do as you bade me," she said, "even if it were poison."

"It is not poison," he rejoined. "It is nourishment in the only rational form."

"It is tasteless; almost without substance."

"Yet it will support life from eighteen to twenty-five days. This little gold box holds food enough to afford subsistence to the entire Seventy-sixth Congress for a month."

She took the box and curiously examined its contents.

"And how long would it support my life—for more than a year, perhaps?"

"Yes, for more than ten—more than twenty years. I will not bore you with chemical and physiological facts," continued Wanlee; "but you must know that the food which we take, in whatever form, resolves into what are called proximate principles—starch, sugar, oleine, fibrin, albumen, and so on. These are selected and assimilated by the organs of the body, and go to build up the necessary tissues. But all these proximate principles, in their turn, are simply combinations of the ultimate chemical elements, chiefly carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. It is upon these elements that we depend for sustenance. By the old plan we obtained them indirectly. They passed from the earth and the air into the grass; from the grass into the muscular tissues of the ox; and from the beef into our own person; loaded down and encumbered by a mass of useless, irrelevant matter. The German chemists have discovered how to supply the needed elements in compact, undiluted form—here they are in this little box. Now shall mankind go direct to the fountain-head of nature for his aliment; now shall the old roundabout, cumbrous, inhuman method be at an end; now shall the evils of gluttony and its attendant vices cease; now shall the brutal murdering of fellow animals and brother vegetables for ever stop—now shall all this be since the new, holy cause has been consecrated by the lips I love."

He bent and kissed those lips. Then he suddenly looked up and saw Mr. Walsingham Brown standing at his elbow.

"You are observed — compromised, I fear," said Mr. Brown, burriedly. "That Italian dancer in your employ, Miss Newton, has been following you like a hound. I have been paying him the same gracious attention. He has just left the Capitol post haste. I fear there may be a scene."

The brave girl, with clear eyes, gave her Mongolian lover a look worth to him a year of life. "There shall be no scene," she said; "we will go at once to my father, Daniel, and bear ourselves the tale which Francesco would carry."

The three left the Capitol without delay. At the head of Pennsylvania Avenue they entered a great building, lighted as brilliantly as the Capitol itself. An elevator took them down toward the bowels of the earth. At the fourth landing they passed from the elevator into small carriages, luxuriously upholstered. Mr. Walsingham Brown touched an ivory knob at the end of the conveyance. A man in uniform presented himself at the door.

"To Boston," said Mr. Walsingham Brown.

The Senator from Massachusetts sat in the library of his mansion on North Street at two o'clock in the morning. An expression of astonishment and rage distorted his pale, cold features. The pen had dropped from his fingers, blotting the last sentences written upon the manuscript of his great speech—for Senator Newton still adhered to the ancient fashion of recording thought. The blotted sentences were these:

"The logic of events compels us to acknowledge the political equality of these Asiatic invaders—shall I say conquerors?—of our Indo-European institutions. But the logic of events is often repugnant to common sense, and its conclusions abhorrent to patriotism and right. The sword has opened for them the way to the ballot-box; but, Mr. President, and I say it deliberately, no power under heaven can unlock for these aliens the sacred approaches to our homes and our hearts."

Beside the Senator stood Francesco, the professional dancer. His face wore a look of malicious triumph.

"With the Chinaman? Miss Newton—my daughter?" gasped the Senator. "I do not believe you. It is a lie."

"Then come to the capital, your Excellency, and see it with your own eyes," said the Italian.

The door was quickly opened, and Clara Newton entered the room, followed by the Hon. Mr. Wanlee and his friend.

"There is no need of making that excursion, papa," said the girl. "You can see it with your own eyes here and now. Francesco, leave the house."

The Senator bowed with forced politeness to Mr. Walsingham Brown. Of the presence of Wanlee he took not the slightest notice. Senator Newton attempted to laugh.

"This is a pleasantry, Clara," he said; "a practical jest, designed by yourself and Mr. Brown for my midnight diversion. It is a trifle unseasonable."

"It is no jest," replied his daughter, bravely. She then went up to Wanlee and took his hand in hers. "Papa," she said, "this is a gentleman of whom you already know something. He is our equal in station, in intellect, and in moral worth. He is in every way worthy of my friendship and your esteem. Will you listen to what he has to say to you? *Will* you, papa?"

The Senator laughed a short, hard laugh, and turned to Mr. Walsingham Brown. "I have no communication to make to the member of the lower branch," said he. "Why should he have any communication to make to me?"

Miss Newton put her arm around the waist of the young Chinaman, and led him squarely in front of her father.

"Because," she said, in a voice as firm and clear as the note of a silver bell, "because I love him."

In recalling with Wanlee the circumstances of this interview, Mr. Walsingham Brown said long afterward, "She glowed for a moment like the platinum of your thermo-electrode."

"If the member from California," said Senator Newton, without changing the tone of his voice, and still continuing to address himself to Mr. Brown, "has worked upon the sentimentality of this foolish child, that is her misfortune, and mine. It can not be helped now. But if the member from California presumes to hope to profit in the least by his sinister operations, or to enjoy further opportunities for pursuing them, the member from California deceives himself."

So saying he turned around on his chair and began to write on his great speech.

"I come," said Wanlee, slowly, now speaking for the first

time, "as an honorable man to ask of Senator Newton the hand of his daughter in honorable marriage. Her consent has already been given."

"I have nothing further to say," said the Senator, once more turning his cold face toward Mr. Brown. Then he paused an instant, and added with a sneer, "I am told that the member from California is a prophet and apostle of Vegetable Rights. Let him seek a cactus in marriage. He should wed on his own level."

Wanlee, coloring at the wanton insult, was about to leave the room. A quick sign from Miss Newton arrested him.

"But I have something further to say," she cried, with spirit. "Listen, father; it is this: If Mr. Wanlee goes out of the house without a word from you—a word such as is due him from you as a gentleman and as my father—I go with him to be his wife before the sun rises!"

"Go if you will, girl," the Senator coldly replied. "But first consult with Mr. Walsingham Brown, who is a lawyer and a gentleman, as to the tenor and effect of the Suspended Animation Act."

Miss Newton looked inquiringly from one face to another. The words had no meaning to her. Her lover turned suddenly pale and clutched at the back of a chair for support. Mr. Brown's cheeks were also white. He stepped quickly forward, holding out his hands as if to avert some dreadful calamity.

"Surely you would not—" he began. "But no! That is an obsolete law, an inhuman, outrageous enactment that has long been as dead as the partisan fury that prompted it. For a quarter of a century it has been a dead letter on the statute books."

"I was not aware," said the Senator, from between firmly set teeth, "that the act had ever been repealed."

He took from the shelf a volume of statutes and opened the book. "I will read the text," he said. "It will form an appropriate part of the ritual of this marriage." He read as follows:

SECTION 7,391. No male person of Caucasian descent, of or under the age of 25 years, shall marry with any female person of Mongolian descent without the full written consent of his male parent or guardian, as provided by law; and no female person, either maid or widow, under the age of 30 years, of Caucasian parentage, shall give, promise, or contract herself in marriage with any male person of Mongolian descent without the full written and registered consent of her male and female parents or guardians, as provided by law. And any marriage obligations so contracted shall be null and void, and the Caucasian so contracting shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to punishment at the discretion of his or her male parent or guardian, as provided by law.

SECTION 7,392. Such parents or guardians may, at their discretion and upon application to the authorities of the United States District Court for the district within which the offense is committed, deliver the offending person of Caucasian descent to the designated officers and require that his or her consciousness, bodily activities, and vital functions be suspended, by the frigorific process known as the Werkomer process, for a period equal to that which must elapse before the offending person shall arrive at the age of 25 years, if a male, or 30 years, if a female; or for a shorter period at the discretion of the parents or guardians, said shorter period to be fixed in advance.

"What does it mean?" demanded Miss Newton, bewildered by the verbiage of the act, and alarmed by her lover's exclamation of despair.

Mr. Walsingham Brown shook his head, sadly. "It means," said he, "that the cruel sin of the fathers is to be visited upon the children."

"It means, Clara," said Wanlee, with a great effort, "that we must part."

"Understand me, Mr. Brown," said the Senator, rising and motioning impatiently with the hand that held the pen, as if to dismiss both the subject and the intruding party; "I do not employ the Suspended Animation Act as a bugaboo to frighten a silly girl out of her lamentable infatuation. As surely as the law stands, so surely will I put it into effect."

Miss Newton gave her father a long, steady look, which neither Wanlee nor Mr. Brown could interpret, and then slowly led the way to the parlor. She closed the door and locked it. The clock on the mantel said four.

A complete change had come over the girl's manner. The spirit of defiance, of passionate appeal, of outspoken love, had gone. She was calm now, as cold and self-possessed as the Senator himself. "Frozen!" she kept saying under her breath; "he has frozen me already with his frigid heart."

She quickly asked Mr. Walsingham Brown to explain clearly the force and bearings of the statute which her father had read from the book. When he had done so, she inquired:

"Is there not also a law providing for voluntary suspension of animation?"

"The Twenty-seventh Amendment to the Constitution," replied the lawyer, "recognizes the right of any individual, not satisfied with the condition of his life, to suspend that life for a time, long or short, according to his pleasure. But it is rarely, as you know, that any one avails himself of the right—practically never, except as the only means to procure divorce from uncongenial marriage relations."

"Still," she persisted, "the right exists and the way is open."

He bowed. She went to Wanlee and said: "My darling, it must be so. I must leave you for a time, but as your wife. We will arrange a wedding"—and she smiled sadly—"within this hour. Mr. Brown will go with us to the clergyman. Then we will proceed at once to the Refuge, and you yourself shall lead me to the cloister that is to keep me safe till times are better for us. No, do not be startled, my love. The resolution is taken; you cannot alter it. And it will not be so very long, dear. Once, by accident, in arranging my father's papers, I came across his Life Probabilities, drawn up by the Vital Bureau at Washington. He has less than ten years to live. I never thought to calculate in cold blood on the chances of my father's life; but it must be. In ten years, Daniel, you may come to the Refuge again and claim your bride. You will find me as you left me."

With tears streaming down his pale cheeks, the Mongolian strove to dissuade the Caucasian from her purpose. Hardly less affected, Mr. Walsingham Brown joined his entreaties and arguments.

"Have you ever seen," he asked, "a woman who has undergone what you propose to undergo? She went into the Refuge, perhaps, as you will go—fresh, rosy, beautiful, full of life and energy. She comes out a prematurely aged, withered, sallow, flaccid body, a living corpse, a skeleton, a ghost of her former self. In spite of all they say, there can be no absolute suspension of animation. Absolute suspension would be death. Even in the case of the most perfect freezing there is still some activity of the vital functions, and they gnaw and prey upon the existence of the unconscious subject. Will you risk," he suddenly demanded—using the last and most potent argument that can be addressed to a woman—"will you risk the effect that your loss of beauty may have upon Wanlee's love after ten years' separation?"

Clara Newton was smiling now. "For my poor beauty," she replied, "I care very little. Yet perhaps even that may be preserved."

She took from the bosom of her dress the little gold box which the Chinaman had given her in the supper-room of the Capitol, and hastily swallowed its entire contents.

Wanlee now spoke with determination: "Since you have resolved to sacrifice ten years of your life, my duty is with you. I shall share with you the sacrifice and share also the joy of awakening."

She gravely shook her head. "It is no sacrifice for me," she said. "But you must remain in life. You have a great and noble work to perform. Till the oppressed of the lower order of being are emancipated from man's injustice and cruelty, you can not abandon their cause. I think your duty is plain."

"You are right," he said, bowing his head to his breast.

In the gray dawn of the early morning the officials at the Frigorific Refuge in Cambridgeport were astonished by the arrival of a bridal party. The bridegroom's haggard countenance contrasted strangely with the elegance of his full evening toilet, and the bright scarlet bows at his knees seemed a mockery of grief. The bride, in white satin, wore a placid smile on her lovely face. The friend accompanying the two was grave and silent.

Without delay the necessary papers of admission were drawn up and signed, and the proper registration was made upon the books of the establishment. For an instant husband and wife rested in each other's arms. Then she, still cheerful, followed the attendant toward the inner door, while he, pressing both hands upon his tearless eyes, turned away sobbing.

A moment later the intense cold of the congealing chamber caught the bride and wrapped her close in its icy embrace.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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In the city of Brussels, quite in the suburbs, where a quiet street begins to change to a quiet country road, there stands a plain, old-fashioned, brick villa residence, two-stories high, the side entrance protected by a porch, and over house and porch a climbing ivy; not modern, not pretty, but old, old-fashioned, and substantial. Here for many years lived and painted the "crazy" painter of Brussels, Wiertz. On the walls hung colossal pictures, weird, curious, and fantastic, showing wonderful strength and power. In one corner of his gallery you look through an inclosure, and there see a horridly realistic picture of a body buried alive seemingly endeavoring to crawl from the coffin; another device, where the crazy mother is cutting up and boiling her dead child; a kennel so arranged that it is impossible to believe that the picture is not a living dog; a maiden looking out from a half-opened door gives one a genuine surprise. In addition to these devices and tricks to aid the painter's art there are many beautiful pictures. Wiertz obtained the name of "crazy" by reason of his peculiar views of art and his personal eccentricities of character. He was very bitter and contemptuous in his expressions of art criticism by the newspapers, asserted the confident belief that his pictures were equal to those of the old masters, and would allow none of his own to be sold. On one occasion he forged his name to a genuine Rubens, and sent it to the Paris exhibition. The committee rejected it, and refused to hang it in the art gallery, and thus he made the unfortunate judges the laughing stock of Europe. On another occasion the story is told that, after having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de Arnos, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas. Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly conducted the lady to her carriage. Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de Montain de la Cour. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whispered from ear to ear: "Is the Countess de Arnos really in jail for her debts?" Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance toward his noble but unfair customer. As soon as she had refused the portrait, he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words: "In jail for debt!" He exhibited the painting in a jeweler's window, in the principal street in Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous. A few hours later, the Countess was back at Wiertz's studio pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous," etc. "Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself. and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement—that is all." The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city. In 1847 the Belgian government built for him a large studio, and at his death purchased his house and pictures; so that the "Wiertz Gallery" is now a public institution and property of the State, and one of the most interesting of all the picture galleries of Europe.

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An evidence of the advance of civilization in India will be found in the fact that a widow-marriage was celebrated on May 5th, in Girgaum, under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association. The bridegroom, Mr. Dinkur Punt, is the head master of the Belgaum Girls' School, and is a Chitpavan by caste. He is about thirty-six years of age. The bride, Sakhoo Bai, who is only eighteen years of age, is a Deshasth by caste, and she lost her first husband when she was quite young. There was a goodly number of educated natives present at the wedding, and everything passed off quietly and well. It will interest our readers to know that this is the twenty-second widow-marriage on this side of India, the first having taken place in June, 1869. It is scarcely possible that widows will hereafter be burned with the dead bodies of their husbands.

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In a malarial district of Indiana they have a base ball club they call the "Qui nine."

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### If We Knew.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With the patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

### The Modern House that Jack Built.

Behold the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt, stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimâlkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt;
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow, with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Han's inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, that with vermicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Ivan's courts we saw

Robed in senescent garb, that seemed, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth.
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
The old mordacious rat, that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious murricide,
Who let the auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that *kilt*
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

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A member of the Chinese Legation in Washington carries a fan on which is a verse of poetry five thousand years old. The author is dead. The poetry is written in tea-box language, and doesn't rhyme much better than Walt Whitman's poetical effusions. The fan is a curiosity, however, and its owner should have no trouble in "raising the wind" with it.

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Mrs. Shoddy is thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are almost too large; that these ere coupons are too shut up, but that a nice, stylish p ony-ph [illegible] to be just the thing.

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.*

There was never such a period of business depression and such hard times before in San Francisco and California as now. The condition is alarming. The cause is apparent, and the remedy a plain one. Gambling in stocks has ruined many, and injured many more. It has concentrated money in the hands of a few. Centralization of money causes hard times; distribution makes business brisk, money easy, and times good. A hundred thousand Chinese laborers sending even a small percentage of their earnings out of the State makes an important drain, and it is easily demonstrable that an equivalent amount of white laborers would add largely to the population of the State, and contribute largely to its prosperity and progress. But both stock gambling and the Chinese have their compensations The real cause of our hard times, scarcity of money, and suspension of industrial enterprises, is a political one. The foreign population and the unenlightened farmers have brought upon themselves the evils from which the working and the poor men of town and country are now suffering. An insane and altogether absurd idea got abroad among a class of ignorant farmers that they were being over-taxed, and that the wealthy capitalists were being taxed too little. This is to a degree true. The mistake was in the attempted remedy by legislation, and the endeavor to tax mortgages. The result was a natural one: prejudice of the country against the town, and a withholding of city money from country investment, except at extortionate rates of interest; more prejudice in the country; decreasing confidence in money-lenders; and finally, an almost literal suspension of financial dealing outside the city. Contemporaneous with this rural rebellion Kearny was nursed into prominence by the *Chronicle* and *Call*, and the small complaints of tramps and grumblers, who preferred to beg rather than labor, were by these rival journals swelled into a public clamor. To an idle and vagrant piece-club politician was given the importance of a political agitator. At the same time under a Democratic State and Democratic city government there was indecision. There was in San Francisco reckless extravagance and political stealing, lavish expenditure, and criminal neglect in guarding the tax-payer from party spoliation. The ever-blundering Democracy called a convention to change the Constitution. It hoped to gather more spoils. The period was untimely. Demagogy was in the ascendant; one set played upon the ignorant farmers, another pulled its wires upon the ignorant and discontented foreign laborers of the city. Prejudice against the railroad, against rich men, was invoked. Charlatan tailors and shoemakers prated of the wrongs of labor. Mushroom statesmen sprung from the workshops. The sand-lot became an academy, where philosophers discussed the principles of government, and idle, beer-drinking idiots talked learnedly of the relations of capital and labor. Every country bar-room resounded to bucolic eloquence of the "wrongs of labor," the "tyranny of monopolies," the "oppression of capital." In the midst of this frenzy, when passion was at its height, and prejudice ruled the hour, the delegates were chosen to make an organic law. The convention was composed, in the most part, of a sorry lot of old rebels, broken-down politicians, empty-headed demagogues, tinkers and tailors and candle-stick makers, ignorant cooks, hair-frizzers, corset-makers, low Irish, ignorant Germans, vicious native-born political mendicants, Tombs lawyers, and adventurers. The long wrangle frightened capital. Communistic and agrarian rascality frightened every man that had a dollar to lose, and every capitalist began to "hedge," to call in his money, to guard his investments, and protect them from spoliation. The convention adjourned after having submitted a most anomalous mass of experimental laws. Then came an agitation over the adoption of the new Constitution, and all this mass of country prejudice, and city ignorance, passion, discontent, jealousy—all the ill-feeling that comes from ill luck, from losses at stock gambling, from hard times, a dry winter, poor crops, drunkenness, profligacy, crime, and business disappointment—crystalized into expression in favor of the new Constitution. It was to be the panacea of all ills, the cure for dyspepsia, bad luck, and ungodliness. In the meantime foreign money was going home to Europe. Coin was being put into Government four-per-cents. Every new enterprise was suspended, many old ones were abandoned. Money hid itself, like the coward it always is. It went into bank vaults and old stockings. Confidence was destroyed, business languished, property values declined, building was suspended, and all sorts of industries were arrested. Men began to economize, turned out their horses to pasture, put up their carriages, discharged servants, reduced expenses, wore their old clothes, smoked cheap cigars, stayed at home nights, and saved their money. This produced hard times, and hard times is our condition to-day. We ought to be in the full tide of prosperity. Our mines are yielding, our crops are good, the price of grain is promising, immigration is not arrested, the city is full of money. There never was more money in San Francisco than to-day; it is idle, and it will continue to hide until the election is over.

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The remedy for our hard times is the election of the Republican ticket in the State of California and in the city of San Francisco. This new Constitution must be interpreted by intelligent and honest men. If it is put in operation by the same ignorant mob of foreign voters and illiterate political demagogues that passed it, it will prove to California a long and serious calamity, and our hard times will last for ten years. It has some good provisions; it has some bad ones. Its good parts must not be interpreted away, and it must not be interpreted in the interest of one class against another. It must be vitalized by intelligent legislation, and it must be expounded by intelligent judges. To place an unintelligent farmer like Dr. Glenn in the gubernational chair, or an ignorant Irishman like Wm. F. White—one under the rebel influence of David S. Terry, and the other under the control of Denis Kearney—is to give the State over to long years of depression. To make a Chief Justice of Nathaniel Bennett or Robert F. Morrison is to subject the highest law tribunal to the uncertainty of one wanting sobriety or one lacking legal learning and judicial firmness. To select for Mayor of San Francisco an adventurous Baptist preacher, who has not one dollar of property in our city, and whose profession unfits him for political life or the administration of civil affairs, is to deliberately invite a continuance of our present condition of affairs. Unless the people of this State have lost their heads and are crazed; unless all reason, sense, and judgment has taken its departure from among our people, they will repudiate Honorable Bilks, old rebel office-seekers, foreign adventurers, demagogues, place hunters, sensational and debauched newspapers, and vote the Republican ticket in city and State. Not because it is a Republican ticket, not because individual Republicans are better than some Democrats; but because there is no other party that has preserved its organization, that has not lost its head in this jumble of politics, and that gives any reasonable promise of bringing order out of chaos, and restoring the community to its normal and sensible condition; because George C. Perkins is an intelligent and honorable gentleman, and because he will make a firm and honest executive administration of our political affairs; because Judge Rhoades will make a dignified, learned, honest Chief Justice; and because the Republican party will bring to this adjustment of affairs the weight and responsibility of a compact, intelligent, property-owning national party.

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A personal conversation with the Hon. Stephen J. Field, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, enables us to elaborate the idea put forth by himself and the Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, in their opinion upon what is know as the "queue "ordinance": "Independent of the legal questions involved, "I am of the opinion," said Judge Field, "that no good can "come from a resort to small vexations against the Chinese. "To deny to them the privilege of sending to China their "dead, to cut off their queues, to subject them to inconveni-"ences and petty annoyances, is unworthy a generous people, "and will result in no practical benefit. I recognize the Chi-"nese question as one of prominent importance—a national "question, demanding the consideration of jurists and states-"men, and not to be solved by resort to sanitary laws, nor by "local and municipal police regulations. It is a broad ques-"tion, to be discussed by broad-minded men, and determined "upon principles of law that govern nations in their inter-"course with each other. This question can not be solved "by San Francisco nor California; nor is it a local one, nor "are its consequences to be confined to this side of the con-"tinent. I am impressed with the fact that there is danger in "a military point of view, and the fact that China is purchas-"ing armor-clad war-vessels from England—is opening her "own workshops for the construction of iron-clad ships, is "importing and manufacturing arms of precision, is increas-"ing, arming, and drilling her army and navy—is worth the "consideration of our people. I am aware that commercial "intercourse with China is a one-sided affair, and that the "English, German, and American merchants are being driven "out of the Chinese trade, and that the Chinese merchants "have monopolized not only their foreign commerce, but "the navigation of their own coast and the interior waters. "Now, what is the remedy? To me it seems plain. We "have a treaty with the government of China. We find that "treaty, in its practical workings, one-sided. It is not equal. "The Chinese have denied to our people the privilege of "trading with the interior of China; they open certain ports, "known as treaty ports, and practically deny to our merchants "the right to enter any other; Americans are not allowed to "dig in their mines, work on their farms, build railroads, nav-"igate streams, obtain franchises, and are restricted in the "enjoyment of any but the most limited privileges. They "are not allowed the freedom of the country. We may not "peremptorily abrogate this treaty, because to do so would "be a declaration of war; but we say to the Chinese author-"ities, because we find this treaty works unequally and to the "disadvantage of our people, we desire to modify it; we give "the required notice of six months or one year; we then "make another treaty, and give to the Chinese the privileges "they practically accord to us. We say to them, your peo-"ple shall only come to the United States and shall only re-"main here for the purpose of general commerce; you shall "be welcome to certain ports and to none other; you shall "engage only in foreign trade; you shall be excluded from "all employments not connected with or incidental to foreign "commerce; you shall be allowed the privilege of crossing "our continent in pursuit of business; you may be welcome "to visit any port of our land; you may educate your youth "in our colleges. But you shall not send to us an immigra-"tion to engage in the general industries of our country; "you shall not send a population to become permanent resi-"dents in our country; you shall not come into competition "with our laborers; you shall not engage in mechanical and "manufacturing employments; you shall not own or till our "agricultural lands; you shall not fill menial employments. "To those who are now here, it is perhaps well enough to "allow them to remain. If there are one hundred thousand "of them they will disappear in a short time from natural "causes; many will return voluntarily; they will be absorbed. "What forty millions of white people will do with any part "of one hundred thousand male Chinese is not a considera-"tion of consequence, and will soon be disposed of. Thus, "the question is solved, rationally, speedily, and peacefully." Present at this conversation, which we have undertaken to give in substance, was General Irwin McDowell and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune* These views met (as we understood) their approval. It was a social occasion, the conversation often interrupted. If we have not given its spirit, we hope our statement will serve at least as an incentive and an apology for these gentlemen to set us right, and inform our readers of their real views upon this topic. We are alarmed upon this coast at this incursion of Chinese. It is not avarice, greed, or cowardice that prompts us, and all classes of our society, to say to the law-makers and opinion-makers of the East that we have a serious apprehension of the consequences of Chinese immigration. In the language of Senator Booth we declare that it is our conviction "that the practical issue is, whether the civilization "of this coast, its society, morals, and industry, shall be of "American or Asiatic type." It is to us a question of property, civilization, and existence. We are in earnest, we are compelled to be, and what we now demand is that the American people shall consider this question. We do not ask for action or legislation except as the result of mature and deliberate thought—conviction following investigation, action following conviction. But we do repudiate, with indignant contempt, the hypocritical, religious, praying, superficial cant of traveling preachers and mercenary lecturers, who visit our coast, and then think to cheat God and the Eastern people by their superficial and sentimental bosh upon a question they have not the honesty to examine nor the intelligence to comprehend. With such men as Mr. Justice Field of the Supreme Court, Senator Booth, the entire press and pulpit, and all the leading men of all the professions of the coast, united in regarding the Chinese question as one seriously menacing the national, moral, and political welfare of the country, we may at least ask the thinkers, politicians, and statesmen of the country to give the question deliberate and careful consideration.

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Thursday morning's *Chronicle* contained three columns of personal details of the character, qualifications, and antecedent history of the Kearney candidates. It is somewhat exaggerated and not altogether true, but enough of it is true to strike political terror. To turn our city, with its institutions, its 300,000 people, and $300,000,000 of wealth, over to this horde of foreign and ignorant banditti is an alarming possibility. It is one that demands prompt, vigorous, and united non-partisan action. That the *Call* favors this ticket, that the *Bulletin* is indifferent to it, is unexplainable upon any ordinary hypothesis. We did not suppose that newspaper rivalry, hatred, and jealousy could be carried to such an extreme—the *Chronicle* endeavoring to destroy the Republican party, and the *Call* endeavoring to destroy the city, to satisfy their hatred of each other.

## AFTERMATH.

Nothing seems to us more painful than a misunderstanding between an old married couple, a wrangle in the courts, a public scandal, and a final divorce. Nearly thirty years ago we made the acquaintance of a stout lumberman from Maine. He was a man of good habits, except that he would chew tobacco, and of good character in the main. He would play "cinch" at the corner grocery; he would grumble; he was somewhat irascible; but he was a good Republican, and, although he had a taste for politics and an itch for office, he was a good citizen. Nearly thirty years ago he made the acquaintance of a young person from the country, and married. This village maiden was not quite like Mrs. Cæsar, and had been, not to put too fine a point upon it, guilty of some improprieties; had been in the newspapers; had had some indefinable connection with a State printer. But the country was young, society was mixed, and we were all of us more or less adventurers; and they married and set up in business in San Francisco. The husband sought office, and the wife printed a newspaper. It was a splendid copartnership for mutual advancement and profit, and both did well. One grumbled in printers' ink, and one grumbled in tobacco juice, and both of them succeeded in securing a reputation for many virtues they did not possess by dint of trumpeting their own praises. Originally they were Democrats; then Know-Nothings, then Republicans, then Independent. Both belonged to the Vigilance Committee. Each voiced the People's Party. The old man kept at the top, and held office, and spit, and grumbled, and made money; the wife grumbled, and scolded, and printed, and made money. The couple lived together harmoniously. Finally—it is a sad story—the wife became unfaithful; an estrangement followed; reconciliations and quarrels multiplied rapidly. The old man got out of office, but the wife had a fat thing from a new lover—a railroad magnate—and refused to divide, turned the cold shoulder on the old man, and finally turned him neck and heels out of the house. And now a suit is pending for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, and a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*—both claiming alimony and custody of the children. Bill and cross-bill, containing allegations of fraud in the marriage, infidelity, cruelty, abandonment, neglect to provide, incompatibility of temper, etc., etc. Fitch charges old Sam with office-seeking, with falsifying, with an itch to procure office, with being a turn-coat; and Sam charges Fitch with being a "lying hireling," with selling his honesty and independence to the highest bidder, with being in the market for his opinions. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands; but it does seem too bad that this old couple, after living harmoniously together past the wooden, the tin, the crystal, and the silver anniversaries, should quarrel. We were looking forward to their golden wedding day, when we could bear gifts and honor them in their old age, and make a speech about the splendid example they had set to us of the younger generation. Alas and alack! Only to think of a quarrel and a separation between old Sam Soule and the *Bulletin*. How the devil must laugh!

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Till within a few days we have been apprehensive that Dr. Glenn would be elected Governor. That danger has now passed. The Honorable Bilk movement struck twelve o'clock ten days ago. It is now slowly and surely fizzling. It was possible that a flood-tide should bear the broad-acred Missourian upon its crest to the gubernatorial chair; but there has been no tidal wave, only a spring rise, and this has now receded. The wheat-growing Chinese farmer is floundering in the mud-flats. Senator Booth gave him a political "sockdolager" and sent the man who was "not" educated at Harvard to grass. The black-and-tan deserter from the Republican party is still barking at the heels of Perkins. The *Chronicle* is still multiplying lying stories and printing mendacious sensations, but the game is up. The entire Republican State ticket will be elected. The coalition of Democrats, Bilks, and old "chiv." adventurers turns out to be a rope of sand. Glenn can not speak, he can not even read manuscript well, after it is written for him. He does not make a good picture. There is no charm about an ox-teamster that cultivates land by machinery, tramps, and Chinese; whose estate has upon it neither tree nor ornamental shrub; whose chimney is built outside his house; who never read a book; who is altogether ignorant of public affairs; who wears a butternut-colored coat and jean overalls made by Chinese. It is now ascertained that Perkins is not only *not* the tool, and hireling, and slave of the railroad, but that he has stood side by side with Governor and Senator Booth, and that his present business occupation is the only rival the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has in transporting passengers and merchandise upon our ocean coast. In San Francisco County there is no Bilk party; in Nevada County, no Bilk party; in Tuolumne, no Bilk party; and only here and there in the State is there an occasional spot where rebels from Missouri and Arkansas have formed coalitions with sore-headed Republicans led by some adventurer whom the party has repudiated and the railroad won't pay. The *Chronicle* begins to take water, and is now complimenting the Republicans of the Municipal Convention with a view to a Bilk fusion. Sargent is very sick at his half-hearted and treasonable endeavor to betray the party by damning it with faint praise and eulogies of his black-and-tan friend at Platt's Hall. Little Black-and-Tan is coming home with his tail behind him, having only succeeded in demonstrating what an ungrateful little dog he is, and how unimportant and contemptible a part he has played in the politics of this State. Cohen has passed in his political chips, for he was ambitious and desired to go to the State Senate. Senator Booth has done and is doing splendid service. The Republican party is daily strengthening by the accession of Democratic gentlemen and decent people who won't be led by the nose, who repudiate the *Chronicle* and the Bilk coalition. The Republicans will possibly carry San Francisco. Kearney and his Baptist preacher, and his dangerous mob of ignorant, blasphemous, and thieving foreigners, will find their level in the dirty sand-lot from which drayman, preacher, and mob all sprung. Senator Cole and Senator Sargent, Bill Carr and his black-and-tan, Cohen and the *Chronicle*, Terry and Howard, Johnny oh! Lord Love and his soreheads, Bryant and Lake "of Mono," Pike County and the Arkansas travelers, Charles de Young and Tommy O'Connor, will all find that honesty and decency are the best politics.

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Gen. Dick Taylor has written a book about the war, in which he says that some of the cavalry in Banks' army corps wore steel breastplates. Capt. Judson indignantly denies it in the *Nation*. Mr. W. S. Symington, of Baltimore, affirms the truth of the statement. Lieut.-Col. William Leroy Brown sustains Symington. S. W. Thaxter, of Portland, also affirms the existence of the "protective device;" and the editor of the *Nation* judicially determines from the evidence that steel breastplates were used. So that fact is settled. And now we ask, what of it? Is it an evidence of cowardice for a soldier going into battle to protect his life by a breastplate Is it not the duty of government, commander, and soldier, to take every precaution to protect the soldier's life? Did not the bravest knights of the mediæval age do the same thing? Did not knight and paladin and man-at-arms clothe themselves in steel in the days of chivalry? Are not ships of war armor clad? Are not forts protected by bastions? Did not the soldiers of Cæsar wear helmets and the Greeks bear shields? Do not civilized soldiers fight behind earthworks, and Zulu's carry bucklers of dried bullock hide? Were not these devices

> "The terror of the Trojan field,
> The Grecian honor, ornament, and shield?"

What are rifle-pits, earthworks, forts, and iron-clads, but evidence of cowardice?—or at least evidence of a prudent desire to avoid being killed? Newspaper account and historical story make it cowardice for brave men serving their country to seem to avoid death, but we observe that no true soldier ever unnecessarily exposes himself. He hides and skulks, gets behind rocks and trees, crawls on his belly, and dodges shot and shell, and gets under cover when he can. It is only in romances and novels that the intrepid hero, mounted on a white charger, rides to the hottest front where shot and shell fall thickest, smokes his cigar, and smiles as death revels around him and the field is incarnadined with his comrades' blood. Now, we know how it is ourselves, for on the day of Cold Harbor we rode down to the battle-front on Col. Frederick Dent's battle-horse. Being a civilian, we were so infernally afraid that somebody would not think we were brave that we rode out into the open field, where we heard the "ping" of the Confederate sharpshooters' bullets as they whistled by our ignorant ears. While thus airing our cowardice, we saw Col. Comstock, engineer on Gen. Grant's staff, crawling up toward the enemy's line behind trees and on foot to take an observation. He was on duty; we were seeing sights. He halloed to us, saying, "Don't you "think you are a d—d fool to be riding there in full sight and "range of the enemy. You'll get killed." We admitted the fact, and made to ourselves this observation: If so brave a soldier as Comstock can afford to protect his valuable life behind trees while in the performance of a military duty, we had better get off our horse and get on to our belly. We did; and the horse, with that superior sense for which he is so justly accredited, skedaddled from danger and fled to the rear. It was after dark, and when the roar of guns was silenced along the five miles of battle line, we quietly stole back by moonlight to Gen. Grant's camp, with one military lesson thoroughly acquired—namely, that brave men are not compelled to make, using Comstock's military expression, "d—d fools of themselves" in order to maintain a reputation for courage.

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Mr. A. A. Cohen has deemed himself and his opinion upon railroad management of sufficient importance to bring them both before the public at Platt's Hall. The *Chronicle* says "it was a great speech by a great lawyer," and as the presumption is strong that Mr. Cohen wrote the notice himself, it might seem unkind for us to question either the greatness of the effort or the greatness of the orator. The speech was a courteous and somewhat improved edition of Mr. Gorham's. It contained no figure that has not been presented, no argument that has not been urged, and coming from a Democrat, it is not perhaps surprising that he recommended his audience to vote for Dr. Glenn. Some ill natured people will question the good taste of Mr. Cohen in thus thrusting a personal conflict with Mr. Charles Crocker and the railroad company into public notice as a political question, and some ungenerous persons will remember that Mr. Cohen was till recently the friend, counselor, attorney, and agent of the railroad company, and that his conscience was not quickened to expose their wicked acts till his connection with them was dissolved. A suspicious person might question the sincerity and virtue and public zeal of Messrs. Cohen and Gorham by recalling the fact that all these railroad abuses, tyrannies, exactions, and subsidies, were contemporaneous with their own friendly relations with the railroad managers, and that they did not feel called upon to expose or denounce them till neither could make any more money in that direction. We hope Mr. Cohen will not think we question his right to expose railroad villainies, or to make any other personal confessions touching the financial irregularities of his business career. What we object to is his dishonest endeavor to hold the Republican party responsible for any villainies but its own. We may be unjust—we hope we are—but it is a conviction with us, and one most firmly planted, that if Mr. Cohen could be employed by the company, or Mr. Carr obtain special and favorable rates of freight to Kern Island, and the *Chronicle* could receive a subvention from the railroad company, then three very pronounced enemies of the Republican party would fold their little hands and pray for its success.

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Two candinates are prominent for Governor; one navigates the ocean by steam, the other owns and cultivates one hundred thousand acres of land. Which is most likely to be a monopolist? One hires (by his own admission) a hundred Chinese harvest hands; the other never employed a Chinaman in his life. Which is apt to be sound on the Chinese question? One is engaged in the transportation business in opposition to the railroad; the other has an annual million of bushels of wheat to transport from Colusa to tide-water by rail. Which is most apt to be under railroad pressure? One is independent in means; the other is mortgaged to the brink of insolvency. Which is most likely to be influenced by the pressure of banks and other corporations? One is the candidate of Republicans; the other is supported by all the rebels in the State. Which is most likely to be loyal to republican liberty and the union of States?

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Said Mr. Daggett, member of Congress from Nevada, to a press reporter: "The strong hand of public sentiment is "reaching for their throats, and they will be compelled to "act decently in the end. The people of Nevada have been "especially afflicted by these railroad robbers, and their for-"bearance in not wrecking the trains over which their per-"secutors pass through the State shows that they are Chris-"tians." This is, to say the least, very indecent language for a law-maker to use. Mr. Daggett is but a young politician, and he is as unwise as unripe if he thinks such demagogism does not rather disgust than convince. Let us suppose that under the hint of this sage-brush statesman his constituents should "wreck trains," and thus destroy the lives of passengers and destroy the property (if freight trains) of innocent owners, who would be most guilty of murder in thus destroying life, the wrecker or the member of Congress who suggested it? We are generous enough to presume that Mr. Daggett was drunk when he gave utterance to this atrocious sentiment. If he was not drunk, he is a villain.

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In an interview intended for publication, Mr. Sam Tilden has suggested the difficulty of himself obtaining the Presidential nomination from the Democratic party, and the possibility that it might be given to the Hon. Stephen J. Field. Then comes the inquiry: Could Judge Field carry California? It is our opinion that under ordinary circumstances he could. There is something in State pride, and Mr. Justice Field is esteemed as learned, honorable, and patriotic. His views upon the Chinese question when understood will satisfy all intelligent persons. His decision upon the queue ordinance is, in our judgment, not good law, but his political opinions now, and at all times, as openly expressed in reference to the Chinese question, will be found eminently sound, original, and statesmanlike. We commend them to our readers as set forth in to-day's ARGONAUT as indicating a kind of legislation that may produce practical results. The possible contingency that might make Judge Field's election in California difficult would be that Senator Booth should find a second place in the Presidential nomination by the Republican convention. California is not likely to become enthusiastic over a bloody-shirt campaign, and will be largely influenced by the personal character of the Presidential candidates.

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The senatorial nominations in the ninth district, where we reside, are most excellent ones. We speak of Mr. W. W. Traylor and Mr. M. C. Conroy. We know them both; have known them long and known them well; they are good citizens. Mr. W. W. Traylor is a gentleman of large wealth, and will make a useful, reliable, honest, and intelligent legislator. Mr. Conroy did our city good servi[illegible] in the last Legislature. If the entire Republican tick[illegible] to this standard it will be well.

## THE BROKEN CUP.

Translated from the French for the Argonaut.

All the great cities of Europe possess some specimens of the manufactory of Sèvres. One of the most precious of these could have been found some years ago at Venice, in the palace of the Countess Erminia d'Erfeuil. It was of old Sèvres, pale and delicate, composed of eight pieces—a tray holding a coffee pot, cream cup, sugar bowl, and two cups with their saucers; this was called a *déjeuner tête-à-tête.*

It was considered a marvel of taste and beauty—a *chef d'œuvre*—admirable at the same time for the elegance of its form, the richness of its decorations, the exquisite charm and incomparable merit of its paintings. Each piece showed the mark of its origin, the date of its fabrication, and the signature of its authors. The origin was indicated by two "L's," opposed and interlaced, painted in blue on the reverse of the pieces; a double "J," placed between the two "L's," indicated the date, 1797. Some known signs attested that the most celebrated artists of the time had executed the divers paintings which concurred to ornament these works; the models were designed by Lagunee, Laroche had painted the arabesques, Lioux the flowers, Castel the birds; the landscapes of the medallions were by Evans, and the figures by Asselin and Pithon.

The Countess Erminia held this porcelain by inheritance from one of her uncles, who had bought them at Paris during the Revolution. They were no doubt a portion of the pillage from some of the great mansions, which had taken place at that disastrous epoch. Among the artistic treasures which the fair Venetian possessed, this one was the object of her especial predilection.

The Countess was one of the most distinguished women of Venice. She was about twenty-five years of age, perfectly beautiful, very rich, and of undoubted virtue; and as to these advantages she joined the one of being free, and showing no disinclination to enter into the bonds of matrimony, many aspirants to her hand disputed the preference. When these competitors had each furnished proofs of his dèvotion, the lady made her choice—the Count Adriano d'Amalfi was to be her future spouse. She could not have chosen better, to have made at the same time a marriage of convenience and inclination, for there was between the Count and Countess equality of fortune and station, and their personal advantages were also equal; the Count Adriano was considered one of the handsomest as well as the most fascinating cavaliers of Venice.

The marriage was to have taken place in a month. The Count came familiarly each day to the home of his fiancée, and there passed the greater part of his time. But one of these happy hours, so full of charm, was disturbed by a sad accident. In wishing to examine more closely the delicate paintings of the *déjeuner* of Sèvres, the Count had the misfortune to let one of the cups fall, which was broken! The Countess uttered a piercing cry, and fell fainting upon the sofa. When she recovered herself it was only to show still more violently her despair and anger. The young man was in consternation at the effects of his awkwardness. Certainly, he might have been astonished to see the fair Erminia so acutely sensitive to the loss of a material object, and, on seeing her fury, he could have been simple enough to have made some reflections on the inconvenience of a character so easily impressed; but no, this accomplished lover was touched by one thing only: the chagrin he had caused the woman he loved.

The broken cup left, it is true, a deplorable void on the porcelain tray, where each piece was arranged for display in a way that made it impossible for the loss not to be perceived, yet he essayed to console and to reassure her.

"I will arrange it all," said he. "I will find a cup equal to the one I have destroyed, if I have to go myself to seek it in the manufactory at Sèvres."

"That is what you had better do," answered the Countess, sharply, "and go quickly."

"I have a still better project to propose to you. We will go together. We will travel to Paris immediately after our marriage."

"Speak not to me of marriage," said the Countess Erminia, whose irritation had reached its height. "I will not marry you until you have restored my cup."

The Count essayed to make her revoke this severe sentence, but his prayers were vain. The fair Venetian was absolute in her will, especially when it bordered on the ridiculous and exorbitant. Finding it necessary to resign himself, and, well disciplined as all Italian lovers, he undertook the journey which she had imposed upon him.

In order to serve for comparison, he carried the remaining cup, carefully wrapped in cotton, and solidly enclosed in a box which was protected by plates of steel in a manner that there was nothing to fear from a shock or fall. He had not the thought of being able to have a cup manufactured at Sèvres like the one he had destroyed, for he well knew that was impossible, that they would not be able to produce either the ancient work, the date, or the signature of the artists. It was not a counterfeit that he wished, nor an imitation, nor one almost as fine; but he hoped that there had been manufactured at the same time of those which he possessed several pieces equal to them, and that there might yet remain some of them which he could purchase. At all events, he was furnished with full recommendations, which ought to smooth all difficulties.

He arrived at Paris full of hope, and repaired immediately to Sèvres, where he showed his cup. They had nothing like it to sell him; but they informed him that two similar sets had been made by the order of Queen Marie Antoinette, who had given them to two of her favorites—the Princess Lamballe and the Countess Polignac. The latter was the one which the Countess Erminia possessed.

In order to accomplish the object of his mission the Count then had no other chance but to find the one which had belonged to the Princess Lamballe. He commenced by courageously visiting all the curiosity merchants, so numerous in Paris, showing each his cup, and inquiring if in his traffics he had ever seen one like it. One of them at last said to him:

"Yes; a déjeuner of porcelain perfectly resembling your cup was bought thirty years ago by a rich amateur, who paid a thousand pounds for it."

"Think you he would consent to sell if I would pay him double, triple, all that he could ask for it?" inquired the Count.

"Amateurs like the one with whom I speak will not part with such a precious acquisition at any price; but this one is dead. The sale of his effects took place ten years ago, and the object which you desire was bought, if I remember rightly, by an Englishman, who paid six thousand francs for it."

"And the name of this Englishman, do you remember it?"

"I do not."

"There are twenty louis for you if you will learn and inform me of it."

The merchant was careful not to say that the thing was easy, but went to the auctioneer who had conducted the sale in question. The next day he announced that the Englishman was Lord Herbert Warren.

The Count set out immediately for London, and repaired to the residence of Lord Herbert, who lived in one of the most beautiful mansions of Portland Place.

"My lord," said the Count, "I have learned that you possess a curious collection of ancient porcelain."

"You have been led into an error, monsieur."

"At least you bought, some years ago, at Paris, a déjeuner of very remarkable old Sèvres."

"Ah, yes; a mere fancy."

"If you still have it in your possession you would greatly oblige me by disposing of it to me."

"I have it no longer, monsieur; I have given it away."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you to whom?"

"Perhaps," answered the lord, smiling.

"I assure you, my lord, it is not a frivolous curiosity which urges me to ask you this question. A very serious motive causes me to attach the greatest interest to the acquisition of this porcelain; and if I desire to know the person to whom you gave the set, it is only with the hope that he will consent to part with it."

"Oh, well, monsieur, I will acknowledge to you that I made it a present to an opera dancer of Paris, Mademoiselle X."

"Thanks, my lord; I will return to Paris."

"Permit me to say to you that you will not find Mademoiselle X. there. I see in the journal of to-day that she is meeting with brilliant success at the Theatre of Vienna."

"Then it is to Vienna I shall go. Adieu, my lord; if ever your travels bring you to Venice dispose of me."

The Count left quickly. He had resolutely determined not to be discouraged in the search for this precious cup, even to make the tour of Europe, if necessary. Behold him, then, at Vienna, believing he had at last attained the object of his search. But he was told: "You have arrived too late; that person has terminated her engagement here, and left for Madrid three days ago."

Count Adriano took his departure for Spain without murmuring. Arriving at Madrid he presented himself at the residence of the danseuse, who gave him the most amiable reception without inquiring the object of his visit, which she supposed she devined. After a few brief compliments he took from his pocket the box which enclosed the cup. The danseuse regarded it with ardent eyes, believing it a casket containing some costly bijou which the Count came to offer her. But surprise and disappointment succeeded that hope when she saw only a simple little piece of porcelain, and when he said to her:

"You have a déjeuner of old Sèvres like this cup, I believe."

"No, monsieur," replied Mademoiselle X."

"If you have it not now, you have had it."

"That is very possible, but I do not remember it, so many of these trifles pass through our hands."

"This one was given you by Lord Herbert Warren."

"Ah, yes, an Englishman. I remember it now. I was with him one morning, he had bought this porcelain a few days before, and, although I cared nothing for it, I asked it of him because it is always necessary to ask for something of these Englishmen—so he gave it to me."

"What have you done with it?"

"I took care of it for two or three months, then I grew tired of it. Some one who visited me at that time thought it pretty, and I proposed to exchange it with him for a third cashmere—I had two then, but I had a passion for cashmeres at that time—so we made the exchange."

"And this *some one*, may I know his name?"

"I can not recall it. We see so much of the world, we *danseuses*, and it is now four or five years ago; how could you expect me to have a memory so retentive?"

"But in thinking—well—perhaps—"

"Wait, then; yes, I have it—his name was Anatole."

"Anatole who? This is a baptismal name, but it is the family name which I wish to know."

"You ask too much. I can recall no other name than Anatole. All that I know more was that it was at Bordeaux. But let me think! I have met here an attaché of the ambassador who knows him; through him you might perhaps learn the name to which you attach so much importance."

The next day the Count left Madrid, after having learned that the gentleman who made the exchange with the *danseuse* bore the name of de Longueville. The attaché had for a long time lost sight of him, and was able to give no other information than his name and place of residence. The Count, furnished with these directions, left for Bordeaux. He had taken to Madrid a letter of credit on one of the principal bankers in the city, and there he gained further information of M. de Longueville.

"He is dead," said the banker.

"How long since?"

"Two years."

"Of course there was a sale of his effects?"

"No, all was reserved by his widow."

"Ah, he was married?"

"Yes; he died six years after his marriage."

"And the widow?"

"Is living at Bordeaux with her mother. They are very wealthy. I am their banker."

"Will you give me a line introducing me to these ladies?"

"Willingly."

The Count was received by Madame de Longueville, found her charming, and was astonished that the husband of so beautiful a woman should have ever been interested in Mademoiselle X.

"Madame," said he, "you will excuse me if my visit should appear intrusive. I trust you will pardon me when you know my motive, know that the happiness of my whole life depends upon you."

"How?" responded the lady, casting an indignant glance at the handsome Venetian, in her astonishment at this opening, which she was able only to understand as a sentimental declaration.

"You do not understand me, I perceive, madame," continued he. "Far from me the thought of showing a want of respect for you; the object of my happiness is not here. I see you to-day for the first time, and my visit is nothing which should offend you, as it is simply for the hope of making an acquisition."

"Explain yourself, monsieur," returned Madame de Longueville, with a look which became much softer.

"Have you not, madame, some porcelain of old Sèvres?"

"Yes, monsieur, yes; my husband, the spouse for whom I mourn and shall weep eternally (Madame de L. emphasized these last words), made a trip to Paris a year before his death, and bought me this porcelain—a déjeuner which had belonged to the Princess Lamballe."

"Precisely, and just like this, is it not?" said Count Adriano, exhibiting his cup.

"Ah, monsieur, how kind you are, and what pleasure you have given me! I understand now. In place of being angry with you I ought to thank you. You have learned the misfortune I have met with, and have come to bring me that cup. Tell me how much it cost you? I could never pay too dear for it."

"What do you say, madame?"

"See," answered Mme. de Longueville, opening a rosewood box; "see this déjeuner to which there is wanting one cup which I had the misfortune to break!"

"What, yours also broken?"

"It will matter no longer, thanks to you."

"But, madame, you deceive yourself. I can not part with my cup; on the contrary, I have come to beseech you to yield me yours."

"Never, monsieur, never!"

These were the last words of Mme. de Longueville at this first visit, but the Count had asked permission to return, which had been accorded him. He hoped to find her more tractable, and she cherished the same hope with regard to him. Each expected to obtain the cup at last, and so the interviews multiplied.

"Reflect, madame," said the Count; "my marriage is at stake in this affair. The Countess Erminia whom I love will not marry me unless I can obtain this cup for her."

"Reflect, monsieur," answered the lady; "this was a present from my husband whom I loved and have lost. If I part with it I shall do an injury to his memory."

For the purpose of interesting Mme. de Longueville the Count related his long and sad journey in search of the cup, which had so often changed proprietors. In these recitals he divulged the little episode of Madrid, the history of the *danseuse* who had known Mons. de Longueville under the name of Anatole, and who had received two cashmeres from him before exchanging her porcelain for a third. This revelation was a sudden blow to the regrets of the beautiful widow, and she ceased to proclaim them eternal.

"How can you attach so much regard to the memory of a husband who was so unfaithful?" said the Count. "And how can you care so much for an object acquired in a way so injurious to you?"

"And you," retorted the lady, "how can you retain so passionately the wish to espouse a woman who makes your marriage depend upon the possession of a cup?"

The interviews continued. Each day the visits became longer and the conversation more familiar. Little by little the primitive subject of these colloquies was forgotten. One day the Count again introduced the subject.

Mme. de Longueville impatiently seized the cup. "Now," thought the Count, "she will give it to me;" but she threw it out of the window.

"We will speak of it no more," said she.

"That is my marriage you have broken," said he.

"And can you not be consoled?"

"Only by a recompense that you alone can give me."

Count Adriano returned to Venice and sent the cup to the Countess Erminia, with the message that its like existed not, and that he submitted to her sentence in renouncing the marriage of which he had not been able to fulfill the conditions.

"Come to me," replied the Countess. "I was unjust in wishing to make you pay too dear for the broken cup. The trouble and vexation which it has caused you are a reparation sufficient. My hand is yours."

But the letter arrived too late; the Count had received the reward he desired, and he replied to the Countess Erminia by sending her an invitation to his marriage with Mme. de Longueville. C. E. S.

RICHMOND, IND., July, 1879.

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Wong Wing has run away from California with $600 belong to a Chinese Methodist Church. It appears that several months ago the Methodists of Sacramento started a branch church for the benefit of the Chinese who wished to embrace the Christian religion. Wong Wing, being a more devout disciple than the rest, and more fervent in his prayers, was picked out by the church members as the custodian of the funds. After a while he began to exhort his brethren to abjure sinfulness, tan games, and chicken stealing, and lay up their treasures where neither moth nor rust could corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. Taking the hint they began to deposit their surplus funds with the church, and he being the treasurer, soon had about $600 in his hands. He continued to preach as usual on the duty of laying up heavenly treasures, but after a while the Celestials, seeing no immediate return, and discovering Mr. Wing bucking at a tan game, they refused to contribute further. Disgusted with the lack of zeal exhibited by the congregation, Wong Wing left the tabernacle and set out for Nevada.—*N. Y. Tribune.* The place for Wong Wing is in that godly and goodly town of Boston. It is the good godly people of Boston that support the Reverend Gibson's Chinese mission on Sacramento Street.

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An old poker player, alluding to the immensity of the universe, remarked that there was no limit to the game.

## INTAGLIOS.

### The Lilacs.

When the blue-bird nodded his turquoise head
'Gainst apple-blossoms blowing—
That, in their petals pure outspread,
Seemed flowers of winter's snowing—
Then the lilacs blew,
With a delicate hue,
Their dainty cups for the morning dew.

Close to the gray old wall they clung—
Those lustrous, verdant bushes—
With weight of blossoms that slow swung
As rocked in leafy bushes;
And everywhere
On the languorous air
A sense of slumber seemed to bear.

Into the vistas by breezes made
Flew butterflies in playing;
And the drowsy bee to the fragrant shade,
With honeyed wings, went straying;
And, listening, I
Caught the melody
Of flower and bee and butterfly.

And sometimes rain on the dark leaves fell,
A rhythmic sadness weaving
Into the music a tearful spell,
Like spirit of blossoms grieving;
And no sorrow e'er
Of a later year
Hath stirred my heart like the lilac's tear.

Oh! many a day hath passed away
Since I plucked the lilac's glory;
And many a rarer blossom gay
Hath whispered me its story;
But the old stone wall,
With its fragrant thrall,
Is nearer and dearer than treasures all.

I wonder, when life hath blown its flower—
The last sweet blossom for me, I mean—
If, opening my eyes in some Eden bower,
I shall see once more the lilac's gleam—
Not changed, nor more fair
Than it blossomed where,
A child, I laughed at a wide world's care.

MARIE LE BARON.

### Jack in the Pulpit.

Under the green trees
Just over the way
Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day;
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High in their perch,
Hear the sweet lily bells
Ringing to church.

Come hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his queer little pulpit
This fine Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Painted by Nature's hand
Black, brown, and green;
Green is his pulpit,
Green are his bands;
In his green little pulpit
The little priest stands.

WHITTIER.

### Twilight.

Tender and holy Twilight,
Float down with shadows and dew;
The woodlands and meadows are waiting,
Biding their time for you—
The far-off hills and the waters,
Biding their time for you.

At touch of thy cool, soft fingers
Flowers will shut their eyes,
Leaves of the trees droop stirless
In the peace thou wilt bring to the skies,
And the billows, rocked to slumber,
Will hush their moaning and sighs.

Tender and holy Twilight,
What wilt thou bring to me?
Calm for the restless fancies
That roam the land and sea;
Back from a quest unsated
They shall come to rest with thee.

### The Voice.

As the kindling glances,
Queen-like and clear,
Which the bright moon lances
From her tranquil sphere
At the sleepless waters
Of a lonely mere,
On the wild whirling waves, mournfully, mournfully
Shiver and die;

As the tears of sorrow
Mothers have shed—
Prayers that to-morrow
Shall in vain be sped,
When the flower they flow for
Lies frozen and dead—
Fall on the throbbing brow, fall on the burning breast
Bringing no rest;

Like bright waves that fall
With a life-like motion
On the lifeless margin of the sparkling ocean;
A wild rose climbing up a mouldering wall—
A gush of sunbeams through a ruined hall—
Strains of glad music at a funeral—
So sad, and with so wild a start
To this deep-sobered heart,
So anxiously and painfully,
So drearily and doubtfully,
And oh, with such intolerable change
Of thought, such contrast strange—
Oh, unforgotten voice, thy accents come,
Like wanderers from the world's eternity,
Unto their ancient home!

In vain, all, all in vain,
They beat upon mine ear again,
Those melancholy tones, so sweet and still,
Those lute-like tones, which in the by-gone year
Did steal into mine ear—
Blew such a thrilling summons to my will,
Yet could not shake it;
Made my lost heart its very life-blood spill,
Yet could not break it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## THE RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT.

The latter part of September General Grant will arrive in this city by steamer from Asia; and to extend to him a hearty welcome, a united effort is being made by his personal and political friends throughout the United States, both classes of which he has very many. All, doubtless, have heard many conjectures in regard to this prospective exhibition of popularity, as to its propriety, its result, and its political import. Whatever may be the moving cause of this intended display: whether it has its origin from gratified pride, whether from a desire to compete with the rest of the world in extending honor to this man, whether from the great popularity of the recipient, whether because the times are such that we look for a strong leader—a man with a will, whether the outburst is a narrow political move, whether it is a widespread, universal, and spontaneous vent of good will, or whether all these elements unite in this demonstration to be, yet the affair is full of significance and suggestive of much thought.

When General Grant left Washington, after the expiration of his term of office, he was accompanied by many unpleasant recollections of the people over whom he had been the Chief Magistrate. His departure was contemporaneous with the last editorial notes of Cæsarism, monarchism, third terms, rings, and all the various phraseology which have become most unpleasant to the ear from their oft repeating. He, on his part, we understand, left with a sense of deep disappointment, and with an ambition—though having attained its highest aims—yet not satisfied. He felt like one who, having aimed at a high standard, and having attained it, yet finds that the realization of his fond hope contained less of pleasure than did the joy of anticipation. We believe that General Grant felt thus, and thought in foreign travel to remove himself from the whirl of American politics. But a change has taken place. During his absence his unpopular actions have been forgotten, and instead are remembered his independence, his firmness of decision, his fidelity toward his friends, and, above all, that in him are combined the qualities which go to make up a man; and he now stands in the minds of the people, as he did years ago, the hero of his time, and the one person toward whom many eyes are turned with expectancy deep and hopeful. He stands, to-day, a man in whom are those sterling attributes which shall make him not only the man of to-day but preëminently a man of time to come.

We have mentioned the prominent characteristics of General Grant, and some of the reasons which tend to promote this reception which will probably be accorded him; and it now remains that we consider its significance, for to us it appears to be more than the mere outward pageant that shall pass along as the celebration of a simple event. We believe that there underlies it a cause which, while hidden, still with potent energy exerts its influence.

At the present time there exists in nearly all civilized nations an element, which is deemed to be antagonistic to the welfare of all, opposed to law and order, and arrayed against the primary rights of man. France has her Commune, Germany her Socialism, Russia her Nihilists, and the United States, and California in particular, their turbulent masses. There is no intention to discuss these social eruptions; it will be enough for our purpose to point out their applicability to the present question—and right here we would extend a word of sympathy to every man who deprecates the existing state of affairs, who arraigns the wealthy, and commiserates his own hard lot. When a man, without hope, oppressed by circumstances, and an object worthy of pity indeed, passes perchance before a mansion in which wealth and luxury have made their abode, which art has beautified, and to which foreign and native skill have lent their hands, and which shall contain the man of intellect, means, and influence, who with his life companion shall make a happy fireside, while without the shelterless want for that to sustain life; when these two shades are presented, if the wanderer outside shall seek within his own narrow mind for a reason which shall satisfactorily explain why one has all and another has none, and if he shall ascribe an erroneous cause, yet God alone can tell why our lots are thus different, it is enough to say that men are born for every station of life, some to rule and others to be ruled over, and death is the only equalizer, the assuager of all ills.

Well, these things exist, and they have been mentioned that we might show their relation with the present question—the signification of this proposed reception. We have already said that General Grant possesses certain sterling qualities, whereby, when the nation was in that danger, he alone of all men was looked upon who should, by the genius of his military science and by the enthusiasm accompanying his presence, once for all end the strife. The nation looked for such a man, and it is a matter of history. With the eyes of every American he was followed, by the prayers of every loyal woman he was silently, though perhaps powerfully, aided; and while this country and Europe watched him in that time of national peril, he took command. With vigor, with determination, with genius, and with good fortune peculiar to the man, he did what no other did, or could do, in that war. He became a popular idol. He was elevated to the Presidency, not only once, but in history his name shall be among those whom the people chose twice. And though he vacated his office under the most inauspicious and unpopular circumstances, yet now the dangers like those of fifteen years ago are beginning to appear; strange socialistic and communistic mutterings are heard throughout. There are manning, not the Southern forces as in the past, but the turbulent masses in the land, under leaders more unprincipled and perhaps as earnest and decided as those who in General Grant's former time called upon him for their suppression. These times may pass over without note, or they may assume proportions, exciting the apprehension and demanding organized resistance.

And now who is to be the general of these political forces? A man of decision is required, a man with a record, and the American people, who have not forgotten the past, are now beckoning the ex-President to the executive chair, who in those times of danger was a force for defense and for aggression as well. So that to-day, among these rumors and excitements, the people of law and order, of decency and honor, unconsciously are calling upon the same man to conduct their affairs as they did years ago, when amid the exultation of victory and the joy of successful termination, General Grant stood forth the man of his time, and now with the return of danger he becomes the man of our time as well. Honored by kings and foreigners, we, his own people, propose on his arrival to give him such a reception as shall show that America can honor him, and in grandeur of pageantry can eclipse those in the East; but, above all, that warm hearts can extend to him that welcome of which the outward show shall be but the covering, feebly indicating the friendship beneath.

This, then, as it appears to us, is one of the significances of this reception to be given to General Grant. It seems as though there was an unconscious tendency toward a stronger form of government. Our republican form is subject to the popular will, and the popular will is at times capricious, which under a combination of circumstances may become prejudicial to the freedom and stability of our American ideas of self-government, and for which there seems to be no remedy while the elective franchise is open to the uneducated, idle, and propertyless of all Europe, and while a similar native element is growing up among us, without legal check and without restraint, save the silent influence exerted by the conservative people of these States. Under all this, there is a class comprising the intellect, the wealth, and the intelligence of the people, who could almost wish for a stabler union, and to this current of opinion we attribute, as a factor to it, the proposed reception to General Grant and the desire to place him for a third time in the Presidential chair. Although a third term has been mentioned, it is neither our hope, our wish, nor do we expect that this man will hold that office again; but we do feel that this wave of popular opinion is an indicator of the spirit of many in these times.

Finally, General Grant has been fêted, lauded, and met with royal reception wherever he has gone, and in such a manner as no man from America has been received, and for which he and the populous country of which he is an individual may well feel gratified. But although magnificent equipages and kingly hands have contributed to his honor, and the freedom of cities have been at his disposal, yet we doubt not that he, with the remembrance of all this in his mind, will feel a truer joy of exultation and a higher sense of honor than ever before, when on his arrival in San Francisco he shall be greeted by the true and friendly citizens of his own native land, and when his hands shall be grasped by those who have more than royal splendor to offer him—the warm and sympathetic welcome of his native country. We admire General Grant; he lives in our time; he will soon be among us, and the influence of his presence will then be felt, and an opportunity given us to compete with those of other lands in honoring one whom they have vied in honoring.

### A Summer Idyl.

He was a decidedly poetical looking chap, from head to foot. He wore eye-glasses, and had curly hair. By gazing upon him you could almost tell the exact number of sonnets contained in his pocket. He had on a blue flannel suit and a pleasant smile. She was a country maiden, practical and innocent. They walked down a fragrant meadow and paused beneath a spreading oak. He was the first to break the silence:

"Isn't this lovely?"

"Oh, ain't it!" she replied.

"Yes," he went on, as he planted his chin in one hand and contemplated the vista of skyland; "this is simply divine. To sit here and breathe the soft, cool, summer wind, fraught with the charming fragrance of violet and rose, is just entrancing."

She said nothing.

"Isn't that a majestic mountain over there towering into the fleecy clouds? Isn't that a lovely little brook pattering in baby syllables over the innocent little pebbles?"

"Kinder," she responded.

"Yes," he went on, as he planted his chin in the other hand for a change, "summer is the heaven of the year. Just look at those happy birds darting through the air from tree to tree and flooding the valley with exquisite bursts of song. Wouldn't you like to be a bird, pet?"

"I'd rather be a girl and eat ice cream," she replied, with a twinkle of Arcadian simplicity in her merry hazel eyes.

This seemed to ruffle the poet considerably, but he managed to regain his mental equilibrium sufficiently to go on.

"Behold these golden-winged butterflies; don't they fly languidly, as though their lives are but one smooth period of bliss and uninterrupted happiness?"

"Yes," she responded, "and they flap their wings like doormats, don't they?"

After ten minutes of silence of the most profound description he ventured to speak again.

"And there go the merry bees in golden flotillas, coquetting with the breeze-swayed flowers."

She kept still.

"But soon all pretty things will vanish like a lover's dream. The flowers will fade, the leaves will fall, the birds will migrate, and the emerald tapestry of the lea will become the couch of the snowflake. The lilies will vanish from the lake, and the sunset will glimmer on the barren limb and melt the snow in the empty nest."

He paused for breath and she whispered:

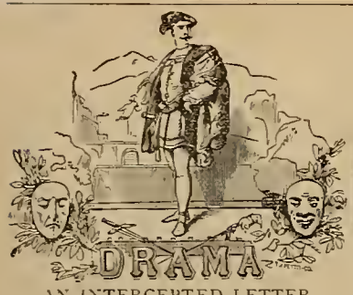
"And then we'll have to wear heavy underclothes, won't we?"

He couldn't go any further with his remarks, so they got up and wandered away.

### XCI.—Sunday, August 10.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Macaroni Clear Soup, with Grated Cheese.
Melon.
Smelts, Spanish style.
Broiled Beefsteak. Saratoga Potatoes.
Summer Squash.
Roast Pigeons. Vegetable Salad.
Peach Fritters.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Gages, Plums, Pears, Figs, Apples, Apricots, Grapes.

TO MAKE PEACH FRITTERS—Put a heaping cupful of flour into a bowl; add the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of olive oil, which is better than melted butter, and one or two tablespoonfuls of brandy, wine, or lemon juice. Stir well, adding little by little water enough to give it the ordinary thickness of batter. At the moment of cooking stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. The peaches may be cut in halves, allowing one-half [illegible] they may be cut in small pieces and stewed in. Canned fruit [illegible]




## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

San Francisco, August 7, 1879.

In the last number of the *Atlantic* was a pleasant, readable little sketch called "A Bit of Shore Life." Any one sitting down with a magazine while its covers are fresh does not plunge boldly into it and read from the beginning to the end. No, indeed. There is a luxury in idly turning the leaves to choose what to read and what to skip besides the scientific miscellany. Few passed by this bit of pleasant but unambitious writing, for it was signed Sara O. Jewett. Almost simultaneously there came out in *Scribner's* a picture of the dainty darling of the metropolitan stage, with her drapery coiled about her feet in what has come to be regulation style since Clara Morris's "Alixe," with that artificial droop of the bewigged head, and that peculiar fixity of glance which the photographer has consecrated to the actress. Sara Jewett is not even a small star, but it is a sign of the times that she was equally interesting to the reading public, either in the *role* of artistic simplicity as the Danicheffian "Anna," or as a tired city girl breathing rest and strength with the salt keen sea air, and hobnobbing with a grave young tar called "Georgie." In point of fact, the world has gone actress-mad. Londoners do not read the *Morning Post* more religiously than we all gather every scrap of information concerning Sarah Bernhardt—information which, I am bound to say, the newspapers furnish with a liberality not often displayed in the laws of supply and demand. As for the black banged Bernhardt herself, although she has turned even staid old London topsy-turvey, she must work hard indeed to keep the paragraphers in material. Yet, if the kaleidoscopic woman be the rage, *que voulez vous?* And if every metropolis be at the feet of some Thespian divinity, why are not we of the Gate City in an attitude of worship? There is Aimée. But, alas, no! The quick intelligence which made her an artist is still there, but the *verve* which magnetized is gone. Truth to tell, Aimée is *ennuied*, and has not the grace to hide it. Applause comes savorless to her. She is tired, and an exhausted *prima donna* is not only capricious, but wearisome. People look now upon her most palpable make-up, her withering contour of cheek and chin, and tell what she was once. Oh, fateful hour for the hapless woman before the footlights, when men begin to remember that time flies! Yet Aimée is not old enough to moralize about. Your French woman never grows old. Witness Déjazet frolicking in pantaloon parts and setting Paris wild not long ago, and she was seventy or ninety, or something near that figure, was she not? Perhaps opera bouffe itself has staled a little, and perhaps, too, French naughtiness has ceased to be new. By the way, did you ever see any thing more thoroughly American than the pretty little doll-faced Mlle. Beaudet? I dare swear she has never seen the Parisian stage, for she has not one of the tricks which even the coryphées pick up as by nature. When she and her tiny little baby voice hold the stage one momentarily expects to see the whole affair transformed into *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, or some other American opera bouffe, if there be one. *Per contra*, Juteau is of the French Frenchy; also, he is of the opera bouffe bouffey. Where could fate have cast the man's lines if he had been born in any other era? He is a good actor and a fair singer, but there is something odious in his effeminacy. He is vulgar. He emphasizes when you would rather he would not. He is sure to bring out the true inwardness of a line which you would prefer to pass with unchanged countenance. Do you recall Drew, the semi-baritone, who took the tenor parts in Mrs. Oates' first troupe. There was an opera bouffe actor for you if he had had but a season or two of French training. He had a capacity for bringing out all that was merry, and one goes to laugh, you know. As for the remainder of Mlle. Aimée's troupe they seem to have been selected upon the Booth principle. Looking upon Mlle. Raphael the other night, I wondered if her stage name were but an accident, or if the resemblance to her namesake had really been pointed out to her. In the Pedro hat, and at odd moments when she was not smiling her large stage smile, she really looked wonderfully like some portraits of the boy Raphael you may pick up on the picture dealer's counters among the photographs of celebrities. *A propos* of actress worship, how strange it is that Rose Coghlan should be allowed to depart without a murmur to bid her stay. It is long and many a day, and will be long and many a more, before our theatres can boast of a leading lady like this. How charming is the exuberant vitality which distinguishes her. I like her face: unclassical though its cast may be; I like her voice, with its soft richness; I like her style, studied and methodical as it is. One does not expect the genius of a Rachel, or the eccentricities of a Bernhardt, to be fettered by a leading lady's contract. Like the sensible lover who woos

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,"

the confirmed theatre-goer only asks in a leading lady qualities which wear well. The first of these is good breeding. To moralize a bit, how smoothly life would run if we only found good breeding everywhere. Fancy, for one moment, a world in which everyone, however near or distant their relations, was truly, thoroughly, and heartily polite to every one else. It would be the "one entire and perfect chrysolite," of which "Othello" and other parties too numerous to mention have raved. As it is, if a man turns his attention to the art of politeness, he makes a business of it and becomes a diplomaist. If a woman be perfect mistress of the art, nine times in ten she is an adventuress. But there is something very charming in the bits of it we meet here and there, distributed like choice specimens of keramics, and like them, too, chiefly found in drawing-rooms. Now that the stage has become an endless drawing-room vista, varied only by conservatories, flower gardens, and other appurtenances of the rich, one likes to look at people there who seem to the manner born. Miss Coghlan is not exactly the *grande dame*, but she has a pleasant, easy, self-possessed way, which is infinitely delightful. Then, too, she has a soft, liquid, cultivated accent. They advertise "Grace Fleming" in *Won at Last* as her original creation, but really, although it is something very nice, it can scarcely be dignified as a creation. I can not fancy Miss Coghlan as "Gervaise," depicting the gradual steps of a horrible degradation. I could think that her taste would revolt from such a part in any measure of its faithfulness. But "Grace Fleming" is all pure womanly, and Miss Coghlan, despite her artificial training, is really quite natural in the part. *Won at Last* was whispered to be the coming American play! Why? Decidedly, there is nothing essentially American about it, excepting that the old lady calls her husband "pa!" While there is something fascinating in its simple plot, the story might take place in any country. It is strange that an author, who can write so really good a play as this is in parts, could manage to introduce so much downright twaddle as this contains. Some suspicion of this seems to have crossed Mr. Steele Mackaye's own brain, for I observe that he very considerately provides "Cousin Will" with a sun-stroke, which accounts for many of that young semi-lunatic's wanderings. Also, there is something not only unnecessary but extremely distasteful in the introduction of "Grace's" almost elopement with "Cousin Will." As for "Cousin Will" himself, the whole family so persistently apostrophize his photograph over the mantel—enlarged size—that one's expectations are raised; and it is disconcerting to find in him a rather weak young man who is always consulting the Doctor, and extremely ridiculous to know that "John Fleming's" jealousy is all founded on his confidentially interviewing "Grace" on the result of these consultations. All of the play, however, which lies between "John" and "Grace Fleming" is thoroughly enjoyable. I think it was the German writers who first eschewed the quarrels of bread-and-butter lovers in their stories, and began instead of closing the book with a wedding. There is something much more attractive in a husband and wife falling in love with each other, perhaps, than in a couple of young people who are in no way related to each other. At all events, this sort of story took immensely with professional novel readers, and it is exactly this which makes the charm of *Won at Last*. As plot and passion were necessary to make a disturbance, a French adventuress is introduced. Wives have a mortal fear of Frenchwomen in the abstract, so "Mme. Sophie Bunker" is accepted without a murmur. Where did Miss Katharine Corcoran find her model? Upon my word there was a flash of genius in the little juvenile once in a while. She is too young an actress not to have overplayed its smoothness just a little; but her accent was usually correct, and I am not quite sure that she did not portray the catty character of the female to the life. As a companion picture, perhaps, a German Baron was held up to view. It must have been a positive relief to the audience when Mr. Barrows, in a late aside, informed the French madame that he was but a spurious article. An indifferent spectator would have taken him for a bad German specialist in a minstrel show, whose sense of the humor of the part was confined to the frequent ejaculation of "*Mein Gott!*" "Major Bunker," of course, represents the typical American, and looks like Johnny Bull. It is when they fall upon types that authors wreck themselves. Mr. Mackaye did not try to do anything in particular with "Grace" and "John Flemming" except to make of them the hero and heroine of a little story, and the consequence is they are a very natural and lovable pair of people. As for "Miss Flora Fitzgiggle," if she were found wandering around loose she would be caught and consigned to the asylum for idiots. Foolish young women are abundant enough, heaven knows, without libeling them like this. Miss Rose Coghlan takes her adieu as "Madame de Fontanges," and "Lady Teazle." Perhaps, like her brother, she leans to the tragic, for which she is perhaps even more peculiarly unfitted than he, since her greatest success has been in rollicking liveliness. There is a certain luxuriance about her which bespeaks good humor. She has the wide, laughing mouth, the lively Irish eye. She is handsomer when she smiles than when she weeps. In a word, she is a charming actress to see often. How unfortunate that she should go, to be replaced by fate knows what. They will miss her sadly at Wallack's. Poor Wallack! Has New York yet applied the healing salve of fresh applause to his wounded *amour propre?* And yet O'Neill had not played "John Flemming" when he left either. And next week we are to have Lotta and Imogene, two young women without any last names for every-day. Sprightly little Lotta we know, of course, and welcome. But how awkward imitators must feel when coming into competition with the original in this manner. Probably, however, Imogene has no qualms of this kind, and may be a most accomplished protean, which would appear to be the height of excellence in that line. She has, at all events, some new ideas in photography, a not altogether unexplored territory, for I see her lithographs gotten up like a piece of Rogers' statuary, and one new idea may be the forerunner of more.

Yours, as ever, Betsy B.

### Preludes—In Divers Keys.

*Les Brigands*, the *Marjolaine*, and the rest of the drolleries of the late *bouffe* season at the California Theatre are perhaps not exactly the sort of pegs on which to hang my scraps of preachment; their slightness of itself renders such an attempt somewhat hazardous. One may have some little to say in favor of the clever grimace or bit of suggestive *espieglerie* that frequently goes so far toward making the success of the light weight music of which these things are made up; but the very quality that makes the things go leaves it almost out of the question to treat them in any serious light. And yet the whole matter of *opera bouffe*, as we have known it in this country since the advent of Tostee and the *Grande Duchesse*, has its serious side and its valuable lesson for us—if we care to see and learn—and I am not at all certain that it is not from this direction rather than from the more pretentious sporadic attempts at Grand Opera that our national taste for the lyric drama is to be eventually evolved, if such a thing is ever to grow up amongst us. That the development of such a taste—in any degree that may entitle it to be considered as a national one—is a matter of extreme doubt lies, I think, in the very nature—firstly, of the thing itself, and secondly, of the time in which we live. I doubt whether opera, in the sense in which we know it, could have come into existence in our day; to exist at all it was necessary that it should be at once a tradition and a means of culture. As a tradition we retain it, and educate ourselves into a somewhat of liking for (appreciation, we call it) this most anomalous of stage representations. It is a taste that requires to be cultivated; but we have been told by the wiser generations before us (whose lead we are willing to follow in our pleasures, at least) that it is a refined and elevated one, and we assimilate it with all its absurdities and improbabilities. As a means of culture we make it a stepping-stone to at least somewhat of study of music—up, and not down, as a musician would consider it—learning through the effect of the dramatic music upon our emotions to know that there is such an art in which we may after all have some concern, and ending perhaps by caring for the music itself when we meet it in the purer forms in which it exists for its own sake instead of as a mere accessory of stage effect or decoration. So that, for the present at least, we may consider that we have a use for opera of some sort (I am thinking of it as something apart from the lyric drama of Wagner and the tendency to be clearly discerned in Verdi's latest work), and I think it becomes an important question as to just what kind of opera is likely to most fully meet that want and be of the greatest service in preparing the way for some *real* and valuable thing.

The good that I look for as a result of the *opera bouffe* performances, that may nowadays be said to have become an almost permanent institution, is rather in the satiety, the utter wearying of the public ear with the jingle and vapidity of the light diet they afford, than in any lasting or satisfying effect they are likely to have. Those French composers, who have furnished the major portion of this musical dissipation, have themselves begun to realize this condition in their foreign audiences; the demand for something better has had its noticeable effect on such works as *Le Petit Duc* and *Madame Favart*. According to German accounts Offenbach's latest work, *Les Contes de Hofman*, is even less *bouffe*, and has less of mere jingle, than its predecessors; it is simply a comic opera. The text is clean, the music respectable throughout. In this country we may not yet have entirely wearied of the froth and sizzle of the lighter things of Lecocq and Hervé; we are fresher than our friends of Paris and Vienna and have a less varied *menu* to choose from. But it will surely come. We shall grow tired of the whole thing. We shall throw it overboard once and forever, and when we have got safely rid of it it will be scarcely a fortnight before we have forgotten that it ever had an existence. It is our way. Then what? Italian opera? I can not think it. If the French *opera bouffe* is an absurdity, Italian opera of the school of Bellini, Donizetti, and their imitators (this embraces the *repertoire* up to the later Verdi) is scarcely less so. I can not imagine either fashion or tradition obtaining a lasting hold upon the art development of such a people as we are, and without the support of these artificial stimulants Italian opera becomes an impossible thing.

It seems to me that if we are ever to have opera as an institution in this country it will have to be in English; with modest beginnings, permanent companies, and a musical, artistic standpoint to work from instead of the merely speculative one that now controls. We shall never get anything from the hands of Strackosch, Grau & Co. that will be of permanent value, simply because it will not be to their interest to give it to us. With the establishment of permanent opera the reign of the speculator is at an end; he can deal profitably only in articles of luxury. With ever so modest a permanent company the possibility of a scrub season, like the late one at Baldwin's, would be out of the question; we should have a standard of some sort, at least, by which to judge, and improvisations of this kind will not bear measuring by any standard. But—and this would be one of the great advantages that we should reap—such seasons would be no longer necessary, since with a regularly organized chorus and orchestra the presence of three or four fine artists would always ensure us adequate representations of the best works without the enormous expense that at present attends such poor ones as we get. Whether it can be done, or profitably done, is a question that I am hardly ready to argue. But I think it can. I believe that if Mr. Kennedy had held together the very promising material collected for the *Pinafore* season at the Standard, giving three or four representations weekly of, say, lighter operas of Auber, Lortzing, Massé, or Flotow, he would before long have found himself with the question solved in a very satisfactory manner. I believe that the thing can still be done. Perhaps to no very great profit at the outset, but to a steady and appreciable one in the long run. Of the advantages of it I have no manner of doubt; they would accrue to the entire community, and be speedily recognized.

Mr. Grau's season, which terminates with this evening's performance of *Le petit Faust* has been all, and even more, than was promised in advance, and, on the whole, a much better one than we were entitled to expect. It has been correspondingly unsuccessful as a speculation. I do not think it possible to bring so large and well-appointed a company as Mr. Grau's from the East to this coast and make it pay in *opera bouffe* or any other *genre* of opera. Transportation, salaries, and board foot up fearfully. And after the first two or three weeks the houses begin to thin, and the deficit to grow formidable. Our gain in the matter has been in having had the opportunity of seeing what can be done in the way of *ensemble* by a company of which every member is at least a good actor, and in learning that such a good *ensemble* may render very satisfactory a performance in which nothing is particularly great, and in which the vocal material is not beyond what we can at most times command out of our local forces. The secret of it lies in the fact that of these French actors every one has studied and knows his share of the business; nothing is considered as too unimportant to do well, or left to accident, and the work is under the guidance of an intelligent, artistic direction. Another thing to be observed—and this especially by the management—is that it is an outrage upon common humanity to compel operatic singers to slave through eight performances in a week; that it results in broken voices, slovenly performances, and bad business. Four times, five at the outside, should be the limit; everything beyond that is too much. O. W.

M. Francisque Sarcey says: "Rachel, the actress, cost the Comédie Française more than she ever drew, and she did more harm to art than she rendered it service. She would not become a *societaire*, or member, because once a member she would have been obliged to share her profits with her fellow-members; she remained a *pensionnaire* (the 'pensioners' are those who make their first appearance at the Comédie and are pensioned until they become members of the house), because she could draw what salary she liked. The nights on which she played the receipts amounted to ten thousand francs, the whole of which went into her pocket. The next night the theatre was empty. Rachel, moreover, must be blamed for having imparted a fictitious life to tragedy, and for encouraging her admirers to struggle against the advent of a new art. She obstinately confined herself to a dozen rôles, in which she displayed incomparable power and left imperishable souvenirs. She did not lend the assistance of her genius to any of the contemporary poets, or, if she did so, it was with regret and without decisive success.

Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus has pitched its tents on the corner of Mission and Seventh Streets, and is performing every evening to delighted crowds. It is a good performance, and the horsemanship is particularly wonderful. The other features are more than ordinarily attractive.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement in another column of J. William Frazer, professor of society dancing, announcing his arrangements and terms for the season of 1879-80.

Polk Street seems to be the only street where the hard dull times have not penetrated; all the way from Sutter to Pacific its thoroughfare is crowded with busy people. There are more buildings being erected on that street than in any other part of the town. There are more people in its shops, and more pleasant faces among its shop-keepers than elsewhere. It is the only spot where the tradespeople and merchants do not look blue. The street has become thoroughly commercial; handsome stores have taken the place of dwellings, and there are now almost solid block of stores on either side of the street. The Pioneer Fancy Goods Store of Quinn, on the northeast corner of Polk and Pine Streets is equal in point of stock to the best of the Kearney Street retail establishments. It has the patronage of the fashionable ladies of Van Ness Avenue for laces, embroideries, ribbons, gloves, ruchings, worsteds, dress-trimmings, etc., etc. Mr. Quinn, with the sagacity of an experienced merchant, has recognized two facts essential to the prosperity of a pioneer store in a fashionable quarter: First-class goods at moderate prices. This store, lately enlarged, refitted, and restocked, is now one of the most elegant and attractive of the fancy stores of the city. It is apparent that the Polk Street merchant, paying a small rent, can sell goods upon more reasonable terms than the Montgomery, Market, or Kearny Street trader with his enormous expense.

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Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.


*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 19) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 26th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the eighth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of August, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on SATURDAY, the thirtieth day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 14th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California

*GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 16th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 3d day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Locasion of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the tenth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 7) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourteenth day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the fourth day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.


THE BERKELEY GYMNASIUM.

**A Preparatory School to the University.**

*The only fully organized Preparatory School on the Coast.*

*THE INSTRUCTORS IN THE GYM*nasium consist of refined and educated gentlemen, who are permanently connected with the institution. Boarding establishment strictly first class. Location healthful and accessible. The third school year will commence on the 14th of July. Examination of candidates for admission, 11th and 12th. For catalogues, address

JOHN F. BURRIS, Berkeley, Cal.

GEYSERS!

*Via Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.*

**W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.**

*CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICT*URESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P. R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....$10 00
Healdsburg to Geysers and return, only..... 4 00

NOOK FARM.

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. (NORTHERN DIVISION)

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—The run of this train to Salinas on Saturdays having been discontinued for the season, those intending to visit Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $4 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

## COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | a 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ..... | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

a—*Sundays excepted.*
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Andersoa & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

## JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC, | OCEANIC, | BELGIC. |
|---|---|---|
| August.....23 | September ....13 | October.....25 |
| December ..... 6 | | January.....17 |
| February.....28 | | April.....10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. OCEANIC, sailing from San Francisco Saturday, September 13th, will continue on from Hongkong to Liverpool, offering superior accommodations for tourists en route AROUND THE WORLD.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequaled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## LEE D. CRAIG,

*Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.*

*TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS, Search*ing of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating Mining Companies, specialties.

313 MONTGOMERY STREET, CORNER PINE, NEVADA BLOCK SAN FRANCISCO.


## NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE

of THOS. D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. H. T. GRAVES, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. D. Sullivan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 18, 1879.

PRATT & METCALFE, Attorneys for Adm'r. tau30


## THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital paid up*.....$10,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.

This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$5,000,000

D. O. MILLS.....President.
WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Maine, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.


## NAMES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

to the Capital Stock of the

**Western Fire & Marine Ins. Co.**

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WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE* INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 75.—The monthly dividend for July, 1879, will be paid on Aug. 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.
CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, August 5, 1879.

PIANOS,

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 7. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 16, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF ROSE MAGUIRE.

We were on the up-grade, and the six horses were slowly pulling their best. We were in a forest of mountains, each spiked over its top by a row of pines standing straight and stiff against the horizon. I could see the road far ahead winding round the ascent like a girdling ribbon, and bending over the side, while a resinous, piney fragrance enchanted my nostril; I looked into the depths of a pine-forest with its waste of underbrush springing round the roots, and a marvel of cool, dull green underlying it all.

Exceptionally fine weather it was, the stage-driver said, for this time of year. I was out on the box, you will understand, because it made me sick to ride inside, and for this once I was glad of it. Perched so far above ground I had felt as though borne in air, and I should have liked to snatch the reins from his hands and set the horses into a mad gallop up hill and down. The mountain air was as heady as champagne, and the changing view that was spread before me dazzled my eyes. A hundred times I called to Tom, yawning and drowsing his time inside, to look from his window at the nooks and glens among the windings of the brawling stream, or the sudden plunges we made into ravines, or the grand rise of mountain above mountain revealed to us by our own elevation.

Suddenly, as we were crawling on the up-grade, round a projection ahead of us appeared a woman on horseback. Our driver tightened his slack reins, and gave a low, peculiar whistle to his horses. Six pair of ears straightened briskly, the lagging hoofs picked themselves up and quickened their pace, and every horse began to pull so that we fell into a smart trot. The horsewoman ahead shook her bridle, and, without warning, her pony stretched into a sharp gallop, and as its flying feet struck the ground she rose in the saddle like a bird with a light, easy, graceful motion of the shoulder and a careless poise of the head. So we passed one another in fine style, and as she dashed along the road she was quite an excitement to me. Her eyes were dark and prankish, her black hair hung in a braid down her back, and was tied with an end of red ribbon; her cheeks and lips were rosy as the sunset that called the blush to the mountain, and she had a saucy cap on her head. She had a witching, catch-me-if-you-dare face, when you took it altogether, and she flashed up at the box-seat a recognition as she passed.

Tom poked his lazy head out of the window to look after her. "Decentish looking girl, that; mettlesome, I should say," he called up to me. "Just draw my attention in time when another such view heaves into sight, will you?"

I saw the corners of the driver's mouth jerking in a half-smile. He clicked to his horses, hemmed a bit, arranged his coat-collar, then fixed his gaze between the ears of the off-wheeler, and said he: "That's Rosie Maguire!"

"Indeed?" I said, my eyebrows twisting into an interrogation point.

"Yes'm; Tim Maguire's daughter over into the town, and as soon as we get up this mount and strike the Bunker grade we'll be in there in less than an hour."

This is the way he began to tell me the story, which as near as I can I shall tell to you. I had the shifting scene before me, though the spot in which the plot was laid and played, and the chief actors were in my mind.

Rose Maguire came into these parts alone with her father when he opened the "hotel." Being without a mother, she had no bringing up, and early took to horses. From a little girl up she had never minded whether a horse was a tame or a wild one. Put her once in a saddle and she stuck to it like a cat. She knew her way among the hills better than she knew her way along the lines of a book, and day after day she was out among them riding none knew whither till her fancy called her home. Had she met danger in human form she'd have shaken her horse's heels in its face, and been off on the gallop before it could have drawn breath. As she came through town on her horse from this direction or that, she was a sight as well known as the stage itself dashing up to the door of her father's "hotel."

There wasn't a young man thereabouts but had his eye on Rosie Maguire for a wife by and by, if she'd have him. But Rose, she tossed her head at each and all, though she threw a glance at them now and then from under her lashes, with a look that was like spiced wine to thirst, just to keep them on the string—the little flirt! Among these admirers was a homely fellow who'd have given hand and foot for little Rose—one John Winstanley by name, but called, for short, Johnny Win. If ever there was one man at whom she snuffled up her little nose it was Johnny. She ordered him to her stirrup, and never noticed him when he came; she cut him dead without a look, and again speared him through with a glance; she smiled upon the veriest good-for-nothings when he was near, and at times he wished he had been a dog that he might shrink into a corner by himself, so hurt and small he felt. He was one of the owners of the short stage line, and was not above taking the whip himself when occasion demanded, and many and many a day had he invited Rosie for a ride in the seat of honor by his side, but she'd only shake her head and smile like the witch that she was. "I'll ride in your stage when I get to be a lady and go for my wedding journey!" she cried after him one day, and on his return that night he met her walking with a fellow that had just opened store in town. "Well, well!" he said to Tim Maguire after supper, "from this time on it's good-bye Rosie with me."

This speech was duly repeated to her, and her chin went up in the air, her cheek grew redder and her black eyes brighter, and her dainty ears perked anew in offended dignity. "Now hear to me, father," said she; "it's well Johnny's content, and tell him for me that your Rosie's looking higher up."

In the beginning of that winter it started in to rain, and it rained right along through. The soil was soaked, and here and there on the mountain sides the land began to slide, and ti was a soft and dangerous thing to tread on. The little streams that trickled along in summer so musically came foaming down in torrents, though never in any one place cutting wide channels, since the water made for itself a hundred courses, and fretted at the feet of boulders and the roots of trees, laying them bare or undermining them as slowly and secretly as a false friend. The water was fresh and sparkling, and if but for an hour the sun shone, the hillside glistened with the raindrops clinging to the pines, and the running streams were necklaces of silver. As if bruised by the beating rains, the forests sent up an odor into the heavens, and there was no bush or vine but had its own wild fragrance.

It was rain, rain, rain, and the roads became so unsafe it was thought risky to run the stage on account of the many ruts and the soft spots in the track, down which the water had seeped, leaving the surface fair and smooth. It came so bad that one morning the paid driver made it his business to beg off on account of the worry the trips gave his wife.

"Then I'll go myself, for the mail must be brought," said Johnny Win.

"But if you break a neck there's no one to cry for you." It was Rose said it, having overheard him.

"All the same, Miss Rosie; I'll go, and perhaps the neck 'll break easier because the breaking 'll grieve no one;" and then she went singing away up the rough stair, and he rode out into the mountains with the reins of his six horses in his hands.

Carefully he drove, and warily he watched the road, and it rained and rained. Drops fell as big as an egg, and broke upon branches and stones. Where the streams quarreled with the rocks, it seemed as though the hills were struggling and foaming at the mouth. In the town it rained just as hard, and, trying to sing, Rosie Maguire went about the house, busying herself with a thousand things, but finding time once a minute to look from the window.

Five o'clock was stage time, but no stage came. Supper came and went, people dropped in for the mail and went home, the clock struck seven and still no stage. "He's probably waited over, finding the roads too bad to get in by daylight," said one. "No," answered Tim Maguire; "Johnny's got too much git up an' git an' reglar grit to be beat by a road. Depend upon it, boys, he's in trouble somewheres with that stage an' them hosses. It 'ud be worth a man's life to find out though." While he leaned over his bar and puffed the smoke and talk from between his lips, enjoying the small excitement, he never noticed the little girl hovering near the door, anxiously smiling and smartening up a bit, or curving and bridling with her neck, as a glance from some or other of the numerous pairs of eyes shot that way. But sometimes she strained her ear not to lose a word, or hollowed her hand round it to catch a sound, or shook her hair restlessly away, and a minute after hummed at a saucy snatch or two, and all the time flitting about like a moth near the door, so busy with the broom, or the curtain, or the rug.

It was good eight when certain assurance was brought that the stage was of a surety really on the road, on its back trip, by a horseman who had met and passed it struggling along off among the hills. Many were the hands raised, palm outward, in dismay then; but when the men took a look out the window into the dead darkness, and heard the roar of the stream, and the swish of the falling rain, they shook their heads, and coming back spit at the stove once more.

And when the clock was on the stroke of nine a small form, a-tiptoe and a-tremble, stole out the back doorway, silently and stilly as the leaf that whispers but to itself as it falls, and the eyes that gleamed beneath the low forehead like stars of a dark night were wet with something beside drops of rain.

Out to the stables Rosie flew straight as a sent arrow; and her own little bay mare whinnied, as the small hand slid rappidly down flanks, as bridle went over neck, and saddle across back. The mare stamped and pawed, and then shrunk back for an instant at the door as a drop splashed in her face; but she gathered herself together, and with a bound like a rabbit she was off and away into the dark.

And then began the wild ride of Rosie Maguire!

The feet of the little mare danced upon the bridge that spanned the swollen creek, lit with a dull thud in the mud, struck fire from the stones that lay beyond, then away she started on a gallop up the Bunker grade till the wise little mistress checked her speed. "Nay, nay," said the brave Rose, "we shall need our strength for the long, hard roads that lie beyond."

As they touched the top of the mountain the rain had ceased, but a dull and sullen silence fell from the heavens, and a watery, blear-eyed moon looked out. An eerie, goblin moon looked out, and the clouds had jagged its edges till it seemed like a torn tear. It illumined the dreadful mountain and the gaunt forest with the ghost of a light, that shimmered and wavered half-way between a lear and a smile. But the little maid kept her lonely way, flying, as it seemed to herself, always in the dark, while the shuddering shadows on either side of her made great jumps over her head, and reached, and drew back their black-gloved hands.

"Why, Johnny," she said to herself once," Johnny, I never shall find you; and may be your wheels have gone over the side of the mountain in this dreadful dark." And then she was half crying, and she put her hands over her eyes; but the little mare felt her way on and on, and with her good horse-sense stepped now to this side, now to that, accepting the warnings her sensitive feet took from bad ground. They left behind them the great rock from whose solid heart the road had been hewn, the clump of firs that blackened all one side of a hill; the round, bare-headed mountain that through the whole year stood uncovered among its fellows. A hundred streams they dashed through, that sputtered, and splashed, and made their outcry, and the night was now hideous, now musical, with the sounds that wailed or sung through it. The sough of the pines filled the ears set to every sound; a shiver like a moan came up through the branches; a dozen sighs at once breathed across the startled lips; every twig, every stone, and stick seemed to echo like the failing tang of a harp, and the rushing water rollicked faintly afar off, or burst into chorus behind or before.

"Eh! but it was a wild ride! Up hill and down hill, through mud and through mire, alone in the dead of night among the lonely mountains, with a great cry in the heart of, "Oh! where are you Johnny Win, and how shall I find you at all?" Despairing eyes peered through the dark, and its darker imaginings, and fancy pictured a dead man far down the hill-side—perhaps this spot, or this, or this, had witnessed the first false step, and such sobs broke through her lips that they came to be agony just of themselves. Her thoughts were wild animals feeding on her heart, and a hundred times almost she leaped from her saddle at something that was like a human moan. Calls from north, and south, and east, and west whispered in her ear, smuggled in under cover of a creaking branch or a dashing stone, like a letter under an apron, "Rosie, my girl!" "Rosie Maguire!" "Here I am, Rose, woman; down in the gulch, a-dyin'." "I was mockin' ye, Rose, an' it's here I am, not over there!" "Oh, Rose, Rose!" "I'm on the hill now, watchin' the horses dance." "No, Rosie, no; it's crawlin' at your stirrup I am, waitin' the lift of your hand." "Rosie, Rosie, darlin'!"

But, like a hero fighting in battle, she struck them down hovering upon her saddle out of very fear, and shrinking first to one side, then to the other, uncertain as to where danger lay. A young girl, full of her shiverings, her fears, and her fancies, in a thick, dark cut by frightful moon-rays, miles and miles from an abode; what if some bold fellow should hear her mare's gallop, and ride to her side now! Is it a wonder that she put her hand over upon her horse's neck, just to make certain of something that was really alive and a friend?

But, hurrah! my brave little Rose, my brave bay mare! What is that really down in the gulch this time, its fore wheels in a rut, and the water playing like a mill race through them? As you live, six horses, weary and worn, stand patiently in harness, and lo! a man on the ground with a broken leg and his reins round his hands, waiting the painful night through till day and help shall come. Nay, never scream, my girl, nor jump from your saddle so. You've found him, Rose, you've found him, spite of road, and rain, and night, and your two slender wet arms frantically clinging round his neck are like angel touches to him.

Now, chirrup to your horses, Johnny Win, and get your stage out of the rut as you lie on the ground; then up, man, over the wheel, dragging your leg after you. Wouldn't that brave girl by your side make the heart of the very mountain leap to its mouth?

Slowly and cautiously along the road they went, the tired mare following behind. Through the shadows and the hills, and the voices of the night, robbed of their terrors now, went Rose and Johnny, and the stage and the pretty mare, across the treacherous streams, and the thousand ravines, and the stones that lay by the way, and the shadows that had sprung like wolves to the dainty stirrup. Slowly, and, oh, so carefully, the horses' ears hanging from very weariness; but, behold! the breaking of the day brought them to the highest peak of all, and the fair down grade was all that lay between them and rest. Then the horses pricked up their ears, the wheels spun, and down they whirled, with Rose's own little foot helping on the brake. Well, well, but it was glad they were to see the houses, though not a soul was stirring; what with Johnny's broken limb, and Rosie's cheeks feverish with excitement, the night she had spent, the deed she had done, which must go to the world, and the blushes of her own ashamed and confessed love!

Astonished the hostler was when he came running, half asleep; and there was Tim Maguire staring aghast from an upper window, and a dozen others round by the lumbering stage. But Rosie's ride was ended, and down she stepped, and slipped away to hide her face in her own pillow. It was ended, but the noise of it went abroad through the mountains, and though that was a year come the 19th day of January, the folks have never yet done talking about the ride she took in the night over the roads.

"Sir, I congratulate you on your bride that is to be," cried I, warmly, turning to the driver.

"Thank ye," he answered, pleasantly. "She'll be eighteen come the 20th day of September." KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879.

## CAMPING ON DONNER LAKE.

Lake Tahoe is nothing but a big inland sea with some few pretty bays along its shores. It is the hotel-keeper's paradise, and the grand absorbent of the tourist's funds. Donner Lake is free from those badly supplied and expensive caravansaries, which to those who love the woods and outdoor life, who enjoy sleeping under the stars by the crackling camp-fire, is one of its most attractive characteristics. It is also a place with a history, a sad one it is true, but this same story of starvation and heroism lends an interest to this beautiful lake. At this season it wears its fairest color; it is blue as mid-ocean. The pines and tamaracks on its banks are lustrous in their dark green foliage, the Donner meadows are gay with wild flowers of every hue, and the thin streams that bubble through them give the scene a pastoral character more familiar to some quiet English shire than the herat of the Sierra. I know of no more delightful place for a week's camping-out than Donner Lake Wood. Water-grass, grouse, trout, woodchucks, gray squirrels, quail, deer, and rabbits are here. The yachtmen can enjoy beating up the lake, and running down with a free wind before the regular afternoon breeze; the angler can whip the stream or troll with the certainty of a full basket; the gunner can climb the hillside and bring back a good bag of game, and the idle man can lie on his back in the shade of the tamaracks and study the habits of the inquisitive, intrusive, and most nimble chipmunks. We camped at the lower end of Donner Lake. We left Truckee with groceries enough to start a moderate mountain store, and Joe Goodman's mud-colored canvas sack held a supply of fishing tackle that a year's fishing in Labrador could not exhaust. We had no guns, but one of the party, a most experienced and skillful archer, carried with him a long bow and a dozen of Maurice Thompson's hunting arrows. We had a Chinaman — old, lean-faced, wizened-looking—recommended to us as an excellent cook and a model of silence. Noiseless as the Chinese are when separated from the herd, this fellow excelled any that I have ever seen in that admirable quality of silence. He flew light in regard to baggage, as Mark Twain would say, but he, too, had "laid himself out" for a pleasant time, for as soon as our camp was made he produced from a small bag an opium pipe and a pot of opium, a Chinese pipe and a sack of Chinese tobacco, a fine meerschaum, a plug of Virginia tobacco, and a bottle of Chinese whisky. His name was "Sol"—short for Solomon; for certainly, in the matter of creature comforts, he was wisest of his race. Under the tamarack trees, within sight of the Murphy cabin, where so many horrible events connected with the Donner tragedy had taken place, we spread our blankets. And then, leaving Henry Abbott, that stalwart stock operator, whose fine open countenance is familiar on California Street, to confer with Solomon as to the arrangement of the stores, Goodman and myself put our rods together and struck out for the stream. Through the Donner meadows run two brooks; one—Cold Stream—that takes its rise at the summit, and is fed in summer by the melting snows; and the other, an outlet of Donner Lake, which joins Cold Stream a half a mile from the lake, and with it journeys over one bed to the Truckee River. With the exception of a few little trout that leaped at our flies and were caught just for fun, we had no sport until we stood on the banks at the pool where those streams unite. "Here," said Goodman, "is the choice fishing ground. Take a long cast over the ripples at the head of the pool." I did so. The leader touched the water; I saw a quick gleam, like the flash of a sword below me, and the next moment my pulses thrilled with the glorious sensation of having hooked the first good trout of the day. Well and pluckily he fought; now darting toward some dangerous willow stumps, now heading down stream with the determination of carrying line, rod, and angler with him; now dashing toward me, as if to demand an explanation of all this unseemly and painful violence; and at last giving up the battle, panting, exhausted, vanquished. My pocket scale gave his weight at a pound and a half, and I pledged him in my pocket-flask ere his soul had departed for that beautiful sheet of water in the other world, where all the flies are genuine, and Limerick hooks concealed under red hackles are not found to annoy the gills of good and gamey trout. What a day's fishing that was! We had no rest; every cast brought a fish, every fish a battle, every battle an additional pound or two in our baskets. Ye who sit like contemplative toads on the shelving banks of Lake Chabot, watching the float, and waiting for the bite that comes but rarely if at all; ye who dabble for minnows in the streams of this fished out peninsula; ye who cool your shins on the long wharf pottering for poggies, imagine if you can forty pounds of brook trout to two anglers in take less than three hours, and then burn your fishing lines and to silver bait and the California Market. The trout were in fine humor that day. There was a brisk breeze blowing and it quickened their appetites. Denis MacCarthy threw them caddis worms with a huge bamboo pole, and they responded. But little grace did Denis give them. That bamboo pole did not allow of any fine play. The minute a trout was hooked he was skull-dragged to the bank, and his neck broken by the remorseless Comstocker before he knew what hurt him. Abbott and Solomon were ready for us on our return. A drink of cold water moderately connected with a little flavoring mixture, and we were *en garde* for our first trout dinner in the mountains. We consumed our spoils like men who were taking their farewell of fish, and were doomed to a corn beef and cabbage diet for the remainder of their natural lives. And then the shadows gathered about us, and the spectral branches of the tamarack trees spread their arms over us, and the faint breeze from the meadows, fragant and refreshing, caught the smoke from our camp-fire and whirled it away toward the mountains in whose clefts the winter snows still rested. Solomon, his dishes washed and the logs hauled in, lit his opium pipe and smoked his spirit to the rice-fields of his childhood, and we slept the sleep of the virtuous and the industrious. What befell us on the morrow, and how the long bow proved a mighty instrument in the capture of sullen trout, shall be the subject of another paper. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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It is becoming fashionable among intelligent men to send a card instead of going to a party. Being out all night dancing, and eating an indigestible supper while standing up, does not hurt the card.

## "ONLY FRIENDS."

A manly fellow, straight and tall—
A wee, brown maiden, dainty, small;
Two eyes of gray, two eyes of brown—
Gray eyes in dark-brown eyes look down;
A small, plump hand, held frankly out;
A mouth, that half suggests a pout,
Has framed the simple words, "Good-bye;"
The manly lips likewise reply;
She laughs—he smiles—and then hands meet—
A nod—"Good-bye"—he's down the street.
He meets a friend—"I say, old boy,
"How's wee, brown Minnie—dainty, coy?
Come, don't deny, old fellow; say!
*I* saw your parting—plain as day."
"By Jove! old boy, you're going mad.
Your ignorance is really sad.
Wee Minnie! Why, I've not in town
So old a friend as Minnie Brown!
That's rich, by Jove! too rich, by half!
I'll tell 't to Min; 'twill make her laugh."
A friend of Minnie's also saw
The friendly parting at the door—
"Come, Minnie, tell me when 'twill be.
Now, don't look stupid; folks can see
That you're engaged to Edward Ames—
Now, don't look cross and call bad names.
I saw your parting at the door;
'Twas proof enough—want nothing more."
But Minnie raised her honest eyes,
And said, in genuine surprise:
"We're only *friends*, Ned Ames and I;
I've known him since I was *so* high.
The idea never crossed my mind
That aught but *friendship* folks could find
In all I've said to him, or he
Has said in fun or truth to me.
I'll tell him when he comes to-day—
The dear, old fellow—what folks say.
He'll laugh, I guess, to think, forsooth,
Folks guess so *very* far from truth."
He came. "O Ned! the queerest news
I heard to-day from Clara Dewes!"
"Not half so funny, Min, as I
Was told to-day by Franklyn Nye."
"Wait, Ned; let me tell first," she said.
"Dear me! you'd never guess it, Ned.
She said—oh, dear! those stupid boors.
I guess I'll tell mine last—tell yours."
"Well, Min, Frank Nye was trying to chaff
About—by Jove! it made me laugh—
About, you know—say, Min, can't you
Tell me yours first? Now, how 'll that do?"
"Oh, never mind—'tis best unsaid.
You wouldn't care to hear it, Ned."
"Oh, yes, I would. But I'll tell first
My news. Prepare, Min, for the worst!
Well, here it is: He said—Frank Nye—
That we are 'spooney'—you and I."
"Oh, Ned, how strange! Why, that's what she—
I mean Miss Clara—told to me."
"No, Min. By Jove! the deuce it is!
So her news was the same as his?
What bosh! Enough of this! I've come
To tell you I shall soon leave home
To stay a year—most likely two.
I say, what makes you look so blue?
Tears, Min? Good gracious! what's up now?
Come, tell a fellow what's the row?"
"I—I—'tis nothing—truly, Ned—
But—don't go—stay at home, instead."
Two flushed, red cheeks, two dark-brown eyes—
Two gray eyes opened in surprise—
The gray eyes meet the eyes of brown—
The brown eyes droop their lashes down.
A pause—and then a whistle low—
"By George!—well, Min, I don't know—"
But *something* cut the sentence short—
Two pouting lips tried to retort.
Two manly lips refused the quest—
I'll leave you now to guess the rest.

A manly fellow, straight and tall—
A wee, brown maiden, dainty, small—
Two eyes of gray—two eyes of brown—
Gray eyes in dark-brown eyes look down.
A small, plump hand held firmly in
A larger palm. "My darling Min!"
Again is breathed a low "good-bye"—
A scarcely audible reply,
"Folks weren't so *very* wrong, hey, Min?
I guess 'twas *we* were 'taken in,'
But, if *they* hadn't guessed the truth,
We'd never known ourselves, forsooth."

OAKLAND, August, 1879. AL ARAAF.

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### The Ivy Vine.

[From the German of Kœrner.]

There hangs a crafty ivy-vine
Close wrapped about a leafless tree;
She talks to him of spring-time dreams
When all his ill shall healed be.

And should the spring-dreams come indeed,
The tree's lost blooming would they bring?
My heart, thou art the naked tree,
And ivy-vines the songs I sing.

NILES, July, 1879. MILICENT W. SHINN.

### Morning.

[From the French of Victor Hugo.]

The sails of the morn o'er the mountains unroll;
The old tower gleams in an up-springing ray;
And see! through the skies, to greet the loved day,
Like glory to joy, soul to soul,
The song of the wood to the dawn wings its way.

Yes, smile at the splendor, the roseate light
Thou'lt see—if to-morrow the grave be my share—
A sunlight as bright shine upon thy despair;
Over my tomb's silent night
The same birds shall sing of a morning as fair.

But a fairer dawn o'er my soul then shall break
A glory celestial upon me shall beam—
An endless future reveal its joys supreme.
From life to that dark morn we awake
As from night's dark shades, or a troublous dream.

CALISTOGA, July, 1879. JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

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An unknown, and therefore lucky, contributor sends in the following choice sequence:

Briggs meets Spriggs, and says: "Have you seen *A New Play?*" "Yes," answers Spriggs. "Well," says Briggs, "did 'Yorick' come up to Yorick-spectations?"

"Is Lettuce Soap good?" asked the customer of the drug clerk. "Can't say," answered the knight of the pill box, "but lettuce soap it is."

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

X. has just ratted.

"I say," says an indignant member of the party he has just deserted, "you're a pretty fellow, you are. You change your political faith as you do your shirt."

"You wouldn't have me wear a shirt after I found it was dirty, would you?"

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Advertisement from a Paris paper:

Matrimonial—A gentleman of 35, with a fortune of 200,000 francs and disease of the lungs, desires to marry a young, handsome and well-educated lady of similar fortune and complaint, who wishes to live in strict retirement on the shores of the Mediterranean. Photographs exchanged. Address X. 12; poste restante Paris.

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Behind the counter of a fashionable tobacconist on one of the boulevards sits a pretty girl, whose large dark eyes are an object of particular attraction to a certain class of *flaneurs*.

"What would I not give for such a pair of eyes as those!" exclaimed a *gandin* (fop), who, by contrast, is possessed of those round, blear, diminutive optics vulgarly termed "pig's eyes."

"What on earth would you do with them?" asks a friend who has overheard him, "you haven't room enough for them."

---

Two friends meet on the Boulevard:

"Well, how did you get over the spring?" asks one friend of another.

"I did not get over the spring," was the somewhat surly reply; "I waded through it."

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The end of a discussion:

"If you were right, then I should be wrong?"

"Certainly, you would be wrong!"

"Pray don't talk nonsense!"

---

"If you please, sir, what is the price of that bracelet?"

"Fifteen thousand francs, madame."

"Are the diamonds real?"

"Yes, madame."

"I'm so sorry!"

---

A duel between the ferocious soldier X. and the timid poet Y. is averted by the latter's ignominious backdown.

"He'll apologize; that'll be all right," they say to X.

"He must put his apology into writing."

"He will—of course he will."

"It must be no slouch of an apology, you know, but something abject—something that creeps and crawls."

"I'll see to that. He'll write it in verse!"

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At Vichy:

"How did you manage, my dear Count, to get away from your wife?"

"Nothing easier. The doctor having thought a sojourn at Pongues best suited for her, I got him to prescribe one at Vichy for myself. We always obey our doctor."

At Pongues:

"What, dear Countess, here all alone? How did you escape from your husband?"

"Well, the doctor having prescribed the waters of Vichy for him, I made him understand that the Pongues Springs would be best for me. We always obey our doctor."

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Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has received from Russia the following declaration:

"Mademoiselle—

"I love you, and this will appear quite natural to you when you know that I am A NIHILIST."

---

A man of sinister aspect, with a broken hat stuck on one side of his head, issues from a crowd assembled on the boulevard.

"What is the matter?" asks Vivier, who was passing by at the time.

"Two runaway horses that a *sergot* (French slang for "policeman") has just stopped."

"Ah! that's right. He is a brave fellow."

"So did I once stop a carriage," said the man of dubious mien. "It was last year, and I never got so much as 'thank you' for it."

"Well, my friend, it all depends upon circumstances. If it was at the corner of a wood, for instance."

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"I tell you there is no humbug about me. I mean what I say. I wear my heart in my sleeve."

"Ah! (cautiously but triumphantly) then your heart must be in the wrong place!"

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An old avaricious has a son who is rapidly become to acquire a fortune considerable.

The young man has sweared to not himself never marry, but the father dreams to convolve in second nuptials.

He goes to make his demand to the dame of his thought.

"I am not so very rich," sighs-t-he (*soupireil.*)

Then he adds, making allusion to his son, the millionaire:

"But I have of the expectations!"

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At Vesoul there was a political libel suit not long ago, and the plaintiffs sent to Paris for MM. Ferdinand Duval and Numa Baragnon to rend and tear the defendants.

When in the course of summing up of one of the fiery orators he came to deal with one particular defendant, the defendant made a sign to him to be silent, and jumping up he shouted to his wife, who was in court:

"Clara, go—you'd better go—they're going to flay me now."

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"Can it be, Raouf, that you are going to marry Mme. Durand?"

"Perfectly true, my dear boy."

"You are aware that she is fifty-five, to say the least?"

"Yes; and I am aware that her income is more than twice that much in thousand-franc notes!"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF HARRY MIGHELS.

BY SAM. DAVIS.

During the last few years of the life of the late Harry Mighels the writer enjoyed a tolerably familiar acquaintance with him. Mighels was a man of astonishingly pronounced characteristics, and well known all over the coast as a politician, journalist, and public speaker of more than ordinary abilities, and to his personal friends as a painter, poet, naturalist, and the very jolliest of companions. He edited several papers in different parts of the coast, and on one occasion was paid $500 a week to take the helm of a San Francisco journal during the last six weeks of a bitter political campaign. For many years past he edited the *Appeal*, at Carson, Nevada, and it was here that he established himself in a home, reared a family, and died. Calling upon him one Sunday afternoon the writer found him in his shirt sleeves, on his front door-stoop, explaining to his children the points of an ugly spotted toad. The next two hours was spent listening to a lecture on toads, bugs, lizards, etc., delivered with immense effect to a group of youngsters, who invariably gathered from the neighboring yards on such occasions. Mighels was wont to amuse himself with these discourses, and they were replete with scientific fact, merry jest, or outrageous exaggeration, as the spirit moved him. To keep one of these groups grinning and laughing was to him a source of immense recreation, and he once remarked that the only true road to earthly happiness was to erect a little cobbler's shop at the cross-roads of some country town, and become the oracle of all the ragged children of the neighborhood. "I don't care a rap for the opinions of men, but I will make children love me, or know the reason why."

He lived in a little squat house of queer architectural proportions, which had the appearance of having been enlarged just in the ratio that the family had increased. It was surrounded with fruit and shade trees of many varities, together with rose and lilac bushes, and all planted without the slightest regard for form or order—two things which their owner held in the heartiest possible contempt. An apple tree had been trained to grow with its branches down; a cottonwood slanted up from the soil at an angle of forty-five degrees; all sorts of plants and flowers were mixed together in the wildest confusion; and it was the owner's boast that there wasn't a plumb line or a right angle that he knew of about the premises. The interior of the house was in keeping with its grotesque surroundings. The Brussels carpet in the parlor had been picked up by Mighels at the Centennial Exhibition. It was covered with the fantastic shapes of dragons, monkies, hobgoblins, devils, angels, and birds of paradise. The designer must have given birth to such a creation of incongruities in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and few men fully sober would have purchased such a nightmare of a carpet. The room was full of little bronze and ivory ornaments of fanciful designs, totally unlike the stereotyped collection of albums, Bibles, paper-weights, photograph frames, flower vases, and hanging-baskets observable in so many dwelling-houses of the middle-class. The walls were hung with choice engravings not familiar to the majority of people, and there were four or five paintings in oil from Mighels' brush. One represented a lone pine tree, a well-known land-mark near Lake Bigler, which was remarkably well handled, and pronounced by competent artists to be a work of genuine merit. Another represented a scenes on the coast of Florida, with the waves breaking in upon the beach, which was ornamented with a number of palmetto trees. This was pronounced by good, bad, and indifferent judges to be a botch of unmistakably crude design and color, and was probably painted and hung up by Mighels for the sole object of testing the sincerity of his acquaintance, for he generally had as little as possible to do with those who pronounced it good. Another picture was a fairy scene, of a purely imaginative character, painted for his children, and represented some little elves playing with a gang of frogs and toads among a rank growth of toad-stools. A fourth was a vigorously-handled wood scene, which he never finished, although he painted a portion of it upon his death-bed.

In the corner of the yard was a queer little rookery, which he always called his "den." It was a little house about 10x10, filled with sketches in oil, fishing-tackle, guns, books, etchings, printers' material, and all sorts of traps thrown together in uncleanliness and confusion. Here he wrote editorials, and put them in type, manufactured artificial flies for fishing, and painted indefatigably. He brought down scores of sketches every year from the mountains, and gave them away as fast as he put them upon canvas, and these would bring good prices to-day if put on the market. He seemed to have more of a genuine liking for painting than anything else which he did, and each year when the heated season began he was in the habit of packing up his paints and brushes, and camp outfit, and a light tent, and burying himself in the mountains for weeks. He generally took his children on these trips—the oldest was but twelve—and in the fastnesses of the Sierra he fished, hunted, sketched, and led a wild, vagabondish life, of which any student of nature can not help appreciating and enjoying. His return from one of these trips was indeed a sight, and the crowd homeward bound might easily be mistaken for a band of Piutes or gypsies.

One day while in the writer's room he took a great liking for an oil painting—a gift from a Chicago artist—which represented a newsboy's head, done in a sketchy but effective style which Mighels always admired.

"Have you got any packing paper?" he said presently. The paper was forthcoming.

"Any thick cord?" was the next query. And cord was furnished. And mounting a chair, he deliberately took down the painting and proceeded to pack it, with an indescribable gravity, keeping up a running fire of conversation something like the following:

"Sam, I never supposed that a man of your scrubbish taste for art would have a picture like this in your room. Such a picture would appear to much better advantage, and be more fully in harmony with the surroundings, in the office of the *Daily Morning Appeal*, price eight dollars per annum, in advance; H. R. Mighels, editor and proprietor. I appreciate a gift like this, and I particularly admire the hearty whole-souled spirit which so delicately prompts the giving. I hate stingy men, don't you?—hold that end a minute—just look at that Rembrant effect on the face—put your finger on that corner and keep it down. My wife will be delighted when I tell her you have sent that to her."

A faint expostulation was uttered.

"Now don't compel me to resort to carnal weapons; for instance, a six-shooter. I like you too well to start a slaughter house with you. You asked me how I liked the picture. Now, don't I appear to like it?" And, packing it up neatly, he put it under his arm and went away on the train. Next morning the *Appeal* contained the following:

Yesterday we were surprised and delighted at receiving from a valued journalistic friend in Virginia City a fancy sketch in oil, which is a very meritorious work of art, painted by his own hand. We would mention the name of the generous hearted donor did we not fully appreciate the fact that his native modesty would rise in revolution at the idea of such an ostentatious parade of his name and generosity. Good pictures are best in oil, like sardines. Such pleasant amenities go far to smooth down the rough pathway of Nevada journalism.

He soon afterward, however, sent the writer a sketch which fully compensated for his plundering operations in Virginia City.

When Sumpter was fired upon he, as he expressed it afterward, felt as though he had received a personal blow in the face. He hastened East, joined the army, and, on the staff of Gen. Sturgis, fought through the war, carrying to the grave the scars of wounds received on some of the most terrible fields of the rebellion.

There are hundreds of queer anecdotes extant regarding the eccentricities of Mighels. On the occasion of the centennial Fourth of July he was chosen to read the Declaration of Independence. When the time came he advanced to the footlights, full of patriotism and a little Bourbon, and read the opening sentences of the document with due gravity; then suddenly throwing aside the book, he electrified the audience with something like the following:

Ladies and gentlemen:—I am getting heartily sick of this annual abuse of King George the Third, and the rest of our misguided ancestors. I stand here to-day in the double capacity of the living embodiment of American patriotism and the attorney for old King George. [Sensation.] In my humble opinion he was a great man, and America never produced his equal. He was called King George the Third because he was a three-time loser.

He addressed the last remark to a group of leading citizens occupying the stage, most of whom either had interests in faro games, or else were noted for their gambling proclivities. This produced a roar; and for the next hour he kept the audience howling with laughter over a funny defense of British institutions. The wildest hilarity and confusion prevailed; and the speaker talked as if he was intensely in earnest, and closed his appeal with a request to the band to play "God Save the Queen."

During the last campaign in Nevada he ran for Lieutenant-Governor on the Republican ticket, and what little life was enthused into the campaign was born in his ringing speeches. He had always been an aggressive and belligerent man in politics and journalism, and no sooner did his head show itself than it was a universal target. The principle weapon used against him was the back files of his own paper, the *Appeal*, which had often contained bitter abuse of the foreign element, and especially the Cornish and Canadians. He believed that no class of men who lived on earth were the equals of native-born Americans, and he was never backward in expressing his opinion. The fight made against him on this score was a particularly bitter one. It was supposed by many that he would make some explanation upon the stump, but there was nothing of the "craw fish" element in the man; and he went squarely before the people, admitted that his sentiments had not been misquoted, and commended those who held different views to the society of the devil. On the eve of election he made a speech to a crowded audience at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City; and, as it had been rumored about the town that Mighels would indulge in a square back down of his views and make the *amend honorable*, a large portion of his audience was composed of the men whose nationalities he had abused. Those who were best posted on the temper of the speaker, however, knew that there was no such thing as compromise in him. His language was, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"I have been informed that this evening I am expected to make certain retractions to the foreigners in this audience or be defeated at the polls. It won't apologize or take any thing back, as I prefer defeat to such a contemptible course." Then shaking his finger defiantly at the gallery, he continued: "I would not purchase my election at such a price if it were to save the souls of every mother's son of you from everlasting perdition." This is bold language for a political candidate to utter on the eve of election. He was beaten.

One night, while speaking in the same campaign, he said: "I have lived among the good people of Carson for several years; I have raised a family of four children," Then walking back to a table he began drinking a glass of water, but suddenly stopping short, he looked at his audience and continued, significantly: "*And they are all mine!*" The effect can be imagined.

On another occasion he advised a political opponent to "go north and freeze up with the country."

His paper, the *Morning Appeal*, was never a newspaper, but rather a vehicle of his quaint fancies, happy conceits, and original expressions. In addition, he was an educated man, and his English was of the purest. He was at times a remarkable coiner of words, but the metal he made them from was always up to the regular standard of fineness, and the entomological dies true to a hair. He picked up odd subjects and extracted a vast amount of "nutriment" from them. He would preach a delightful sermon on a sausage-shop, and an old shirt fluttering on a clothes-line would furnish inspiration for a humorous poem.

Personally, he was an odd mixture, possessing those qualities which belong to a roll of velvet and a crosscut-saw. He was a most delightful companion to friends, but his dislikes he could never conceal, and he preferred to be insulting than hypocritical. This made him legions of bitter enemies, and his combative, uncompromising temperament kept alive these animosities.

A few days before his death the writer called to see him. He was coiled up in an easy chair, dreadfully worn out and haggard with a cancer in his stomach grasping his vitals like an octopus. Neither spoke for several minutes, when the following conversation took place, he opening the ball:

"Are you sick?"

"No."

"Have they sold your five shares of Picton?"

"Guess not."

"Then why the devil do you sit round here as solemncholy as an Egyptian mummy who couldn't pay the rent for his cell in a catacomb."

The writer hinted in a mild way at the speaker's approaching demise.

"Now, I'm the man who is to be buried, and suppose you allow me to do the emotional. I wouldn't feel as bad as you look for fifty dollars."

At this the writer concluded to indulge in a little jocularity, and remarked, cheerily: "Oh, I'll never ride behind your coffin." At which the shattered and wasted invalid replied, with a merry laugh:

"Why, you infernal fool, do you propose to walk?"

For the next hour he conversed about his forthcoming death and funeral in a style that showed the indomitable pluck of a man who was determined that he would not cringe at pain, or look solemn upon the eve of death. He maintained this astonishing nerve to the end, and died in the arms of his wife, who was his faithful attendant to the last. Just before he died he seemed to be relapsing into unconsciousness, and his wife, rousing him a little, said:

"Do you know me, Harry?"

He opened his eyes and, looking up with a smile, replied:

"I think we've met before."

In a few moments he was dead.

He left *Sage Brush Leaves* as a legacy to his family, and the Pacific Coast may find in it something which will be a notable addition to its literature. It is full of crisp things not written for a book at all, and all the better for it. It is compiled from the "Note and Query" column of the *Appeal*, penned from day to day when the writer had to turn from the middle of a sentence to give a theatrical agent his lowest figures on a three-sheet poster, and may be pause for a few minutes to thrash some bully who came in to get a retraction. He loved to describe scenery. Here is a bit of his work:

If you are impressed by colors and tones, and tints, and atmospheric phenomena, you call to mind the sunset hues of those mountains in the east yonder. Of a clear, still gloaming the Pine Nut Hill looms up in the golden ether aglow with such rosy lights and violet shadows as the painters, whose skilled hands so often have portrayed the Tyrolean Alps, like to imitate upon their canvas. You say to yourself, these gloomy peaks are not the pleasant mountains I saw at sunset. If they are the same, indeed then hath Nature taken upon herself the arts of the changling and the false colors of the coquette. You accuse her of "painting," for you have caught her in her dishabille and without her rouge. But how do you know which is the rightful tinting for the face of yon hillside to bear before your eyes? Why may not the mountain have moods as well as man or woman? But, in fact, these grim peaks, so black with the darkness of a dull October morn, are not the same that you saw at twilight. Where is the deep and jagged ravine, so shaded with the royal purple of sundown? It is gone. Where is the distinct peak, which cast its shadow upon its fellows, giving us the strong and definite outlines of an independent, self-sustained mountain? Gone. This is another wall reared against the horizon; there are two, yes, an infinite number of mountain ranges there—a number as infinite as the changes of the changing sky—as changeable as the clouds. To be sure summer, being cloudless, has a certain set of mountains for its landscape; but these must yield and be gone with autumn, with winter, and with spring. Yesterday we caught a glimpse of an old friend of ours that had been gone, God knows where, these ever so many months. He showed his head, dark and threatening as is his wont, high-topping the crest of the Sierra there. Some veils of mist and changing storm-clouds had revealed his outlines. He had been away with the white mountain hares, the snowy owls, and the pogonip all summer; he is as distinct as a mere summer mountain, as if he were a snow-storm of a Christmas Eve. Some weak philosopher will sneer at this notary for a vagarist or a madman, perhaps, but where is any sanity or soberness of statement to be had if not on account of the actual, the visible, and the present. You swear to what you see, not what might have been or may be again. That black summit over against the western sky, capped with those flowing clouds stands midway and above two sharply defined peaks, the two making a gorge, and showing deep shadows and great gloomy precipices, "which were not so before." The plain fact is, some migratory mountaing, just from a summering at the North Pole or amid the surges of the Antarctic, have come back again to their old haunts. You say, in your thoughtless way, the lights and shades are so disposed as to bring out in an unaccustomed relief those mountain outlines. This, my dear reader, is to jump at a conclusion. You are taking the unnecessary pains to build to suit yourself the contour of your neighboring declivities. Why not take them as you find them?

He had a wonderful way of writing a delightful article with all its beauties turned to burlesque by the puff of a kit of mackerel, or a new installment of groceries at the end. He closed a description of some yellow roses once in this way, but as if appreciating the extent of the sacrilege he was about to indulge in, cut short with: "But this dangerous spirit of rhapsody tempts us toward the realms where the merchant lieth in wait for peroratorial puffs, and the tradesman hopes for flattery. Lead us not into temptation!" He loved nature above any thing else, and when he heard that gold had been discovered near Falling Leaf Lake he bemoaned the fact in a choice bit of reasoning:

We hope there is no gold there. Yet we understand something of the age and hour. We know how hard times are, and how much there is need of some development, and all that. But there has not yet arisen any necessity for the burning of our mahogany furniture, or gold mirror frames, or pictures, or books. There is no need, yet, of consigning to the pawnbroker our lockets, our wedding rings, our keepsakes, and our family Bibles. And so we hope they will never find a speck of gold in any stream whose laughing waters leap into that lake, or on any hillside or glen thereabout; for we are not willing to contemplate the fair face of that loveliest of sheets of mountain water stained and muddied with the turgid rinsings of flumes and rockers and sluices and long-toms. There it lies, as placid as a dew-drop, and as pure as a maiden's heart, a priceless diamond set in the hollow of the mighty hills, a glad thing to the eye, and a blessed calmness to the tired soul—above the value, above the considerations of money getting, above all sordidness and greed of gain.

He was buried the day before Decoration Day, and nearly every town in the State sent representatives to his funeral. Carson showed a hundred flags at half mast, and the little Episcopal Church, where the remains lay, could not accommodate the mourners. Next day his grave was so heaped with flowers that the original earth was covered from sight. By sunset, the blasts which sweep over the sage brush had scattered these flowers far and wide, just as the blasts of calumny sweep away the good deeds of men. Mighels had plenty of faults, but their glaring was never veiled by hypocrisy; and with the soul of a poet, and the heart of a soldier in his breast, he died upon the spot which had witnessed the most crushing defeats and hardest fought triumphs of his life, laying aside a sword which—shattered though it was—had taught his enemies to respect.

## A BREEZY LETTER BRIMMING WITH GOSSIP.

PALACE HOTEL, Thursday.

DEAR ——: What has become of your "only Jones?" Is he disabled, disqualified, disgusted or dead, and if so why in the name of impatience don't you resurrect him and give the women of this and other hotels, and what are termed "society people," something for the money they spend for the ARGONAUT? There was a time when you were not quite so dignified, not so literary and of such a degree of excellence but that you condescended to print every week a column or so of matter that—allowing it to be "bosh"—was at all events interesting to those of us who don't like politics and poetry and mental pabulum all the time. I confess to a weakness and an inclination for the sweets of gossip. I like to read about people and their doings, and what they are about to do, even if it is guess work. Furthermore, I want to learn all about you Californians that I can, now that I have decided to remain in San Francisco. Poor health made me a pilgrim here and has for a year or two kept me a stranger, but thanks to "the glorious climate," I am a new woman and reconciled to a residence. Do you know that I rather enjoy the idea of living here—although compelled to. But there was a time when I didn't. It was funny how I first came to think and speculate about San Francisco society. Some fifteen years ago I was a temporary guest at the Ocean House, Newport, R. I., and was assigned a seat at a table where there were three other ladies. In a few days I was joined by a gentleman friend from Providence, who knew everybody and everything. At lunch, one day, my P. F. introduced me to the three ladies above referred to as Mrs. R. and Mrs. and Miss T., of California. The next day I read in a Newport letter to the New York *Times* that among the guests of the Ocean House was a "Mrs. R., of California, who owned a million dollars' worth of real estate, and who wore her finger-nails in mourning." The same letter also referred to "Mrs. T. and Miss T., of San Francisco, who rival each other in their loud display of the products of their mines, and in the grotesque manner in which they array themselves for dinner." Upon the following day I witnessed both the real estate and the rivalry unfairly alluded to. And then I said to myself, "What a shocking sight those California women are!" Something like a year and a half ago I came to California and confronted its society, and, to my amazement, found that, with the exception that it was livelier, faster and more fascinating, California society, as reflected at Sacramento and San Francisco, was at least as pleasant and respectable as that to be found in Washington in the winter, or at the watering places adjacent to New York during the summer months. I found that the occidental girl of the period was as gorgeous and her pace as killing, as any of her magnificent sisters or her cousins or her aunts, to be met with at Long Branch or Saratoga. I found as much rich and tasteful dressing in San Francisco society as displayed at *soirées* and weddings, as is generally to be seen in any of our American cities outside of Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. In the four above-named cities there is a species of upper-crust that has not formed yet in Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati, and that is never seen at Washington or at the fashionable watering places. Bless you! I saw the same coquetting, mercenary, marriageble young ladies, the same anxious mammas, and the same number of silly young men and tough old touch-me-not bachelors. On the whole, the parties and weddings of San Francisco remind me more of the festivities of a season in Washington than of anything of the kind elsewhere. There is the same queer cosmopolitanism and provincialism here as may seen at an evening party at the National Capital; there is the same constant shifting and changing of society here and there; yet indicating that gradually, if slowly, it is consolidating into a permanent type, which will, in time, be as marked as that which had its germ in the old coteries of the hide and leather dealers of New York, and the slave-traders of Boston. Regarding that episode of Narragansett Pier (a delightful watering place in the bay of that name), I propose to interpose a womanly word. Years ago I was a schoolmate of Kate Chase—I admit my rashness in thus exposing my age. She was one of the prettiest and most piquant rogues ever dressed up in petticoats; she was as cultivated as she was pretty and graceful, and as saucy and as independent as she was cultivated; she was also gay, and probably indiscreet, but never naughty. I saw her grow up. I know all about Sprague's meeting with her at Cleveland. He was young, good-looking, and rich. She, his peer in this respect, and had enough pocket-money to supply all of her feminine wants. I was present at the wedding, and saw Old Greenbacks give the sparkling demoiselle away; and, sad to state, I have seen Kate sally out as a bride, and take her lord home dead-drunk in a carriage. Kate was always talked about by the scandal-mongers, and, in the absence of her drunken, jealous thing of a husband, she at least made herself agreeable to Conkling, Dahlgren *et hoc genus omne*. The last time I saw Kate Sprague was in 1870, at the reception given Prince Arthur by Secretary Fish. I can see her now, on Conkling's arm, floating in some indescribable drifting dress of a pale straw-colored stripe, wide-sleeved, trimmed with enfolding plaits or ruffles of satin of just the shade of a ripe oat-sheaf, overset and relieved with black lace, and a full-blown rose with surrounding buds in her splendid hair. Kate had a smile and a pleasant word for all as she hung on the arm of that Senator, who looked as cold and uninviting as an iceberg. My impression is that neither Conkling, Mrs. Sprague, nor the German professor are wholly to blame. Sprague's habits have been very bad for many years. His brother died at Rocky Point from the effects of *delirium tremens*, some twelve or thirteen years ago. The Sprague at that time owned Rocky Point, which is a beautiful place about midway between Providence and Narragansett Pier. If the truth entirely comes out I fancy that it will be made apparent that the dissipated ex-Senator had a compounded complaint of green-eyed monster and "flying-off the handle" when he went after the distinguished New Yorker with a double-barreled shot-gun. But from Eastern scandal back to our own society life. Have you any particulars regarding the swell Catholic wedding on Sutter Street last Tuesday evening—the marriage of Mr. Harry May and Miss Belle Coleman? The house was handsomely decorated and ornamented throughout. The ceremony was conducted by Bishop Alemany, assisted by Father Sprecklés, and took place under the conventional bell. The bride, who is a brunette, wore a white silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with sprays of orange blossoms; hair very prettily arranged. She had four bridesmaids—Misses Nutalls, Rosecrans, and Marston. There were no groomsmen, in conformity with the present style. The Misses Nutalls, both brunettes, were dressed in white with scarlet trimmiggs; Miss Rosecrans, a blonde, was in pure white; Miss Marston, a brunette, in plain white. At the conclusion of the ceremony, and the congratulations which followed, there was music and dancing, and champagne *ad libitum*. At midnight Mr. and Mrs. May took a special train for Menlo. Mrs. Coleman looked absolutely regal in royal purple velvet, trimmed with point lace. Miss Cecile Coleman looked exceedingly pretty in a pink satin, *en train*. Miss Fairfax was dressed in lilac satin, with point applique lace trimmings, *en train*. There was a goodly sprinkling of those ladies and gentlemen who occasionally grace society events, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Louis McLane and their two daughters—Mrs. McLane in black velvet, and the Misses McLane, one in white and one in blue, all *en train;* General and Mrs. Rosecrans, Mrs. Rosecrans in black silk; Mrs. Nutall, in yellow satin, trimmed with black lace, *en train;* Mrs. Withington, in pink satin, embroidered colors; Miss Emma Cole, in blue and white silk; General Burns and daughter, Miss Burns in blue gauze overskirt, with skirt to match; Bishop Kip and wife, Mrs. Kip in plain black silk, and a guipure head-dress that was exceedingly becoming; Mrs. Marston, in a black silk trimmed with jet; Mrs. Phelan and daughter, Mrs. Phelan in a black silk, diamond ornaments, Miss Phelan in white; Mrs. M. Castle, in white silk with steel trimmings, corsage *décolletté*, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Fred. Castle, in white silk, corsage *décolletté;* Mrs. O'Connor, sister, and daughter, of San Rafael, Mrs. O'Connor in a blue, her daughter in white, and her sister in lavender silk; Mrs. C. O'Connor, in black velvet, and a magnificent headdress of white feathers; Doctor and Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Whitney in light blue; Mrs. Shillaber in a handsome white silk, embroidered with colored flowers; Mrs. Blanding, in a white silk, embroidered elaborately with colored flowers; Mrs. O'Brien—who was considered by many the most beautiful lady in the room—in a white silk, with a Queen Elizabeth ruff, hair powdered, and a profusion of diamonds which sparkled with a pair of incomparable eyes for mastery; Mrs. James Burling, in pink silk trimmed with point lace and flowers, hair *à la* Pompadour; Mrs. Judge McKinstry, in blue silk with two point lace flounces; Mrs. Forman, in blue gauze, handsomely trimmed; Miss Lizzie Hawkins, in white silk, with a spray of flowers; Mrs. Lawlor, in black silk trimmed with lace, hair powdered, and dressed *à la* Pompadour; Miss Meares, in white and blue; Mrs. Poet, in white gauze, elaborately embroidered. Mrs. Herman, in black silk, handsomely trimmed with jet, hair—which is noted for its rare beauty—worn *à la* Pompadour; Mrs. William T. Coleman, in black velvet, diamond ornaments; Mrs. McDonough, in pink silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Peter Donahue, in a white silk, trimmed with black lace; Miss Mamie Donahue, in blue and white silk; and Miss Byrne, in blue silk; Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Tucker, of Virginia—Mrs. Tucker in black silk. This does up the description part as near as I can remember. I suppose you have heard of the forthcoming marriage of Mr. Daniel Cook to Miss Carrie Colton. It is to take place on the evening of the 27th of this month, and will be a very quiet and genteel little ceremony, none but the blood relations of the family receiving invitations. On the morning of the 28th the bridal party cross the bay on special boat, in order to have plenty of time for leave-taking and escape the publicity of the ferry and at the Oakland Wharf, take the special car "California" for the overland trip. Reaching Jersey City after a leisure passage, the party will take carriage direct to Mr. Cook's steam yacht *Cupid (?)*, which has been provisioned and is now in readiness on the Jersey shore for the far away lovers. Then for a bridal tour on the waters of Long Island Sound, and a few months among the gay watering places of the Atlantic shore. Fortunate bride and happy groom—that is to be! Oh, the luxury of a swell California wedding! The details make the Eastern girls absolutely wild. But enough of this. I am not fishing for an engagement as correspondent. This screed has run from my pen in sheer recklessness, and if you can give it coherency I would really like to see myself in print—especially in the ARGONAUT. Trusting that I may have the opportunity next Saturday of buying up the whole edition, I am calm and contented to remain

Yours, *incognita*, HEBE.

"What on earth have you brought all those things home for?" contemptuously asked a woman of her husband, as he spread a lot of pictures on the table. "You have often twitted me," he answered, "of never having any views on any subject, and so I've got a lot of 'views' here on all sorts of subjects; and they are my views. I paid for 'em."

### Matrimonial.

Wives of great men oft remind us,
We should pick out wives with care;
So we may not leave behind us
Half our natural crop of hair.

## PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

Les femmes ne doivent pas croire aux serments des hommes, car il leur coûte bien peu de jurer et de promettre. Les serments sont la fausse monnaie avec laquelle on paie les sacrifices de l'amour.—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

Le serment de ne plus aimer est presque aussi raisonnable que celui d'aimer toujours. Les serments de l'amour prouvent son inconstance.—*Marmontel.*

On amuse les petites filles avec des poupées, les grandes avec des serments.—*Adolphe Ricard.*

La société dicte à la femme qui se marie une formule de serment. Elle doit jurer d'être fidèle et d'être soumise, c'est à dire de n'aimer jamais que son mari, et de lui obéir en tout. L'un de ces serments est une absurdité, l'autre est une bassesse. Une femme ne peut répondre de son cœur, même quand son mari serait le plus grand et le plus parfait des hommes.—*George Sand.*

Dans le tête à tête, une femme parle haut avec l'homme qui lui est indifférent; elle parle bas avec celui qu'elle commence à aimer, et garde le silence avec celui qu'elle aime.—*Rochebrune.*

Un spectateur pleurait à la représentation de la *Vestale*, pendant la scène de l'enterrement. Son voisin lui en demanda la raison. C'est, répondit-il, que cette cérémonie me rappelle la mort de ma femme. Moi, elle me fait rire, lui répondit sardoniquement son interlocuteur, pour la même reison: elle me rappelle la mort de la mienne.

Mes larmes ne peuvent rappeler à la vie ma pauvre femme; aussi je pleure, disait un mari ingrat à l'enterrement de sa femme.

On parlait devant une actrice célèbre de la Comédie française d'une dame chez laquelle on disait un mal affreux de tout le monde. —Mon Dieu! s'écria Augustine Brohan, on y dîne si mal! On y mourrait de faim, si l'on y mangeait pas un peu son prochain.

Beaucoup de femmes sont assez honnêtes pour résister à une tentative de séduction; très peu le sont assez pour ne pas s'en montrer flattées.

Lors qu'un ami cherche à vous emprunter de l'argent, si vous lui en prêtez, vous perdrez à l'échéance l'argent et l'ami; si vous lui en refusez, vous perdez l'ami, mais vous gardez l'argent.

C. est marié à une femme coquette dont il est éperduement amoureux; aussi passe-t-il sa vie à vanter ses charmes et à détailler ses mérites. Ce n'est pas un mari, s'est écrié l'autre jour Z. légéremenl impatienté, c'est un agent provocateur.

Entre médecins.—On discutait sur les difficultés du diagnostic. Moi, dit un jeune docteur, attaché au service d'un hôpital, je ne me trompe jamais, je découvre la nature du mal chez tous mes malades, sans exception.—Après l'autopsie, murmura un vieux confrère.

Dans une soirée du grand monde, deux jeunes dames audacieusement décolletées causent entre deux polkas. C'est bien le Vicomte de C., que vous venez d'avoir pour cavalier? —Oui, figurez vous qu'il a dansé tout le temps les yeux baissés.—Il est bien modeste ou bien impertinent.

C'est un des miracles de l'amour de nous faire trouver du plaiser à souffrir; et de vrais amants regarderaient comme le pire des malheurs, un état d'indifférence et d'oubli qui leur ôterait tout le sentiment de leurs peines.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Nous ne regrettons guère ceux qui nous aiment quand nous ne les aimons pas; et nous ne laissons pas de regretter ceux que nous aimons, encore qu'ils ne nous aiment point.—*Mme. de Sartory.*

J'ai quelquefois aimé: je n'aurais pas alors,
Contre le Louvre et ses trésors,
Contre le firmament et la voûte céleste,
Changé les bois, changé les lieux,
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
De l'aimable et jeune bergère,
Pour qui, sous le fils de cythère,
Je servis, engagé par mes premiers serments
Helas! quand reviendront de semblables moments!
—*La Fontaine.*

A la dernière soirée donnée par l'ambassade d'Angleterre, M. de P., très fin causeur, se trouva pris dans un groupe et obligé de passer vingt minutes face à face avec Madame de S., qui est sa plus mortelle ennemie. Tout autre que cet homme du monde, aurait été fort embarrassé, d'autant mieux que les assistants l'observaient avec malice; mais en homme d'esprit et de tête, il fit bonne contenance.

Moins maîtresse d'elle-même, la princesse hasarda quelques allusions à d'anciennes querelles et rappela diverses hostilités dans lesquelles elle n'avait pas toujours eu le beau rôle. De vives et fraiches épigrammes accompagnerent la résurrection de ces souvenirs.

M. de P., ferme devant ces attaques, conserva les formes, le sourire et le langage de la modération la plus stoique et de la plus exquise politesse. L'incident n'eut pas de suites, mais á la fin de la soirée, le hasard réunit encore les deux ennemis. Sur le seuil du vestibule, au moment où ils exécutaient leur retraite, la princesse se disposait, à couvrir d'un châle ses épaules autrefois remarquables par leur blancheur d'ivoire et leur suave contour, épaules qni étaient encore fort belles sous le second empire, mais que les années out depuis quelque peu détériorées, ce dont elle seule ne paraît pas se douter, car elle les montre encore avec une ostentation démesurée.

M. de P., s'approcha galamment de la princesse, prit le châle avec un empressement gracieux, et le plaçant délicatement sur les épaules qui l'attendaient, il dit d'un air à la fois ironique et galant: —Princesse, jetons un voile sur le passé.

## ZOLA, THE GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST.

Public curiosity is now fully aroused to know all about Emile Zola, the novelist; the man who, as De Amicis puts it, "has flung into the air with one kick all the toilet articles of literature, and has washed with a dishcloth of gray linen the bedizened face of Truth." He has written the first popular novel that bears really the odor of the people. Fulfilling this office, he has perhaps been driven beyond his art; but has opened in art new crevices through which we see fresh horizons, and has taught colors, blows of the chisel, shadings, forms, and means of every nature, from which the thousand other geniuses can derive an immense advantage, although they set out on another road, toward an entirely different goal. And this is the more surprising when it is known that in youth Victor Hugo was Zola's ideal. He knew all his poems by heart. There was not a more thorough romancer than Emile. His liking for Hugo bordered on veneration, and he was perfectly happy when, in the evening, he read for his mother some of the "Odes and Ballads," or the "Orientales," which, despite all that may be said in behalf of his subsequent works, will remain the poet's masterpieces. But a change came after he had written his *Les Contes de Ninon*. This book brought him out of obscurity, and into public notice. He improved the opportunity, and asked employment on the staff of the *Figaro*. Editor Villemessant, ever ready to appreciate talent, made him book reviewer. The event was celebrated by Zola with a banquet, such as will long occupy a place in the annals of Vaugirard Street, where he lived. In a brilliant speech he said that he considered his entry into journalism as his "deliverance from bureaucratic servitude;" and he might have added, "from romance." Transformation was never more complete. Zola threw himself body and soul into the fight against all manner of idealism, with the fire of a southerner and the stubborness of a northerner. Never has a man been more consistent with that which he believed was the truth. There is not a single word in all he has written that is at variance with the most daring realism, or, as he calls it, naturalism. It will not be amiss to investigate under what circumstances this radical change came about. Flaubert had already obtained an immense success by his *Mademoiselle Bovary*. Those Siamese twins of French literature, the brothers Goncourt, with their *Germinie Lacerteux*, had made a step further toward the theory that everything in nature is worth artistic representation, and that the improvement of the human race does not depend on the idealization of life, but on its most faithful reproduction, especially as regards its lowest and most disgusting features. Their books were read with avidity. Realism made every day new adepts in all branches of art. Cezanne, a painter, whose daring surpassed even Courbet's, attracted public attention, though his paintings were invariably rejected by the Salon, chiefly on account of their obscenity. Cezanne painted anything that happened to fall under his eyes. Manet, who has since attained the reputation of a clever artist, pushed naturalism in painting to its utmost limits, ridiculing the ideal, scoffing at the great masters, slavishly copying nature, and disdaining to admit within art anything but the materialistic surface of things. All these men were Zola's intimate friends, to the list of which should be added Courbet, Duranty, and Alphonse Daudet. Although the latter belonged to another school, he sympathized with the new impulse that all these hot-headed young men impressed upon art. He saw no reason why the lower strata of society should not have their poet and novelist, and why they should not be beautified with an idealism that they were far from possessing. What else was required to render Zola a thorough realist? He became the standard-bearer of this school. His friends fought their battles by writing novels and painting—Zola by throwing himself into the daily press. Being the most exposed to blows, he became the most violent of the band. He hacked and hewed as Cassagnac has done in behalf of hopeless Bonapartism, and Rochefort in defence of Socialism and Communism. In 1867 Zola was charged with writing the review of the Salon for *Figaro*. His first article aroused a regular storm. The battle intoxicated him, and he made a butchery of all the idols of the French artistic world. Even the *Figaro*, which has ever been open to the boldest assertions, was obliged to bow to public opinion, and Zola was ordered to suspend his "Salon" after the appearance of his fourth article. Discharged by Villemessant, he had a great deal of trouble to get anything to do. This was the most trying period of his life. It was then that he had the opportunity to make those deep and sad studies of the lower Parisian classes which figure in *L'Assommoir* and in *Ventre de Paris*. There he studied vice and hunger, worked, suffered, lost heart, and struggled on bravely. Zola next wrote for other newspapers; but the violence of his attacks upon any literary man or artist who did not side with him rendered a long connection with any of them impossible. His article, "The Morrow After the Crisis," published in *Le Corsaire*, caused the paper to be suppressed. Zola perceived that the day was drawing near in which his articles would be declined by almost every paper in Paris. The success he had obtained by a few novels, such as *Le Vœu d'une Morte* (1866), and *The Mysteries of Marseilles*, in the style of the famous *Mysteries of Paris*, by Sue (1869), encouraged him to seek a source of revenue that would insure him from want for years to come, and bring into effect a plan which he had contemplated for a long time. The idea of writing a series of physiological romances first suggested itself to his mind while he was writing *Madeline Férat*, a novel which hinges upon an incident in the life of a girl with which the author had become acquainted. Being abandoned by the man she loves, the girl, after some time, marries another and has, later on, a child who is a likeness of her first lover. From that moment the plan of a vast work of fiction illustrating physiological problems flashed through his mind, and he traced at once the genealogical tree that he has called *Page d'Amour*. Accordingly, he went to see the publisher Lacroix, and offered to write for him a series of twenty novels illustrating the life of the Second Empire. The bargain was concluded upon this basis: Zola was to receive $100 a month for ten years, and was yearly to deliver the copy for two novels. Zola was thus enabled to realize the dream of his life—to retire to the country and live like a peaceful farmer in a cottage surrounded by chickens and rabbits. The warlike novelist, who, like a raving iconoclast, is never tired of breaking the images of the old beliefs, abhors noise, and is a hermit by temperament. Zola now receives a royalty upon the sale of his books. His yearly income, taking into consideration his pay for articles that he sends to a Russian review, averages $4,000. It was Turguenieff who procured for him the place as literary correspondent for the Russian review. Notwithstanding his fierce way of writing, Zola is eminently good-natured, ever ready to render service to his friends, steadfast and loving, and, above all, orderly in his habits. As regards his private life, he has been compared to a saintly country priest. "His existence," writes Albert Wolff, "glides on even, monotonous, unvaried. He rises always at the same hour, installs himself before his writing desk, takes up the novel he has in hand, and writes every morning the same number of pages, just as a clerk would do his business correspondence. He is never overwhelmed by fits of laziness or by unusual desire to work. This southerner is as cold as a Laplander. He never leaves anything to chance. Inspiration obeys him at the needed moment. He never overworks her, but she owes him regularly a certain number of lines every day and he must have them. His day's work is divided into two parts. The morning belongs to the novelist and the afternoon to the journalist. When the clock strikes twelve he goes to his breakfast, which is one of his grave occupations. He is a great eater. Breakfast being over he invariably takes a nap. He awakes a journalist, and proceeds just as methodically to write either his dramatic criticisms, in which he tears to pieces all the plays that have been produced during the week, or the critical essays that he monthly sends to the Russian review. That one on French novelists is not yet forgotten. When he is reproached for the violence of his attacks, he wonders that people may get angry at him, and coolly answers: 'They may write anything they wish about my works, and I have a right to say of others all that I think.'" I can not understand, in fact, why his critics should be so bitter against him, his right to build up a new order of fiction being granted. His principles may be faulty; perhaps his talent might have shone more brightly had he dealt with subjects less revolting, but it is doubtful whether he would have attained his professed object, which is the reform of the lowest classes of French society, had he stopped short of that vivid and thorough picture which he presents of their vices. Zola, for two or three weeks at a time, will never pass the threshold of the garden that encircles his house in the Rue de Boulogne, where he lives with his mother, his wife, and his two little girls. He seldom goes into society, malicious people say, on account of his ugliness and conversational dullness, which expose him to unfavorable comparison with many literary men not half so clever as he. The true reason probably is, that he considers it an intolerable drudgery to conform his mind and manners to the conventionality by which society is governed. He accepts no invitation to dinner but from his friend Charpentier. When the conversation grows lively he becomes restless. As soon as he can leave the table he retires to some lonely room, stretches himself in an armchair, and soon sleeps his epicurean nap. He must have at least twelve hours of sleep every day or he does not feel like himself. If he pays no visits, he loves to have his friends at his house. His most assiduous visitors are Flaubert, Daudet, the Goncourt brothers, Manet, and a few young men of his school. Once a month, Turguenieff, Flaubert, Zola, and the brothers Goncourt, take breakfast together. Every time they do so, a discussion on the literary merit of some French classic author arises, which "keeps them chained to the table for half the day." Zola has a sort of veneration for Flaubert, whom he recognizes as his master. He claims for himself only the secondary rôle of standard-bearer. He has been accused of vanity and of building his reputation on the ruins of others. He refuted the charge, in a letter to Albert Wolff of the *Figaro*, from the columns of which the attack was directed against him, in an article entitled "The Dream of Mr. Zola."

MEDAN, December 23, 1878.

Then, my fellow brother of the press, you think that I am extremely vain? That it is my vanity which dictates my pages, and that I exterminate my fellow writers in order to make a *tabula rasa* around myself? A fine insinuation this that you throw before the public. Let us reason a little. Is my frankness that of an ambitious man? Do you think I am so naive as not to foresee that, by saying loudly that which others are contented to murmur, I shut all doors on myself? To follow such a business one must have wholly renounced recompenses and honors. If one must reign, he must have more suppleness. You have described the dream of Victor Hugo, or the dream of Courbet, but not the dream of Zola. Victor Hugo and Courbet are the two types of the hypertrophied personality of the man who, for lack of criticism, has passed into a god. As for me, I am but the soldier of an idea—of a fixed idea if you will. I judge painters, dramatic authors, romancers always from the same standpoint; hence all this screaming. Myself, alas! am not so strong as you seem to believe. I pass whole weeks in the belief that I am an idiot, and in the desire of tearing my manuscripts. No man is more harrassed by doubt of himself. I work, but in a fever, and in continual terror not to satisfy myself.

Devotedly yours, E. ZOLA.

He is now preparing *Nana*, the daughter of "Gervaise," in *L'Assommoir*. The book will introduce the reader to the *demi-monde* under the empire. Zola knows little from personal experience of the world he is to describe. He is not acquainted with a single woman of the boudoir; he has seen variety actresses only on the stage, and *cocottes* only in their boxes at the theatre or in the street. His information on the subject comes chiefly from his friends. This novel will, however, be realistic in the highest degree, with pictures such as, perhaps, one would fancy only a thorough man of the world could present. Here lies the great talent of Zola. He does not need to see that which he paints. He is gifted with a power of divination such as no other man has ever given token of. Emile Zola is strongly built, slightly resembling in figure Victor Hugo, though rather stouter than he and not quite so tall. He walks as straight as an arrow. His face is framed by very black and thick beard and hair, which, by contrast, intensify the paleness of his countenance. De Amicis completes his portrait by saying that when he saw him in his writing-room, "he was in slippers, without collar or cravat, and wore a loose, unbuttoned jacket, which allowed one to see his full, protruding figure, well adapted for breaking the waves of literary hatred and ire. Such is the man whom, after *L'Assommoir* appeared, some Parisian critics represented as a bundle of vice, half a brute like Lantier, a beast like Bec-Salé, and as ugly a specimen of the human race as Bezougue, the grave-digger. MAURICE MAURIS.

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Young Robin was inexcusable, perhaps, in stealing a kiss from Mary while walking through the tall corn, but she was in a maize, and of course was not responsible.

## A VERY PRONOUNCED OPINION.

*"Which is better, for a young man at the age of twenty-one, to have a good education, or to inherit a large fortune and have no education."*

This subject was debated a few evenings since at the Eulexian Lodge in San Francisco. The following incidents which have recently occurred at the ARGONAUT office may perhaps throw some light upon this subject. Some two years ago we began to receive from an anonymous author manuscript sketches and stories of a superior quality. Several of them contained quotations from the Greek in the original text; others had Latin and poetical quotations, and all indicating that they were the work of a scholar and a man of no ordinary mind. They indicated reading, profound learning, and broad culture. The style, diction, and general make-up of the articles were of a superior character. We wish we could give the author's name in order that force and point might thereby be added to this true story. These writings came through our business manager, were read in the editorial rooms, passed upon and paid for as is the custom of those dealing in literary wares. We became curious concerning this unknown writer, and told our business man to bring him to the editorial room the next time he made his appearance. After some months he turned up again, and we were informed that Mr. Blank was in the outer office. He was brought in and introduced, and appeared to be about as hard a specimen of the genus tramp as we have ever seen. Seedy to the last ripening, shabbily dressed, hat battered, sunburned and blistered, out at elbows, and awkward; and, great heavens, how he did stutter! It was to the last degree painful. So great was his nervousness that he would endeavor to paw the words from his mouth. We have seen many stammerers, have seen men whistle and pat their heads, and do all sorts of curious things in order to give aid to their speech, but Blank was the most painful specimen we had ever met. Upon inquiry we found that he was born of genteel family in the south of Scotland, inheriting a fine patrimony, educated by private tutors till he went to "Harrow on the Hill;" from thence to "Oxford," where he graduated, taking the highest honors in classics. Having been denied admission to the church, or bar, or medical profession by reason of his infirmity, he came to California, squandered his means in riotous living, fell among bad associates, had chopped wood in the rubber forests of Central America, had been a sheep-herder, had cooked upon a Spanish ranch, had been vaquero, had driven cattle, had tramped, had been in jail for vagrancy. He spoke and wrote with fluency English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. He had acquired habits of inebriety, had fathomed the very lowest depths; had starved, and struggled, and had a hard fight with fate for existence. He said he could live for five dollars per week, but was often unable to make it. In speaking of his infirmity, he said it was purely nervous; that with his associates he stammered but little; when he drank, not at all; but in the presence of gentlemen, when he was embarrassed, he could scarcely utter a word. We replied to him: "Why, my dear fellow, should you feel embarrassed in anybody's presence? You are a gentleman, well born, well educated. Now, if we had attained the highest honors of Oxford we should esteem it as of more value than houses and lands." Warming to our theme, we continued: "If we owned the best block of buildings on Montgomery Street we would freely give it in exchange for so exceptional and distinguished an honor."

"Would you," he said, "give a brick block to have touched the highest honors of the University of Oxford?"

"Most cheerfully," we replied.

"Well, then," he said, "I think y-y-y-y-you a-a-a-a-are a d-d-d-d-d-d—d fool."

This was on the day before the Fourth of July. We gave him fifteen dollars and a letter of introduction to Hubert Bancroft, who is engaged in building history, and to whom we thought he might be useful as a reader or translator of foreign languages. On the 5th of July he came into the office, and we advanced him a dollar to taper off on. And this is the opinion of the graduate on the above italic text.

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It is the custom of those hunting grizzly bears in the Sierra to pursue them with small black and tan terriers. These little whiffets, fleet of foot, and noisy of tongue, chase the ponderous bruin, and, with vociferous bark and snapping bite, so vex his heels, that the monster, turning to annihilate him, loses time, and is overtaken and shot. George C. Gorham is the noisy, vociferous black and tan terrier of politics. His bark is just enough vexation, and his little bite sufficiently annoying to engage or embarass his enemy. The only way to treat him is to pay him no attention, and let him bark his harmless bark and bite his ineffective bite. He will soon find the kennel of some small office. He can always be placated with a bone.

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"Little Black and Tan" is now barking at the heels of Senator Booth in the vain endeavor to induce the Senator to notice him. He charges the Senator with inconsistency in his political conduct. In 1873 the Terrier was going for Governor Booth, and Mr. Sam Seabough, in the *Union* of August 23d, uses this language in reference to the man and the dog: "Governor Booth has exhibited great foresight in "the course he has pursued, and his speech is marked by a "philosophic grandeur which laughs to scorn the petty howl-"ings of his enemies. He has exhibited to the country the "difference between the statesman and the demagogue; be-"tween the patriot and the partisan; between the Republi-"can and the rapscallion; in short, between Booth and Gor-"ham." We commend to the *Chronicle* that it reprint Mr. Seabough's editorials of that year to illustrate which has changed most.

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**XCII.—Sunday, August 17.—Bill of Fare for Eight Persons.**

Eastern Oysters.
Vermicelli Soup.
Chicken stewed with Mushrooms and Truffles.
Potato Croquettes.
Cold Boiled Tongue.
Vegetable Salad.
Roast Beef. Green Peas.
Ice Cream. Wine Jelly.
Fruit and Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Apples, Apricots, Figs, Gages, Plums [illegible]

## OLD AUNT RACHEL.

A Realistic bit of Negro Life in the Sunny South.

Why is it from generation to generation—from the time when the slave-trading ships captured or purchased wild, half-naked, semi-barbarous blacks on the African shores, to the memorable time in 1865, when Lincoln's proclamation was no longer considered in the South as an empty vaunt for party political effect; why is it that four millions of people, who, though for more than a hundred years they had been thrown into actual contact with whites possessing an acknowledged breadth of education, intellect, and refinement, had yet failed to imbibe prevailing customs to the extent of uprooting those rich, ever varying, ever amusing characteristics of negro manners and negro dialect, must remain one of those problems that would require an intimate and exhaustive knowledge of the subject to unravel; and i is a thing that does not come within the scope of this, a simple sketch of Aunt Rachel's ways and moods. It was before emancipation had settled itself in the form of a magnet, with a North pole and a South pole—a positive and a negative, the one attracting and the other repelling—that Aunt Rachel milked the cows and did the cooking for her master's family in one of the southern counties of Alabama. She was an untiring worker and faithful, as the day was long. Her owner had been offered extravagant prices for her, but he refused them all, and often said she was worth her weight in gold. Perhaps this was overrating her value, for she turned the beam at a cool two hundred and twenty-five pounds! If the flesh is frail, Aunt Rachel was the embodiment of frailty. She was old. If you had been ill-informed enough to ask her how old she was, she would have fired up in a minute and told you with great asperity:

"Wot's dat got ter do wid hit? Umph! Oh, I reck'n I's 'bout as spry as any o' dem blab-mouf gals dat puts on and walks dis yer way," and she would pace a few steps, her arms akimbo, and her head and hips wagging ludicrously from side to side. "Ole, is I? Some folks is so curiss."

The fact is, Aunt Rachel had no idea of her age. She could remember back a long, long time, but she was unable to say positively to a day whether it was fifty or a hundred years ago. She was generally spoken of as "Old Aunt Rachel," and was well known to possess a thorough knowledge of all ordinary human ailments and their remedies. She had a strong faith in boneset tea, as the implacable enemy of chills; red pepper was infallible for "cole in de head an' runnin' at de nose;" a decoction of white-oak bark was "de besses' ting in de worl' for start'n' de bowels;" a similar preparation of tobacco was "jess the idee for slay'n' de lice in dem lazy niggers' heads;" nothing was superior to poplar bark for "wurrumy chillun;" poke root would "straighten up er torpit liver, sure, sah!" She was vastly superstitious, and had implicit faith in removing warts by rubbing them lightly with a grain of corn, planting the corn—and forgetting where. That remedy had never failed. She had many years before practiced another, but it had been long abandoned on account of its ineffectiveness. It consisted in picking out three "seeds" of the wart with a pin, inserting them in three separate maple berries, and throwing them thus disguised to three robins to be swallowed. But this had sometimes proved a failure, and, furthermore, maple berries and robins did not last all the year. She firmly believed that every jay-bird is a servant and emissary of the devil's, and that his Satanic majesty has provided for the final destruction of the world by requiring his feathered functionaries to carry each a grain of sand to hell every Friday. After starting on an errand, if she happened to remember something heretofore forgotten, and it became necessary to retrace her footsteps, she always did so with many forbodings, and never without having first made a cross in the road with her great toe—and spat in it. She had little faith in the positive asservations of "de white folks" that there was no danger nor "bad luck" in "fox-fire" and "lightnin'-bugs," and that the light emitted by the damp, decayed wood, and the firefly was merely a phosphorescent incandescence; for she had once seen a "jack-o'-lantern" rising out of the slough "back o' de cawn patch," and always believed it was a wandering, desolate soul from the little graveyard under the oaks. Besides, on a certain occasion, "dat ondacious little blackgyard Jake," had nailed "fox-fire" to the barn-door to represent an enormous and frightful head, with fiery eyes and nose and mouth, and a ghastly expression of countenance. It is said that Aunt Rachel's carefully combed wool became nearly straightened on beholding this unearthly spectacle, and that she tore frantically through the garden, knocking down a whole panel of fencing. Be this as it may, so strong an impression did the circumstance make on her mind that ever thereafter she was unable to reconcile "fox-fire" with good luck and happiness.

She always spoke kindly of "de Ole Master an' de Ole Missis," sometimes abbreviating these appellations into "Ole Mars an' Ole Miss" when ever she wished to inspire awe among the other negroes. She treated them with an affectionate, condescending deference by virtue of her superior understanding in all the ordinary matters of life. They allowed her to exercise her own judgment and choose her own time in everything, and she never betrayed their confidence. She was the best nurse, in case of sickness, in the whole county, and was altogether indispensable at "camp-meet'n's" and "baptiz'n's." Nobody could better soothe the frightened young girls, who came up out of the water chilled and shivering to be dressed by Aunt Rachel's kind old hands in dry, warm clothing that she had been "sunnin' on de bushes" that bordered the baptismal pool. She never forgot anything—unless it was where she planted the mystic grain of corn—and to commit a blunder was, in her estimation, unpardonable. She was an excellent cook, never putting too little or too much pepper and salt in the stewed squashes. In her younger days a former owner had placed her under a New Orleans creole cook, and from him Aunt Rachel had gleaned certain crude notions of French cooking. She had forgotten nearly all the "outlandish names" years ago, but she could string a calf's liver with bacon, and serve as tempting a dish of *pâti de foie gras* as ever graced the immaculate tables in the French quarter of New Orleans. For killing, dressing, stuffing, and roasting pigs and turkeys, Aunt Rachel's fame was great. She was chief mentor at all "de hog killin's," and could "rid de guts o' twenty hogs 'tween sun an' sun." Many years ago she had been a "fiel'-han'," and to the day of her death regarded with scorn "any nigger dat couldn't pick tree hunder poun' o' cotton in er day." In short, Aunt Rachel could do almost anything, and knew almost everything. Her mistress was very much younger than she, and Aunt Rachel had completely spoiled her with petting, and by taking all the responsibility of the household off her hands. Aunt Rachel would bustle around in the early morning cooking breakfast, interrupted by the occasional necessity of shying the skillet in Jake's direction. Jake was her grandson, and a ceaseless torment.

At sundown Aunt Rachel may be seen hurrying out of the kitchen with a large bucket of "cow feed" on her arm. It is milking-time. Three cows, named when they were calves "Bet," "Fanny," "Rose"—Aunt Rachel's own tasteful selection of names—are lowing at the gate, anxious for the appearance of the good old woman. The calves are bleating in the lot.

"You Jake, whar is you sah? Breakin' open dem aigs er-gin, is yer, ter see ef dey's about ter hatch? Come out o' dat hen 'ouse an' quit 'sturbin' dem hens! I wish dey'd peck yer eyes out, yer nasty little bow-legged, bandy-shanked, cross-eyed wretch! Ef I git my hands on yer, look out fer triberlation, yer nasty, trifflin', black scamp!"

"Who'd yer say's black?" responded Jake.

"Shet up dat imperdence. Ef I hits yer onct in de jaw I'll slough it clar 'roun' under yer year; d'yer hyar me? Go right-er-way, sah, and git dat piggin an' scal' it out, an' fetch it ter me. Move dem laigs!"

This Jake was a study. He was black, small, and weazened. He might have been ten years old, or he might have been a hundred and ten. What he lacked in years he atoned for in wickedness. If it is a crime to be black, Jake was an unpardonable criminal; if it is a virtue, he should have been accorded a place among the glorified angels, for he was intensely black. When ever any thing went wrong, Jake was thrashed, and for this purpose he was considered everybody's property. It was in the summer, and a shirt was the only garment that adorned his person, making his skinny legs a convenient mark for divers sprouts, shingles, boards, and flying pans that were used to batter him, and to check his waywardness. His wool had become browned under the scorching sun. Jake's weekly task was to sweep the yard every Saturday with a bundle of green twigs, stripped of their leaves and tied together with strings. He passed the remaineder of his time running down and catching chickens for Aunt Rachel to kill, and afterward scalding and picking them; carrying the swills to the hog-pen, cutting green corn-stalks for the cows and calves, hunting turkey-nests in the brush, feeding the cats and dogs, bringing wood to the kitchen, going to the spring for water, which he balanced in a bucket on his head, holding off the calves while Aunt Rachel was milking, and many other odd jobs of like nature. What leisure he had was devoted to rabbit-hunting, setting traps for birds, riding the calves, and getting thrashed. His main delight was to tease Aunt Rachel. The "piggin" to which she referred was a wooden vessel somewhat smaller than a water-bucket, bound with wooden hoops, and for a handle had one of the staves prolonged at the top and carved into a convenient shape for handling. Jake "scalded it out" faithfully enough, not forgetting to make the dog howl by throwing a little hot water on his tail.

Aunt Rachel turned the cows into a lot, separated by a partition from that enclosing the calves. The cows were evidently divided in their affections between their offspring and the savory supper that Aunt Rachel had provided for the purpose of distracting their attention, that they might "give down their milk" more freely, thus preventing delay incident on allowing the calf frequent access to its mother. The simple repast consisted of bran and water, with a little salt to give it a flavor. Aunt Rachel disdained a stool for milking, performing the operation by doubling on her ample haunches—which were as broad as a lard barrel—holding the "piggin" in one hand and milking with the other, or placing it on the ground and milking with both hands. She would explain that at certain stages in the process of milking it is necessary to use both hands, and at others only one. For instance: when the bag is full, all expedition must be used before the cow "takes up her milk;" but when it comes to the "stripping," when but little milk is left and it is better than all the rest, only one hand is required. She had already put this theory in practice to the extent of milking Bet and Rose without an accident, when a cloud began to gather in the sky. Aunt Rachel had been milking Fanny peacefully, entertaining herself in the meantime by singing old camp-meeting songs, when she was disturbed by a terrible commotion behind her. Fanny's calf was a fine young bull, eighteen months old; was large and strong for his age, and, by his intimate association with the redoubtable Jake, had acquired a taste for lawlessness regardless of consequences. Jake had for several weeks been secretly engaged in "breaking" him, and had taken many a stolen ride astride the precocious animal, with the invariable thump on the ground that followed the attempt. On this occasion, seeing Aunt Rachel with her back toward him, as he was holding off the calf by a cord passed around its budding horns, and thinking he had as well sit as stand, he nimbly perched himself on the calf's back, and adopted the foolhardy and novel posture of sitting with his back to the animal's head. Both the calf and Jake were contentedly munching corn-stalks, each pursuing his own train of thoughts—the one, perhaps, dreaming of the far off time when he would be a full-blown specimen of bovine excellence; the other doubtless pondering over the inconsistency and inexpediency of the Moral Law—when the calf, in course of time, exhausted his ration. He must do something, for a calf can not be contented unless he is eating, gamboling, or sleeping. By accidentally turning his head he discovered a new field of operations, and began to lunch on the hindermost part of Jack's shirt, commencing at the bottom. Whether or not the novelty of the freak, viewed from a mischievous standpoint, or any delectable flavor he might have experienced, induced him to proceed in the work of devastation, can not at this late day be accurately determined. Suffice it to say, that Jake was awakened to consciousness by feeling a coarse, rough tongue licking his naked back. He glanced rapidly backward, partially realizing a situation that was immediately afterward verified in all its hideousness by a hasty examination with his hands. Horror of horrors! the calf had eaten away nearly the whole of the back part of Jake's shirt! This was too great an indignity to be borne by a manhood like Jake's. Look out, calf! the vials are being poured out upon you. Look out, Aunt Rachel! your dignity will soon receive a terrible shock. Look out, Jake! you will be burned alive to-morrow by a thousand lashes. Jake screamed with rage, and struck the calf heavily on the flank with the corn-stalk. The scream and the blow so startled Aunt Rachel that she dropped the "piggin" and spilled the milk, and came near falling by getting her skirts under foot, completely taking out the reef in her dress—made with a cord passed around her waist.

"Coun-found yer, Jake! Wot in de name o' de blessed Lawd's de matter wid yer? Is de witches been a-ridin o' yer an' sot yer crazy?"

The calf bellowed under the blow, and kicked with all its might. Jake came near being upset, but grasped the animal's tail near the root with a grip of death and held on desperately, grinning with fright. The calf reared and plunged and bellowed, himself frightened with the familiarity of Jake's hold.

"Git off'n dar, Jake! Dat calf 'll kill yer!"

"I's gwine ter hang ter dis tail twell hell freezes over!" yelled Jake, while he dug his heels into the calf's ribs to further strengthen his hold.

He was as light as a feather, and the calf gloried in unusual strength. Fanny, seeing her calf in distress, commenced to bellow, and made a furious rush for Jake, upsetting Aunt Rachel on the way. When the old lady scrambled to her feet she beheld a spectacle that staggered her. The calf was flying wildly around the pen, its fright increasing every moment, while Jake clung manfully and desperately to his only chance of safety. Fanny was frantically chasing the ebon Mazeppa and his flying steed, narrowly missing on several occasions inserting her horns in Jake's black, naked black. The other cows and calves had become thoroughly imbued with an idea of the urgent necessity to add their quota to the riot and ruin that stalked abroad in the cow-pen, and were all determined on the extermination from the face of the earth of the only living representative of the tribe of Jake. Somehow they imagined, in the heat of the moment, and in their blindness of passion, that Aunt Rachel had been instrumental in creating the disturbance—good, kind, harmless Aunt Rachel, who kept them fat and sleek, giving them the best provender in ample quantities; who had loved and petted them from the time they were awkward, long-legged calves; who looked upon them as her children, and upon their calves as her grand-children; who never had an unkind thought, nor committed an unkind deed in her whole life—that she must be condemned and executed on the hasty judgment of a cow! They ran over her, and gored her; they butted her against the fence, and cut off her retreat through the gate; they tore her clothing, and made the good old woman cry out with pain.

"Suke, Bet! Suke, suke, suke! Whoa, Fanny—O Lawd! O my laig! Confoun' dat Jake! O Lawdy massy! Suke, Rose!—now, Rose! poor Rose! De Jesus save yer ole Rachel! YOU JAKE! Dere dey goes agin—hyar dey comes right over me! Ef I ever ketches dat rascal Jake—O my back!"—and the good lady was abused unmercifully.

Soon the cattle became so infuriated that Jake was no longer the sole object of their wrath. They gored each other, and bellowed, adding the clashing of horns to the din of confusion that swarmed like a hive of bees around the ears of Aunt Rachel. At length the melée centred in a corner, and Aunt Rachel, Jake, and the cattle were raising a cloud of dust and a storm of noise in a heap. As if by the intervention of Providence the fence gave way, leaving the top rail, which violently knocked Jake off as the calf dashed through the opening. The other cattle followed, scattering wildly over the field, and Jake and Aunt Rachel were left masters of the situation, both lying on the ground, and eyeing each other curiously through an interstice between the boards of the fence.

"Jake!"

"Waal, gramma."

"You pesky, outrageous scoun'l!"

"Yas, gramma."

"I's er great er-mind ter kill yer!"

"I's er-dyin' now, gramma."

"Is yer hurted much, Jakey?"

"I's kilt!"

"Poor Jakey!" and the kind-hearted Aunt Rachel dragged herself through the fence, wounded and bleeding.

"My belly is all tored out!" moaned Jake.

Aunt Rachel was unable to rise, so she felt for the protruding intestines of the unfortunate Jake.

"Dey's all dar, safe 'n soun', Jakey," said Aunt Rachel faintly. She examined him all over carefully, and failed to find a scratch on him. Seeing the old woman seriously injured, covered with dust and blood, and evincing so much anxiety on his account, the hardened conscience of Jake, the reprobate, was softened. He ceased playing the hypocrite, and rose to his feet with great alacrity, considering his recent disemboweling.

"I's gwine ter call ole miss," he said.

"All right, Jakey; but doan yer skeer her. Jess tell her Aun' Rachel wants ter see her. I'll tell her de res'."

But Jake told a horrible tale—how that the cows had stampeded, breaking all his ribs and killing Aunt Rachel outright. He could not help it. He was born a liar. The mistress came running out, ghastly pale.

"Aunt Rachel, are you hurt much?—what is the matter?—where are you hurt?"

"You jess keep easy, honey," replied Aunt Rachel, who was sitting leaning against the fence; "ole Rachel's all right. Dat little scamp's been a tellin' yer some lie or 'nother. He done hit all. He got a-straddle o' dat bull yeahlin', an' de yeahlin he runned away an' skeert the cows, an' dey runned over me 'n skint me up er bit. Oh, but ef I was able ter get up wouldn't I skin dat nigger alive! would n't I tan his hide fer him, dough! wouldn't I make bim dance juba!"

When they had assisted her to bed, and had given her a drink of tea, and washed and dressed her wounds and bruises, the last request she made before falling to her last long sleep was:

"Be sure 'n beat dat scamp widin er inch o' his life. Wear him out wid ev'y peach-tree swich yer kind find on de whole plantation!"

W. C. MORROW, JR.

OAKLAND, August, 1879.

## GAMBLING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Everybody did it. I did it myself. One day going past the horse-market at Sacramento, when Ferguson was selling mules at auction, a little, sharp-eyed man, with long hair, a Panama hat, buckskin breeches and coat, with a fringe of buckskin strings around his collar, was playing the thimble game. Sitting on a tobacco box, his thimbles the size of acorns, he played the game upon his right knee. The breeches were glazed and shiny with their accustomed use. Three thimbles of silver, and the little joker—a small piece of putty of the size of a small pea. I watched him for a time with great interest. "Now you see it, and now you don't." "Make your game, gentleman; bet an ounce you can't guess where the little joker is." Times were lively in those early days of 1849, money plenty, and everybody gambled. Passers-by stopped and "gave the game a turn," lost or won, and passed on. Chuck-a-luck, A. B. C., three-card monte, and the string game, were being dealt in the streets and in close proximity. I fingered a great golden disc of South America in my vest pocket—a splendid Peruvian ounce I carried for a pocket piece; coin was scarce in those days, and Peruvian ounces were worth more than their weight in gold. I fumbled my coin; I saw the little joker, and guessed its location every time. I fairly trembled with nervous cowardice; saw the little joker, and every time rightly guessed the thimble that hid it. Again and again the thimble was lifted, and I stood like an idiot, seeing the stream of golden ounces run by—too cowardly to risk my coin. It was not principle that kept me from gambling, it was the fear of loss. My father's parting injunction and my mother's prayers, my moral convictions and my cowardice, all gone away at once. The flood gates opened, and my ounce came out. I planted it on the table; I saw the edge of the little joker under the middle thimble; it was a "dead open and shut." He was a gambler, and I was justified in betting upon a certainty. "Now you see it, and now you don't see it. Make your game, gentlemen; bet an ounce you can't guess where the little joker is." It was no crime to steal from a thief. He covered my ounce with another, and I lifted the middle thimble—great God! the little joker was not there. I lost my ounce, and walked on, a sadder and a madder, but I hope a wiser, boy, with the refrain ringing in my ears, "Now you see it, and now you don't; bet an ounce you can't guess where the little joker lies." Gamblers were as generous as artful in those times of 1849. If there was a charity to be sustained, a church to be built, a poor devil injured in a mine or dying, he was sent home by passing the hat among the tables. One day I was going up I Street, not far from the corner of Second, in Sacramento, when I heard loud and angry words in a small tent upon the banks of the slough.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," caught my ear, and with the freedom born of curiosity I pushed the curtain of the tent and looked in. On the ground and on his blankets lay an emaciated figure, and over him stood a strong-bearded, heavy, well dressed man.

"A d—d shame!" said the black beard.

"You know I couldn't beg, Jim."

"You could starve, though, and then let the story go home to the folks that I let you suffer when I had plenty."

"It don't make much difference, Jim; it won't last long."

"I tell you, Charley, it makes a h—l of a difference, and it will last and you won't die. Pluck up, old fellow. Scurvy don't kill."

A smile stole over the wan face, and the thin fingers reached out for the strong hand of Jim, and down the cheeks of the stalwart gambler stole a furtive tear, which, turning away to hide, disclosed to him that they had a spectator. Turning to me:

"I say, old fellow, you just run and tell Doc Russell to come round here right away. Doc's playing faro in the Bella Union. Tell him to toss up his chips and come here."

In an hour the sick man was in a comfortable room, with servant and physician—every comfort that money could buy.

Jim Raines was a gambler, and the young gentleman was an acquaintance (same town at home); had been schoolmates together. Raines explained to me subsequently. "I never was so infernal mad in my life as when I found Charley laying out there starving to death and dying, and not let me know. That's what I call treating a fellow mean. 'Sposin' he had a died, I never would have forgiven him."

If the anecdotes of the early California gamblers could be collected they would make a book, and could their lives be written there would be many an incident of generous acts, many a story of pathetic interest. Here is one from an old number of the Virginia City *Chronicle:*

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The case of John Burns came up before Justice Knox Saturday. The man is one of those characters known as a check guerrilla. He was accused of having picked up a $20 piece from the faro table at the Capitol Saloon, the money belonging to a player who was in a half-intoxicated condition. Burns demanded a jury trial, and when the selection had been made, each juryman was asked whether he had any prejudices against the game. The following were the experiences of the twelve:

*Juror No. 1.*—Have played a little; lost $1,200 at a sitting once, at Simpson's Corner; had won the money at poker the night before; won it of the fellow who dealt; have no prejudice against the game.

*Juror No. 2.*—Have played faro some; lost nineteen straight bets at once at the Sawdust Corner—just my fool luck; think the game is all right; used to play faro once, but havn't played now for over a week.

*Juror No. 3.*—Dropped about $40 once at Orndorff's, trying to call the turn; no prejudices.

*Juror No. 4.*—Play faro occasionally when I have money; won $2,000 one night at the Palace—bursted the game; went back and tried to burst it a few nights after; had to spar for my grub all the rest of the week; think I could beat the game blind if I had the capital; no prejudice.

*Juror No. 5.*—Am familiar with faro—slightly; stepped in Joe Steward's one day and tapped the game $600 in one deal; called the turn for $100, and then quit playing because the limit wasn't big enough; won enough to pay up that assessment of $5 on my Justice stock; think it a good game.

*Juror No. 6.*—Always liked faro when it was square; think there are some square games; but the splits give the game a big percentage.

*Juror No. 7.*—Got $5,000 out of the rise in Ophir, and got ready to start to the States. (Here the juror wiped away a tear, and his honor seemed much affected.) I struck one of the games—no matter which one it was—and in two days hadn't a red cent.

The remaining five jurors related their experiences in a most affecting manner, and but one was found who had any prejudice against the game—he said he never won a bet in his life; he always coppered and played open at the wrong time. He's been calling the turn steady for two years and never caught once. He thougt faro was a swindle, but admitted he had been playing it the night before. He was excused.

George Kritzar, the dealer of the game, testified as follows: "I was dealing at the time McCarty came in and called for some chips. He had won about $80 when Tome first showed up; McCarty had the jack coppered, taking in the tray and queen—"

The Court.—Does the jury comprehend the situation?

The jurors nodded simultaneously, and witnesss continued: "The tray lost, the jack won. So it was a stand-off, and—"

The Court.—Is this point clear to the jury?

The jurors again bowed with military precision.

Witness.—Then, after two turns, he planked down a $20 piece on top of the chips on the jack, and this man Tome reached for it. As soon as I saw him muzzle the sugar I sang out, but he slid off and was getting away with it, when Officer Hanks snatched him and made him give it up.

Jailor McCarty related the admissions of Tome in jail. He had admitted taking the money, but excused his conduct on the ground that he might as well have it as the game.

The jury stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal, and being unable to agree were discharged, as was also the accused. ROCHESTER.

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### The Mule Stampede.

Well, sir, I'll tell you that queer story,
It's true as Scripture that we read;
But there are things we can't account for,
And one of them's a mule stampede.

Bill Job and I were on the prairie,
One long, hot day in last July;
Down where you see the Spanish mountains,
Twin peaks that reach up to the sky.

Well, as I said, 'twas hot as blazes,
And so we hauled off for the night,
And made a camp down in the valley
At five o'clock, and struck a light.

For, hot or cold, we want our coffee,
Flapjacks and bacon, reg'lar, too;
So William made a fire for supper,
While I tied up a mule or two.

The mules? Oh, yes, we had some forty
To take on down to Santa Fé,
Owned by a man who lived in Denver,
U. S. trader, who made it pay.

Two aged mules I put on picket,
And drove the pins where they could pass
Around the yucca heads and cactus,
And fill themselves with buffalo grass.

After a while I heard Bill calling,
And on a pan go rub-a-dub;
And so I left the mules a-grazing
To join the boy and tackle grub.

Well, when we got away with supper,
We out with pipes to smoke and rest;
I told a yarn about the Indians,
But William trumped it with his best.

And there we lay and took it easy,
Talking of home, and swapping views
Of mines and cattle and sheep and greasers,
Of San Juan strikes and Leadville news.

Bill for a while kept looking upward,
And then, in words that seemed like sighs,
Said he, "Old boy, there's two stars yonder
That look just like a pair of eyes—

"A pair of eyes that once I worshiped,
And loved the owner of indeed!
She's dead though, now, and—Jack, by thunder!
Them mules are on a big stampede!"

And sure enough, without a warning,
The whole band started on a run,
And struck out north like blooded racers,
As if the devil was in each one.

We caught our horses, cinched the saddles,
Never stopping a word to say,
Mounted in haste, and put for the sinners,
Already at least two miles away.

I mind the moon was just a-rising,
The stars looked like a million eyes,
And as we rode they seemed to wonder,
And squint and blink in real surprise.

But on we went, and made a rumpus
That would have waked the dead that night;
'Twas rich to see the wolves unlimber,
And antelopes skip out of sight!

Still on we went—the night was passing,
The air was growing cold and raw;
Fast as we went the mules went faster,
Until we reached the Arkansas.

There Bill declared that we would get 'em,
And run 'em in some big corral;
But when they reached the blank old river,
They all rushed in and through pell-mell.

They stopped to drink above Pueblo,
Then took the road to Cottonwood;
Their feet just went like tenor drums, sir;
A cavalry charge ain't half so good.

At Dead Man's Ranch, as fresh as ever,
They up and skipped like birds away;
And what was strange they went on skipping,
Clear through the night until broad day.

And so at last we found it useless
To slash ahead on such a ride,
And just let go the whole blank outfit
As they warbled up the big Divide.

That day, we heard, they got to Denver,
And made it lively passing through;
At ten the next they sighted Greeley,
And struck across the Cache la Pou.

Where did we find 'em? Now you've got me;
We heard from every man we met
Of forty mules a-going northward,
And Bill Job swears they're going yet!

JEROME BURNETT *in N. Y. Sun.*

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

What a lonesome home without children or flies!

You can tell a young man raising a moustache as fuzz you can see.

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet, he is there.

The name of the doctor should be attached to all death notices.

Was any boy ever caught crawling under the canvas of a gospel tent?

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished—a kiss for instance.

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort, comes an easy boot. Try both.

The period spent by a chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

The man who finds a pocket-book with cash in it doesn't look at a paper for three weeks.

Men milliners are on the increase in New York, but no ladies have yet gone into tailoring.

There is nothing wilts quicker than overstrung moral courage. Except a white duck vest.

As Charles Lamb says, the best men in the world are like the archangels, only a little damaged.

The citizen of Michigan gives expression to a feeling of self-reliance with the words, "I'm a hull boom full of saw logs."

An Ohio man told an Ohio milliner that she was twice as homely as her ten dollar hats, and she laid his ear open with a club.

"It's no use," said the boy as he saw the old man coming over the fence with the ox whip. "I can'telope with that melon."

Gardeners, did it ever occur to you that you might fasten up the vines with their own twine? Or won't they stay of their own a cord?

It was because George Washington could not tell a lie, says an Indiana farmer, that his father never sent him into town with fresh eggs.

"I don't want to do any blowing, but that's just the niftiest corpse I ever saw," is the way a Deadwood miner expressed his sentiments.

"Principles, not men," is what actuates a Chinese washee man to plunge the shirt of a State Senator into the same tub with a laborer's socks.

A Virginia judge holds that a husband can not be slandered by his wife. They are one in the eyes of the law, and she has a right to slander either half.

"Poor man!" said the old lady, "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

The philosopher says, "Life is but a span." But at the rate some of the fellows are going through it, we should remark that they must have seven or eight horses hitched to them.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

When a handsome Baltimore lady asked a pedestrian to knock a man down who had been following her he swiftly obeyed, and was not much astonished to learn that it was her husband.

A brand of chewing tobacco is called "Hope." When a man asks for a chew and you pass him the box, the old proverb is reversed, and reads: "He who enters here leaves no Hope behind."

A rather gayly-dressed young lady asked her Sunday-school class "What was meant by the pomps and vanities of the world?" The answer was honest, but rather unexpected: "Them flowers on your hat."

The genius who, in an unguarded moment, wrote: "Woman is God's best gift to man," never had to match three shades of worsted for his wife, who had sent down from her summer retreat for a few skeins "to finish a smoking-cap for a friend."

"Sarah," asked John, who thought himself witty,
"Can you tell me how to make a man gritty?"
"Don't know; give it up—pray, tell me, deary?"
"Why, mix a little sand in his dessert, Sa-hara."

A flighty young lord, whose conquests in the female line were numberless, was married last year. Shortly after the event he met an old friend, a well-known countess, who remarked, "Well, I hope you will now mend." "Madam," he replied, "you may depend upon it, this is my last folly."

A venerable clergyman said that he once attended a meeting in which a man arose and said he intended to speak; that hitherto he had been prevented from speaking in public by his wife, but that she being dead he should speak with freedom. "He did so," added the clergyman, "and it was not long before all the audience mourned over the death of his wife."

In the kitchen: "Rosalie, this going out incessantly I can not have; next Sunday you must stay at home all day." "But, madam, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her." Baby, interceding—"Do let her go, mamma; her aunt has been a sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great long sword."

"Good afternoon, my dear friend; I am delighted to see you. And to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" "I'll tell you that presently; but first permit me to embrace your charming child. Can't I, my little man?" "Yes, sir, if you'll promise not to cut into my papa, [illegible] into your papa?" "Yes; 'cause papa said, when [illegible] coming, 'Here comes that fellow to bore me again

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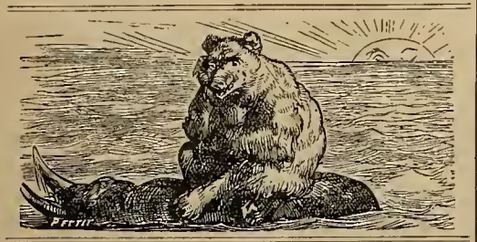

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.*

Why should not the three Pacific States present to the next Republican National Convention a candidate for the Presidency? We have been now some thirty years members of the family of States; we have contributed something of gold and grain, of agricultural products and precious metals to the enrichment of the world; we have contributed to literature, and not been meanly represented among the statesmen of the nation. We have questions peculiar to our coast that must challenge the earnest attention of all who look forward to the future of the nation. We stand upon the verge of the Western shore, looking across the ocean. It is to us and to our ports that the great commerce of Asia must come. It is to us that the question of Asiatic immigration has been referred for solution. The Nicaragua Canal is a question that addresses itself especially to our people. We are rivaling the prolific Lake States in our grain productions; we offer in our grape crop a possible value that may exceed that of any other agricultural product. We have specialties of commercial, agricultural, mining, and manufacturing problems that are important in their relations to the whole country, and that can only be intelligently discussed and wisely decided by statesmen from this coast. By virtue of our isolation we are in a measure free from the political complications, and personal and party jealousies that are now disturbing our public men. We can offer to the party a Presidential candidate who, in point of learning and breadth of statesmanship, is the peer of Sherman, Conkling, Blaine, or Washburn; who is the equal of any of our public men in the essentials of qualifications for the Presidential office. It is supposed that the electoral vote of the three Pacific States may be important in determining the next Presidential contest, and that the electoral vote of Indiana may be essential to the Republicans. Our candidate can carry with certainty all our States, and we are informed that he would be strong with Indiana, which is the State of his birth. He would not flaunt the bloody shirt, nor be first to revive the resentments or stir the vengeful memories of the civil war. He is an orator and a thinker. His views upon leading questions, of currency, States rights, control of corporations, and Chinese immigration, have been pronounced, and have challenged attention by reason of their clearness, their moderation, and their correctness. He is, and by virtue of his residence upon this coast has been, free from all party intrigues and party complications. He would in our judgment make an available and popular candidate for the Presidential office, and in event of his probable election he would adorn and honor the position of first magistrate of the nation. We present to the consideration of reflective minds among Republican party leaders the name of the Hon. Newton Booth as candidate for President of the United States. So far in the history of our country we have had accorded to our coast none of the great offices, no place in the Cabinet, and no leading place in diplomacy. When we consider that our coast has been peopled by an immigration from all the other States, and that these immigrants have embraced the best intellects and the best culture of the best class of Eastern citizens, it seems as though there was something of selfishness in excluding our men of the Pacific from all the honors of public life. We in California have been treated as though we were a distant and outlying province, having nothing in common with the great political centre, and not entitled to any claim of consideration in comparison with those gentlemen who are favored by birth and a continuing residence in one of the great States. We suggest the name of Senator Booth for the Presidential nomination as good politics and in the direction of justice.

California is a Republican State. Parties are very nearly equally divided. In a Presidential election under ordinary circumstances the Republican candidate is very sure of the electoral vote. The contest over the new Constitution did not draw party lines. Having been adopted, and there being no question raised as to the propriety of acquiescing in it, Republicans who favored it are at liberty to range themselves in party lines. They have very generally done so, and we have never known the party to be more united and harmonious than now. There is no serious defection in its ranks, and Senator Cole is the only respectable and influential Republican who has been weak enough to fall into the chivalry trap set by the Honorable Bilks. The Democrats are disunited, and the party is torn to pieces by contending factions; the chivalry wing, representing one discontented element, forms the Bilk party; the foreign element, representing another revolting faction, forms the Workingmen's party, leaving the straight-out, old-fashioned northern Democrat stranded. He is like the ass between two bales of hay. The organization is torn to pieces between these contending and revolting traitors, leaving honest-minded Democrats quite as much at home in association with Republicans as with Bilks or Workingmen. The result, then, is three parties—Republican, Bilk, and Workingmen—with a disposition on the part of many Democrats to work this time with the Republicans. The opening campaign indicated great strength for Glenn. Later developments show an increasing vote for White. In the Glenn party there are more politicians and leaders; in the White party a greater rank and file. This very nearly equal division of the Democratic party not only foreshadows the success of Perkins, but demoralizes the Democrats and discourages them from registering or voting. The Glenn faction is perceptibly weakening; the White faction is growing in strength, and the real contest is between the Workingmen and the Republicans. We regard the election of Mr. Perkins as now placed beyond the possibility of danger. Glenn and his Honorable Bilks will be distanced in the race. White will get more votes than Glenn.

It is too early to forecast the result in this city. The Workingmen are very strong—dangerously strong. There is no Honorable Bilk organization thus far, and there is, at the time of this writing, no Democratic organization. If the contest is left between the Kearney men and the Republicans, the better class of Bilks and the better class of Democrats will vote for Mr. Flint and his associates upon the Republican ticket. If the Bilks and Democrats place tickets in the field, and are unwise enough to vote for them, Kalloch and his vile gang of foreign adventurers will steal the offices. It is asking a good deal of Democrats to vote a straight Republican ticket, but there seems to be no other safe deliverance from a very perilous political position. Democrats should remember that desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, and that the Democratic party is sick unto death. We are neither despondent nor alarmed at the crisis—and it is a crisis, and one which involves the welfare of the city. The *Bulletin* and *Call* are acting badly—the *Bulletin* is a spy in the Republican camp, and the *Call* is an open advocate of Kearney and his gang. The *Chronicle*, *Call*, and *Bulletin*, in their desperate and unrelenting newspaper war, are imperiling the interests of State and city; they know it, and it would be for the best interest of California and San Francisco if their newspapers were burned, and in the conflagration their type was melted into leaden bullets with which to shoot Fitch, Pickering, and both the De Youngs. If newspapers had any influence Perkins would be defeated for Governor and Kalloch elected Mayor; but, thank God, they are so utterly vile, unprincipled, selfish, and contemptible, that no intelligent person allows his mind to be influenced, or his vote controlled by what they write. Hence it is that we are not despondent nor alarmed. Intelligent people will vote the Republican ticket; property-owners, without reference to parties, will vote it; respectable foreigners of all nationalities will vote it; all persons who have property to tax, and all workingmen who desire a return of prosperity, will vote the Republican ticket. Kalloch's vote will be a census of the ignorant, the impecunious, and the vicious, and as we do not believe this class is in the majority, we rest in confidence of the result, both in city and State.

We confess to a disappointment in the nomination of Mr. Bradford Flint, and the defeat of Judge Blake for the Mayoralty. It was a mistake, but we hope not a fatal one. Mr. Flint's only defect is that he is not well known. As soon as the nomination was made everybody asked everybody else, "Who is Bradford P. Flint?" It is fortunate for the city and the party that the answer to this inquiry is an entirely satisfactory one. Mr. Flint is a gentleman, a respectable merchant, and citizen of family and character. He was supported in convention by men who thoroughly understood and appreciated his qualifications, and although not our first choice, we recognize the duty of giving him our unqualified and hearty support. He will make an energetic canvass, and by his diligence and the activity of his friends compensate for the fact that he is not more widely known. Mr. Julian C. Green is in every respect qualified for the office of Sheriff, and is entitled to the support of all citizens who expect to do business with this department of the city government. We wish this could have been a united non-partisan union against the vicious foreign conspiracy that styles itself a Workingman's party; but it did not happen to drift that way, and the Republican organization is the only one that had its army in force and in line of battle to fight this new enemy. The Republicans are fighting, not the Democratic party, but the traitors who have betrayed and abandoned it. The Democracy is unfortunately not in position to make a municipal contest with reasonable hope of success. The new Constitution party can not hope to carry the city. It is too late for an independent non-partisan organization. It seems, therefore, that the only thing to do is to unite with Republicans in a common fight against the Kalloch party. The condition of affairs is altogether anomalous, and it demands an entire change of political tactics to meet the present dangers.

We do not, by any means, despair of defeating the Reverend Isaac. The fight against him has not yet fairly commenced. When it is fully developed many who now think him at worst a vainglorious and conceited demagogue will think again before they aid to place him at the head of our city government. He is not the friend, nor was he the chosen candidate, of Kearney. He was nominated by a successful intrigue against the head and leaders of his party. He has done nothing in his course so far for the success of White for Governor. He has ignored him; not only that, but he has offered to betray the Workingmen's State ticket, and give his support to Glenn, if the New Constitution and Democratic parties would endorse his candidacy for Mayor. It is strange that the Irish wing of the Democratic party should abandon their organization for a Republican Protestant clergyman. It can only be accounted for because they consider the Chinese question the all-absorbing and only important one. Kalloch has had the sagacity to recognize this fact, and to utilize it to his advantage, but we are misinformed if before election day there is not reproduced and printed an anti-Irish Know-Nothing speech dellivered by Reverend Mr. Kalloch in old Know-Nothing times, at Cambridge, near Boston, that will arouse an indignation and a resentment that will tell against him at the polls with terrible and damaging effect.

This anti-Chinese feeling is with our laboring population a rational one. We fully appreciate it, and we are not without sympathy for the workingman who is compelled to come into competition with Chinese labor. He can not compete with it and live. He will not starve patiently, and if he shows his resentment and makes his protest at the ballot-box, and thus endeavors to use his political power to remedy an evil which comes home to his breakfast and dinner-table, he has our profoundest sympathy, and so long as he confines himself to the use of his political power and does not resort to violence, just so long will we do all in our power to aid the workingman to relieve himself of the Chinese and their competition. If we believed that the election of Kalloch would contribute to prevent Chinese immigration we would vote for him, we would overlook many of his mistakes to attain that end, but we believe that in this he is a fraud; that he could do nothing. We believe he is imposing upon the workingmen. We do not think him their friend. We regard him as a demagogue and an adventurer. He is a new comer and a stranger to our city. He has no property to imperil. He never worked at a day's honest labor with his hands; he is but a pretended laboring man. His election will injure the laborers and their cause. It will make times harder, money more dear, and labor more scarce. His election will alarm the community, will depreciate property values, and will have a tendency to make the times worse than now. His associates upon the city ticket are, some of them, very good citizens. Dunn for Auditor, the candidate for City Treasurer, Mr. Shaber, for County Clerk, Mr. Freud, and for Superintendent of Schools, are all worthy and respectable men, but most of his Supervisors and School Directors and other municipal candidates are ignorant and inexperienced, and one or more of them vicious and criminal.

We can not doubt a contest coming between such forces and the candidates put forth by the Republican Convention. The Republican ticket as a whole is a good one, and politics must not be allowed to come between it and success. Party feeling and party prejudice must be subrogated to higher interests. The welfare of the city must not be imperiled, and good Democrats must for once unite with Republicans in choosing municipal officers. Gentlemen may differ in reference to the adoption of the new Constitution; the New Constitutionalists and Democrats may vote for Dr. Glenn; the Workingmen may vote for Mr. White for Governor; but good citizens of all parties ought to unite against the Rev. Isaac Kalloch for Mayor. Not that Kalloch is personally bad or dangerous, for he is represented to us as a man of culture, and intelligence, and undoubted ability, possessing way down in his inner consciousness a supreme disgust for his present surroundings. But he has been in politics before. He knows the means to the end. He is a demagogue not from principle, but from the knowledge that it is his only chance to win. And it is the triumph of his constituency that we fear; the prostitution of the livery of heaven to serve the Sand-lot in that we despise and denounce.

We resent with keen indignation the interference of priest or parson in our political affairs. The Catholic priest or Protestant preacher who meddles with politics in his pulpit does not commend himself to our respect. There are times when patriotism rises above what we call politics. When the venerable Catholic bishop of Maryland, in his endeavor to encourage loyal soldiers, threw out from his cathedral spire at Baltimore the flag of the American Union, we applauded the act. When, all throughout the North, the clergy preached defence to the Union, as Peter the Hermit preached for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, we applauded their conduct. When Archbishop Hughes merged his clerical character in that of the diplomatist, and visited Europe to serve the nation and show his loyalty to the Union, we approved his course and was grateful to him. When the country was in danger, and rebellion threatened its destruction, patriotism and loyalty, devotion to the Union and the flag, became the holiest of religions, and fidelity to the country was the highest evidence of fidelity to God. But the priest or preacher, who, in his pulpit or out of it, mingles in the filthy pool for personal advancement, for office and the gains of place, gives denial to all the professions of his life and stamps himself as an impostor and a fraud. He declares by the act that he is a living lie, a walking hypocrite, and that all his professions of consecrating himself to the service of God and to the welfare of his fellow man have been hollow mockeries; that his vows of service to a divine Master are shallow and hypocritical pretenses. It is an admission that he is a cheat and and an imposition; that he has but pretended to serve God that he might get an opportunity to steal away and serve mammon. Politics and the pulpit are utterly irreconcilable. The conscientious teacher of divine things, the devout and sincere occupant of the clerical office, never drags his consecrated robes in the dirt of American politics, or steps down and out of his pulpit to the hustings, the bar-room, and the sawdust, except he is a hypocrite, a mountebank, a fraud, and a dishonest, dishonorable, and vulgar mind. The clergyman who can drink beer in a bar-room, and personally supplicate the vote of bar-room loafers, is a type of all that is untrustworthy and contemptible. The citizen who will encourage such a man by his vote and his influence, is himself either an idiot or a rogue. The professor of religion who will encourage such a man would, had he been in the streets of Jerusalem, have besought Pilate to spare Barrabas that he might have crucified Christ. We can conceive of no spectacle more humiliating and utterly contemptible than for a clergyman to be hanging around a political convention soliciting a nomination for office, except that of a clergyman who, having been nominated, has the insufferable cheek to conduct his own personal canvass on the week day and then insult God by his mendacious appeals in prayer on Sunday for His divine support. It is an insult to the intelligence and decency of the age in which we live, and no man with the least ragged remnant of self-respect would be guilty of it.

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We are glad of the nomination of Robert Cushing as senator from the Tenth Ward. He will be elected, and he will make a good senator. He understands better than most citizens the wants of our city. He is a politician, and he is an honorable one. He is one whom in years gone by the *Bulletin* used to delight in contrasting with what it pleased to style "good citizens," and toward whom it was accustomed to launch the withering sarcasm of "the Cushings," and styled him, in familiar irony, "Bob." This kind of cowardly depreciation and intangible inuendo served our friends of the *Bulletin* a useful purpose, and, in the time of journalistic power, it was only necessary to catalogue a political opponent among the Cushings, Higginses, Gannons, Chutes, Conroys, and Flahertys, to arouse against them exceeding prejudice. The *Bulletin* could give a contemptible affix to almost any name. To illustrate: "the Pickeringzes," "the Sam Soulzes," "the McRuerzes," "the Hallidazes," "the Caseyzes," etc., etc.; and, strange to say, this would serve as an argument to crush men and drive them out of public life. Now, after many years of observation in our public affairs, we have discovered that our "best citizens" do not always make our best officials, and that a great deal of the stealings, and defalcations, and ring robberies, come from men dragged from the obscurity of private life and placed in office upon the presumption of integrity based solely upon the fact that no one knows them. This was a kind of political tactics that prevailed when the city was small; when everybody knew everybody else, and when it was as easy to defame personal reputations as it is to start scandal and gossip in a country village. Our city has fortunately outgrown this kind of thing, and we can now avail ourselves of the legislative service of Robert Cushing, Esq., in spite of the *Bulletin* calling him "Bob."

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This is a good opportunity for us to express our dissent from that journalistic teaching that denounces the motives and questions the integrity of every man who takes an active interest in political affairs. To brand a person as a "politician" is, to certain small minds, to denounce him as something to be avoided and suspected. Every white male citizen of twenty-one years of age, and of sound mind, who is born in the country, owes it to his native land and to the community in which he lives to become a politician and to continue to be one, so long as he has health and strength. We would be quite willing to excuse the foreign-born and adopted citizen if he should desire to shirk some of the more active political duties, and we would excuse in him a lack of zeal for office, and not demand from him a too active participation in the affairs of a government concerning the workings of which he may not be expected to be altogether familiar. But the native-born young gentleman should all be politicians, should all attend primary elections, should aspire to nominating conventions, and should fight for their rights to equal participation in all political affairs. If they desire office in an honest way and are honorably ambitious all the better for the country. There is a deal of cant and hypocrisy about all this newspaper denunciation of politicians. There are politicians and politicians, and if every American citizen would take as much interest in public affairs as does Kearney, Wellock, Beerstecher, Freud, Bonnet, and other foreign adventurers and agitators, these men would cut but a poor figure in their ignorant attempt to direct and control the affairs of a city and a State that has given them asylum.

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The names of most of the Republican candidates are fully up to the highest standard of qualification. While we occasionally indulge in a little pleasantry concerning Gen. John McComb for his connection with our voluntary army of peace, and delight to laugh at him in his regimentals on horseback, we recognize the sterling integrity of the man, and do not question either his honesty or his qualification for the office of County Auditor, and it is the most important position in the city and county government. Mr. Alexander Badlam has served for two terms acceptably in the most difficult office of all; his renomination was fairly deserved. Mr. Martin, as a deputy in the Tax Collector's office, has earned his promotion by his fidelity in the ranks; he has conquered all the necessary details of the place, and has the ability to perform his duties well. The renomination of Messrs. Murphy and Burnett is a deserved compliment to two faithful and deserving public servants. Murphy, as District, and Burnett as City and County Attorney, have by long and intelligent labor mastered the duties of the positions, and it would be a great loss to the public to dispense with their services. We are the more delighted because both of these gentlemen have been the subject of more suspicion and unkind comment by the newspapers for their business connection with a late City Tax Collector. In a community so universally engaged in stock gambling as ours, it is not very strange that city officials should occasionally indulge in stock transactions. We know of no act on the part of either of these gentlemen that raises a presumption against their official integrity or personal honor. For Superintendent of Streets, we hear the best report of Mr. Patterson. Mr. Savage, for Surveyor, is a graduate of West Point. For Coroner, Public Administrator, and indeed for nearly all the positions we understand that good men are named. The ticket embraces many names —some we do not know, some we do not approve. Reserving to ourselves the privilege of substituting a name here and there for such men as we fear will not work in harmony with their associates for economy and reduced taxation, we shall give to the general ticket our support. It is just barely possible that a new ticket, made up by selections from all other tickets, may be brought forward by a non-partisan, independent, popular public opinion that shall revise some of the names upon the Republican city ticket as now presented. If this should be done it will be time then to consider what may be our duty in the premises.

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Of the gentlemen named by the Republican Convention for Superior Judges, we know some of them well, and some we do not know. As a whole, they are entitled to the support of all good citizens. Every elector will reserve to himself the privilege of choosing judicial candidates, and exercise his own judgment in reference to their qualifications, without reference to party nominations. Mr. Samuel H. Dwinelle is too well known, and has been too long upon the bench to need any eulogy from us. Davis Louderback has long and faithfully served this community in the most vexatious and trying position of Police Judge, and we believe that he has conscientiously discharged the duties of his position. In event of his election he will doubtless be assigned to a criminal court. Ben. Darwin has acted as Assistant Prosecuting Attorney for several years, and so far as he has had an opportunity for making a record in this city it has been a good one. If elected he will be doubtless given a criminal bench. John F. Finn has made a specialty of Probate practice, and in event of his election will be doubtless assinged to the Probate bench; he is entirely qualified in that direction, and is an exceedingly good nomination. Mr. James C. Carey is an old resident and an old member of the San Francisco bar; in point of learning, industry, and judicial fitness he is eminently qualified for the place. John Hunt we have personally known from his youth. He was once a student in our office. He was an industrious student, has made a successful and honorable lawyer, has had the experience of a general practice, and we will underwrite him for the position of judge, and guarantee that he will adorn the position. Of Messrs. Fifeild, Scripture, Allen, Wilson, Dunn, and, McLelland, we have had no better opportunity of observation than other citizens. We do not know enough of their standing at the bar to speak authoritatively concerning them. It is now some eight years since an active legal practice brought us in personal contact with the younger members of the profession. Of the twelve judges, three will be assigned to criminal courts, one to the Probate bench, and eight will be left to perform the judicial duties of what are now known as our District Courts. We hope our readers will all find a place upon their ticket for E. W. McKinstry as one of the judges of the Supreme Court. There is nothing in politics that justifies the omission of Mr. McKinstry from the Supreme bench of this State.

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We have fallen into a dreadful error in reference to our friend Casebolt, and it is only recently that we find that in all our grumbling and complaining about the management of his street railroads we were pleasing him. We did not understand his character. We did not believe that he was endeavoring to mismanage and bedevil the roads in order to compel his associates to buy him out, and that all his rickety old cars, sprained horses, greasy conductors, and disgruntled machinery was part of a sagacious plan to get rid of the property that he might travel in Europe. When we found him quarreling with all the people that ride with him, and studiously inconveniencing all that use his road, we thought it was because he was an irascible old gentleman, with an infirmity of temper, who had rather quarrel with his neighbors than to be on good terms with them. If we are correctly informed he is quite the reverse of all this, and is an amiable individual, who would delight to do agreeable things and make his roads popular by clean cars, good machinery, fat horses, gentlemanly conductors, fast time, quick transfers, and all sorts of accommodations if he was not prevented from doing so by a well matured business purpose that looks to the enforced purchase of his stock by his associates in the enterprise. We sincerely hope this nice old man may accomplish his purpose and compel his copartners to buy him out, for he could not do greater injury or be a greater nuisance to the Western Addition if he was the meanest and most unaccommodating and penurious old curmudgeon that ever undertook to mismanage a street railroad. It affords us pleasure to correct any misstatements we have inadvertently made concerning him, and to express the hope that it will not be long before the Sutter Street road and its branches passes into the hands of his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, to be decently managed.

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Dr. Glenn has entirely disposed of the small slander of not paying his Chinaman, Jim Quong, by the statement that he never owed Jim Quong anything. The other charge, that he employs Chinamen upon his farm as harvest hands, counts for little. There are in this State one hundred thousand male adult Chinese laborers; they are here by invitation of a treaty, and are under the protection of international law. They have a right to work, and Dr. Glenn has a right to employ them. White, the Workingmen's candidate, has always had Chinese servants. Almost everybody does employ them; and so long as Americans prefer to tramp rather than work; and so long as foreign women are idle, insolent, and wasteful in domestic employment, just so long will any independent citizen indulge himself in the luxury of clean, obedient, well-disciplined Chinese servants. The sand-lot bummers smoke Chinese-made cigars, workmen wear Chinese-made overalls, and all the claptrap and buncombe of the *Chronicle* and the foreign demagogues about not hiring Chinese is simple, unadulterated charlatanism, intended to impose upon the ignorant and stir the passions of the vicious. Nine-tenths of the farmers, and more than half the householders of this State, who are able to indulge in the luxury of menial servants, employ Chinese. It is small politics to discuss the Chinese question from this standpoint.

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The sensational press and the scandal-mongers of the nation have a sweet morsel to roll under their lascivious tongues. It will, in our judgment, resolve itself into another text for the temperance lecturer—a home made desolate, a proud lady humbled, an aristocratic family dragged down, children made to inherit a stained name, a vast fortune dissipated, a distinguished Senator becomes a maniac; and all from intoxicating drink. We have no apprehension that the honored name of Roscoe Conkling will suffer in this connection. Our only fear was lest he should condescend to explain to the dreadful ghouls of the sensational press. We hope he will avoid this mistake.

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There is one thing we do not at all understand, and that is, why a man in financial difficulty should commit suicide. A man gets in debt and can not pay. He gets nervous over the fact, becomes despondent, walks the floor of nights, and finally goes and kills himself. This is very absurd and illogical. Why does he not let his creditor get nervous, become despondent, walk the floor of nights, and kill himself? He is the man that's out of the money. He is the one to feel anxious. We shall never kill ourselves for indebtedness.

## THE ARTIST'S RUSE.

A rich merchant led Murillo, the illustrious painter, one day to the market-place of Seville, and, pointing out to him a young girl of sixteen, of the gypsy race, asked him to do her portrait. The gypsy girl was so beautiful, and looked so picturesque, in the midst of the baskets of fruit she was offering for sale, that the painter did not hesitate to accept the commission.

"If you can paint the picture in a month's time," said the merchant, "you may name your own price for it."

Murillo promised the portrait for the end of the month, and a hundred golden Philips, which the merchant agreed to.

Murillo glanced once more at the features and form of his beautiful model, and then went to see her relations, to ask their permission for the young girl to sit to him.

The gitana's relations consisted of a very bad-looking man, who was her uncle, and of a very good-looking man, in every sense of the word, who was her cousin. The artist talked with them for some time, and, on taking leave of them, shook hands cordially with the cousin. To the uncle he was somewhat colder, for he had discovered that he was selfish and avaricious.

Murillo had a sitting the very next day, and the first stroke of his brush already announced a masterpiece, when the merchant entered his studio.

"The head will be admirable," said the purchaser, in a half patronizing tone.

"I am glad it pleases you," replied Murillo; "particularly as I have made up my mind to ask you rather more than the sum originally named."

"But I told you to mention your own price," expostulated the merchant. You said a hundred Philips, and I agreed to give them to you. I do not think you ought to demand more than that amount now."

"I am very sorry," said Murillo, "but I find that it will be impossible to let you have the picture for less than six hundred. If you do not like to give so much there has not been much time lost yet, and you will be able to get some other artist to execute the commission; but really I shall be obliged to give it up unless you can afford to remunerate me for my trouble."

"As for affording it," returned the merchant, "you know that I am not poor; but the sum is a large one. After all, I will not dispute with you about five hundred Phillips. It is a great deal of money for you to receive, but it is not much for me to give."

"View the matter as you please," said Murillo, philosophically, "only let me have the money.

"You shall have the six hundred," said the merchant, with something like a sigh. "I will sign an agreement with you for that amount this evening."

"Why not at once," suggested Murillo.

"Who knows," answered the merchant; "perhaps this evening you will be more reasonable in your demands."

"Oh, you are not decided then," said the painter.

"Yes, I am decided," replied the purchaser; "but I prefer not to sign any agreement until this evening."

In the evening Murillo informed the merchant, gravely and coldly, that he could not accept six hundred Philips, but that he must have a thousand.

Of course the merchant refused, point blank, in the first instance. Then he hesitated, offered seven, eight, nine hundred, and at last agreed to give the full thousand. This time a formal agreement was signed.

At the end of the month the portrait was finished. When the merchant came to take it away, he found the original standing before it in full dress, as if on the point of starting for some *fête*. By her side were her uncle and cousin, also in holiday costume—and especially the cousin, who had evidently got himself up for some very important occasion.

The merchant paid the thousand Philips.

As soon as Murillo had received the money and put it away carefully in the portfolio, he opened a side-door in his *atelier*, and from the adjoining chamber entered a priest and two witnesses.

"Sir," said Murillo at length, "while you were bargaining with me about the portrait of this young girl, you were bargaining with her relations for the young girl herself, whom you had already sold to a pirate to be carried into slavery. You need not deny it; your protestations would be in vain, for I heard all that was going on from the cousin. The uncle thought at last that he had better accept my offer than yours, and, as the young people were already betrothed to one another, I thought it would be a good idea to marry them and make you pay the dower. You know what I am going to do with the thousand Phillips. The uncle would not hear of the match being arranged for a hundred, and wanted six. If you had signed the agreement for six hundred when I proposed it at first, you might still have gained the day, but Providence was on one side, and made you blind. You went to the uncle, and, finding, as you thought, that he had received some higher bid for the poor child, who was sacrificed through you to a pirate, and through this pirate to a Turkish Pasha, you increased your offer to the avaricious guardian, who is standing there so coolly at the present moment, but who has now given us his word, beyond the possibility of recall. As the uncle had now a possibility of getting a larger sum than he had originally expected from you, he explained to me that it would not answer his purpose to behave like an honest man unless I, in my turn, increased my offer. This, through your liberality, I was enabled to do; and, at last, without telling you of his intention, he resolved to reject your proposition and to accept mine. Here is the priest, here are the witnesses; imagine, if you can, that you represent the friend, and all will be complete. I have deprived you of the model, but you will still have the portrait. Send it to the Pasha if you think he would like it."

The marriage was celebrated without further delay, but not in the presence of the merchant, who, mystified and mortified as he was, lost no time in effecting his escape.

The day afterward the proprietor of the picture sold it for half its original price. If he had lived in the present century he could have gained a hundred per cent by the speculation—supposing that he had paid for the picture in proportion to the artistic talent it displayed with reference to the greatness of soul evinced by the painter, which renders Murillo's "Young Fruit Girl" almost invaluable.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### How Persimmons Took Cah ob der Baby.

Persimmons was a colored lad
'Way down in Lou'sianny,
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever,
As well as you, it may be;
With faithfulness and pride always,
He minded missus' baby.
He loved the counsels of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners—
To run off 'possum hunting, and
Steal "water-million" dinners.
And fervently at meetin', too,
On every Sunday night,
He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' flaring light,
And sing their rudest melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph song.

SONG.

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks—and dey knows it.
See de glory-gate unbarred!
Walk in, darkies, past de guard:
Bet you dollar he won't close it!

"Walk in, darkies, troo de gate:
Hear de kullered angels holler!
Go 'way, white folks, you're too late:
We's de winnin' kuller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to foller."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in the sun;
But the song he heard most often,
His granny's favorite one,

Was, "Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick! shut de do';
Get up off dat flo';
Come heah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood:
The river rose, a torrent swoln
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, surging through a wide crevasse,
The waves seethed round their home.
They scaled the high veranda;
They filled the parlors clear,
Till floating chairs and tables
Clashed against the chandelier.
'Twas then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of axe and lever,
Pried up the veranda roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cord of rope;
Lifted out her fainting mistress,
Saying, "Honey, dar is hope!

*You*, Jawge Washington
Thomas Jefferson
Persimmons Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft!
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good cah ob baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide;
And for a while they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till, broken by the current strong,
The frail raft snapped in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast fading from his view.

The deck-hands on a steamboat
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice singing in the dark,
Upon the water's waste—
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord;
And, throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
"A-totin ob der baby," and
Singing songs he knew.
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arresting as a vagrant
Our valiant little man.
They carried out their purposes;
Persimmons "'lowed he'd spile 'em:"
So, *sloping* from the station-house,
He stole baby from the 'sylum.

And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang beside the fountain in
The crowded city park—
A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted far from shore:

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
De sea gabe away:
De chilleren dey passed ober, for
De sea gabe way.
O Lord! *I feel so glad!*
*It am always dark fo' day;*
*So, honey, don't yer be sad:*
DE SEA 'LL GIVE WAY."

A lady dressed in mourning
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
*Then caught it to her heart;*
While a substantial shadow
That was walking by her side
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
*And while she shook him, cried:—*

"You, *Jawge Washington*
THOMAS JEFFERSON
*Persimmons Henry Clay*, be
Quick, splain yourself, chile;
Stop dat ar fool smile!
*Whar you done been wid baby?*"

—*S. M.*

## THE JOURNAL OF THE FUTURE.

### A Translation.

Correspondence invited concerning events which are to take place. *The Journal of the Future* will be sent free to any address on the following terms:

| | |
|---|---|
| For a theft, burglary, etc. | 3 months |
| For a political scandal | 6 months |
| For a murder | 9 months |
| For a tragedy or other sensation | 12 months |

[SCENE—The Editor-in-Chief's Room.]

"Your paper comes out this evening?"

"Yes, my man, at six o'clock."

"Well, then, Cap, you can give it to them that the crib 'll be cracked to-night."

"The crib—be cracked. I don't quite understand."

"Is the door shut? No one listening, is there?"

"Not a soul, my friend; we are quite alone."

"Well, to-night we're going through a jeweler's shop in the Palais-Royal for 200,000 francs' worth of sparklers."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes; put down 200,000 francs; the boodle won't vary from that amount ten francs one way or the other. You can gamble on that."

"But you may not succeed."

"Oh, we'll make the riffle all right. The janitor is going to let us in, and he has the key of the combination."

"Haven't you any fears that I may let the police know all these details?"

"What! You blow on us, and spoil your paper's reputation for giving early and accurate news? What are you giving me? None of the boys would ever bring you an item if you did."

"I only said so to try you and see that you were not an impostor."

"Oh, I'm no fraud; I'm a square, honest thief. You can have confidence in me."

"Well, thanks for your news. [Exit burglar.] Confound the scoundrel, he's carried off my watch. He can't be far; I'll call the police. No, on second thoughts I won't, because if I did that would spoil my sensation about the burglary. Still the rascal charges mighty steep columnrates for his copy."

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"Sir, I am in love."

"And he ought to be in love with you, too, Miss, for so handsome a young woman"—

"But he is not, and therefore I am about to die. Be so good as to take some notes about my suicide."

"Of course I have no desire to deter you if your mind is made up; go ahead with the particulars."

"To-morrow night I will lock my room, close the windows and all the apertures, and light my brazier of charcoal. It is probable that by midnight I shall have bidden farewell to this cold, dark, cruel world. This is a copy of the letter to the man I lo—lo—hove, which I will leave under the clock on the mantel-piece. You will perceive that in it I give all the reasons which have impelled to this awful step."

"Permit me to wipe my weeping eyes; such sad tales of unrequited love always overpower me."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Before dying, won't you come out and have some oysters or, say, a few chicken livers *en brochette?*"

"Oh, no, sir; thank you all the same."

"Don't you like oysters?"

"I love them; but since Ferdinand has proved faithless victuals have no longer any charm for me."

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"Sir, I am tired of my life."

"Love unrequited? Wife proved false? Discrepancy in your accounts. What?"

"No; merely incurable melancholia. About 2 P. M. to-morrow I shall hurl myself out of my window. I live on the fifth floor, so that you can safely announce that my death will be instantaneous."

Your address, please, so that I can warn our readers not to be passing along the sidewalk beneath at the time that you precipitate yourself from above. As you must weigh 280 pounds at least, it would be decidedly unpleasant to have you 'light—or rather heavy—on a person's head. Such paragraphs, you will perceive, may be worth to some of our readers the price of a whole year's subscription."

"I will give you my address with pleasure, if you don't think the authorities may—"

"Oh, that'll be all right. The only thing which is against the law is to shake carpets out of your window."

"By the way am I not entitled to a free subscription for this item?"

"Certainly; but if you are going to kill yourself to-morrow—"

"I know, but you can leave the paper for my janitor. He is a very obliging fellow, and a great one for reading the news."

"The paper shall be sent."

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"I have come to give you some particulars about a scandal that, I think, will make a tremendous row."

"Go ahead, pray."

"I am going to elope with a married woman."

"That's good! Who is she?"

"I don't know her husband, but he belongs to the press."

"Better and better! If there's anything that we like it is a bit of gossip about some one belonging to one of our esteemed contemporaries."

"I thought as much; that's why I brought you the item."

"When does the elopement take place?"

"To-morrow afternoon. The lady in the case has made all the arrangements, and all will go off as I tell you, but, by way of compensation for this news, I want you not to mention any names till we are safely across the frontier; then you can bring out all the letters, and so on, which I have here."

"Hum; that robs your news of much of its value for us. However, if it's exclusive I wont spoil the fun. Who's the lady?"

"Mme. X."

"Villain! that's my wife!"

## ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

A suitable dower for a widow is a *widower*.

Ready maid—The girl waiting for an offer.

There are 1,800,000 marriageable girls in France.

It takes a "loud" girl to bang her hair successfully.

A woman is like an army, she is lost if she has no reserve.

The girl of the period comes to a full stop, or makes a dash.

Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she never owns it.

An Erie girl calls her fellow, who is a member of the Michigan crew, her evening's tar.

The great beauty of hanging a woman murderess is that it prevents her from lecturing.

A definition gathered from a lady's album: Pleasure—The hyphen which divides our sorrows.

Mrs. Misallott says that Mattie is too proud to be seen with any but the *obselete* of sobriety.

College girls who are made bachelors don't seem to gain thereby the very ultimatum of happiness.

A lady is very much like a gun: her locks may be all right when she sets her cap, bnt she won't go off without powder.

To all aspiring young ladies. If you want to make your mark in the world, instead of laying about mornings "get up and dust."

A little girl in Baltimore County says her prayers thus: "God bless pa and ma, and my sisters, and my cousins, and my aunts."

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

Because a woman has a double chin it doesn't necessarily follow that she is double the "chinner" she ought to be. Mind, we say "necessarily."

Nature has gived to a woman a formation of the shoulder which prevents her from throwing a ball. Some persons would call it an advantage.

Sara Bernhardt dresses elegantly, but is so thin that her clothes may be said to be next to nothing. They speak of her in London now as the Great Sahara.

A lady writer in a cotemporary explains "Why Eve did not keep a hired girl." It was for the same reason, it is presumed, that she didn't employ a dressmaker or a coachman.

Sarah Jane Hote, of Mount Morris, Texas, owns 113 cats, and her neighbors never utter a word of complaint. This is because she has no neighbors. They are camping out in the woods.

A Chicago girl says that the one grand object of having a beau, is to save her pocket money. A smart girl can devour about $25 worth of luxuries per month, if paid for by some one else.

An Owego woman fell out of a fourth-story window the other day, and the first thing she did after being brought to her senses, was to wish she had on her new silk hose instead of those old cotton stockings.

A fashion journal says sleeping sacques for ladies are coming into vogue. We should think this pretty hardt—o be burdened with a knap-sack. But it's the latest "wrinkle," and women will make any sacrifice for the latest "wrinkle."

At Newburg, Indiana, Mrs. William Hedge, otherwise known as Mrs. Baily, a widow, aged fifty, committed suicide with an ounce of chloroform. She committed suicide because she said she wanted "to see old Bill Hedge again."

The White Mountain hotels are full of Massachusetts school ma'ams, who act as waiters. When one of them looks at a guest through her glasses, and asks him if he will have another plate of hash in six languages, he is nearly paralyzed.

We can all respond to these lines of Hood:

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant.

Give two women two sewing machines and an interesting subject to gossip about, and the intervening space of twenty feet across the yards between the windows becomes as nothing, and the hum of the sewing machines is drowned by the voices of the gossipers, until it seems as but the whiz of the butterfly.

A young lady writes: "For my part I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book, to attending balls, parties, and theatres." O, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a beau, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to pass the evening at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.

A wail from a woman: Tell me, ye winged winds around my pathway roaring, is there no place on earth where men folks cease from snoring? If such there be pray let me know, and to that place I'll quickly go; I'll pack my trunk this very night, I'll go alone, without a light; I'll crawl clear there upon all fours before I'll sleep with a man who snores.

Man is a gudgeon,
Woman is the line,
That dangles o'er his head—
And hooks him every time!
She baits the hook and holds the pole,
But the minister is the man
That flops him from eternal peace
Into the frying pan!

The philosophy of "married happiness" is luminously set forth by a Western lady: "If, before marriage, you take too much pains to secure admiration and love, you will be very apt to lose them instead. Is it not the same after marriage. If your attentions to your husband are such that you forget your duty to yourself and others, and pamper his selfishness, then you wrong not only yourself, but him, too. He will not respect or love you as well as if he were a little more independent."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Monetary.

"Had *dime* my way, O beauteous maid,
I'd steal a kiss!" he cried;
"Then I'd do ten times worse than that—
I'd *dollar!*" she replied. —*St. Louis Times.*

### The Wind and the Maiden.

She murmured: "Isn't this lovely—
This salt breeze, so cooling and sweet?"
As it toyed with her curls and her ribbons,
While the shore took the marks of her feet.
Ah, suddenly there in a minute
Did vanish that smile and that pout,
For the breeze it got stronger and turned her
Parasol inside out. —*N. Y. Star.*

### Obituary.

I heard my father moan
When he was set at my door to die,
I took him in and used him well
Till Jesus called him home.
This dreadful deed was surely done,
Their dying hour will come;
The Judge above has seen it all,
Their suffering time will come.
—*Baltimore Sun, Death Column.*

### Creation.

A little boy, scarce three years old,
Sat on his mother's knee,
And asked her questions queer and bold
With eagerness and glee.

"What am I made of, ma?" quoth he,
With simple, childish trust;
"My boy," said she, quite solemnly,
"You're made of earthly dust."

He glanced up with his bright blue eyes,
As if puzzled by a sum,
And said with wonder and surprise,
"What road did I come from?" —*Unkown.*

### The Tale of a Pin.

Only a pin, yet it calmly lay
On the tufted floor in the light of day.
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy; yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;
He stooped for awhile, with look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair; but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when, fizz-bang-pop;
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell; though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy, and man, and pin, and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there. —*Mercury.*

### Apostrophe to the Watermelon.

Come to the mortal as he sits
Upon a dry-goods box and sips
The nectar from thy juicy lips—
Come to the youngster as he flits
Across the high and peaked fence
And mvoes with ecstasy intense
Thy charms from oft the native vine.
And thou art terrible!
O August-born monstrosity!
Incarnate colicosity!
Beneath thy emerald bosom glow,
Like glittering bubbles in the wine,
The lurid fires of deadly woe,
And from thy fascinations grow
The pain, the cramp, the pang, the throe—
And all we fear or dream or know
Of agony is thine! —*St. Louis Times.*

### The new Primer.

"Is this a cat and a kit?
Oh, yes; it is a cat and a kit.
Can you hear the cat and the kit?
Oh, yes; I can hear the cat and the kit.
The cat is the dam of the kit.
Dam the cat, and the kit."

### In the Summer.

In the summer raindrops patter
On the leaflets of the elm;
And the robin shakes the dewdrop
From the tulip with his helm.

In the summer softest zephyrs
Through the flower garden stray;
In the summer Dora's fancy
Lightly turns unto croquet.

In the summer, round the lattice,
Are the honeysuckles wound;
In the summer pensive poodle's
Led serenely to the pound.

In the summer doth the poet
Rosy images create;
In the summer, neath hawthorn,
Happy lovers osculate.

In the summer doth the cloudship
O'er the fragrant valley wing;
In the summer round sweet Ethel
Doth the gay mosquito sing.

In the summer dandelions
Gem the carpet of the lea;
In the summer city maidens
Flirt beside the raging sea.

In the summer through the woodland
Softly tinkle all the rills;
In the summer country cousins
Vibrate weirdly with the chills.

In the summer skies of purple
O'er the cairn and fallow fromn;
In the summer, in the summer,
In—my mill has broken down.—*N. Y. Star.*

## A CALL FOR BONANZA QUEENS.

The New York *World*, furnished a text by some wild, wailing idiot of the pen, says in a late editorial: "A correspondent in California sends up through our columns a Macedonian cry which should be heard and heeded by the women of the Eastern States. Though he writes from California, his appeal is made on behalf of the unmarried and marrying men of Arizona. It is a touching appeal, and it is so skillfully put that there should be no lack of responses. The misguided men of Wyoming when they found themselves as it were straddling the social market, being long of hair and mining claims and short of wives, altered the territorial constitution so as to give women the right to vote. Their tastes were as strange as their methods were futile. Nobody, not even the sanguine author of this amendment, could have anticipated for it any other result than that the women who professed themselves to be yearning for suffrage would take advantage of an offer which promised them suffrage, and which promised them very little more. Now these women, as we all know, are not as a rule chickens. The principal champions of suffrage are grim and grizzled veterans, who have worn the edge from off the finer susceptibilities of their natures in battling against the tyrant man. They could scarcely have been expected to sit down and coy the amiable cheeks of the inveterate enemy or stick musk-roses in his fair large ears. What else could have been looked for than that they should carry into private life the same stern implacability which they had exhibited upon the rostrum, and that each of them should devote herself to make her husband hear reason or, failing that, make him see stars? To few men can the prospect of opening at the altar a debate, which can close but at the grave, be an alluring one, and few care to hold their wives by the exercise of the exhausting methods by which the early Romans acquired their Sabine brides and by which Siegfried married into a divine family. If the men of Wyoming had succeeded, their success would have turned to the juice of persimmons on their lips, and it was well for them that they failed. They did fail, abjectly and miserably. Not even the battered veterans of woman suffrage girded up their skirts and departed for a land which flowed only with suffrage and vile whisky. Our Arizona correspondent is wiser in his generation. He talks business. There is not a belle of five unsuccessful seasons in the Eastern States who will not be touched and softened by the knowledge that men who "have accumulated vast fortunes in mining enterprises" stand upon the hither slopes of the Arizona ranges, bathing their brows in the morning, and looking to the sunrise for eligible young women to help spend their money. It is as natural now as it was in the days of Cleopatra that a woman should desire to be a "bonanza queen." One bonanza queen is already stimulating to a new life the "American colony" in Paris. Another has but lately appeared in court at the suit of a man whom she employed solely as the custodian of her diamonds. These illustrious examples should suffice to kindle the ambition of the women of the East to a nobler goal than that of a liberty to choose between the unfit candidates for public office in Wyoming. Let Cook be wise in time. It is plain that if the conjugal wants of the men of Arizona long remain unsatisfied, there will be born in the boarding-schools and the boarding-houses of the East a thirst for knowledge of the scenery, the climate, and the "institutions" of Arizona which can only be appeased by personal inspection. Let Cook lay out his routes so as to include the mining camps in which wealth has been most extensively accumulated, lay in a chaperon and clergyman, and push on to the good work. He need not provide return tickets." This will be refreshing reading to the boys "standing on the hither slopes of the Arizona ranges bathing their brows" in perspiration instead of the morning, and "looking to the sunrise" for something beside "young women to help spend their money." There are enough of them here now, heaven knows—more "Bonanza Queens" than bonanzas to support them—and if in the boarding-schools of the East there is really a thirst for knowledge of the scenery, the climate and the "institutions of Arizona, which can only be quenched by personal inspection," it will only need a Cook to lay out the route home again—no "chaperon" needed, and "a clergyman" to push on the inevitable stampede, when the reality is reached, entirely unneccessary.

### A Curious Poem.

The following lines are susceptible of two meanings. A bachelor friend reads the first and third, the second and fourth lines together, and, from some cause or other, seems to find an internal satisfaction in so doing.

The man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by his wife!
Who's freed from matrimonial chains,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam of old could find no peace,
Until he saw a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female heart appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Ne'er known in women to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The world in women we behold?
The falsehood that in women dwell
Is almost imperceptible.

Fooled be the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Who changes from his singleness,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

This is what was heard ringing through a Sutter street telephone the other night, when a young swell was implored to "sing something to the young ladies present:"

"She's a darling,
She's a daisy,
She's a dumpling;
She's a lamb;
You should her play
On the piana,
Such an education has my Mar-

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

San Francisco, August 15, 1879.

I heard a gallery boy's comments on *Musette* as he emerged from the odorous entrance to that portion of the temple where the gods do sit enthroned. "It done me a power o' good," drawled this master of rhetoric, "when the old gypsy up and sat on "D'Arcy." Sketchy as was his godship's remark, need it be told that "D'Arcy" was the smooth and specious villain of the play. Your god always takes a high moral attitude in the theatre and witnesses the mighty triumph of right over might with a bubbling, ever fresh enthusiasm as beautiful in itself as the faith of childhood. Strange from what different standpoints people viewed *Musette*. At the precise moment when the unfortunate "D'Arcy" was being "sat upon," when a thrill agitated the gallery, a giggle ran around the dress circle—a pure, unadulterated, amused giggle. And why not? Could anything be funnier than to see Louis Morrison raise a battered footstool and roar in passionate accents, "Avaunt, villain, or I will brain thee!" Upstairs this was exciting melodrama; downstairs it was farce. What a genius this man Morrison has for doing well at a time when, as the catechism says, "it availeth him nothing." As the *soi-disant* gypsy in *Musette* he was really suggestive of the aged prisoner of the Château d'If, that most dramatic of Dumas' creations. It seemed a pity to waste even so much excellence on *Musette*, such a tissue as it is of the wildest absurdities. Yet, since we go to laugh, why not laugh at *Musette* as well as Lotta? The gypsy has played a useful part in literature and drama. The blue blood of England is not unfamiliar prowling among the chicken roosts and park preserves of the mother country. From long association of ideas every gypsy may be a disguised earl; every earl a disguised gypsy. I am not sure that imaginative authors have not created a sort of brevet peerage of the dark skinned tent dwellers, for they have become romantic to us no matter how dark, how greasy, how downright dirty they may be—all this, of course, provided they be English gypsies. The Oakland or the Golden Gate Park gypsies go for nothing, because we have no earls nor baronets nor men of high degree whose kids are worth kidnapping. *Musette*, therefore, I take be an English play, because it contains gypsies and a knight. To be sure, an article like the President of the Do-all-the-good-you-can Society is only found this side of the pond, and that but rarely. "Mrs. Jellyby" is the most pronounced specimen of the kind in English literature, and even her interest in "Barriobhoola-Gha" led to nothing more eccentric than neglect of her household. If "Mrs. Jellyby" could be dug up, or if Dr. Mary Walker and every other woman with a mission could be brought to see "Mrs. Selina Bokus" at Baldwin's, a radical cure of the species could not be far off. I like the thoroughness with which Miss Jean Clara Walters has done up the part from the last detail of the hideous costume to the unbending rigidity of voice and action. When she says "darling" the chandeliers chatter with amazement, and the stage husband of her choice is petrified into dumbness. When with that outburst of natural human softness and affection which underlies even the uninviting exterior of the pantaloon-clad woman she says, "little girl, you may kiss me," little girl's fate for one brief, awful moment seems problematical. This terrible creature has a son who rejoices in the distinguished American initial, and is fondled and caressed as "Wm. A." "Wm. A." is arrayed like a child of six years in the Granger districts. He is as buttoned as old Grimes' double-breasted coat. He wears a little blue josie, to which short yellow nankeen trowsers are attached in the old way. It is not evident whether the author intends him to be seven or thirteen years of age. Heaven has given him about sixteen stone weight, so you may locate his age as you like. Don't you find this description of *Musette* lucid? I assure you it is infinitely more intelligible than the play itself, for it is by a long course of reasoning that this much has been arrived at. But where is Lotta? She is there in the theatre, and in the play, but exactly what connection she has with the romance of the tale it is less easy to say. At all events she is Lotta, and that of itself was enough to draw the best house of the week. Now and then she fits into a play, but in the main she is simply Lotta, a sprightly little elf, with a stock of funcy tricks and expressions, a queer little baby voice, and a way of singing which is captivating—you can not tell why. Perhaps it is her suddenness as much as anything else which upsets your gravity. She takes you by surprise twenty times in a half hour. She is a will-o'-the-whisp, a fire-fly, a flash. Some one said the other day that she was like a Marionette. So she is—in the joints—but she pulls the strings herself, and there is an odd, tantalizing pleasure in watching to see which string she will pull. Perhaps with years there has come a shade too much mechanism in her tricks; but even so she if more deft than "Zamlock" with them. The little midge has come to understand even the expression of her sun-bonnet to a dot. That same sun-bonnet has no less than four expressions, and she inclines it to the proper angle each time with astonishing accuracy. Such trifles take the inspiration out of a performance, but if they amuse let us laugh. A veteran theatre-goer remarked the other day: "When I first saw Lotta it was at a little country theatre. She was picking the banjo and singing 'When Johnny comes marching home.' It was in early war times, and she was a child, with a sharp little face like an old woman's. I think if Lotta and I keep on living long enough I shall yet see her an old woman with a face like a little child's." This is not to say that Lotta is a centenarian yet. She had not then arrived at the dignity of having a play written for her. She has had many since, and perhaps the worst of these is *Musette*, unless indeed *La Cigale* exceeds it. In point of fact, to realize what a delightful little creature Lotta is, you must go to see Imogene, and Imogene plays in *La Cigale*. She is of the Lotta school, so the papers say, and as the first item in her pupilage, she has had constructed a large, long, thick, deep, dark, red wig. It is but fair to Lotta to say that this is the first, last, and only perceptible point of resemblance between the Imogene and Lotta schools. I do not know of anything more mournful than to see Imogene execute a jig. I do not know of anything more appallingly humorous than Imogene trying to be funny. There is a dumb melancholy in her eyes when she occasionally rolls them up which is irresistable. Like the melancholy Henry of England she never smiles. There was a strange hysterical gurgle now and then, too, which after a good deal of *da capo* was intended for a merry laugh; but lips and eyes were smileless, and Imogene, like "Little Buttercup," appears to be afflicted with a "canker worm which eats into the very heart." I fancy Imogene intends, also, to be something of a gymnast, for there was a frightful thud at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes—the concussion of Imogene with the floor as she skipped off the tables. Do I mean skipped, that is too light and frolicsome a word to apply to the cumbrous Imogene. She planted her feet upon the table, and, in each case, after mature deliberation, she dropped off. It is but fair to say that the jumps and the hysteria were accompanied by a volley of language. Truth to tell, Imogene has a pleasant voice, but what she says no man knoweth and, further, no man careth. Barton Hill and Tom Keene might be discovered now and then grasping wildly at their cues, but it mattered not a whit. Poor Barton Hill, a gentle pity was wafted to him across the footlights as the tiny audience realized, with one accord, that he, with his wide experience and cultivated taste, was supporting an Imogene. As for Tom Keene, he seemed to appreciate the exquisite humor of the situation, and was in for a lark, and when he is natural like this he is not so bad. But then he has been off for a holiday, and has had perhaps even worse experiences, for I saw him play "Sir Edward Ardent" some weeks ago in a country theatre, whose resources furnished a pretty pink drawing-room scene. But the set did not hold out as far as the fireplace. That useful side of the room was borrowed from some humbler interior, and skillets, gridirons, flatirons, and boilers, were painted on its red surface in a very extraordinary style of decorative art. There was no grate, and when Mr. Keene threw the coals on at the polite request of "Mrs. Chillington," a pair of black legs were observed to get rapidly out of the way. This headless, footless vision gave a strange, wierd effect to the *mise en scene*, but it did not upset "Sir Edward's" half as much as did the finale of the first act of *La Cigale* where the circus tumblers come in. "La Cigale" is a maid of the ring and executes a bit of amateur tumbling, while Imogene herself wearily climbs the creaking table yet once again, and tries to spin a property plate, with a hole in it, on a stick. If people had but known what was going on at the California the place would have been crowded the entire week. But, the halcyon days of the drama are in their decadence, and managers may as well wreck themselves on queer stars like Imogene, as go to glittering bankruptcy on the big, expensive Aimée combination. There is really no sense in any manager trying to play anything but *Pinafore*. There's Tony Pastor, a man of the times, realizes the necessity of playing *Pinafore*, and the utter absurdity of trying to play anything else; so he has converted a whole battalion of song and dance people into opera singers. They have burlesqued it ever so slightly, and one can see that every individual member of the company has had a yearning to play *Pinafore*, and they do play *Pinafore* with an earnestness of effort which shows that they are challenging comparison. But the trail of the song and dance is over it all; and the specialists will appear, for the "Admiral" is a Dutchman, the "Dick Deadeye" an Irishman, and the "Buttercup" unmistakably from the London concert hall. They are all exceedingly clever; even the "Josephine" is a fresh, rather artless, little girl for a variety singer. As for "Ralph Rackstraw," he much transposed music sounds oddly enough in the Irwin's deep, strange, uncomfortable voice; but she is a dashing looking mariner, with those rarest of beauties, a pretty throat and a well poised head. And is *Pinafore* played out yet? Not a bit of it. Fred Lyster promises it at Baldwin's with a new "Josephine;" the real and only troupe are announced to give one more performance for sweet charity's sake; the Dutch "Admiral" is a card; the children drew well to the last. Shakspeare means bankruptcy. *Pinafore* means wealth. The fatuitous manager who attempts to bring out anything else—stars, plays, *opera bouffe*—finds himself shone down by a *Pinafore* troupe, either down street or up street or across the street. Unless Robson and Crane lift them up out of the ashes of despair, Barton, Lawlor, and Hill will have to come to it yet, and sing in chorus:

"Oh, we are the captains of a *Pinafore!*
And a pretty late *Pinafore*, too.
But, be it understood,
Had we known it was so good,
We would long ago have gathered up a crew.
We tried Aimee, and failed,
And at Imogene you railed,
And legitimate was worse for we;
And now we'll stick to *Pinafore*,
Till our losses we restore,
And we'll never, never be at sea."

Great Poets! as Bob Acres would say. I must stop. Has this bad metric *Pinafore* fever really fallen upon

Yours, always prosaically, Betsy B?

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Friday evening, August 8th, an invitation piano recital was given in Oakland by Mr. Hoffmeyer, the well known musician. The programme was anticipated with interest, as hitherto the gentleman had played only in private. The selection of music was unusually good, containing compositions of Chopin, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Reinecke, and others. Mr. Hoffmeyer seemed to suffer from nervousness the earlier part of the evening, which weakened his rendering of the first numbers. Later, however, he overcame this feeling, and the performance, particularly of Mendelssohn's *Fugue*, in A minor, op. 35, No. 1, was clear and effective. Of the other selections the variations in F minor by Haydn and Liszt's *Polonaise* sent the audience away delighted with the music and the execution. Mr. Hoffmeyer was assisted by Miss Coursen and her brother, recently returned from the Conservatory of Liepsic.

A grand joint complimentary benefit will be given by friends, at the Grand Opera House, on Thursday evening, the 21st, for the families of the late well known and popular gentlemen, George P. Rogers and Walter R. Shier, who were accidentally drowned while fishing at Lake San Andreas on the 3d instant. The object will, no doubt, meet with much encouragement, and result in netting a handsome sum to the unprovided families. We heartily commend it.

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The Emily Melville Pinafore Company has tendered a benefit to the California State Woman's Hospital, in aid of the building fund, for the purpose of erecting a ward on the lot recently donated to the institution by the city. A large party of lady and gentlemen amateurs, comprising some of the best singers in the city, have volunteered to strengthen the chorus to the number of one hundred voices. Company "G," Second Infantry, N. G. C., have also tendered their services for the occasion, and will appear as a marine corps. This will make a grand *ensemble* of at least one hundred and fifty people, and will insure the production of *Pinafore* on a scale never before represented here. The performance will be given at the Grand Opera House on the 29th instant.

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No author has been more roughly handled by Zola than the luminous stars of the French stage—Dumas, Feuillet, and Sardou. Sara Bernhardt, an earnest admirer of his works, once introduced him to Perrin, the amiable director of the Comédie Française. "Well, my dear Zola," said Perrin, tapping the novelist's shoulder, "I read your dramatic criticisms with great interest, and perhaps you are sometimes right when you bury your teeth in the flesh of our dramatists; but how can I help it? Until you bring me a play better than theirs, I am bound to offer to my public the works of Augier, Dumas, Feuillet, and Sardou." Thus it came that Zola, after writing *Therese Roquin*, which had a great success at the Theatre de la Renaissance in 1873, and *Les Heritiers Rabourdin*, a humorous play, which was represented in 1774 at the Theatre Cluny, is now trying his hand at a piece for the first theatre in the world. It is said that *Nana*, his new book, illustrative of the flash actress, will furnish the subject for it. Let the reader speculate at will upon the subject, it will prove revolting to many a delicate mind, but surely will not harm half as many woman as has Dumat's idealistic conception of *La Dame aux Camelias*.

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Sara Bernhardt said in London that she had heard of only two American actresses—Mary Anderson and Maude Branscombe.

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### The Patter of the Shingle.

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me in the bed-room—gently lays me on her knee—
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring,
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father—whom I supposed had gone—
To survey the situation, and tell her to lay it on;
To see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and wierd refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say, "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants;"
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And says, "I had not thought of that—my son, just take them off."

O loving, tender Mercy, cast thou pitying glances down;
And thou, O family doctor, put a good, soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces afterward commingle,
If I ever say another word when my mother wields the shingle. —*Keokuk Gate City.*

---

Col. A. Andrews, of the Diamond Palace, comes out in a new *role;* and as every thing he has done is not only unique, successful, and brilliant, we may expect a treat. A grand masquerade ball will be given on the 18th of September at the Mechanics' Pavilion, at which it is confidently believed there will be not less than ten thousand people present. He proposes to give an entertainment such as has never been equaled in America, and never excelled in Europe upon any occasion of Mardi Gras, carnival, or *bal masque*. It is absolutely bewildering to hear the Colonel describe the amazing and varied attractions that are to be produced. There are to be two bands of music, the best in the city. There is to be a grand march, led by buglers in fantastic dress upon horseback, with a grand triumphal procession, for which all the theatrical wardrobes in the city have been called into requisition, and in which the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom will be duly represented. Men, and women, and children of all nationalities, all climes, all colors, and all countries, are to be represented. It is to be the grandest and gamest masquerade and fancy dress frolic that has ever been given upon the continent. Prizes of diamonds, gold and silver jewels of rare excellence and real value are to be awarded. For the best dressed and best sustained character, a necklace, with bracelets and a diamond cross. Prizes for the handsomest and homeliest, for the tallest and shortest, the character broadest in fat and slimmest in bone; prizes for different classes and countries, all the States of Europe, Indians, Turks, and Chinese. General Grant with his family and staff will be present and be made the recipient of especial honors. His invitation card is now being prepared: An envelope of silver, enameled as a postal envelope, his name in enamel, clasped with a diamond, embracing a golden card of invitation engraved. The committee for its presentation, Senators Booth and Sharon, ex-Senator Cole, Mayor Bryant, and Frank M. Pixley, have been chosen to wait upon the ex-President on his arrival and present to him this unique, beautiful, and valuable card. All the presents are now finished, and are on exhibition at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and will all be distributed by committees of the best citizens. The Directors of the Mechanics' Institute will act as one of the committees, and the whole thing is to be done on the square. The occasion is to be one of the jolliest that has ever occurred in this city, and is to be within the reach of everybody that wants to have a good time. Masking to continue all night; and, while every precaution will be taken to make it entirely respectable, and to preserve the best order, it will be entirely free to all classes of well behaved citizens. The ornamentation of the hall is to be something quite superb. The particulars in full detail of the Grand Bal Masque will probably be shortly advertised. In the meantime we observe that the tickets are being sold at the Diamond Palace on Montgomery Street. Family boxes and gallery seats will be disposed of to such as desire to witness the fun without going upon the great dancing floor and mingling in the carnival. Special rates of fare for round tickets will be provided on all the railroads and transportation companies, so that those in the country who want a frolic may come and go upon reasonable terms.

---

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Perhaps the most remarkable literary enterprise of the time, is the publication of the *Library of Universal Knowledge*, in 20 volumes of nearly 1,000 pages each, handsomely bound, for 50 cents per volume, or $10.00 for the set. It is a reprint entire of the last (1879) Edinburgh and London edition of *Chambers' Encyclopædia: A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People*, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers. The amount of matter will somewhat exceed that of the *Cyclopædias* of Appleton or Johnson, though the price is but a fraction of their cost. Volume one is to be ready early in September, and the others will follow at very short intervals. The remarkably low prices are accounted for by the method of sale, to the subscribers direct, saving them the large commission, often 50 or 60 per cent., paid to agents or dealers; also, by the recent great reduction in the cost of making books, and by making large sales. This certainly is a work that the millions will appreciate. Special inducements are offered to early subscribers and to clubs. The same publishers have recently issued editions of *Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature*, 4 vol., $2.00, formerly sold in 2 vols., for 59.00; also, *Rollins' Ancient History*, and *Josephus' Works*, large type editions, for $2.25 and $2.00, and *Smith's Bible Dictionary*, $1.00. They also publish, in August and September, the *Acme Library of Biography*, 12 vols., and the *Acme Library of Modern Classics*, 9 vols., the former at 35 cents and the latter at 50 cents per vol. In these series are presented such authors as Carlyle, Macaulay, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Lamartine, Michelet, Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, and Fouque, and such subjects as Cæsar, Cromwell, Burns, Joan of Arc, Vicar of Wakefield, Picciola, Lalla Rookh, &c., will be sent free on request by the publishers, the American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman St., N. Y.

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The periodicals reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the publishers.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of September, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 7th day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, August 8th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 50) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on FRIDAY, the 15th day of August, 1879. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 6, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on TUESDAY, August 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada Block, San Francisco, August 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 33) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, August 16th. Transfer books closed until 18th inst.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary

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*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 19) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 26th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE* of THOS. D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. H. T. GRAVES, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. D. Sullivan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 28, 1879.

PRATT & METCALFE, Attorneys for Adm'r. tau30

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*PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,*

WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Office No. 12 Nevada Block

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—The run of this train to Salinas on Saturdays having been discontinued for the season, those intending to visit Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, VUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00* A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00* A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASsenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00* A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00* A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKland Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00* P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00* P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00* P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00* P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00* P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00* P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30* P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASsenger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00* P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—8.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 102 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10* A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00* P. M., DAILY, *Sundays excepted*, Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15* A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BRAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

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Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

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|---|---|---|
| August.....23 | September ....13 | October.....25 |
| December ..... 6 | | January.....17 |
| February.....28 | | April.....10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. OCEANIC, sailing from San Francisco Saturday, September 13th, will continue on from Hongkong to Liverpool, offering superior accommodations for tourists en route AROUND THE WORLD.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 29, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.


FOR STATE SENATOR,
*Ninth Senatorial District,*

**W. W. Traylor.**

FOR STATE SENATOR,
*Ninth Senatorial District,*

**M. C. Conroy.**

FOR COUNTY CLERK,

**William A. Stuart,**

Present Court-room Clerk Probate Court.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,

**John McComb.**


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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

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OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 409 California Street. ☜

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THE LIGHTEST RUNNING LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE IN THE MARKET.

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FIRST CLASS PRICES LOW

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## PIANOS AT COST.

PIANOS

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These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

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METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

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STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER

**And Printer of the Argonaut,**

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## SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

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C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

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DO NOT FAIL TO SEE

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Call and see the ELECTRIC LIGHT at NICOLL'S, by which colors and quality may be seen as clear at NIGHT as at NOONDAY.

**TO ORDER:**

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|---|---|
| Pants, | $4 to $15 |
| Suits, | 15 to 65 |
| Overcoats, | 15 to 50 |
| Ulsters, | 15 to 35 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 to 40 |

Gennine 6 X

**TO ORDER:**

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|---|---|
| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 to $15 |
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Beaver Suits, $55.

ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

PANTS TO ORDER IN SIX HOURS. SUITS TO ORDER IN TWELVE HOURS.

ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

SALE PRICES—Pants from $3; Suits from $12; Overcoats from $12; Ulsters from $15; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

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VOL. V. NO. 8. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 23, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

*"L'etude sincere purifie tout, comme le feu."*

[NOTE.—*Therese Raquin* was one of Zola's earlier works. So far as I can discover, it has never been translated. In any case it is comparatively but very little known to English readers. Yet I think it will be found that I am right in asserting, that, as a subtle study and analysis of human nature, it far excels *L'Assommoir* or any other of its distinguished author's later and better-known works. That it is painfully—at times even hideously and revoltingly—realistic, it would be useless to deny. But herein lies Zola's art. He does not write to amuse. As to its immorality, that depends upon the spirit in which it is read. The spirit in which it was *written* can be best explained in the author's own words. To his first edition he attached no preface, but, finding his work violently assailed by those whom he least expected to misunderstand his object and method, he sent forth a very vigorous and indignant preface with his second edition. I quote only a portion of the explanation which he deigns to make for the benefit of the unenlightened: "Dans *Therese Raquin*, j'ai voulu étudier des tempéraments et non des caractères. Là est le livre entier. J'ai choisi des personnages souverainement dominés par leurs nerfs et leur sang, dépourvus de libre arbitre, entrainés à chaque acte de leur vie par les fatalités de leur chair. Thérèse et Laurent sont des brutes humaines, rien de plus. J'ai cherché à suivre pas à pas dans ces brutes le travail sourd des passions, les poussées de l'instinct, les détraquements cérébraux survenus à la suite d'une crise nerveuse. Les amours de mes deux héros sont le contentement d'un besoin; le meurtre qu'ils commetteut est une conséquence de leur adultère, conséquence qu'ils acceptent comme les loups acceptent l'assassinat des moutons; enfin, ce que j'ai été obligé d'appeler leurs remords, consiste en un simple désordre organique, en une rébellion du système nerveux tendu à se rompre. L'âme est parfaitement absente, j'en conviens aisément, puisque je l'ai voulu ainsi. * * * * En un mot, je n'ai eu qu'un désir: étant donné un homme puissant et une femme inassouvie, chercher en eux la bête, ne voir même que la bête, les jeter dans un drame violent, et noter scrupuleusement les sensations et les actes de ces êtres. J'ai simplement fait sur deux corps vivants le travail analytique que les chirurgiens font sur des cadavres." Surely this should suffice to disarm criticism of the priggish sort, which accused him of contributing to "la littérature putride." It only remains for me to say that in my translation I have emasculated the original as little as possible.—T. A. H.]

### I.

At the end of the Rue Guénégaud, coming from the wharves, is the Passage du Pont-Neuf, a dark and narrow lane running from the Rue Mazarine to the Rue de Seine. At most thirty yards long by two wide, the passage is paved with discolored, worn, and broken flagstones, which are always saturated with fœtid moisture, while the glazing which covers the court is ever black with filth.

On fine summer days, when a hot sun is parching the streets, a sickly light penetrates the dirty panes and struggles painfully through the passage. But on the gloomy or foggy days of winter the slimy flagging knows only a vile, polluted darkness.

On the left crouch a few low, dark shops, which as you pass emit damp and chilly draughts. They are occupied by dealers in second-hand books, children's toys, and the like, whose dusty wares lie undisturbed in the gloom. The little square panes of the show-windows throw weird green reflections on the goods exposed, and in the vague darkness behind strange figures seem to glide and writhe.

On the opposite side of the passage is a wall, against which the shop-keepers have erected shallow stalls, upon whose dingy, brown shelves are displayed indescribable objects—goods forgotten for a score of years. Above the glazing on that side the wall rises, black and roughly plastered, as if blotched with leprosy and seamed with scars.

The Passage du Pont-Neuf is not a place to loiter in. It is used only as a short cut. People intent on business rush through it without stopping to dwell on its horrors. Even the shopkeepers are uneasy when, for a wonder, a passer-by halts a moment to look at their wares.

In the evening the passage is lighted by three heavily-framed gas lamps. These are suspended from the glazing, on which they cast patches of yellow glare, while below they let fall trembling circles of pallid light which flicker incessantly and sometimes almost disappear. Then, more than ever, the passage wears a cut-throat look. Long shadows stretch over the flags; humid blasts sweep in from the street; it might be taken for a subterranean vault, dimly lighted by a trio of funeral tapers. The shop-keepers are contented, however, to supplement the feeble glimmer which reaches their windows with a shaded lamp stood upon the corner of their counters, leaving the passers-by to make out what they can amid the darkness which pervades the interior of their shops.

Over one of the most noisome of these dens, a few years ago, was a narrow sign-board bearing in black letters the legend, "Fancy Goods," and on one of the panes of the door, in red letters, was a woman's name—"Thérèse Raquin." On the right and left of the door were retreating windows, hung with blue paper. During the day the shadow within only permitted the goods in the window to be seen.

On one side was some linen drapery—caps of fluted tulle at two or three francs apiece, muslin cuffs and collars, knitted garments, stockings, socks, gloves, and braces. Each article, yellowed and shop-worn, hung miserably upon a wire hook. On the other side, in a narrower window, were arranged fat balls of green wool, black buttons sewn on white cards, steel-beaded nets for the hair stretched on pasteboard shapes, bundles of knitting needles, tapestry patterns, rolls of ribbon—a heap of tarnished things, which, after five or six years' keeping in damp and mould, had all turned to a dirty gray.

About noon, in summer, when the sun was at its hottest, the pale, grave face of a young woman was to be seen through the window behind the caps. Her profile stood out vaguely against the shadows which filled the shop. From her low forehead descended a long, straight, pointed nose; her lips were two delicate strokes of pale pink, and the short, nervous chin joined the throat in a sensuous, waving line. Her body, lost in darkness, could not be seen. The dead-white profile, with its full black eye and heavy crown of black hair, alone appeared. For hours this face might be seen there, immobile and peaceful, between two dingy caps, across which the damp iron rods supporting them had made bars of rust.

The shop was longer than it was wide. At the front end was a little counter; at the back a crooked staircase led up to the first floor rooms. The shop seemed naked and chilly; four chairs and a table completed the furniture; the goods, which might have given color to the place, were boxed up on shelves or stiffly displayed.

Usually there were two women seated behind the counter—the young woman with the serious profile, and an old lady who dozed smilingly. The latter was about sixty, with a fat, placid countenance. A big, brindled cat, crouched on a corner of the counter, watched her slumbers.

Farther back, seated in a chair, a man about thirty years of age read or conversed in a low voice with the young woman. He was small, sickly-looking, and languid; his hair was of a dingy fairness, his beard was thin and his face was covered with freckles. He looked like a spoiled and weakly child.

A little before ten o'clock the old lady awoke, the shop was closed, and the whole family went up-stairs to bed.

The upper story consisted of three rooms. The staircase led into a dining-room, which was also used as a parlor. In a recess at the left stood a porcelain stove; chairs were placed against the walls; a round table occupied the middle. Behind a glazed partition was a black kitchen, and on each side of the dining-room was a bed-room.

The old lady, when she had kissed her daughter and son-in-law, withdrew to her own apartment. The cat went to sleep on a chair in the kitchen. The husband and wife entered their room, from which a second door opened on a staircase leading down to the lane by a dark, narrow path.

The husband, who was always shivering with chills, lay down in bed, while the young wife opened the casement to close the shutters. She remained there a few moments, looking dreamily at the expanse of black wall which towered opposite. Then in silence she, too, went to bed with an air of contemptuous indifference.

### II.

Mme. Raquin had formerly lived in Vernon, where for twenty-five years she had kept a little fancy store. A few years after the death of her husband weariness overcame her and she sold out her business. The proceeds of the sale, together with her savings, gave her a capital of forty thousand francs, which brought her an income of two thousand francs a year. This sum was amply sufficient for her wants, for she led the life of a recluse, and, knowing nothing of the more violent joys and sorrows of the world, passed her days in tranquillity and happiness. She rented, at four hundred francs a year, a little house with a garden sloping down to the banks of the Seine, and in this pretty and secluded spot led a serene existence with her son Camille and her niece Thérèse.

Camille was then twenty years old, but his mother spoiled him as if he had been a little child. She adored him, because she had contended with death for him during his sickly childhood. The boy had suffered from attack after attack of fever and every imaginable malady. For fifteen years Mme. Raquin had sustained a struggle against these terrible assailants, who one after another strove to rob her of her son. But she had conquered them all by her patience, by her care, by her love.

But Camille, though rescued from death, found his manhood destroyed by these repeated shocks to his system. He was puny and weakly. and moved his slender limbs with difficulty. But his mother loved him all the more for his feebleness. She looked at his poor little face, made wan by her triumphs of tenderness, and felt that she had renewed his life more than a dozen times. During his rare intervals of good health the boy studied at a commercial school in Vernon, where he learned a little spelling, arithmetic, and grammar; and, later, took a few lessons in writing and bookkeeping. Mme. Raquin trembled when advised to send her son to college; she knew that he would die without her, and said that books would kill him. So Camille remained ignorant, and his ignorance was an additional weakness. When eighteen years old, being tired to death of the idle ease with which his mother surrounded him, he entered the shop of a linen-draper as clerk, at sixty francs a month, for his restless spirit made leisure insupportable to him. He enjoyed and gloated over his servile labors; and, although his mother would fain have coddled him, and preserved him from the cares of life, he insisted upon working, as other boys upon playing—not from a sense of duty, but by instinct, to satisfy a natural craving. The tenderness and devotion of his mother had made him an absolute egotist. He thought he loved those who pitied and caressed him, but in reality he lived apart and within himself, caring for nothing but his own ease, and seeking by all possible means to add to his own enjoyments. When disgusted with the tiresome solicitude of Mme. Raquin, he would busy himself with any stupid occupation which rescued him from her attention. On returning from the office, he would stroll by the river with his cousin Thérèse.

Thérèse was eighteen years old. Sixteen years before, while Mme. Raquin still had her shop in Vernon, her brother, Capt. Degans, had come home from Algiers with a little girl in his arms:

"You are this baby's aunt," he said, with a smile. "Her mother is dead. I do not know what to do with her. I give her to you."

Mme. Raquin took the babe, dandled it, and kissed its rosy cheeks; but, though her brother stayed eight days in Vernon, she questioned him very little about its history. She knew vaguely that the little one had been born at Oran, and that its mother had been a native woman of great beauty. The child bore the Christian name of its adopted mother. Degans left, and was never seen again. A few years later he was killed in Africa. Thérèse grew up, sharing Camille's bed, and enduring his mother's wearisome affection. She had a constitution of iron, but was treated like a sickly child, being compelled to partake of her cousin's medicines, and kept in the close atmosphere of the little invalid's chamber. For hours she would remain crouched before the fire, wrapped in thought and gazing steadfastly into the flames. This forced life of an invalid threw her back upon herself. She fell into a habit of speaking in a low voice, of stepping noiselessly, of sitting mute and motionless on a chair with open eyes and a vacant expression. But, when she raised an arm, when she moved a foot, there was about her a certain cat-like suppleness and strength which showed the energy and passion slumbering in her nature. One day her cousin stumbled and fell, through weakness; she lifted him in her arms and carried him home swiftly, and this exercise of strength brought two burning spots of color to her cheeks. Even the cloistered life she led, and the debilitating *régime* to which she was subjected, could not enfeeble her spare and lithesome frame; but her countenance took on a paleness tinged with yellow, and in the shade she became almost ugly. Sometimes she would go to the window and contemplate the opposite houses, over which the sun threw golden lights.

When Mme. Raquin sold her business and retired to the little house by the river, Thérèse was secretly filled with joy. Her aunt had so often warned her to be quiet and make no noise, that she had learned to carefully conceal the ardor of her nature. She possessed an impassible *sang froid*, an apparent calmness, which hid the most terrible transports of passion. She acted always as if she were in the chamber of her ailing cousin, and had the muffled step and hushed manner of an old woman. When she saw the garden, the white river, the great green hills which rose in the horizon, she was seized with a wild longing to leap and cry out; she felt her heart beat fiercely in her breast, but not a muscle of her face moved, and she merely smiled when her aunt asked her how she liked her new home. Then her life became more bearable. She retained her cat-like tread, her calm and indifferent expression; she was still the child brought up in the bed of an invalid, but within herself she lived an existence of feverish transport. When she was alone in the grass on the river's bank, she would lie flat on her face like a beast, her black eyes dilated, her body rigid as if about to make a leap. And there she would remain for hours beneath the burning sun, happy only to be able to plunge her fingers into the earth. At such times she had wild dreams. She looked with defiance upon the muttering river, and imagined that the water was about to rise and throw itself upon her; and then, preparing to resist, she asked herself wrathfully how she could vanquish the waves. In the evening Thérèse, passive and silent, sat near her aunt sewing, her face appearing to sleep under the soft light of the shaded lamp. Camille, stretched on a sofa, dreamed of his accounts. An occasional word, spoken in a low voice, alone disturbed the peace of this slumberous interior.

Mme. Raquin regarded the young people with serene benevolence. She had resolved that they should marry each other. She trembled at the thought that she must die some day and leave Camille alone and suffering. So she counted on Thérèse, and thought to herself that the girl would make a vigilant guardian for her son. This marriage was therefore a settled affair. The young folks had known for a long time that they were to be married some day, and, having grown up with that idea, it had become familiar and natural to them. In the family, the union was spoken of as a necessary and predestined event. Mme. Raquin had said: "We will wait till Thérèse is twenty-one years old." And they waited patiently, without ardor and without embarrassment.

Camille, whose constant illness had impoverished his blood, knew nothing of the desires of youth. He was as a little boy to his cousin, whom he embraced as he embraced his mother, without losing a particle of his egotistic tranquillity. He saw in her an agreeable companion, who served to keep away an excess of *ennui*, and occasionally to give him his medicine. When he played with her or held her in his arms she might as well have been a boy, for his flesh knew no vibration; and at such moments it never entered his head to kiss her burning lips as she writhed away from him with a nervous laugh.

The young girl, also, seemed to be cold and [illegible]

Sometimes she would rest her great eyes on Camille, and gaze at him for several minutes with a fixed and sovereign calm, her lips alone moving, almost imperceptibly. In her impassible face, which an implacable will kept always placid and watchful, nothing could he read. When her marriage was spoken of she became grave, and simply nodded her assent to what Madame Raquin said. As for Camille, he slept.

On summer evenings the cousins were wont to betake themselves to the river side. Camille was irritated by the incessant attentions of his mother, and often wished to escape from the coddling which sickened him. Then taking Thérèse out with him, he would provoke her to wrestle and romp in the grass. One day he pushed his cousin so hard that she fell. The girl rose with a bound, her face burning and her eyes aflame, and with the ferocity of a wild beast threw herself upon him, both arms raised. Camille slid down to the ground; he was afraid.

Months, years rolled away. The day fixed for the marriage arrived. Mme. Raquin took Thérèse on one side, spoke to her of her father and mother, and gave her the history of her birth. The girl listened to her aunt, embraced her, but uttered not a word.

That evening Thérèse, instead of entering her own chamber, which was on the left of the staircase, went into Camille's, which was on the right. The wedding day brought no other change to her life than this. And next morning, when the young couple came down, Camille still preserved his sickly languor, his air of tranquil egotism; and Thérèse her mild indifference, her impenetrable expression, her terrible calm.

III.

Eight days after his marriage Camille flatly told his mother that he intended to leave Vernon and go to live in Paris. Mme. Raquin cried out in horror. She had settled down for the rest of her life, and did not wish to change her plans in the least. But her son had a nervous attack, and threatened to fall ill if she did not yield to his caprice.

"I have never crossed you in your projects," he said to her; "I have married my cousin, and have taken all the drugs you have given me. The least you can do in return is to humor my wish now. We will leave at the end of the month."

Mme. Raquin did not sleep that night. Camille's resolve had destroyed her scheme of life, and she sought despairingly to construct another. Gradually she grew calmer. She reflected that children might soon be added to the little household, and that her small fortune would not then suffice. She must earn more money—must return to trade, and find some lucrative occupation for Thérèse. By the next day she had become reconciled to the idea of leaving Vernon, and had laid her plans for a new life. At breakfast she was quite gay.

"This is what we will do," said she to the young couple: "I will go to Paris to-morrow and find a little shop where Thérèse and I can sell needles and thread. That will occupy us; and you, Camille, can do what you like—stroll in the sun, or find some employment."

"I will find something to do," answered Camille.

The truth was that a silly ambition was at the bottom of his wish to leave Vernon. He longed to enter the service of some great company; and he blushed with pleasure as in imagination he saw himself installed in a splendid office, with silk sleeves, and a pen behind his ear.

Thérèse was not consulted. She had always shown herself so passively obedient that her aunt and husband did not trouble themselves to ask her opinion. She went where they went, and did what they did, without complaint, without reproach, without even seeming to know that any change had taken place.

Mme. Raquin went to Paris, and straight to the Passage du Pont-Neuf. An old friend in Vernon had directed her to a relation who had a little shop of the kind required, which she wished to sell. Mme. Raquin found the shop rather small and dingy; but in traversing Paris she had been alarmed at the uproar of the streets and the splendor of the show-windows, and this narrow lane, with its modest display, reminded her of her old shop at Vernon. Here she would still be in the country, here she would breathe freely, and here, in this sequestered nook, her children would be happy.

The modest price asked for the business—two thousand francs—decided her. The rent of the shop and the floor above was only twelve hundred francs. She had saved nearly four thousand francs, and calculated that she could make the purchase and pay the rent for the first year without encroaching on her fortune. Camille's salary and the profits of the business would, she thought, suffice for daily wants, so that she would not have to touch her income, but could let her capital increase for the benefit of her grandchildren.

She returned to Vernon beaming, and declared that she had found the most delicious little retreat in all Paris. By degrees, in her evening conversations, the damp and dusky little shop grew into a palace, and in her memory it seemed to be convenient, spacious, quiet, and adorned with a thousand other advantages.

"Ah! my good Thérèse," she would say, "you will see how happy we shall be in that snug corner! There are three beautiful rooms up-stairs. We will make a fine display in the window. We shall have plenty to occupy ourselves with."

All her old commercial instincts were aroused. She instructed Thérèse in all the mysteries of selling and buying, in all the little tricks of a petty business.

Finally the family left the house by the Seine, and on the evening of the same day they were installed in the Passage du Pont-Neuf.

When Thérèse entered the place where she was henceforward to live it seemed to her that she was descending into some slimy pit. She was seized with nausea, and shivered with alarm. She looked at the damp and dirty hallway, she entered the shop, she went up stairs and visited, one after another, the bare, unfurnished rooms, hideous in their solitude and dilapidation. She could not make a gesture nor utter a word. She stood as if frozen. Her aunt and husband having descended, she sank down upon a trunk, her hands rigid, her throat filled with sobs, but weep she could not.

Madame Raquin, in the face of the reality, was embarrassed and ashamed of her dreams. She sought to defend her purchase, and found an excuse for each evil that presented itself, accounting for the gloom by saying that the sky was overcast, and ending by declaring that a good sweeping out would completely change the aspect of the place.

"Bah!" cried Camille, "everything is all right here. Besides, we shall only come up stairs in the evening. As for me, I shall not come home before five or six o'clock, and you two will have each other's company."

But the young man would never have consented to inhabit such a wretched den if he had not had the pleasures of his grand office in his mind. He thought to himself that he should be comfortable there all day and that he could go to bed early.

For a full week the shops and dwelling-rooms remained in a state of disorder. From the first day Thérèse had seated herself behind the counter in the morning and had not budged until night. Madame Raquin was astonished at her niece's depression. She had believed that the young woman would seek to embellish her dwelling, would put flowers in the windows, would ask for new wall-paper, for curtains and carpets. But when she herself had proposed an innovation, "What's the use?" her niece had quietly answered. "We are very well as we are; we don't need luxury."

Madame Raquin was therefore obliged to set things in order herself. But Thérèse could not long endure to see her ceaselessly bustling about, so she hired a housekeeper and forced her aunt to come and sit by her.

It was a month before Camille found a situation. He spent as little time as possible in the shop, but lounged about all day, and became so restless and discontented that he talked about returning to Vernon. At last he got a position in the office of the Orleans Railroad at one hundred francs a month. His dream was realized.

He left the house at eight o'clock in the morning, and went down the Rue Guénégaud to the wharves. Then he would drag lazily home in the afternoon, noticing as he went the passers-by, the carriages, the shops.

Upon his arrival he dined, and then composed himself to read. He had bought Buffon's works, and every evening he set himself a task of twenty or thirty pages, in spite of his utter distaste for such reading. He wondered Thérèse could be thoughtful and silent a whole evening long without feeling inclined to take up a book. To himself he admitted that his wife's mind was extremely shallow.

Thérèse hated books. She preferred to remain idle, with fixed eyes and wandering thoughts. Her humor was always equal and easy; her whole will was bent upon making her being a passive instrument, entirely compliant and self-sacrificing.

For three years the days succeeded each other and were alike. Camille never once missed going to his office; but his mother and wife hardly stirred from the shop. Thérèse, living in a moist shadow, in a desolate and oppressive silence, saw life stretch out before her naked and barren, bringing every evening the same cold couch, and every morning the same empty day.

IV.

Every Thursday evening the Raquin family held a reception. The lamp was lit in the dining-room, and the tea-kettle was placed on the fire. It was a very simple affair, but had become a family custom, and as compared with the other evenings was a mild sort of orgy. Exactly at eleven o'clock it broke up.

Madame Raquin had met one day in Paris an old *ex-commissaire de police*, named Michaud, whom she had formerly known in Vernon for twenty years, and who upon his retirement had come to live upon his little pension in the capital. The same day that they met, Michaud had dined with the Raquins. This was the origin of the Thursday receptions.

The commissaire was accustomed to come regularly once a week, and after a time he began to bring with him his son Olivier, a lean, tall, wizened young man of thirty, who had married a mild and weakly little woman. Olivier held a somewhat responsible position on the police force at a salary of three thousand francs a year—of which good fortune Camille was exceedingly jealous. From the first day she saw him, Thérèse detested this stiff and cold mannered young fellow, who seemed to think that he honored the little shop by displaying there his own great dried-up body and the weakness of his poor little wife.

Camille introduced another guest, an old *employé* on the Orleans Railroad. Grivet had seen twenty years of service, was head clerk, and earned over two thousand francs a year. He gave out the work at Camille's office, and the latter, therefore, treated him with considerable respect. In his day-dreams he thought to himself that Grivet would die some day, and that perhaps after ten years or so he might get his place. Grivet was delighted with Madame Raquin's reception and came every week with perfect regularity. In six months he came to regard his Thursday visits as a duty. He went to the Passage du Pont-Neuf as he went to his office every morning, mechanically, by brute instinct.

Thenceforth these reunions were exceedingly charming. At seven o'clock Madame Raquin lit the fire, placed the lamp in the middle of the table, brought out a box of dominoes, and polished up the tea-service on the sideboard. At eight precisely old Michaud and Grivet met in front of the shop, one coming from the Rue de Seine, the other from the Rue Mazarine. They entered, and all the family went up stairs. They seated themselves around the table, and waited for Olivier and his wife, who were always late. When the company was complete Madame Raquin poured out the tea, Camille emptied the box of dominoes on the table, and all became absorbed in the game, nothing being heard but the clicking of the pieces. After each hand they wrangled together for two or three minutes; then solemn silence reigned again, broken only by the sharp clicking.

Thérèse played with an indifference that irritated Camille. She held in her lap François, the great cat that Madame Raquin had brought from Vernon, and caressed him with one hand, while she matched her dominoes with the other. These Thursday evenings were a torture to her, and she often complained of nervousness, of violent headache, so that, instead of playing, she might remain idle and half asleep; with her elbow on the table, and her cheek resting on the palm of her hand, she contemplated the guests of her aunt and her husband, seeing them through a sort of yellow smoky fog which rose from the lamp. She went from one to the other with profound disgust and smothered irritation.

Old Michaud had a wan face marked with red spots, the ghastly face of a dotard; Grivet had a narrow countenance, round eyes, and the thin lips of an idiot; Olivier, whose bones pierced his cheeks, gravely carried an insignificant head on a ridiculous body; as for Susanne, the wife of Olivier, she had a very pale, weak face, with expressionless eyes and white lips. And Thérèse could not find a man nor creature that seemed to be alive among these grotesque, sinister beings with whom she was imprisoned. Sometimes hallucinations came over her; she fancied herself at the bottom of a vault in the company of corpses mechanically moving their heads, shaking their arms and legs in obedience to wires. The heavy air of the dining-room stifled her; the chilling silence, the yellowish light of the lamp, filled her with terrors, with inexpressible anguish.

Down stairs, at the door of the shop, was a bell whose sharp tinkling indicated the arrival of customers. Thérèse listened intently, and when she heard the bell, ran swiftly down stairs, happy to escape from the dining-room. She waited upon the customer slowly. When she was alone she seated herself behind the counter, remaining there as long as possible, dreading to return up stairs, tasting a real joy in no longer having Grivet and Olivier before her eyes. The damp air of the shop colored the fever which burned her, and she fell into that grave reverie which was so habitual with her.

But she could not remain thus long. Camille was displeased at her absence; he could not understand how any one could prefer the shop to the dining-room on Thursday evening; so he leaned over the balustrade looking for his wife.

"Well," cried he, "what are you doing down there? Why don't you come back? Grivet has the devil's own luck. He has won again."

Then the young wife rose wearily, and went and resumed her place opposite old Michaud, whose flabby lips wore most overpowering smiles. And until eleven o'clock she sat, as if fixed to her chair, looking at François, whom she held in her arms, in order not to see the paper-dolls who grimaced around her.

V.

One Thursday, returning from his office, Camille brought with him a tall, square-shouldered young fellow, whom he pushed into the shop in a familiar way.

"Mother," said he to Mme. Raquin, pointing toward the youth, "do you not recognize this gentleman?"

The old haberdasher looked at the young man and rummaged her memory, but in vain. Thérèse watched the scene with a placid air.

"What!" said Camille, "you do not recognize Laurent, little Laurent, son of old Laurent, who has such fine wheat fields near Jeufosse? You don't remember him? I went to school with him; he used to come for me in the morning, and you used to give him bread and jelly."

Mme. Raquin suddenly recalled little Laurent, whom she found very much grown. She had not seen him for twenty years. She tried to make him forget his reception by overwhelming him with maternal caresses. Laurent seated himself, smiled good-naturedly, answered in a clear voice, and looked around him at his ease.

"Imagine," said Camille, "that this fellow has been employed in the office of the Orleans Railroad eighteen months, and that we only met and recognized each other this evening. It is so vast, so important, this business that I am in."

Camille was very proud of being a humble wheel of this great machine. Shaking his head he continued:

"Yes, and he is doing so well. Why, he earns fifteen hundred francs a year already. His father sent him to college; he has studied law and painting. Haven't you, Laurent? Come, now, you must dine with us."

"All right," answered Laurent, brusquely.

He took off his hat and seated himself in the shop. Mme. Raquin ran off to look after her saucepans. Thérèse, who had not spoken a word, steadily regarded the stranger. Until now she had never seen a man. Laurent, so tall, and strong, and ruddy-faced, astonished her. She contemplated with admiration his low forehead, overhung with black hair, his full cheeks, his red lips, his regular features, his fresh-colored beauty. Her eyes rested for a moment on his powerful, column-like neck; then she lost herself in gazing at the great hands which he had spread out on his knees. His fingers were square and strong; with his clenched fist he could have felled an ox. Laurent was a true son of the peasantry. His step was rather heavy, his movements were slow and precise, his manner was quiet and stubborn. One seemed almost to see through his clothing his mighty muscles and hard, firm flesh. And Thérèse examined him with curiosity, letting her eyes wander from his wrists to his face, and experiencing little tremors as her gaze rested on his bull neck.

Camille got out his volumes of *Buffon* and his little tencent novels to let his friend see that he, too, was a student. Then, as if answering a question which he had asked himself some moments before, he said to Laurent:

"But you ought to know my wife. Don't you remember the little cousin who used to play with us at Vernon?"

"I recognized madame immediately," answered Laurent, looking Thérèse full in the face.

Under this direct gaze, which seemed to go through her, the young woman felt uneasy. She forced a smile, however, and exchanged a few words with Laurent and her husband; then she hastened to rejoin her aunt. She suffered.

They sat down to table, and from the outset Camille seemed to think it his whole duty to entertain his friend.

"How is your father?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Laurent; "we have quarreled, and have not written to each other for more than five years."

"Indeed!" cried the other, astonished at such a state of affairs.

"Yes, the dear man has ideas of his own. As he is always going to law with his neighbors, he sent me to college, hoping that in the end he would find in me a lawyer to win all his suits. Oh, yes, he's a practical man, and wants to make something even out of his follies."

"And you did not want to be a lawyer?" said Camille, more and more astonished.

"Decidedly not," answered his friend, laughing. "For two years I made some pretense of attending the lectures, so that I might get the allowance of two hundred francs which my father doled out to me. I lived with a college friend who was a painter, and I undertook to learn the same art. The profession is an amusing one and not tedious. We smoked and gossiped all day long."

The Raquin family opened their eyes very wide.

"Unfortunately," continued Laurent, "this didn't last long. The old gentleman found out that I was lying to him, cut off my allowance, and invited me to go down and help him on the farm. Then I tried my hand at painting sacred pictures. No sale. Seeing plainly that I should starve if I kept that up, I sent art to the devil and looked out for employment. But my father must die one of these days, and then I can live without working."

Laurent spoke in a calm voice. In these few words he had told a story which depicted his character to the life. He was thoroughly indolent, with intense appetites, and a very lively desire to gratify them. He would have liked to do nothing but eat and sleep and feed his passions, and that without running the slightest risk of fatigue or trouble. The profession of a lawyer had been too much for him, and he shuddered at the idea of doing farm work. He had taken up art, hoping to gain his bread without labor. He saw that the brush was a light instrument, and thought success could easily be gained with it. He dreamed of a voluptuous life of cheap pleasures, full of women, and banquets, and intoxications; and the dream lasted so long as his father supplied him with money; but when he found poverty staring him in the face he began to reflect. He would not have gone a day without bread for all the glory that art can give. As he said, he sent painting to the devil the moment he saw that it would not satisfy his enormous appetites. His efforts were all below mediocrity; his peasant's eye saw nature crookedly and vilely; his paintings were of a class that defied criticism. When he renounced art he regretted nothing but the luxurious studio of his college friend, and the women who posed as models and whose favors were not too dear for his slender purse. That life of brutal enjoyments had left him with sensual necessities. He found his circumstances comparatively easy in his present position. He lived like a brute, and he liked this work from day to day, which did not tire him and served to benumb his mind. Only two things worried him: He had no companion, and an eighteen-sou meal at a restaurant would not satisfy the gluttonous cravings of his stomach.

As Camille listened to his friend, he regarded him with an idiotic astonishment. This fragile fellow, whose weak and shattered body had never known a thrill of passion, dreamed vaguely of the artist life of which his friend spoke. His thoughts lingered on the nude models, and he questioned Laurent:

"These models, then," he said; "they have posed in this manner for you?"

"Of course," answered Laurent, smiling and looking hard at Thérèse, who had become very pale.

"That must be strange," said Camille, laughing like a child. "I should feel embarrassed. You must have found it very awkward at first."

Laurent had spread out one of his great hands and was looking steadily at the palm. His fingers trembled slightly and a crimson flush mounted to his cheeks.

"I believe I found it natural enough the first time," he said, as if speaking to himself. "It's amusing enough, is art, but it doesn't bring in a single sou. I once had an adorable blonde for a model; her figure—"

Laurent raised his head and saw Thérèse before him, mute and motionless. She was gazing with a fixed and burning stare. Her eyes, black as death, seemed of unfathomable depth, and through her half-open lips gleamed the rosy color of her mouth. She appeared to be utterly spellbound as she listened.

Laurent's eyes wandered from Thérèse to Camille. The ex-artist restrained a smile and finished his sentence with a gesture which the young woman followed with her gaze. Dessert was on the table, and Mme. Raquin had gone down to serve a customer.

When the cloth was removed, Laurent, who had been thinking for some minutes, suddenly addressed Camille:

"Do you know that I ought to paint your portrait?"

Mme. Raquin and her son were enchanted with the idea. Thérèse remained silent.

"It is summer now," resumed Laurent, "and as we leave the office at four o'clock, I might come here and you could give me a sitting of two hours every afternoon. It would only take a week or so."

"That's it!" cried Camille, flushing with joy. "You shall dine with us. I will have my hair dressed and wear my black coat."

Eight o'clock struck; Grivet and Michaud entered and were shortly followed by Olivier and Suzanne. Camille introduced his friend to the company.

Laurent behaved good-naturedly. He understood the situation, he wished to please and be received at once. He told stories, enlivened the evening with his hearty laugh, and won the good-will of Grivet himself.

Thérèse did not try to go down to the shop that evening. She remained in her chair till eleven o'clock playing and chatting, avoiding the eyes of Laurent, who besides was not thinking about her. The robust nature of the fellow, his full voice, his hearty laughter, troubled the young woman and threw her into a kind of nervous agony.

VI.

Laurent, from that day forth, came almost every evening to visit the Raquins. He lived in the Rue Saint Victor, opposite the Port aux Vins, in a little room which he rented furnished for eighteen francs a month; this closet, with a curved roof pierced by a small window, which opened on the sky, was hardly six metres square. Laurent came in as late as possible to retire to this den. Before meeting Camille, as he had no money to lounge on the *café* benches, he lingered in the *crêmerie* where he dined in the evening. He smoked a pipe, and drank coffee with spirits which cost him three sous; then he went very slowly back to Rue Saint Victor, lounging along the wharves, and sitting upon benches when the atmosphere was inviting.

The shop in the Passage du Pont-Neuf became a charming retreat to him, warm, quiet, full of friendly words and attentions. He saved the three sous formerly spent on his coffee and spirits, and greedily drank the excellent tea served by Mme. Raquin. He stayed there till ten o'clock, drowsy, ruminating, thinking himself at home, and did not go away till he had aided Camille in closing up the shop.

One evening he brought his easel and paint-box. He meant to commence Camille's portrait on the morrow. Canvas was purchased, elaborate preparations were made, and at last the artist set to work in the room occupied by Camille and Thérèse; the light was better there, he said.

It took him three evenings to draw the head. He trailed the charcoal carefully over the canvas, with little strokes, gingerly; his stiff, harsh drawing recalled grotesquely that of the early masters. He copied Camille's face as a pupil copies an academical figure, with a hesitating hand and an awkward precision which gave a gruff look to the countenance. The fourth day he put little pinches of color on his pallet, and began to paint with the tips of his brushes; he dotted the canvas with small dirty strokes, and made short cross-hatching, as if he were using a pencil.

At the end of every sitting, Mme. Raquin and Camille went into raptures, but Laurent said they must wait; the resemblance would come out more strikingly by and by. From the beginning of the portrait Thérèse had never been absent from the bedroom altered to a studio. She left her aunt alone behind the counter; for the slightest pretext she would go up-stairs and forget herself in standing behind Laurent while he painted. More serious, pale, and silent than ever, if possible, she would sit down and watch the work. The sight did not appear to amuse her much, however; she came to the room as if drawn by a magnet, and she remained as if nailed to the spot. Laurent sometimes turned to her, smiling, and asked if the portrait suited her. She scarcely replied, shuddered, then resumed her contemplative ecstasy.

Laurent, returning each evening to the Rue Saint Victor, had long arguments with himself; he discussed whether he would or would not become Thérese's lover. "There's a little woman," he said to himself, "who would fall into my arms if I spoke the word. She is always there, at my back, examining me, measuring and weighing me. She trembles, she has an odd face, all dumb and passionate. Of course she wants a lover; it looks out of her eyes. It must be confessed that Camille is rather a poor creature."

Laurent laughed inwardly as he thought of the wan attenuation of his friend. Then he went on:

"She lives in that shop. I go there because I have nowhere else to go; otherwise I should not often be found in the Passage du Pont-Neuf. It is damp and dreary. A woman would die there. I know she likes me; so why shouldn't I be the man as soon as another?"

He paused; all sorts of conceited ideas came into his mind; he earnestly watched the flowing of the Seine.

"Pshaw! hit or miss," he cried, "I mean to kiss her the first chance I get. I wager she falls immediately into my arms."

He resumed his walk and became undecided.

"She is ugly, after all," he reflected. "She has a long nose and a wide mouth. Besides, I don't love her at all. I might get into an awkward scrape. I must reflect maturely."

Laurent, who was very prudent, thought over these things one full week. He reckoned up all the accidents possible to result from an affair with Thérèse; he had only decided to try the thing when it was thoroughly proved to him that he had an actual interest in accomplising it.

To him, it is true, Thérèse appeared ugly, and he was not in love with her; but at least she would cost him nothing; the cheap revels his limited means allowed him certainly were not embellished with any more beauty or tenderness. Economy was on the side of a love affair with his friend's wife. He could not see that it could have any disagreeable consequences: it would be Thérèse's interest to hide everything; it would easy to abandon her when he wished; even admitting that Camille discovered everything and made a scene, he could fell him with a blow, if need were. On all sides the affair looked easy and tempting to Laurent.

From that time he lived in an easy tranquillity, waiting for the right moment. At his first chance he had decided to be bold. He foresaw charming evenings in the future. All the Raquins combining to do him ease! Thérèse responding to his love, Mme. Raquin petting him like a mother; Camille, chatting with him and preventing him from becoming utterly bored during the evenings spent in the shop.

The portrait was nearly finished; the right moment had not presented itself. Thérèse was always near by, excited and troubled; but Camille never left the room, and Laurent was miserable that he could not get him out of the way for an hour. He was obliged, however, to announce one day that he should finish the portrait to-morrow. Mme. Raquin declared that they would all dine together and celebrate the painter's work.

The next day, when Laurent had given the canvas the last stroke of the brush, the whole family united to exclaim over the likeness. The portrait was vile, of a dirty gray, with great purple patches. Laurent could not use the most glaring colors without making them look tarnished and muddy; in spite of himself he had exaggerated the wan flesh-tints of his model, and Camille's countenance looked like the green face of a drowned person. The bad drawing contorted the features, and rendered this horrible resemblance still more striking. But Camille was delighted, and said that he looked quite distinguished in the picture.

When he had sufficiently admired his portrait, he declared that he would go and get three bottles of champagne. Mme. Raquin went down again into the shop. The artist remained alone with Thérèse.

The young woman sat cowering and gazing fixedly before her. She seemed to wait in fear and trembling. Laurent hesitated. He examined his painting, he played with his brushes. Time pressed, Camille might return, the opportunity might never come again. Suddenly he turned about and stood face to face with Thérèse. For some seconds he gazed steadily at her. Then with a swift movement he stooped, caught her to his breast, and pressing back her head, crushed her lips beneath his own. She made one savage, passionate effort to repulse him, and then, surrendering, suddenly slid helplessly to the floor. Not a single word did they exchange. The act was silent and brutal.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### A Memory.

I am a little sad and weary,
The world with mist is pale;
The bird's song falls so dreary,
The leaves' low ripples fail.

I can not write. I only know
That I watch shadows come and go,
And faces at the writing peer,
And figures at my shoulder stand;
I try to look, the air is clear;
I strive to touch them hand to hand,
But all is dim, they pass from me.
I sit and dream, the light wears dim,
In airy beats the walls shake free,
And rivers roll, and waters brim
By whitened verges of the sea;
And on firm sand, by fragrant shore,
I wander as a child once more.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879. CHARLES H. SHINN.

### The Fast Young Man.

A youth of fifteen, on the modern plan,
Forsakes a jacket to become a man;
Discards his foot-ball and deserts his bat,
And, beardless yet, must wear a beaver hat.
His games are o'er, he'll "hide and seek" no more;
E'en "tag" is slow, and "bat and ball" a bore.
Adieu to quoits, good-bye to stilts as well!
To boyish sports he bids a long farewell.
With love of dress and showy garments struck,
He apes the style of some established "buck;"
Wears watch and charms (a doting mother's boons),
Embroidered vest, and "stunning" pantaloons;
Well varnished boots or shoes—Parisian, neat,
But woeful small—they agonize his feet.
(Such feats as these, by being oft repeated,
Deform the feet: the object is defeated).
Ambrosial locks, pomatum-reared,
Adorn a face expectant of a beard—
For which he sighs and daily shaves, no doubt,
But siren song could scarcely coax it out.
Perfume *la rose*—the kind a Brummel loves—
His hands are clothed with lemon colored gloves;
His *tile* is *loud*, his cane perhaps is louder;
His ring's "the thing;" his scarf a perfect *crowder*.
These terms, 'tis true, to most are not vernacular,
But slang with him is sure to be oracular.
With thirst for notoriety he longs
And haunts o' nights the "*Union*" or "*Marchant's*."
His style of dress his cronies christen "nobby"—
The wearer nightly decorates the lobby;
He lounges through the early piece perchance;
At all events, he is sure to see the dance.
That passed away, he calmly, coolly turns,
Surveys the house, puts up his glass, adjourns.

The phantom Pleasure everywhere he tracks,
Each varied form still ruthlessly attacks;
The fastest horse—a stable's pride—he mounts,
To teach its owner how to keep accounts;
Attends the races, knows each horse and groom;
Is known at once in every billiard-room;
At ten-pin alleys bets you what you dare,
He'll get each roll a "ten strike" or a "spare."
He takes his ale, and smokes a cigarette;
He'll "shake for drinks" or "whisky cocktails" bet;
Frequents, perhaps, some freely festive balls,
Where beauty roams *sans* skirts, *sans* anything at all.
His vapid course with revelry is rife;
He loves to feel that this is "seeing life."

We'll seek the cherub at his night's repose,
While, wrapt in sleep, his heavy eyelids close;
A light that, shaded, penetrates the gloom,
Will lend us aid to glance about his room.
In brawny beauty stands the sturdy Mace,
Whose fearful fist gave French the *coup de grace;*
And "Goldsmith Maid," the queen of all our races,
Hangs *vis-a-vis* with "Cupid and the Graces."
In scanty raiment "Rosa" meets the eye;
Then turn and see how "Spartacus" can die.
The Geister, too, in some ethereal dance,
"Vivandière," with flag and "*Vive la France.*"
The artist here with each has done his best—
The limbs well turned, and nothing over-dressed.
"A Pointer's Head," "A Windy Day's Disaster,"
"The Carnival," and "Veous" done in plaster;
A head of Neilson and other leading *stars;*
The New York *Clipper*—liquor-stand, cigars.
Add coats and canes, a dressing-case, and then
We've seen the sanctum of our fast young men.

Temptation's flood has borne the youth along;
The flesh was weak, the *spirit* far too strong.
Warm-hearted, ardent, full of boyish pride,
He had not strength to turn and stem the tide.
The waves of pleasure all seem bright and warm,
The youth may change, the prodigal reform.
Not hopeless yet! Though guardian angels weep,
O'er erring youth a vigil still they keep.
They may destroy this dark, delusive dream,
Awake to reason, and the youth redeem.

From seeming pleasure to withdraw the mask
With kindly care—be this a parent's task.
Avoiding anger, hushed be harsh harangue;
In cheerful kindness show the serpent's fang.
With pleasant sports the joys of home enhance—
Some harmless game, society, a dance;
Nor needless check their frolics, boyish fun:
We've all been boys, and know what then was done.
By gentle ways their confidence you gain,
Affection binds them with a silken chain;
Let home be made replete with social joys.
Be this your aim, and you will save your boys.

MARYSVILLE, August, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### Eros.

The hard, cold world, it chained sweet Love—bound him down in night—
Hung his hands with earthly fetters, shut him out from light,
Bade him sing through dungeon bars; yea, bade him sing delight.

Then he strung his lute with music—touched it with desire—
And he swept its strings of sweetness with his soul's best fire
Till wild with sobbing melody sounded high his lyre:
Sweet as crystal jewel ringing down a golden stair,
Soft as starlight's arrows falling earthward through the air,
And sad as music must be when chording with despair.

Winged it high and swiftly, clear to heart of heaven's dome
Trembling with its rare completeness, to that star-gemmed throne
Where the list'ning gods, in sadness, mourned for Love alone;
As the pleading, sobbing music to the zenith rings,
Downward through the awful spaces comes the rush of wings,
And wan Eros, rescued, perfect songs in heaven sings.

But the song that Love sang sweetest lingers soft below,
Lives its day with weeping zephyrs where the south winds blow,
And its day in burning kisses press'd on breasts of snow.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879. S.

## THE TALES OF TWO ULSTERS.

### I.—A WINTER'S TALE.

It was six P. M. by all the reliable clocks in town. The bell of the cathedral had just rung the "Angelus," and been mistaken, as usual, for the fire alarm, box three, with a dozen strokes left over, which might mean a general alarm or a call to the militia in case of a sand-lot riot.

A young man of pleasing address sat in the card-room of his club awaiting an invitation to take something.

It was George Augustus, one of those popular persons who contribute nothing in particular to the sum and substance of society, and yet without whom society would be more of a bore than ever.

A high wind was bowling through the town; the rain beat furiously upon the windows, and obscured at intervals the vision of those who were looking out upon the deluged streets, considering the momentous question whether it were better to go to dinner or have dinner brought to them.

The gladsome voices of the card-players mingled with the shouts of the victors at dominoes. In the adjoining room the piano and the organ chimed harmoniously in a *potpourri* from *Carmen*. Agile attendants passed to and fro among the occupants of the rooms, bearing trays laden with ambrosial glasses. A hospitable fire burned brightly upon the hearth. This is the Californian winter which has been oft celebrated in song and story. You will invariably find it at the club.

George Augustus, being anon invited, joined a group of friends at a table in the wine-room. The wind subsided, the rain ceased, the clouds scattered, and between them one saw far-away vistas in the soft gray fields of the twilight sky.

Gradually the rooms were deserted; gentlemen departed singly or in groups, chatting gayly to the outer door of the hall. At last, starting from his chair, with bold resolve heightening the beauty of his countenance, George Augustus searched through all the club and found himself the sole occupant of the sumptuous chambers.

He passed into the hall, took from the deserted rack his matchless ulster; arrayed himself with the utmost care; folded his skirts about him, raised his collar above his ears, buried his hands in his pockets, and, buttoned from head to heel, departed.

It was but a step from the club door to the public conveyances that ran contiguously to his lodgings. He hastened over the still streaming pavement to the California Street car, and was just in season to install himself upon the crowded platform, where the rain dripped from the car-eaves upon the apex of his spinal column. You know how impossible it is to calculate upon the impetus with which the cars of that admirable cable line are likely to spring into action?

George Augustus, shrouded in an ulster, which was his pride, and justly so, clung to the platform as the car shot up hill, drawing his long breaths at the momentary pauses at the several street crossings.

It was a new experience for him; he more frequently walked, for the sake of exercise. He was not yet entirely accustomed to his outer garment, the tail of which was an object of no small interest to him. It was not always tractable; it broke loose occasionally in a high wind and shook with such violence as to nearly carry him off his feet. It got between his knees when least expected, and he not unfrequently trod on it as he ascended the stairs.

It was an annoyance on this occasion, but it was a consolation to him in his extremity to know that there was not another annoyance of the same pattern in town. Other men flaunted their skirts of a cut and quality such as may be had by the dozen. Not so George Augustus. By no means! All the individuality of the man was lavished upon a garment which is without doubt the most convenient, the most comfortable, and perhaps the most becoming article of apparel ever worn by the male of the human species.

George Augustus with some difficulty got his fluttering breadths in hand as the car neared the summit of Nob Hill. The clouds had gathered; the rising wind swept the rain slantwise into the faces of the unsheltered pedestrians.

The car was flying with great velocity when it passed the lodgings of George Augustus. With an impulse, for which inexperience alone is an acceptable apology, he sprang into the air on the way to his lodgings, turned a triple somersault, and, still spinning, ball fashion, burrowed with his head in the ground like a hound at a squirrel's hole.

Stunned and bleeding, George Augustus lay in the gutter bearing no small resemblance to a heap of old clothes. But not for long. A willowy form bent over him; gentle hands aided him to regain his feet; soft eyes looked sympathetically into his, and a sweet, low voice asked him if he was much hurt.

Fortunate accident, blessed fatality; how admirable and abundant is the law of compensation!

George Augustus having sufficiently recovered from the shock which his nervous system had sustained to walk with some difficulty, his guardian angel conducted him to the door of his lodgings, bade him good-evening, and was speedily absorbed by the elements.

Confused and giddily he sought the privacy of his apartments. His elaborately stamped cambric was saturated with blue blood; his usually spotless apparel was besmeared with mud; his mind wandered; but, with the strongest instinct of our common nature, he lost no time in getting to bed.

After the lapse of a few days the young man was as good as new, if not better—for he was enriched with one of those experiences the value of which no man can fully appreciate until he has made it his own. He returned to business and the club.

It had become his custom to dismount with extreme caution from the flying car, and to meditate in the still hours upon the lucky escape from a fate too horrible to mention.

He recalled the glance of those sympathetic eyes, the touch of those caressing hands, the music of that tremulous voice. Providence had, as it were, hurled him into the arms of the beloved; it was now his privilege, perhaps his duty, to return to her and woo her and make her his! He concluded to do it without delay. He seized pen and paper; he wrote a "personal" for the journal which is the personification of personalism. It ran as follows:

"Will the lady who so kindly came to the assistance of the unfortunate gentlemen who met with an accident on Nob Hill be good enough to permit the convalescent to call and return thanks in person? Address, G. A., this office."

He paid daily visits to the letter department of the office above referred to. He grew heart sick with hope deferred. What had seemed to him, a few days before, the easiest possible conquest, and therefore nothing to be specially proud of, began to assume a very different aspect.

A week passed, and no letter came to his address. Mortified at the delay, ashamed to face the office boy who seemed to read his secret in his face whenever he applied for a letter which was not forthcoming, he left a stamp and his address in the hands of the youth behind the counter and repaired no more to the hated spot. Where now were his dreams of bliss, his happy bridal, his gifts, congratulations, honeymoon, and all the ephemeral joys of wedlock? Simply nowhere at all! Weeks dragged by without developments, but his disappointment turned to scorn, and he was himself again.

It was at this time that a letter was forwarded to his address, a letter written in an unknown hand; he weighed it in his fingers, sitting by the fireside in his very comfortable bachelor quarters. Could it be possible?

He broke seal and read. What a change! All the expression seemed to have been washed out of his face; his hands shook, his eyes started from their sockets. In a passion which did him credit, for he was naturally sluggish, he dashed the letter to the floor. The startling silence which followed this theatrical climax can only be expressed by a dash about a quarter of a mile in length.

Then he seized the missive and read for the second time:

"SIR:—When I found you, that stormy evening, prostrated and bleeding upon the pavement, I was deeply touched. Your youth, and, pardon me, your beauty appealed to my woman's heart, and, I repeat it, I was deeply touched. It seemed to me then that fate had ordained me to meet you at the very jaws of death and lead you back to the life which nature had so bountifully fitted you to adorn. But, sir, may I be permitted to inquire why it is your custom to cast yourself madly from the California Street car, at intervals, and fall ignominiously at my feet? Must I forever continue to meet you on the wing, or in the gutter, in rain or shine, in one block or another on Nob Hill? This eccentricity, which you seem to have cultivated as a fine art, becomes annoying. I know not at what moment your form may darken my vision and the wind from your ulster fan me in your airy flight. Why will you persistently indulge in a gymnastic which must sooner or later abruptly end your days of usefulness? Is it a morbid love of danger? Is it hereditary? Is it inevitable and incurable? I implore you, if you have no regard for your own bodily safety, consider mine, and from this hour do me the favor to stop the car whenever you wish to alight, and, for heaven's sake, pass less of your time in mid air, revolving with a skill which is admirable, but with a velocity which is appalling and inexcusable. ANGELINA."

After the second reading of this letter, which was as incomprehensible to him as it is to us, George Augustus tore it into a thousand fragments and consumed them in the grate. Then he lit a cigar, took the oath of eternal celibacy, swathed himself in his ulster, and, in some agitation, repaired to that haven of rest where the sinner forgets his calling, the simple are inspired, and the wise man becomes as a little child in their midst—the club, you know!

### II.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Months have passed since the winter's tale was so unceremoniously abbreviated.

Once more the clocks are striking six P. M. The Angelus bell has just ceased vibrating in St. Mary's Cathedral tower; the chimes of St. Patrick's are still pealing forth a light refrain, setting the hour to music.

In a cozy apartment on Nob Hill a youth of unexceptionable presence is regarding with no little interest a huge square of pasteboard which he holds in the waning light of the gray day. It is a ticket of admission to the Grand Opera Bouffe Ball, under the direction of Mlle. Aimée and all the artistes of her company.

The twilight deepens suddenly; a dense mist rolls in from the sea. The storm-sky seems to have fallen bodily upon the city, flooding the streets with vapor, chilly and dark.

Three hours later the young gentleman alights from a carriage at the entrance to the California Theatre, runs the gauntlet of a thousand curious eyes, deposits his hat and ulster in the lower lobby, arrays himself in mask and domino, and mingles with the sedate throng that already fills the building. He is surprised at the solemnity which prevails on the occasion.

It is true that Mlle. Aimée and two or three of her sister artistes draw to the proscenium box, which they occupy the greater part of the night, a mildly enthusiastic group of admirers; and that being French—and *bouffe* French into the bargain—they charm with a charm which is national and inimitable.

Gustavus Adolphus, hovering near this centre of attraction, is elated with the sparkling humor of the ladies, who speak not with their lips only, but with their eyes, and their singularly intelligent muscles—the latter, in fact, seem entirely capable of speaking for themselves.

It is this dual, or triple, method of speech that captivates Gustavus Adolphus, and reminds him of his Parisian life; though in those days, being at least seventeen years of age, he had already resolved that French women are born without hearts, and that the hearts of the men are abnormal.

Turning from the *Grand Duchesse* and her satellites, he finds that two-thirds of the guests of Mlle. Aimée are sedate spectators, who sit the entire night with utmost gravity in contemplation of the dance as if it were a play. Gustavus Adolphus, in search of adventure, explores the mysteries of the partially transformed stage.

There are numberless nooks and corners, dressing rooms, and subterranean passages. The lights are obscured by draperies, screens, and layers of scenery thrown aside for this night only. On either hand there are attendants awaiting to serve the guests with enlivening potations. Every one is at liberty to offer his hand to some one. It is the carnival of free speech; and yet Gustavus Adolphus, awed by the sense of propriety which partially paralyzed the five legitimate senses, stalked to and fro aimlessly until dawn.

Even the advent of the Algerine, Mlle. Raphael, in the *cancan*, hardly rouses him from his lethargy. What if she writhes like a serpent in the guise of a woman? What if there is an uninterrupted outline of fair white flesh from the tips of the fingers to the tips of the ears, where swing barbaric harps of gold? What if the velvet girdle just under the arms, decked with coins and crescents, is not a belt?—for it is worn too high; is not a waist?—for it is worn too low; but is merely a girdle enriched with crescents and coins? The sensuous Algerine, conforming to the custom of the country, has to draw a line somewhere, and she draws it here; and beneath it, from that girdle to the waist, there is nothing but woman as God made her—if God made her!

It is the naked truth, and Gustavus Adolphus turns wearily from the dance when the *cancan* is ended and the *clodoche* has ceased to amuse—turns aside, and falls at once under the spell of a pink domino.

She is not alone; she hangs upon the arm of a masked figure that for bulk and bearing might be the twin brother of the surprised Gustavus Adolphus. They chat in high falsetto. While seeking to disguise themselves, they strive to betray one another. They adjourn to a stage box, which is fortunately unoccupied for the moment.

The wine flows freely; soft music enchants their ears; they look down upon the most respectable ball of the season, and wonder when the naughtiness, which they have come to witness, will make itself apparent. The dress-circle is thinning out; the spectators and many of the dancers are departing; it is evident that the same reserve with which the ball was opened is sufficient to endure to its close.

Gustavus Adolphus, heartily seconded by his rival, implores the Pink Domino to unmask but for a moment; she demurs; the wine is not yet exhausted, though patience is. With a rudeness which is unpardonable, and can only be attributed to one cause, Gustavus Adolphus tears the mask from the face of his companion! Her indignation is soothed by a merry apology and a mutual recognition, which makes his rival a third party and a bore.

The third party withdraws in consternation; seeks the hat-room, calls for his ulster in the height of the confusion—the confusion that makes a hat-room a perpetual pandemonium.

"No, not there; the next peg. Ah, it has slipped to the floor!" His ulster is his, his hat is another's; he hastens from the theatre, springs into a carriage, and lights a cigar. He knew that face; the sympathetic eyes recalled his chagrin when a few months before he read her letter in reply to his "personal."

George Augustus, it was none other, leaned back upon the cushions and thrust his hands into his ulster-pockets.

What was it that met his touch? A book, apparently; not his assuredly. By what miracle was it placed there? Once in his chambers, under a blaze of gas, he scans the pages of a small volume, and reads these extracts from the pocket diary of Gustavus Adolphus:

"NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1879.—I turn over a new leaf, as usual, on this interesting occasion. Have a fresh ulster in which to begin the higher life. Ulster something unique; nothing like it in town; a great mash; the populace turn at it. Have every reason to feel grateful for the manifold blessings showered down upon me. Will begin to feel grateful at once.

"11:30 P. M.—Am *very* grateful; no doubt about it."

"JANUARY 15TH.—Coming up on the California Street car last evening—awfully tired—took a header from the platform and struck wrong side up. Young woman rushed to my rescue, and said, in great astonishment: 'What, again?' Have no recollection of having met her before under the same circumstances. Must have been very uncommonly tired on that occasion."

"JANUARY 31ST.—Still turning over a new leaf. Hope to get my hand in after a while. Took a fly last night, and, as luck would have it, hit her again. Deuced fine woman that. Her name is Angelina. Made abject apologies and withdrew, touched by the beauty of her dark, pathetic eyes."

"FEBRUARY 14TH.—Sent valentine to Angelina: young fellow in ulster floating through the air; street car rushing up hill; gorgeous girl in middle distance; young fellow apparently aiming for gorgeous girl; dead shot; made to order down at Blank's studio."

"MARCH 1ST.—Getting on swimmingly. Have joined the Olympic Club, and gone into training for my great act. Have got it down to a pretty fine point; keep my eye open and await my hour. The minute Angelina comes within range I go for her. Always make a landing unless the wind is too high, in which case I veer a little; ulster rather too much for me in a gale."

"MARCH 5TH.—Tried it again this evening, and struck wrong woman. Woman screamed; I fled. No joke this; no fun, no Angelina."

"MARCH 12TH.—Have gone too far. Hard lines, but virtue must triumph; it always does—in the play. Caught Angelina in a heavy shower, and carried away two ribs of her umbrella in my descent. She started back, crying: 'Explain, sir!' Before I could explain she had disappeared. I will explain; I will insert the following in the only paper with the largest circulation: 'Angelina—Meet me as before and I will explain all. Fear not; I will stop the car before dismounting.—G. A.'"

"MARCH 14TH.—Delicious hour! We have met; we have come to an understanding; we love. She has promised to help me turn over a new leaf. How much easier it is to turn a leaf when there are two of us turning it. She refers definitely to an occasion when she bore me to my door a mangled being. She is wrong, but I quiet her by stating that it must have occurred before I turned my leaf—I mean my very latest and newest leaf. She also definitely and repeatedly refers to a former 'personal' and her reply. Poor creature; her mind wanders—but we love. Am I wrong? Has she written me? Have I advertised in a moment of abstraction and forgotten all about it? Hideous thought; my reason is all unseated; we are two lunatics—but we love."

"MARCH 27TH.—I give it up. I am told at the office of the journal which I abhor, but continue to read daily in order that I may continue to abhor it—I am told that I have printed two 'personals' and received one reply. The world is mad—but Angelina and her Gustavus can soon defy it! We are going to Duncan's Mills for our honey-moon—to Duncan's Mills, where we can lead a vegetable life, and enjoy at the same moment all the pastoral stupidity of the country combined with the uncomfortable formalities of the town. But, bless me, what do people in our condition care so long as there is an Angelina and a Gustavus within reach of one another!"

More in sorrow than in anger George Augustus closes this book of revelations. Gradually all mysteries are made clear to him. He carefully examines the ulster which he threw over the foot of the bed upon entering his room. The ulster is to all outward appearances his own; but under the collar he reads, as in letters of fire: "*Nicoll, the Tailor.*"

How often do the destinies of a life rest in the hands of a tailor! But for the interposition of this Nicoll, who knows but that George might now call Angelina some pet name, which would be almost certain to sound absolutely idiotic when uttered in the presence of a third party? He would have met her, and she would have been his. There is no doubt about this—in his own mind.

But a similar ulster enters the field and discounts him at his own game. Impudence, perseverance, and the Olympic Club are not to be withstood.

George Augustus closes the book of fate, and posts it without comment to his fortunate rival. He lays aside the ulster which he has mistaken for his own. He dares not wear it, lest on some disastrous occasion he might come face to face with Angelina's choice.

That is just what he did three days ago. He wasn't recognized. He had sacrificed his moustache for this very purpose. He saw his ulster on the San Rafael boat, apparently on its way to Duncan's Mills.

On one arm hung Angelina, looking every inch a bride; at the button-hole fluttered the blue ribbon of the Murphy tribe. The wearer had evidently turned over a new leaf. In his hand he held a copy of the ARGONAUT. They were going to read its enchanting pages together.

How sweet, how fresh, is love's young dream! When George Augustus poured into my ear the facts above stated a bright thought flashed upon me. I said, with a glow of enthusiasm lighting my sad face, I will tell the tale of two ulsters, and these little ones shall read it and rejoice in their honey-moon camp.

Bless you, my children! Though George Augustus is my particular friend and admirer, my sympathies are all for you. You are bridled for better, for worse! Mysterious are the ways of Providence—and of tailors.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, August 22, 1879.

Though the spell of the journalist is upon me, and I am just crazy to fill the whole paper up with what I know, or think I know, about social matters, I am going to cut you off this week with a mere memorandum—and this in punishment of the endeavors you made last week to discover my identity. You are just as curious as the rest of the world. Things are somewhat stupid here in the hotel, and the only clever or interesting thing I have heard of is a remark made by Mrs. H. to her husband. Just after his departure for Virginia City she chanced a $1,000 in Scorpion, and in a few days her stock went up from $1 to $3, and she drew out the $2,000 ahead, minus commissions. Upon the return of Mr. H. the wife pleasantly placed her lord in possession of the details of the little operation. With an eye to business, Mr. H. said: "Where did you deposit your money?" "At the White House, and at Mrs. Caswell's," responded the amiable operator—and the dividends may be seen upon her daily as she gracefully sweeps through the dining-room. Just one more, and I have done with the smart sayings of this place: It may not be generally known that the Spanish are given to punning almost as much as the Americans are. One of the most beautiful ladies at the Palace, and also one of the loviest women in the State, is Mrs. Col. B., of Los Angeles. A few evenings since a gentleman from Guatemala, who had been listening to her playing, asked Mrs. B. to accompany the instrument with her voice, to which she pleasantly replied: "Yo no puedo *cantar*, peu puedo encantar" (I can not sing, but I can en-*chant*). Mrs. Goodman and Mrs. Doherty, after having spent the season pleasantly at San Rafael, returned to the Palace last week. One of the sunniest men living here is Justice Field—polite, pleasant, and gallant; he is a great favorite with all who are brought into social contact with him. The most popular play at present at Mare Island is "Naval Engagements." Five officers have lately been captured; particulars hereafter. Miss Mattie Solomon is said to be the belle of the yard at present. Hon. R. C. McCormick and wife will leave Washington in a few days for San Francisco. Mrs. McCormick is a daughter of Senator Thurman. The coming of these Washingtonians revives the memories of the past and recalls my first season in Washington in 1855. I was a mere girl, and, oh, how I enjoyed it! There was fine sleighing that winter, and many a delightful ride I had with old Tom Benton. How that dear old rascal would squeeze me occasionally, and how I liked it, too—not on account of the ardor, but the respectability and dignity of the thing. The kettledrum of G Company, 2d Regiment, which came off last Saturday afternoon at the armory on Post Street, showed that the invitations were pretty generally responded to. The crowd was very large, and dancing was at times difficult. The fine hall was tastefully decorated, and the lower rooms for the gentlemen and the club rooms for the ladies were found to have been ample. The small room leading into the armory was improvised as a reception room. Guests commenced to arrive at two, and dancing commenced a little after half-past two. It was a very dressy party, the toilets of Mrs. Jas. Crittenden, the Misses Blanding, Miss Peters, Miss Spotts, Miss Ballard, and Miss Crocker attracting particular attention. Among the army and navy officers present were Commodore Spotts, Captain Costar, U. S. A., Lieut. Springett, U. S. A., and Lieuts. Emrick and Milton, U. S. N. Lieutenant Kingsburry, of the 6th Calvary, one of the military team from the Department of the Pacific in the rifle contest at Creedmoor, left on Tuesday for the East. Upon his return he will marry Miss Maria Wood, daughter of the late Colonel William C. Wood. And this is about all I have to communicate.

Yours, etc., HEBE.

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The next time we meet Mr. Alfred A. Cohen, we shall take the liberty of inquiring of him how it is that he happens to know the figures of certain entries on page 339 of Ledger "A" of the Central Pacific Railroad Company? If he answers that the information was obtained while in the employ or business association with the company, we shall say to him that under such circumstances a disclosure was not justified; if that he was trusted by the managers and shown these figures in confidence, then to disclose them was dishonorable. Mr. Cohen's attitude toward the railroad needs an explanation. The bitterest personal enemy that the railroad may have, if he is a gentleman and man of honor, will demand of Mr. Cohen an explanation for his betrayal of business confidence, and demand to know by what code of Christian or Jewish morals he is justified in the betrayal of his former masters, and will ask him how many pieces of silver he received for his treason. Mr. Cohen was the agent of the company, running its coal barges, directing its ferries, and having intimate financial and social relations with its managers—dining at their tables and accompanying them upon excursions in their private cars. At that time, of course, Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, and Crocker were honorable men. Now, when did this "trinity," to use Mr. Cohen's language, "become illustrious for chicanery, rapacity, and greed?" We did not know that Mr. Cohen believed in the Trinity. That most interesting of all the apostles, Judas Iscariot, went and hanged himself under similar circumstances.

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**XCIII.—Sunday, August 24.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Green Corn Soup.
Melon.
Broiled Smelts.
Pigeon Fricassee. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Baked Egg Plant.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Charlotte Russe. Strawberries.
Fruit-bowl of Apricots, Grapes, Apples, Pears, Plums, Gages, Figs, and Peaches.

TO FRICASSEE PIGEONS.—Cut six pigeons into small pieces; put into a stew-pan with one pint of water and some claret; season with salt, pepper, mace, an onion, a bunch of herbs, and a piece of butter rolled in flour. Cover close, and stew until there is just enough for sauce; then take out the herbs and onion. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, push the meat to one side, and stir them into the gravy. Keep stirring until the sauce is thick; then put the meat in a dish and pour the gravy over it. Rice may be served with it.

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The world is made up of two kinds of people—those who work and those who spend all their time in getting ready to work.

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People who do wrong seldom have any difficulty in finding excuses and justification for it.

## THE HANDEL AND HAYDN ORATORIO.

A more utterly dull, stupid, and uninteresting performance than that of Neukomm's oratorio of *David*, by the Handel and Haydn Society, on last Thursday evening, it would be difficult to either hear or imagine. The very announcement brought its misgivings; *David*, together with all the rest of Neukomm's compositions, has been shelved for so long a time—this even in England, where when a composer has once been "taken up" they stick by him as long as there is an endurable measure left—that I was surprised to find a society that has left so many of the standard living works untouched brushing the dust from this respectable fossil of the rococo period, and gravely setting to work to present an oratorio of the most ambitious dimensions, requiring not only enormous resources of chorus and orchestra (the first chorus is in sixteen independent parts, and some of the succeeding ones exceedingly difficult), but the most careful special study as well: special study, too, of a delicate and difficult nature, since it involves training in a style entirely different from anything that they have been accustomed to doing. Then came a sight of the stage, which finished matters. The chorus was about large enough to properly supply *one* of the four choirs with which the work opens; *there was no orchestra!* The accompaniments were to be done on the organ and piano-forte! The solo singers were probably the best that could be secured for the occasion, but in the very nature of things were not up to the work, and—the performance fully bore out my misgivings. In that portion of the work that I heard—the first and somewhat of the second part—there was not a well sung chorus. The first one was dragged out of all sort of coherence by the conductor and the others hurried to death by the chorus, Mr. Toepke meantime gravely conducting away *at the back* of Miss Lowell (who played the organ part very well indeed), naturally without making any impression or helping matters much. The solos were little, if any, better. Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, who had evidently given her great *Aria* much thought and study, was so inadequately accompanied as to find herself compelled to give up all her best points, and had to be content with a mere reading of her part. Mr. D. P. Hughes, whose beautiful voice formed at least some recompense for the dreariness of the music that falls to the part of "David," was constantly hindered by the same amateur-like pianist who hung about his heels in following—instead of supporting—him; well, they had a hard time of it, and the audience as well. The *Aria* of "Saul," No. 19, in the second part, was nicely sung by Mr. Walter Campbell; the beginning of it, in *mezza voce*, was thoroughly enjoyable.

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I can not possibly understand what this society means by the presentation in such form of ambitious and difficult compositions of this style, unless it be to kill off at once and forever any interest that may exist, or that might perchance grow up among us, in the greater choral works. Surely it can not be expected that anyone—unless perhaps it be some musical antiquarian—who has ever sat through one of these dreary un-musical evenings, will ever willingly submit himself to a second! I refuse to believe it; I go to them because I am paid for it, and because I hope constantly that the next will be better. But I am invariably disappointed. I hoped much from the appointment of Mr. Toepke as conductor; he is intelligent, musical, and energetic. But there is no result. Mr. Toepke is evidently under the influence of the fossil, ignorant element in the society, and has proved beyond a doubt that he will accomplish nothing. No man who will lend himself to such a "fake" as the performance of Thursday ever will; no man who will stand at his desk and gravely *conduct* the accompaniment of a pianist *who can not see him*, and *one singer*, ever will; in fact, I doubt whether anybody ever will with this society. It is not *honestly* trying to do the thing it ought to try for, and what it aims at it does in a bad—unnecessarily bad—way. It promises an oratorio that any intelligent musician would know at a glance is immeasurably too difficult for it to perform well, and then scratches through it with the orchestral color left out. It—it isn't worth talking about. W.

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The nomination of Mr. J. F. Cowdery recalls an incident of legislation when he was member of the Assembly in 1874. Bolander, the German to whom we had intrusted the education of our American youth, to our shame and disgrace, was Superintendent of Public Schools. He advocated what is known as the Tuttle bill. This bill, which steals $200,000 a year from the tax-payers of San Francisco and gives the money to the country, passed the Legislature with only two dissenting votes; Cowdery's of San Francisco was one. He denounced the figures of Bolander as false, and demonstrated that under the bill the city would pay that amount for interior schools. This has proved to be the case, and the bill has cost the tax-payers of this city nearly one million of dollars. We hope Mr. Cowdery may be elected, and may repeal that law, so that under a new Constitution, with an American Superintendent of Schools, we may abolish our cosmopolitan follies, reduce our schools to a system, administer our educational department no longer in the interest of foreigners, and book and stationery houses, contractors, question-peddlers, music-teachers, and the hundred other tax-eating *et ceteras* that are now fixed upon our common schools. Mr. Cowdery also introduced the bill to protect horse-car conductors and drivers by limiting their hours of labor.

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There are no honest Republicans.
There are no honest Democrats.
There are no honest Workingmen.
There are no honest Honorable Bilks.
Every man of brains is a thief, and every man not a thief is a fool.
The only honest men are the editors of the daily papers, and they are above and beyond politics; and the only respectable profession is daily journalism, and the only reason of its respectability is its absolute freedom from political temptation.

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Kalloch's Latin: "Falsus in *unum* falsus in *omnium*," is about equal to that of the old fellow who said: "False as you know false as an omnibus." Can a man who lies in Latin tell the truth in English?

## ARCHERY NOTES.

The National Archery Tournament which recently took place in Chicago, and the details of which have not yet reached this city, will give the sport a good send-off in the East. Will Thompson is now the champion of the United States, and his brother Maurice is supposed to be, as he certainly is, the best game-shot with the long bow. The National Archery Association, established this year, has for its president Maurice Thnmpson. The objects of this association are to encourage, foster, and promote the practice of archery in the United States; to associate under one general management and head the various archery societies in the United States, and encourage frequent competition between them, and to enact and enforce proper rules governing their meetings; to promote and facilitate acquaintance and social intercourse between lovers of the noble pastime, wherever resident, and to establish and regulate the "archery championship of the United States of America." The association is at present composed of the following archery societies: The Wabash, Henry Bowman, the Chicago Archery Association, the Kokomo Archers, the Highland Park Archery Club, the Toxophilites of Iowa, the Nottingham Archers of Pittsburg, the Buffalo Toxophilites, and the Robin Hood Archery Club of De Père, Wisconsin. All archery societies are eligible to membership. The initiation fee is ten dollars. The association have a certain set of rules to govern their meetings, and by which no doubt all archery matches will be shot throughout the country. The regulation target shall be four feet in diameter, and when on the easel the centre of the "gold" shall be four feet from the ground. The shooting shall be the York Round, 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, and 24 arrows at 60 yards; the American Round consisting of 30 arrows at 60 yards, 30 arrows at 50 yards, and 30 arrows at 40 yards; the Columbia Round for ladies, 24 arrows at 50 yards, 24 at 40 yards, and 24 at 30 yards. For the champion medal the double York Round shall be shot, and for the ladies' medal the double Columbia Round, which means shooting double the number of arrows at each of the different ranges. What we want here is more frequent competition between the clubs, and more organizations. There are numbers of individual archers who potter away at a target in the back-yard in a lonely sort of fashion, who should join a club, or start one and hunt up sufficient archers to make a beginning. There is now the finest range in the State at Adams Point, fifty yards or so from the old range of the Merry Foresters. It is as smooth as a billiard table, the ground having been carefully harrowed and then rolled, and every shaft stops where it falls; so there is no possibility of losing arrows. Here the archer shoots from the shade made by two magnificent oaks at any distance from 40 to 125 yards—this being the extreme length of the range. Here is a magnificent ground for all archers to practice; and at the little farm house at the end of the point, close by, their targets will be taken care of. It is surroundings like these—trees, shade, and still, pleasant weather—that give archery it true spice. To shoot all the afternoon in a fog on the side of a sand-hill requires an immense amount of enthusiasm in the long bow to carry one through. Again the bow supply is exhausted, excepting, of course, the cheap John stuff, which is only fit for kindling wood. Some of Horseman's good bows, snake, backed with lance and lemon wood, look very pretty; but the recoil, which seems general to all bows with snake wood in them, does not add to their shooting qualities. The Maurice Thompson club arrow, footed with snake wood, also of Horseman's make, and sold at twelve dollars per dozen, might be a very good arrow if it were straight; but I have not seen one yet that possessed this all-important quality in a shaft. Mr. Wight, of Oakland, is turning out an excellent target arrow, footed with oak, and feathered to a nicety. He warrants them straight, and every one who has used them can testify to their wearing qualities as well as true flight. Peters & Co. are going to have the "Archers' Headquarters" stocked with another lot of Highfield bows, ranging from twenty to sixty pounds, by the first of the month. With the exception of the Muir arrow, the Highfield is the best shaft that has been put in this market. The Sacramento archers are making grand preparations for the State Fair tournament. Over three hundred dollars have been invested in prizes, and a liberal invitation is extended to all archers to attend the tented field, and speed a shaft for the honor of San Francisco, Oakland, or Petaluma, as the case may be. Mr. A. W. Pearson, chairman of the committee appointed by the Sacramento Archery clubs, writes as follows:

"The tournament will begin on Thursday, September 11th, and will continue through that and the following day. The first day we propose, if time permits, to dispose of three events—*viz.*: First, open to all clubs, teams to consist of five gentlemen, with three prizes—1st, silver cup. Second, open to all gentlemen, three or four prizes—1st, medal. Third, open to all ladies, with three or four prizes—1st, medal. The second day will be devoted to shooting amongst Sacramento clubs, with the exception of one event—*viz.*: team shooting for ladies, each team to consist of four ladies. Ninety arrows will be shot at each event—thirty at each of the following ranges, in flights of five, and the aggregate score taken: 20, 30, and 40 yards for ladies, and 40, 50, and 60 for gentlemen. All rebounding arrows will be counted. In event of a tie, the largest number of hits to win. To be no entrance fees except in individual shooting, when an entrance fee of $1 will be required from all except members of regularly organized clubs. Entries to be made with me, either in person or by mail, on or before September 4th." QUIVER.

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The Rev. Mr. Kalloch replied to our last Saturday's editorial against political parsons in his last Sunday's evening sermon, defending his position on the pharisaical ground that he was on the right side, and he thanked God he was not a sinner like other political preachers. If the reverend Doctor will allow us to quote a better authority than our own, we will call his attention to the following from Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution of France*, Little & Brown's edition, Vol. III., p. 246: "No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics but the passions they incite. Surely the church is a place where Sunday's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

## AN EQUATION IN SENTIMENT.

An Episode in Four Lives Condensed into Two Chapters.

### I.

Stella had finished her toilet, and stood by the open window looking out upon the myriad unfolding surprises of the morn. The sun had not risen, but over Diablo the color-god had drawn a broad band of bright vermilion with a narrow border of dead gold, which toned sharply into the dull gray of the morning twilight. A mile distant, on the verge of the brown salt marshes, the scrubby village of Driftwood twinkled with a hundred bustling morning lamps, that told of a hundred distinct efforts for bread and butter. Less than a mile westward the rounded Mateo hills were throwing off their shadow cloaks; and directly east, beyond the network of moor and slough, the Bay of San Francisco had caught the reflection of the climbing dawn, and flushed faintly roseate under its countless dimples. It was a beautiful morning, and Stella was very happy.

You think—do you not?—that this Stella, of whom you know nothing, except that she was very happy one beautiful morning, must have been a little girl. Strictly speaking, you are wrong. Stella was nineteen, and accomplished, and courted by grown-up gentlemen. And yet you are right, for there was no child in all the Œtrum Valley—or in all California—that had less of guile in its sunny nature than Stella had. She was especially happy this morning, merely because she was going to San Francisco with her father, for a day's shopping and an hour's gossip with dearest "Vanessa."

The sun came up behind Diablo, and the purple shadows of the Alameda hills shrunk into little patches of shade among the cañons. The lights in Driftwood ceased to twinkle; the flash on the dimpled bay gave place to the sparkle of the trooping sunbeams. It was morning, and Lizbeth was calling: "Breakfast."

Swift was an editor, and the Driftwood *Œstrus* was the medium through which his wisdom dribbled into circulation. Swift was a young man, and full of energy—largely latent—and he had a marvelous fund of suppressed fire, which never leaked out editorially, but which his friends knew all about "officially," from that highest of sources—himself. The editorial room of the *Œstrus* was prettier than such places often are. The floor was carpeted, and the three windows were curtained. Swift had a handsome desk, whose sloping lid facilitated the poise of editorial thought, and not unfrequently served as pillow for the editorial head.

The *Œstrus* was the official organ of the county, of which Driftwood was county town, and the proprietors of the *Œstrus*—whose designation may be freely translated to mean "gad-fly"—formed the Contract and Finance Committee of the Driftwood "ring." The "gad-fly," however, had but little opportunity to use its sting. The Contract and Finance Committee had tested the virtues of hot water, and preferred to live in peace and quietness with all the world. Not at all because of its own vulnerability—as the ungenerous virtue of the county was prone to assert—but from innate love of harmony. And the managing editor had strict instructions never to slap any newspaper in the face at shorter range than China, or Bangor, Maine.

Swift "happened to happen" afield on the very morning of mornings in which Stella stood at her lattice looking out upon the wonder-world of dawn. Swift was a trespasser upon the preserves of Stella's father. Looking up from the patch of corn where he had ruthlessly followed a remnant flock of quail, he saw Stella for the first time, and like a knight and an editor he fell in love at first sight.

Stella did not notice the young man in the corn. But an hour later her father halted the carry-all in the Driftwood lane, and asked a young man with a gun if he would ride with them as far as the station.

Swift was not exactly a ladies' man, but he had learned the editorial trick of seeming a great deal wiser than he really was; and that trick, well played, is a better card than genius. The manging editor of the *Œstrus* was by no means handsome. He had the neutral face of a man who loved ease, and yet aspired to be thought earnest. His habitual expression indicated sleepy self-satisfaction, to most people; but there were a few extremely charitable persons who thought his eyes full of suppressed energy, and imagined his passive countenance the canopy of hidden volcanic fire.

Before the carriage reached the railroad station, Stella had made up her mind that she should like Mr. Swift very well; and as for the young man's thought, if he thought anything at all, it was vastly complimentary to the bloom on Stella's peach-like cheek and the innocent lustre of her candid gray eyes. Swift was not the man to let slip an opportunity. He proceeded to cultivate Stella's father and every other avenue of approach to Stella's favor, so that it was not long before the managing editor of the *Œstrus* became a familiar household guest in the family circle of which Stella was at once guardian angel and mistress of the keys.

You know already that Stella had a dearest friend named Vanessa; but you have not been told about Stella's cousin Bolingbroke—"handsome Ned," who stood six feet one in his slippers, and was "just as good as he looked."

It was not very long before Swift learned a great deal about these two, for Stella was the most generously loyal of friends and dealt out profusion of praise with hands almost as liberal as they were wee and white and dimpled. As she once said to Vanessa: "My mercury mounts to superlatives so rapidly that I am always poverty stricken for expression on extraordinary occasions." And long before Swift possessed even a shadow of the right to be jealous he had prepared himself to dislike both the magnificent cousin and the brilliant friend, with all the demonstrative cordiality of one who holds title by sufferance and must perforce meet the owners in equity, face to face.

Before they had known each other six months Swift and Stella were active correspondents. *Billets-doux* are like the tenderest of mountain harebells, which must be enjoyed in their sylvan solitude, because they wither almost instantly in the sunlight and gaslight of active life. So I shall not transform the fine mosaic of Stella's maiden letters to the dull tile pavement of this hurried sketch—unless it shall be necessary to explain by some of them something which nothing else can so well explain.

Swift was reclining against his office desk, sleeping the slumber of the overworked thinker, when the *Œstrus* Satan entered and tossed a note on the desk, just in front of the editor's chanting nose. Swift awoke with a start, and asked, snappishly:

"What the deuce to you want of copy this time o' day?"

"Don't want no copy; brung yer a lettur."

The manager of the *Œstrus* leisurely opened the note without looking at the superscription. It contained an invitation from Stella to dine with the family that evening, and meet Bolingbroke and Vanessa for the first time. Swift's surface talents might be easily condensed into the single gift of pointed expression. He was a maker of sentences—one of the class which the great Napoleon so despised. Given a formula, worked out by another man's laborious thinking, and Swift would compress into a few sentences an epitome of that formula which might and might not be lucid, luminous, and just, but which would surely be striking, and probably picturesque. It was this trick of "saying things" which made Swift attractive to Stella, who overrated his abilities and underrated his besetting foibles. She learned to care for his companionship, his letters, and his opinions, almost at once; and, long before the visit of Vanessa and Bolingbroke, Swift and Stella were on that pleasantest of footings which precedes engagement.

Vanessa came, prepared to meet a prodigy of intellectual strength and acumen. The first greeting with the young editor was a shock. She saw an exceedingly commonplace young fellow—awkward, unhandsome, and without even the outward semblance of dignity. At first it made her angry with Stella, and then it made her laugh. Swift's counter impression was widely different. Without disturbing—at least without materially altering—his love for Stella, the advent of Vanessa made a new chapter in his experience. For the first time in his life he met in familiar converse a thoroughly intellectual woman; and to the actual contact of a superior intelligence was added the mesmerism of some occult attraction which he might not fathom. When Swift entered Stella's parlor—a pretty parlor, typical of its mistress—he meant to see no one and nothing save Stella. But, as he crossed the threshold, he became instantly conscious of the nearness of some one, other than the hostess, whose compelling presence arrested his loyal glances and made him look in quite another direction. In a corner of the room, comfortably ensconced in a gigantic chair, was a lady of uncertain age and no positive beauty. Their glances met, and his were the eyes which dropped first. Then he turned toward Stella, and, after they had shaken hands, he was formally introduced to Vanessa, and then to Bolingbroke.

The two young men were contrasted types of very dissimilar systems of mental education. Bolingbroke had sufficient University training to convince him of the necessity of employing logical methods always and in all directions. Unfortunately, he had sufficient constitutional laziness to effectually nullify his intended practice, except on extraordinary occasions; and he took things for granted, and accepted people at their own valuation, because conditional investigation, with no actual profit in sight, bored him. He was a mining man, and in his specialty made few mistakes, but, in his own language: "Life is too short to carry one's microscope among the *débris* and silt of society." He was a handsome, a *very* handsome man, with that rarest of complexions which is at once pink, and white, and rich olive. He was tall and unusually graceful, and had a touch of that "high and mighty" bearing common to his years and social condition, of which "Alfred Hardie" and "Arthur Pendennis" are the best types in English fiction, and of which Curtis has given us an American glimpse in *Trumps*. Bolingbroke did not know so much as "Hardie," and he had not the brilliant *bonhomie* which distinguished the friend of "Olive Newcome;" but he possessed a great deal more self-containment than either. He greeted Swift most cordially, and put that rather self-satisfied young man at his ease in a moment.

With Vanessa, Swift did not make such instant progress. There was a certain "don't touch me" air, an indefinable mesmeric something about her, which kept him at arm's length, while, at the same time, he was singularly attracted. Her face, her manner, the little she said, and the charming ease with which she said it, impressed Swift as nothing had ever before impressed him. He, who previously had been self-assertive and almost "loud," became instantly courteous and deferential far beyond his habitual manner. Stella looked at him in wonder. Throughout the evening he did not once inveigh against the current bucolic stupidity, or rant anent the superiority of brains over mere goodness. He did not say so many "fine things" as usual, but he was vastly more agreeable, Stella thought, than he commonly was—in company.

Whatever its *denouement*, the story of four people—two women and two men—all of them loving, and living at cross purposes with life and their best selves, because they must, *willy nilly*, is as old as the hills and as trite as a sensation in the evening dailies. If then you care for novelty in plot, prithee read no further. But there are men who care something for the study of character, even at second hand; and the study of the four lives, whose moods and tenses have been already curtly foreshadowed, may not be unworthy your attention for half an hour.

Stella and Vanessa sat alone in Vanessa's bedroom, watching the stars and the moonlight, talking retrospectively about a score of happenings, including the experiences of the evening, peering with widely divergent eyes into the cloud-shrouded, rose-hued future.

"Do you like Mr. Swift?" asked Stella, who had waited half an hour for her friend to open the subject.

"I do not know Mr. Swift," replied Vanessa, who was not disposed to be falsely enthusiastic, and did not care to be thought a wet blanket.

"Then you did not like him," said Stella, with a grieved look about her mouth, and something very like tears in her eyes.

"Are you Mr. Swift's guardian, my dear Stella, that you are so jealous about one's recognition of his good qualities? I will try and like him for your sake. There may be no good reason why I should not."

Bolingbroke, out in the verandah hammock, tasting the humid deliciousness of the warm night air, watching the topaz moon in the steely blue sky, inhaling the "lonely fragrant odors" from the harvest fields and the flower-plats, heard fragments of the conversation in the room above him, and, like other idle men before him—like still other idle men to come after him—built a noble castle in Spain, by help of the fairy workers who delve for all men. It was a goodly castle that the young man builded, and for its mistress he was asking the Fates to give him the younger and fairer of the two fair women above his head, whose voices came floating down through the pauses in the midnight silence.

Swift rode away on his brown mare, Kismet, at a reckless gallop that raised the dust in wreathing eddies above his head. But long before he reached home he curbed his mare to a walk, and rode through the long Driftwood lane, checkered and patened by the moonlight and the white oak branches, more thoughtfully than he had ever rode before. He never had had such a queer conflicting experience before. What manner of woman was this, so strangely fascinating that even the turn of a gesture made him thrill with pleasure? It was not love he felt, for was he not already in love with Stella, dear, delightful, ever-charming Stella, whose presence was a continued benediction? It was not love; it could not be love. It was merely intellectual magnetism, the attraction of kindred minds. So much was clear for the present. It was an extremely enjoyable experience, and Swift did not bother his head about consequences.

And Vanessa, whose mind was broader than the three horizons which the others knew, whose life-line led to higher planes of endeavor than they might ever tread, whose scheme of living included and excluded more than the other three had ever conceived—she, too, had a problem to work out; and the initial proposition which confronted her that night was the uncanny fact that Bolingbroke loved his cousin, and that she, Vanessa, loved Bolingbroke with all the ardor of the foolish human love of which she had hitherto believed herself incapable.

### II.

Vanessa was a superb horsewoman. She used to say: "I do two things fairly well—ride horseback and sing Scotch songs. I am sure of this, because my cousin Clara's French governess says I do, and she is the most sincere person living—always excepting Mr. Carlyle." Stella rode well also, though not so well as her friend. Bolingbroke rode "tolerably," as he did most things about which he did not particularly care. But Swift was a born horseman. In Homeric days he would have been a centaur; in the French wars he would have been Maurice Tiernay.

The four young people had planned a ride together over night, and early the next morning Swift rode up to the front door, leading a magnificent black gelding for Vanessa's use, which he had borrowed from one of the village doctors—for a consideration of gratuitous local advertising in the *Œstrus*.

Half a dozen miles west of Driftwood the hamlet of Woodside clusters about the foot of a climbing mountain road. This is the famous Froment grade, which leads up the mountain due west to Summit Springs, and beyond, still westward, to the Lobitos, the Tunitos, and the coast country south of Half-Moon Bay. South and north from Summit Springs the roads debouch along the ridge. The one trending north forms a junction with the San Mateo and Half-Moon Bay turnpike, at a point about ten miles west of the bay. The other road ravels like a piece of silken thread, twisting and doubling among the trees until it becomes a very labyrinth to the uninitiated. Swift was well acquainted with these roads, but the others were not.

After they were fairly started a brilliant scheme darted through Swift's brain. He would lead them a bonnie chase into the depths of the mountain wilderness and then incontinently lose himself and them, so far from home that it would be impossible to return that night. He knew they would be sure of supper and accommodations for the ladies at some mountain ranch. He was sure the novelty of the situation would be delightful. It would afford him ample scope for the new character study he had deliberately set himself. But as to such minor considerations as the feelings of Stella's father, and the possible preference of the ladies, he did not concern himself one whit.

Swift and Vanessa rode faster walking horses than the others, and they naturally kept together pretty uniformly because of that fact. This arrangement was very agreeable to the two young men; to Vanessa, however, it was little less than a bore, and it made Stella positively unhappy.

Stella and Bolingbroke had been girl and boy together, and as children had cared for each other about as cousins commonly do. "Cousin Bolingbroke" had been Stella's escort to youthful hops and parlor theatricals, and she had thought him rather dictatorial. The young man had come back from Cornell greatly improved in many ways, but Stella could never quite get over a certain awe of her handsome cousin, which settled at last into ill-defined admiration at a respectful distance, and a very uncousinly sensation of restraint in his actual presence.

"Circumstances over which" prevented the party from exhibiting any high degree of merriment, notwithstanding Swift's energetic efforts to be humorous and Bolingbroke's amiable raillery. Vanessa did not care for her companion's "funny reminiscences" and "droll legends." She wished to take the great sweep of lovely landscape into the inner temple of her memory and fold it away for future delight. She was a keen lover of nature, but one may not fairly appreciate the beautiful with a magpie—though never so brilliant—droning just at one's ear; and Swift's rattling fluency was quite as tiresome as the chatter of the voluble jays on the wild lilacs which choked the dusty roadside. Stella wanted to talk to Swift, to ask him how he liked her wonderful cousin, and her still more wonderful "dearest friend." But Swift, "poor fellow," was obliged, out of sheer politeness, to devote himself to that friend, while all the while he must be *so* miserable away from her. And at the same time the "wonderful cousin" was talking in a learned and lofty way of things about which she cared little and knew less. Altogether the ride opened rather inauspicously.

At noon they halted for lunch, and Swift managed the spread so cleverly that Vanessa was won to smiles at his prowess. No one could do that sort of thing better than he, and as she admired genuine ability above all things, she was prompt to acknowledge it whenever and wherever she discovered it. So, without meaning to be disloyal to Stella, whose dismal plight she did not once imagine, she rode on with Swift, abandoning her desire to fully enjoy the scenery and the exhilarating freedom of the mountain ride, and submitting with her best grace to the uncongenial environment of the young editor's enforced companionship

She talked nineteen to his dozen, and—without malice aforethought—changed, for the moment, the whole current of the young man's longing.

Swift had told of a road whereby they might return home by early moonlight, but somehow they did not "strike it right," and sundown found them on a rocky, treeless knob of the "Jumel" spur, looking upon the vale of Santa Clara, open to the gaze from the sombre flank of Mountain View northward to where the summit of Tamalpais rises above San Bruno and the Dolores Hills.

"I think we ought to hurry on," said Stella. "It must be a long, long way from home. I see our station through the trees, *there*. It must be miles and miles."

"Yes, it is miles and miles and miles. So many that we shall not reach home to-night," said Swift.

"O dear! and I promised faithfully to be home before midnight. It is wicked to worry my poor father. And where in the world can we stay all night?"

"I would ride on to Mayfield and telegraph him, but the office would be closed long before I could get there. Of course, we *could* reach home before morning by riding nearly all night; but life is too short for that sort of thing. Isn't it, Mr. Bolingbroke?"

"Well, yes, I think it is, Mr. Swift. You are in safe hands, you know, Stella; Mr. Swift is so well acquainted with the country."

Swift laughed and said: "I owe you one, sir. I suppose I may as well confess. I led you astray on purpose. I wanted you to catch this glimpse of ocean sunset, and see the twilight cover the valley, from this point. There is not another view like this in the county. Look!"

He pointed westward, where the broken hills came together to form the headwaters of Pomponia Creek, and away down through the serried ranks of redwood which terraced the sinuous cañon, until the hills seemed almost to meet in a green-fringed vista; and beyond, through the narrow opening, sparkled the blue Pacific. Against the far horizon the orange hue of the cloud banks was deepening into bright salmon color, with cross-bars of vivid pink that changed to purple before the hurrying twilight.

Vanessa sat perfectly still, leaning forward with an elbow on the leaping horn of the saddle and her chin resting in one hand. She was drinking in the perfect calm of the perfect picture, which not even the far off unrest of the mercurial sea could quite disturb. The ever-troubled sea was a thing of distance, whose joys and griefs were hid for the moment under the satin veil of the fading sunshine. A few feet away a magnificent mountain pine was tossing its great limbs about; but in the glorious sweep of its mighty arms there was something strangely soothing. Her companions, too, were silent. Even the glib "inkster" of the *Œstrus* seemed strangely subdued.

Stella, turning her gaze instinctively homeward, saw the shadows lengthening on the oak-crowned foothills far below them, until the fair valley was draped in purple shade. She made a little gurgle of delight, and pointed across the bay. High on one of the Alameda hills the window panes of some lone farmhouse gleamed in the lingering sun-shafts. The bay was a greenish-blue, with scarcely a sparkle on its deepening pallor; but the crest of Mount San Bruno still flushed faintly crimson, and the waves below had caught the reflection until the cove at the mountain's southern base was like a sea of wine.

Then Swift pointed once again westward, and they watched, with pent breath, the sun, like a gory shield, sink into the ashen sea.

For a moment no one spoke, and then Swift said quietly: "I know where we can all stay over night; where we can get suppers, a good bed for you ladies, and a haymow for Mr. Bolingbroke and myself, and where we can have a daylight breakfast, and be on the homeward road before the sun is half an hour high."

Then for a long mile they rode slowly on through the woods, with the heavy gloom of the forest falling round about them.

A great many men "rush in where angels fear to tread." Swift was one of those men. He had known Vanessa but a few hours, yet he already thought of her as a platonic friend to whom he might unbosom himself of the great thoughts which struggled for expression in the fastnesses of his Titan brain. They still rode together, for a little while both silent; at last he said:

"Is not this a queer world?"

"Do you mean comparatively or absolutely, Mr. Swift?"

"Absolutely. I have not visited any other world recently, and have no data for comparison."

"I rather thought you had," said Vanessa, and then she laughed softly.

"You should not make fun of me when I am trying to be so serious."

"But you ought not to be serious, Mr. Swift. It can not be good for you. You have such opposite talents, and besides you are an editor. Fancy, now, a really serious editor. Where would be the wit, the sparkle, and the pungency of our dear San Francisco dailies if their editors allowed themselves to be serious even for an instant? Imagine, if you can, the editors of Mr. Kearney's two organs—the paper which lands him and prints his speeches, and the paper which misprints his silly jargon and tells lies about him—fancy these very pleasant gentlemen sitting down to write anything which does not smell of the amiable sophistry which men sell for so much a line, and laugh themselves hoarse over when the public becomes excited about it. Yes, this *is* a queer world; but you must not think of querying about its queerness. That is worse folly than making puns—like a woman."

"You are laughing at me still; and I long so to know you well, and be great friends with you, so that we may study, and learn, and remember together."

"It is very good of you, I am sure," replied Vanessa, "to be so complimentary. But don't you think you will have your hands full if you go on forming comprehensive friendships so recklessly? Is not Stella the dearest of confidants? She is to me. And you have done her the honor to pay her the most tender attention—she has told me that much, you see. Surely you can not expect to have much leisure or inclination for outside confidences after you and she carry your plans a little further."

At the mention of Stella's name Swift's brow wrinkled imperceptibly to his companion. After she had finished he answered impulsively: "Stella is the sweetest, most charming girl in all the world; but she is not a mind-companion for a man who tries to think in advance of his generation, who is concerned about vital issues, and may not always be looking into beautiful eyes for inspiration which teach only the lessons of tender dalliance."

"Ah, Mr. Swift, you must always be an exceedingly blind young man if you fail to read in Stella's eyes a great deal more than you ever have read; and I fear if you continue so very hard to please, poor Stella's love will have but 'frugal chee'' on which to live."

Flare! streamed the light from a window across their path. It was like the lamp of a ship at sea, for the moon had not yet risen and the starlight could not penetrate the forest darkness. It was nearly nine o'clock, and they were hungry. They rode into the barn-yard, Swift leading with the assurance of proprietorship. There was an instant chorus of canines as they opened the gate, and in a few minutes a man appeared swinging a lantern; and, making his way through a pack of barking, yelping dogs, Swift shouted his own name, and the man with the lantern, who proved to be the owner of the ranch, greeted the party in hospitable fashion, called two of his sons to take their tired horses, and led the way into the house. There they found the ranchman's wife and eldest daughter, who were very kind—albeit a trifle embarrassed before the two ladies and the tall "cityfied" gentlemen; and in a "jiffy" they were seated about the supper-table at which venison steak and wild blackberries were the chief features of the meal.

After supper Vanessa proposed a moonlight walk, and taking Swift's arm read him a brave sermon on the folly of sentimentality and the wickedness of running after strange gods. Swift was disposed to resent it at first, to become boyish and absurd; but her perfect self-command checked him before he could say much that was better unsaid. And as she went on, growing more eloquent as she told of Stella's brightness, and goodness, and loveliness, Swift grew suddenly repentant and ashamed, and began to think wistfully of the dear girl he had neglected for a day and been untrue to in his heart.

Then his companion called Bolingbroke to ask him a question about the August constellations, and when the young man came, rather reluctantly, she said with a little feminine thrust: "And are you blind, also? You, who boast of your philosophy and self-containment. Have your eyes and your ears refused to tell you that your cousin is in love with Swift, that you have been a fifth wheel all day?"

"She will never marry that cad, Vanessa—never."

"Yes, she will marry that cad, my friend, and you will survive it to marry some other pretty girl. You full-blooded men were not born to pine and fret your lives out under a fog of disappointment. If you can not find the sunshine you are pretty well content with the gaslight. I like you too well, Bolingbroke, to enjoy seeing you make a fool of yourself. I have the sharp eyes which become an old maid, and I am jealous for the credit of my friends."

He looked at her in the moonlight sharply, but she met his gaze unflinchingly, and he did not read her bitter secret in the clear gray eyes which met his own.

"You are right, Vanessa, I am a fool; but, thank the fates, there is something to look after in Bodie next week. I have allowed myself to become interested, and I shall try and forget the idiocy in hard work."

When they went inside, and the ladies had retired, the lonely Vanessa kissed Stella tenderly and said:

"Mr. Swift is very much in love with you, my child, but he is very young in experience, and you must manage him wisely, become interested in the things he likes, and set him right when his over-confidence betrays him into extravagance and error. He will make a good husband when he learns that there is something better than cleverness in the world, and you must be his teacher."

Swift's dreams were loyally Stella's that night. The woman's wit of a higher intelligence than his own had set his errant feet in the right direction, by the mere phrasing of a clever formula. Stella was very happy, also, with the best bliss of perfect ignorance. Bolingbroke's last thought that night was the the thought of the successful, prudent operator. "By the great Bear! it may be all for the best. She's a deucedly nice girl, but she's my cousin, and—"

For more than an hour Vanessa lay awake, counting the stars in the quadrant of sky before the little window, watching the peerless fretwork of the distant redwoods coming against the dark blue heavens. She of all the four knew *all* the burden of their four conflicting lives. She of all the four had at once the valor and the brains to choose the right instinctively and go on unfaltering to the end. The men gave up their idols because they perforce must. The fair girl on the pillow by her side knew not the pitiable weakness of the man to whom she had yielded the fullness of her maiden trust And she herself, capable of supreme devotion, worthy of a hero's homage, could not even claim the poor confidence of the sorry hero she had just seen give up the pursuit of a love which he might not attain in the same careless fashion with which he might have abandoned a justice-court lawsuit. But there was this compensation in it all: It was her own secret and the others would *never* know.

In the morning Stella wondered why Vanessa should insist upon changing horses. If Swift were a trifle piqued he did not vent his chagrin upon his charming companion.

As they rode down the cool mountain-side, with the quail whirring past them at every turn, and the cotton-tails scampering into the bushes, Vanessa pointed to the merry riders just ahead, and said to Bolingbroke: "They are as happy as the wild wood life around them."

"Yes," replied her escort; "theirs is the better philosophy. They take life as they find it."

"Or *think* they find it," said Vanessa. R. S. S.

San Francisco, August, 1879.

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They have been distributing in Paris cards on which is printed the following: "Time-table of the shortest road to heaven. Trains leave: any time. Trains leave: when God pleases. Price of seats: 1st class, Generosity; 2d class, Faith; 3d class, Resignation."

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We are not merely working, intellectual machines, but social puzzles, whose solution is the work of a life.

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He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Parting.

Weep not that we must part;
Partings are short, eternity is long.
Life is but one brief stage,
And they that say love ends with life are wrong.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love can not die.

What though so far away?
Thy thoughts will be with me, and with thee mine,
And absence has no power
To lessen what by nature is divine.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love can not die.

Then weep no more, my love;
Weeping but shows thy trust in me is small.
Faith is by calmness proved.
For know this truth: thou canst not love at all
Unless thine own heart cry
Love can not die.

### Dreams.

Over us the daylight slipped,
The purple realm of starlight dipped,
While yet the moon with silver tipped
Grew ever less;
Faint scents from woodland spaces blown,
From herbs and vines abundant grown
In spicy breath, filled all the zone
With blessedness.

The river, wrinkled to the shore,
Stretched out broad arms and ever more
Upon a charmed tide it bore
Us, far away,
Dreaming, the eternal sea beside,
Love might forget the world was wide,
And here contentedly abide
For aye and aye!

We dreamed as other lovers do,
Who know the days are short and few
Before the night falls and the dew
Of death appears;
Yet even now the dreams remain,
Like flames upon some ruined fane,
Unquenched by the frequent rain
Of blinding tears! MAY N. PRESCOTT.

### My Lady Bountiful.

She's caught the sweetness of the flowers
That bloom 'neath dewy wildwood bowers,
Where Time pours out his golden hours
To welcome spring-tide cheerily.
She's learned to babble from the brook,
She bears its beauty in her look,
She knows the music of each nook
Where woodbirds warble merrily.

She's honest as the mountain air,
Free as a fawn, and twice as fair.
I ask her if her cot can spare
Rest for a weary ranger?
A laugh steals over lip and chin,
It finds her eyes and tumbles in,
It dances, and comes out again
To welcome in the stranger.

The sunbeams tangle in her hair
At hide-and-seek; she does not care.
What wood-nymph formed this fairy fair
To do a poor guest honor?
She'll give the bear skins on the floor;
She'll give the antlers o'er the door,
And all the old log cabin's store—
She's such a reckless donor.

For just five years and seven days
Her beauty bright has sung God's praise
In nature's sweet untrammeled ways
Among the highlands hazy;
And, by my rifle's echo clear,
Kind fortune's smile hath lured me here!
For though I've lost a mountain deer,
I've found a mountain daisy. BURKE.

### If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old, familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh! friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—*Public Opinion.*

### A Hated Face.

Lo, in that shadowy place, wherein is found
The fruitage of the spirit men call dreams,
I wandered. Ever underneath pale gleams
Of misty moonlight quivering all around,
And ever by the banks of sedgy streams
Swishing through fallen rushes with slow sound,
A spirit walked beside me. From a mound,
Rustling with poplar leaves from top to base,
Some bird I knew not shrilled a cry of dole
So bitter I cried out to God for grace;
Whereat he by me slackened from his pace,
Turning upon me in my cold amaze.
And saying, "While the long years on yard re
Thou shalt be haunted by this hated face"
And, looking up, I looked on my own soul!

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.*

The *Chronicle* contains an interesting account of a contemplated railroad from San José—on the Pacific—to Guatemala, a distance of fifty-six miles. It is to be built by San Francisco capital under a concession from the Guatemalan government. The first twenty-eight miles, which is now under construction, has been graded and will be running by the first of January. The grade of the twenty-eight miles makes an ascent of eleven hundred feet. The government gives no land, but guarantees a dividend of one per cent. on $1,000,000, or $120,000 for twenty-five years, payable in advance, in half-yearly installments. This guarantee is pledged through the customs, which yield about $1,500,000 per year. The road has many advantages: it will not be taxed; the ground necessary for depots and warehouses will be paid for by the government and deeded to the company; a freight tariff of $10 per ton is authorized by the franchise; money is advanced by the government to assist in the first labors of construction on the most liberal terms of repayment. Of this enterprise the *Chronicle* speaks approvingly, and thinks it will contribute toward the development of a trade with San Francisco, and go far toward encouraging a profitable commerce with our South American ports. The names of our San Francisco capitalists give assurance that the work will be pressed to a speedy completion. Four ship-loads of material have already been dispatched to the port of San José; the engines are being made in Philadelphia. This seemingly unimportant road may be the entering wedge of a great intercourse, and the opening up of a prosperous trade with the Guatemalan country. It is as it should be. We have had frequent occasion to blame our merchants for want of enterprise, and to upbraid them for their lack of nerve in reference to the development of a Pacific Coast and Island trade. English and German merchants have put our people to shame in this respect. The name of "San Francisco merchant" would be more respectable if less known in stock mining and land speculations, and better known in the building of ships and traversing the highway of the Pacific seas in search of profitable trade. Another idea strikes us, and we commend its consideration to the *Chronicle:* Just now this journal is exciting the people to a most bitter and hostile feeling against our roads because of their government aid and their excessive freight and passenger charges. Let us contrast this little twenty-eight-mile road with our more extended system, its moderate grade with our mountain steeps. Consider the fact that it receives nearly $40,000 a mile in aid, the road not to be taxed, interest on the outlay guaranteed by government at one per cent. per month in dividends, grounds for depots and warehouses donated to the company, and it allowed to charge $10 per ton for twenty-eight miles. The *Chronicle* thinks this a good scheme for the government and people of Guatemala, and so do we. It is better than diligences for passengers, and pack mules for freight. It demonstrates, we think, that the war made upon our railroad system is unjust and unreasonable, and that, so far as the *Chronicle* is concerned, it is not made for an honest but for a political purpose.

The assaults upon the railroads in this State are for political and personal reasons. The railroad is not a legitimate issue, and it is being attacked by certain individuals for ulterior dishonest and selfish purposes. The principal opponents of the railroad, and those who have been most pronounced and vindictive, are: The San Francisco *Chronicle*, that has inherited the hatred together with the editor of the old Sacramento *Union*, Mr. Alfred A. Cohen, Little Black-and-Tan, and Mr. Wm. B. Carr. One newspaper and three employees of the railroad company cause nearly all the political din, and have raised nearly all the disturbance that now agitates the State. It is a noticeable and remarkable fact that from the Chamber of Commerce, the Mechanics' Institute, the Produce Exchange, the great farmers, wine-growers, orchardists, or dairymen, there has come no organized complaint. We have heard of no serious protest from any community or town except, as in the Mussel Slough district, where the controversy is over land titles, and some small villages aggrieved by the track of the road avoiding their places; and yet the Democratic throat grows hoarse with denunciations of monopoly and the tongues of the most honorable of Bilks wag in eloquent emphasis over the aggressions of capital and the tyranny of railroad exactions. It is a good enough Morgan for this campaign, but it is a false issue. The Kearney party have seen this, and their candidate for Governor has acted upon it. The true live and dominant issue is the Chinese, and not the railroad question. This is the secret of the now admitted fact that White is strengthening and Glenn is weakening. The Honorable Bilks made a great mistake in nominating a candidate who is a great land monopolist and an employer of Chinese labor. They saw the mistake—that is, the *Chronicle* saw it—and were compelled to sink the true issues of Chinese labor and land monopoly, and in their place set up the railroad for attack. Mr. Charles de Young opposed Glenn's nomination; he favored that of Webster, but the chivalry element of the organization overruled him. His journal was forced to a false issue, and he is to-day fighting the phantom he has conjured up, and says nothing against Chinese immigration. Seabough, Cohen, Black-and-Tan, Carr, and some lesser ones, are fighting the railroad simply to avenge personal quarrels, this election merely furnishing them an opportunity and a pretext.

The truth is, the Republican party ought not to be held responsible for anything the railroad may do. It is a corporation which the Republican party does not control, and it does not control the Republican party. That Stanford & Co., through W. W. Stow, Stephen Gage, and others, run the party, control its conventions, and dictate its candidates, is simply an artful lie, concocted by the personal enemies of the railroad management for a double purpose, viz.: to hurt and injure the Republican party, and to punish the railroad people because they no longer do business with the *Chronicle* and the persons whom we have named. The Republican party need not be ashamed that it aided to build the transcontinental railroad. It may well be proud that it accomplished in the time of civil war so great and so patriotic an enterprise. The Republican party of California need not be ashamed that it encouraged railroad building, for there is no instance in the world where a locality received so great a boon at so little cost to itself. As a matter of strict fact, the only donations received by the Central Pacific Railroad Company were the lands in Mission Bay and the slough at Sacramento. The bonds and lands received from the general government were upon contract. So also was the State aid, so called, wherein the State pays the interest upon a million and a half of the bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. This aid was given, upon certain conditions, to the main line of the Central Pacific Railroad from Sacramento eastward. The counties of Sacramento and Placer subscribed for and received stock, and issued their bonds in payment. The stock proved to be equal in value to the bonds issued. San Francisco was to have subscribed for six thousand shares, but becoming alarmed at the possibility of her liability for the debts of the institution, compromised by giving four hundred thousand dollars in bonds instead. She also gave, by way of compromise in a similar case, two hundred of her bonds to the Western Pacific Railroad Company. The counties of Santa Clara and San Joaquin subscribed to the stock of the Western Pacific Railroad Company, and issued their bonds in payment. None of these bonds ever came into the hands of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The counties, the State, and the national government, each and all, received for their investments all the benefits they bargained for, and much more than they anticipated. In addition, a railroad property has grown up in the State from which it derives, in the way of State and county taxation, an income many times in excess of what it is called upon to pay in the way of interest. The national government paid out no money for the railroads, but simply loaned its bonds at six per cent. interest, and took ample security from the companies for the loan. The bonds of the government were sold, generally, at about par, *in currency*, and the currency converted into gold. The first were received in 1864. The companies are required to pay interest upon the par value of the bonds.

The benefits of these roads to this State are incalculable. They have sent our State with one great bound upon a career of prosperity. Without the transcontinental railroad we should have languished for years in our isolated position, cut off from intercourse with the world. To contrast our State to-day, and our city of San Francisco to-day, with what the State and city would have been with no railroad nearer than Omaha, is to realize what this enterprise has done for us. The growing region of Salt Lake, the State of Nevada and its prosperous city of Virginia, the great valley of the upper Sacramento, the lower San Joaquin, the southern country remote from the ocean, the territory of Arizona, would all have remained in almost entire neglect, and some parts in absolute desolation, if it had not been for railroads. San Francisco would have been an unimportant seaside town. The trade of China and India and the Pacific Ocean would have given us a wide berth by way of Panama; the Hon. Black-and-Tan would never have been heard of in politics; Carr's Kern County lands would not be worth a dollar except for grazing, and no one would have given for them a sigh a square mile; Cohen would have been running a second-class ferry boat over the Oakland bar and up the creek to a ragged hamlet, instead of, as now, one of the best and cheapest ferries in the world to a prosperous and beautiful city lying over against a great and wealthy commercial emporium to which come and are coming the commerce of Asia and the interior trade of six growing and opulent States. To listen to the editorials of the *Chronicle*, the orations of ex-Senator Cole, the mutterings of little Black-and-Tan, the political speeches of the Ancient Order of Crooked-caned Honorable Bilks, the Pike County Pukes, the Arkansas travelers, and Cohen of the lost tribes, one would think that the Republican party was the enemy of the commonwealth, and that the Central Pacific Railroad had been built by the money of Samuel Seabough, David S. Terry, Volney E. Howard, Cornelius Cole, Black-and-Tan, William B. Carr, and Alfred A. Cohen, Esq.

Mr. C. P. Huntington claims that it would have been better to have built the road upon its own credit, if credit for the purpose could have been obtained, and that they were justified in accepting the loan from the Government only with the understanding that they were to pay the interest to it upon the maturity of the bonds, and not before. The debates in Congress clearly show that such *was* the intention of that body at the time of the passage of the bill providing for the issue of these bonds. The Court of Claims and the Supreme Court of the United States unanimously decided that such was the meaning of the law. Congress then, by what is known as the "Thurman Bill," so changed the law as to require the company to deposit with the Government in advance of the maturity of the bonds not less than $1,200,000 annually. Upon this the Government allows four per cent. interest, while it requires the company to pay six per cent. for the use of her credit. It is clear, therefore, that the company really built the road out of its means. If it is wealthy, it is because in the construction of its road it has developed a business and created values, where none existed, in excess of its expenditures, and not from any aid received from the general, from State, or from county governments. The greatest gainer by the bargain has not been the Central Pacific Railroad Company. In addition to all this, the entire value of the railroad is a part of the property of the commonwealth, from which it derives revenues as from all other kinds of property subject to taxation. Eliminating from this railroad controversy all the partisan and political feeling, abstracting from the debate all the false and garbled statements of business men that are at personal feud with it, turning a blind eye to all the misrepresentations of an angry and disappointed press, and a deaf ear to all the jealous demagogy of a set of old jaundiced and fossilized political bilks, and there is nothing that the Republican party nor Mr. George C. Perkins, its candidate for Governor, is called upon to apologize for.

This railroad issue is a false one, and if it were not it is defensible upon the soundest principles of business logic. The railroad has done great good for California. It has accomplished immense results. It has added to our population, our wealth, our prosperity, our social comforts. It has aided in the preservation of our Union, and it is destined to be in the future an immense factor in working up the material interests of this coast, and in developing the commerce of Asia that through the port of San Francisco shall be distributed throughout the world. Contrasting it with the little road from San José to Guatemala, which was the text of this article, we find it carrying iron and iron castings, case and canned goods, bacon, flour, corn meal, beef and pork in barrels, dried fruit, and hardware, from San Francisco to Casa Grande, nine hundred miles, for $40 a ton, as against $10 a ton for carrying coffee, cochineal, hides, rubber, cocoa, etc., for twenty-eight miles. It costs the Guatemalan trader $10 per thousand feet to carry lumber twenty-eight miles, while lumber is transported from Truckee to the interior of Arizona, eleven hundred miles, for $190 a car-load—while from the remotest mining region where the cars reach in Arizona to the smelting furnaces in San Francisco, low-grade ores are brought for $11 per ton. The *Chronicle* approves the tariff of freights in Guatemala, but demands that those in California should be reduced thirty-three and a third per cent. So long as the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads are railroad builders; so long as they are borrowers of money in foreign markets to expend upon this coast; so long as they live among us, and spend their money among us, and so long as their mode of conducting business seems to oppress no one but the *Chronicle*, Seabough, Terry, Howard, Cole, Black-and-Tan, W. B. Carr, Alfred Alexander Cohen, Esquire, and the Democratic demagogues from Pike County and Arkansas, we shall endeavor to endure the oppression and submit to the tyranny.

This argument is not made for the railroad, nor in its interest. It is made for the Republican party, and because the railroad is being used by an artful and malicious gang of

political enemies as a stuffed club to belabor the Republican party; because false figures are being manufactured to prejudice it before the people; because the *Chronicle* is waging a dishonest war against the Hon. George C. Perkins; because the Honorable Bilks are imposing a false issue upon the people instead of a true one; because all the pack that is now yelping at the heels of the railroad are raising a false clamor to mislead the people, steal away their votes, and impose a Pike County, Missouri, land monopolist, who works Chinese upon his farm, upon the State as its Governor—a man who is the type and embodiment of everything that is anti-Republican; a person unacquainted with political affairs, unused to public life, unfamiliar with any line of thought that will contribute to the public good; a rebel sympathizer, run by Terry, a rebel brigadier-general; a land monopolist, a Chinese employer, run by the San Francisco *Chronicle*. This argument is also made because this continued assault upon the railroad is injuring the State, is retarding its progress, is destroying confidence, is hindering immigration, is impairing property values, and is making hard times, and causing political discontent, and is subversive of the best interest of the State. It is made by the ARGONAUT because it is the only unpurchased journal that has the boldness and dares to despise a vicious public opinion, and tell the unpleasant truth to the selfish and disappointed malcontents who have been kicked out of railroad employment, and to the miserable political demagogues who have turned traitors to the Republican party, and to the ignorant and unthinking masses who do not know what is good or what is bad for them.

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This election is unlike any that has ever occurred in our State. We are in the midst of a revolution. Our organic law has undergone a violent change, and we are now engaged in a contest to determine the men who shall administer new laws to be made under it. It is a thorough and complete political change, such as in other lands and other times would be wrought out by violence and arms. That we are likely to pass through it without disorder and bloodshed is due to the strength of our republican institutions and to the habit of thought that is the inheritance and discipline of the American mind. Such a conflict as the one in which we are now engaged would produce a bloody revolution in any one of the Southern or Mexican States. It would be accompanied by riot and disorders in England. French citizens would leap to the barricades. Spain would cut its telegraph wires at Madrid and proclaim a government. There would be an uprising in Italy, Austria, or Germany, such as would demand the marshaling of armies; the walls of cities and forts would bristle with cannon, and there would be an enrollment of landwehr and landstrom, a mobilization of all the military forces of their respective governments. It would be fortunate if out of the disturbance there did not come bloody collisions between the authorities and the people. If national land marks were not destroyed, and dynasties overthrown, popular rights would be trampled underfoot and new exactions, more arbitrary, oppressive, and severe, would be heaped upon the people. Although we do not tremble at the presence of mob violence, and have no cause to fear that this conflict will be other than a peaceful struggle within the law, it is nevertheless a revolution that carries with it all the passions, hates, and resentments of popular discontent. It is a class war—as completely so as any that disturb European States. It is a revolt of the discontented element of society. It is an uprising of the more ignorant and vicious of the community. It is the disquiet of the unfortunate, resulting from their bad life and bad luck. It embraces the more ignorant of the American-born and the more vicious of the foreign-born, and takes in the disorderly, unruly, and unquiet of all classes.

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It would be unjust, because untrue, if we did not admit that the best and most intelligent of our foreign-born citizens, especially among the Germans, are in sincere and earnest sympathy with good government. This same admission may extend to the better class of Irish, English, French, and all other foreign countries from whom we have admitted immigration, and to whose people we have given citizenship. It would be especially unjust if we did not admit that the Jews—high and low, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, gentlemen and lowly born, all of them, almost without exception—are now, and always are, and always have been, upon the side of the law and in favor of the preservation of order. It would be equally unjust to our own native-born American people—it would be cowardly—if we lacked the boldness to say that this revolution in California is in a great degree the uprising of the discontented, ignorant, and vicious foreign-born. There is a German element among us that is dangerous—an undisciplined, brutal, infidel, German socialism that in its principles is utterly destructive of good goverment and utterly subversive of republican institutions. There is an unprincipled, riotous, devilish class of wild and brutal Irish, who, in their blind passion, would trample upon every thing that religion holds dear and civilization cherishes, including the church of their worship. There is a class—a large one—of native-born criminals and tramps, desperate and unprincipled demagogues and adventurers, who would be glad to see chaos come that their selfish interests might be promoted. There is a class of unrepentant rebels, disappointed Democratic politicians, discharged and unemployed lobbyists, party thieves out of luck, and corporation "ticket-of-leave men," together forming this army of political malcontents. This hell-broth of politics is kept stirred and boiling by the infernal daily press. These are the witches of the cauldron who keep the whole thing in bubbling fermentation, and will not let it rest or subside so long as there is a lie to tell, a sensation to create, a subscriber to acquire, or a small advertisement to obtain.

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Take from this revolution the foreign-born, and leave the settlement of our laws and the administration of our offices to the native citizens, and there would have been no revolution. Take from the Democratic party its foreign-born Irish and there would be no Democratic party. Take from the Honorable Bilks the disloyal element, its rebel sympathizers, its crooked-caned chivalry, its men from Arkansas and Missouri, and there would be no Honorable Bilk party, except C. Cole, Johnny Lord Love, and Little Black-and-Tan. Take from the sand-lot Dennis Kearney, and from the Workingmen's party its Irish, and there would have been no agitation. Take an Irishman from the head of the Workingman's ticket, and it would have no candidate for Governor. Take a rebel sympathizer from the head of the Bilks ticket, and it would have no candidate for Governor. Take the same from the Democratic ticket, and the Democracy would have no ticket. Tie Pickering and Charles de Young by their tails, and throw them over a clothesline, and the two organizations, Bilks and Sand-Lotters, would be dissolved. Take the Irish from Kearney's municipal ticket, and nothing would be left but the anomaly of a howling Hard-Shell Baptist Republican Protestant preacher to represent a party, whose inspiration and whose rank and file are foreign-born Irish, Catholic, and Democratic. It is to this combination of political bandits that this State is now about to turn over the administration of its affairs. To one of two men for Governer—one, representing a landed estate of more than one hundred thousand acres, who works Chinese, and who has no more idea of political affairs than the bull-team he drove across the plains; the other, an illiterate Irish-born farmer—both, doubtless, honest men and honest minded, but with no ability to understand, or interpret, or administer the duties of the gubernational office under the new Constitution. A Supreme Court, of some members of which it may be said: "He has been a drunkard." "He is "an inebriate to-day, and only a few months ago l aided to "pick him from the gutter." "He is disloyal to the govern- "ment." "He was a rebel soldier, and is unreconstructed." "He lacks legal learning." "His integrity is questioned." "His habits are not studious." And of only one or two of whom it can be said: "He is honest, learned, and indus- "trious."

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To the city government this combination would give us an evangelical-political clergyman, who never yet paid to our treasury one dollar of tax, and whose past life is no guarantee of administrative and executive qualities, such as are required in the direction of complicated municipal affairs. The sand-lot would turn over our Sheriff's office to a Fenian; our records and muniments of title to a German communist, who believes that property is theft, and who thinks he could not do his agrarian friends a better service than by burning our Hall of Records; a Superintendent of Schools whose qualifications (as we learn) are in the direction of accomplishments more cosmopolitan than useful in their character; our Board of Supervisors to unknown, unprincipled, and pennyless adventurers, who shall legislate for over three hundred thousand of population, and over $600,000,000 of wealth; our Board of Education to a body of men, eleven of whom are of foreign birth, and more than half whom are ignorant boors, making their signatures thus, "+." This is the revolution in which we are now engaged. Against this combined revolt of American-born tramps, foreign adventurers, lazy vagabonds, criminals, demagogues, sand-lotters, played-out and kicked-out politicians, sensational newspapers, renegade preachers, unreconstructed rebels, agrarians, communists, broken stock gamblers, disappointed speculators, lobbyists, discarded railroad employees, disappointed office-seekers, drunkards, and dyspeptics, we are now striving to array the intelligence and property of the State, those who love law and order, those who have families, those who have possessions, those who have hopes and honorable ambitions in the future for themselves or their children, those who believe in the splendid future of our State and our city. To this holy alliance are invited the native and foreign-born, the Democrat and Republican, all who love God and their fellow men, all nationalities, all religions, all colors. The battle-field is the precinct polling place; the battle day, the third of September.

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In looking over the list of Republican candidates for the municipal offices, we are impressed with the fact that for the most part the work of the Convention has been done conscientiously and well. Here and there we would substitute another name, but as a whole the ticket is a good one and can be supported by our citizens with great satisfaction. As a whole, it is better than any other in the field. We have noticed and commended the nominations of Messrs. Flint, Green, McComb, Martin, Murphy, Burnett, Patterson, and John W. Taylor. For County Clerk, Mr. William A. Stuart comes from the rank of deputy clerks and has fairly won his claim to be chosen for the head of the department. Dr. L. L. Dorr is the present incumbent of the office of Coronor; it will be remembered that we gave him our support and encouragement two years since. He has made a faithful administration of the office, and deserves reëlection. We shall place Mr. Doolan upon our ballot for Public Administrator, for two reasons: he is our personal friend, and he has made a good administration in the past, and this is a guarantee for the future. There is another Democrat that will get our vote: William P. Humphreys, for City and County Surveyor, ought to receive the support of all property owners—not only that he is popular, but because he is a good surveyor. For Police Judge, Mr. Hale Rix has every qualification. For Justices of the Peace, Messrs. Joachimsen and Burke are experienced and tried; they are good lawyers, and have made good magistrates. To the list of lawyers who have enough of learning and sufficient pride of character to give guarantee of usefulness upon the bench, we can add the names of Henry D. Scripture and Howard Smith. Mr. Smith is upon the Workingman's ticket. We ought perhaps, in justice, to admit that Messrs. Evans and Hayne, though not upon the Republican ticket, would make good judges. While most of the gentlemen named upon the Republican ticket for the superior courts are young men, they are young men of correct lives, studious habits, with enough of legal learning to give promise of great usefulness. We commend to our readers especial care in selecting names for judicial positions.

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Mr. Farquharson, architect, is a most respectable citizen, a man of practical information, wealth, and good character. If elected Mayor he would make a most excellent and honest administration of the city government. But because he is not properly nominated, and because the result of his candidacy will contribute to the election of Kalloch, and because he is being used by De Young, Fritz, and Tommy O'Connor, and because his candidacy imperils the chance of good government, and because he knows it, his attitude is discreditable to his good sense, and places his integrity in question. He ought to withdraw from the canvass. Under certain circumstances a citizen has a right—within the law—to do as he pleases; under certain other conditions his conduct—within the law—may be criminal, and utterly subversive of good government. Mr. Farquharson is in a position to render this city, that has adopted him and made his wealth, a great service. If he does not render that service, it is because he likes Farquharson better than San Francisco.

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According to the logic of politics, Perkins, representing a united and harmonious Republican party, ought to get more votes than either one of the candidates of a divided Democracy. In this city the party is a unit for Mr. Perkins, and we can count upon our fingers all the Republicans among our personal friends that will vote against him. He ought to have in San Francisco ten thousand majority over either opponent. How the campaign stands in the State we have no sucb information as will enable us to form an intelligent opinion, but we hear that in Santa Clara, Tuolumne, Humboldt, Santa Barbara, Alameda, Marin, Santa Cruz, and Nevada, White will receive more votes than Glenn. It looks now as though Dr. Glenn might be third horse in the race. We regard the election of George C. Perkins as placed beyond a doubt.

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If we did not know the real motive that underlies the eccentric conduct of the Bilk and Democratic parties in San Francisco, we should be sadly puzzled to account for it. By a sacrifice of all the Democratic State ticket Bryant and the other Democratic leaders hope to save Glenn, and claim his election as a Democratic victory. By a sacrifice of everything and everybody except Glenn the Bilks hope to claim the election as a victory of the New Constitution party. By sacrificing the municipal ticket the *Chronicle* hopes to elect Glenn and claim it as a *Chronicle* victory.

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It is not necessary that there should be a direct vote for or against Chinese immigration in order to get an expression of public opinion upon this question. The vote for the gubernatorial candidates will afford that expression. All who are opposed to Chinese immigration, and who favor Congressional legislation and the revision of the existing treaty, will vote for Perkins who never employed a Chinese laborer; all who are in favor of violence and the driving of Chinese out of the State by force will vote for White; and all who are in favor of unrestricted immigration will vote for the great landed proprietor, Dr. Glenn, who employs them, and refuses to discharge them even during the canvass.

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We wish Mr. John W. Forney would come to California and give a few days of his valuable time to the investigation of the Chinese question. If he will, and does not change his opinions concerning the propriety of Chinese immigration, we shall change our opinion concerning [illegible] Forney.

## THE "SALON" OF 1879.—II.

Adapted for the Argonaut from "Gazette des Beaux Arts."

If we formed our judgment of M. Bastien Lepage solely from the subject, and the marvelous skill with which it is treated, we should place him in the first rank among the wooers of nature, but we can not credit him with such entire singleness of purpose; his love for the country bears to some extent the impress of *fashion;* apparently he finds it exciting to exercise his marvelous talent wherever the current of patronage drifts him, and is not always true to his own inspirations. We do not feel the same faith in him that we do in a Breton or a Millet, and we can give no better proof of this lack than the singular contrast presented by his two pictures, the "October Season," and the "Portrait of Mlle. Sara Bernhardt." The first is a replica of his "Harvesting," of last year—a copy less happy than the earlier effort. The same woman, who in the first picture is represented in repose, in this is filling a sack with potatoes. The hand, which is the main interest of the figure, is a little affected; it does not deepen sufficiently to hold the potatoes, and the spreading fingers are stiff. Having noted this single flaw, she is exquisitely painted. We prefer, however, an accessory figure, whose pose is charming, and of which all the tones are harmonious and accurate. As for the landscape, it is exquisite, and one can ask for no more minute study of nature; the gradations of light are observed and rendered with a fidelity so perfect that the very hour of day could be determined.

When we turn to the portrait of the celebrated actress, we are at the antipodes. No more nature, no more autumnal sky, no more potatoes! It is another marvelous phase of art before which we must kneel. The incomparable power in drawing and painting can not be too strongly admired, in order to make us forget the awkwardness of the pose, the unpardonable bad taste of the costume—and even of the frame of wrought-iron, which caused a malicious wag to remark that "Mlle. Sara Bernhardt is unable to do without the footlights!" What a pity to have placed such a model—whose beauty is proverbial—in profile, with eye-lids lowered, mouth opened, and in an attitude by no means graceful! What good to have modeled a face like Albert Dürer, painted hands worthy of Holbein, colored hair equal to Titian, rivaled Leloir in the embroidery of the white brocade and white hangings, when the general effect is so inharmonious that it necessitates a catalogue of all these merits in order to appreciate them. Why such an extraordinary head gear? Is it to make our hair stand on end? But M. Bastien Lepage requires no such means to attract a crowd.

We can not but speculate as to what will be thought of this picture a few hundred years hence. In all probability M. Lepage will live in the museum of the Louvre when his model is no longer remembered, and who knows but that some "collector" in the future will endeavor to discover *who* this strange being with ruffled top-knot could have been? Possibly, by dint of research, he will succeed in proving that she was the principal actress in the "Ballet of Yedda," a Japanese poem set to music; the dates will agree, and the book-worm will cause a stir by his discovery. He will only be partly in error, which is a small affair for an archæologist. Why can not a painter of great talent, who has a superb model, be satisfied with creating a masterpiece? And he has been so, only we must search for it under eccentricities of every kind, and extricate it from the first impression, which permits nothing to be seen except the portrait of a blustering woman by a blustering man.

In our search for merit we have made rather a wandering tour, have followed no regular order, and have given no preference either to religious painting or to what it is conventional to call high art—an expression used ever since it has become customary to look for talent alone, no matter under what form or with what aspirations. Many causes have brought about the eclecticism which makes us admire M. Manet and M. Laurens, and the standards of judgment which were first applied to philosophy, then to literature, rule to-day in art. Cousin placed in the same rank Plato and Aristotle, Sainte-Beuve, Racine, and Victor Hugo; and long ago we associated Ingres and Delacroix in our eulogies. We have since made rapid progress, and we even question whether we have not advanced too precipitately when we have abandoned all theory, and are ready to bow down before everything that is well *painted*, before anything that is prettily done. There must be a reaction against this tendency to which all yield, for, thanks to this habit of admiration, all authority has disappeared, and criticism, like the pictures, lacks system. We are very far from maintaining that the work should be subordinated to the subject, and that a knowledge of literature should hold a first place in painting, but we do maintain that in a picture like M. Ponsan's "Reverence of Saint Louis for the Dead" there are neither strong effects nor striking execution.

There are serious qualities strictly within the domain of painting, and which are too much neglected at present. Composition has fallen into strange discredits, and it is a great mistake. M. Jean Paul Laurens is a master of drawing, costume and coloring, but does he compose a picture well? Does not the one exhibited this year, illustrating an episode of the war of the Albigeoses lack a focus from which the interest radiates? The figure of Bernard Delicieux, seen in profile, divides the picture and separates two scenes which have no connecting link. On one side Jean de Picquiguy marches to the deliverance of the prisoners of Cacasonne, and on the other a crowd listens to the monk. The picture might be more interesting if seen from the side opposite to the one represented, for the face of Jean Picquiguy would be more affecting than his back, and we should still have the profile of Bernard, only the right side instead of the left, which would amount to the same thing. Among many heads there are some admirable ones, notably that of the monk, and one of a fair-haired little child listening to him is a true master-stroke of expressive emotion. The costumes are handsome, but the general tone of color is red—on account of Jean's cloak, and of a brick wall which takes up a large portion of the canvas—and it is laid against a too obtrusive yellow, for color like friendship requires harmony not contrast.

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He was teaching his girl to box, and after going through several movements he said to her: "Now make a 'feint' at me." She did, and fainted right in his arms.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### The Burning Prairie.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor
As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door,
With his little girl on his knee,
Striving her letters to repeat
And pulling her apron over her feet.

His face was wrinkled, but not old,
For he bore an upright form,
And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled—
They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass, with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.

A dog with his head betwixt his paws
Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar-black jaws
At the fly that buzzed in his ear,
And near was a cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking-pails.

In the open door an ox-yoke lay—
The mother's odd redoubt
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out,
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With her eyes so bright and blue,
From A B C to X Y Z
Had said her lesson through,
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch-dog whined, the cattle lowed
And tossed their horns about,
The air grew gray as if it snowed;
"There will be a storm, no doubt,"
So to himself the settler said;
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife.
"The prairie's afire. We must run for life."

She caught the baby up. "Come,
Are ye mad? To your heels, my man!"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran.
Close upon them was the scourt and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows
The ground with sparkles red;
And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead,
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake—
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make!

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on;
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot. "This fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she can not be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whir and rave;
On, on, they are close to the water's edge—
They are breast-deep in the wave;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We're saved, thank God, we're saved!" they cried.

ALICE CARY.

### The Drawbridge Keeper.*

Drecker, the drawbridge keeper, opened wide
The dangerous gate, to let the vessel through;
His little son was standing by his side
Above Passaic River, deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Drecker worked to swing it back—
The gate-like bridge that seems a gate of death;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine, puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate;
Which should he do? Were you, as he was, tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—
Yet side by side with duty, stern and grim,
Even his child became as nought to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul and true,
Held to his work, and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark water sank from view.
Then from his father's life went forth all joy;
But as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge in safety passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord;
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward;
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,
And is inborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be;
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

HENRY ABBY.

* History and poetry celebrate no sublimer act of devotion than that of Albert G. Drecker, the watchman of the Passaic River drawbridge, on the New York and Newark Railroad. The train was due, and he was closing the draw, when his little child fell into the deep water. It would have been easy enough to rescue him if the father could have taken the time, but already the thundering train was at hand. It was a cruel agony. His child could be saved only at the cost of other lives committed to his care. The brave man did his duty, but the child was drowned.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"I don't know if it was so," says the lady, laying down the paper, "but certainly it seems to me as if people used to be more virtuous in old times than they are now."

"Oh, I don't know," says her husband; "some of our forefathers were gay boys, you must remember."

Lady (scandalized)—"What? At their age!"

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"Jennie, did you divide that chocolate with your little brother?"

"Yes'm; I took the chocolate and gave him the label; you know how fond he is of spelling his letters."

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C., whose death is just announced, was one of the most secret, dark, and midnight men imaginable. He did not wish the fact that he was ill to be made public; and so when his faithful friend X. was asked how the old gentleman was, he took the inquirer by the button-hole and whispered in his ear: "He's dead, but he doesn't want it known."

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A drunkard is staggering along the boulevards, knocking against lamp-posts, and with great dignity and earnestness solving the problem how to be in two places on the sidewalk at once.

The passers stare at him and laugh till he halts, and with a painful effort collecting himself says: "Galileo wash right—the earth doesh move!" and crumbles into a shapeless ruin upon the pavement.

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"Hi, waiter, I say, this is a pasteboard lobster you've brought us."

"Pasteboard lobster? Yes, sir. You see, sir, we have to keep lobsters in the window, and in this hot weather they would spoil, sir; so we have show-lobsters made of pasteboard. But I will get you a real lobster, sir, if you prefer it."

The "if you prefer it" is in the highest style of art.

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The Judge (severely)—Prisoner, you are accused of attempting to murder your mother-in-law. What have you to say for yourself?

Prisoner (apologetically)—Yes, sir; but my failure to do so is to be ascribed to causes entirely beyond my control.

The Judge (blandly)—Oh, that alters the case. I shall suspend sentence, but you will not get off so easily if you are brought here again under similar circumstances. Gendarme, show this gentleman out.

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There is a wet sheet and a flowing sea, and the celebrated tenor is paying tribute to Neptune.

"I can't understand this at all," says the wretched man; "I've sung in *L'Africaine* I don't know how many times, and yet I never felt this disagreeable sensation before."

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The other day a gentleman who had just buried his only child meets a friend.

"Ah," says the latter, "what's new?"

"Nothing, only I have just been to my little boy's funeral."

"Oh, you're joking."

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An editor of one of the comic papers was standing before the bench at the Police Correctionelle to answer for some slight infraction. After the usual questions about the name, residence, age, etc., of the accused, the President said:

"And what have you to say in extenuation of your fault?"

"Only one word, M. le Président. I have not engaged counsel."

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A lady was being asked in presence of Mme. de C. as to the nature of her political opinions.

"I am guided in the matter of politics by the opinion of the man I love," was the reply.

"That accounts for it never being two months alike," slyly whispered Mme. de C.

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When alone with her husband Mme. Z. gives free vent to her temper, which is none of the sweetest. Her newly married daughter imitates her mother, and is quite a proficient in the art of scolding—so much so that the latter could not help saying the other day:

"My dear, how can you speak to your husband like that?"

"But, mother," said the astonished wife, "there is nobody here!"

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Monsieur de G. has the bad habit of speaking of his numerous escapades even before his wife. The other evening, after a fresh adventure had been retailed by him, a friend present asked the lady if her feelings were not wounded at hearing such things.

"No," she quietly replied, "I am used to them. My husband has had so many affairs of the kind that one more or less can not hurt me. I never had but one, but I never told him of it."

Tableau!

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Calino goes to a barber to have his hair cut. On preparing to leave the shop he discovered that his hat has been changed, and a greasy, shapeless covering left as a substitute.

"It can't be helped," says he to the barber, "but it will be a lesson for me."

"In what way?" inquires the latter.

"Well, the next time I come to have my hair cut, I shall keep my hat on!"

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"And you, Calino, would you divorce your wife if M. Naquet's bill became law?"

"Never. It might come into my head to marry again."

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S., the dramatic author, meets his friend V., who tells him he has an excellent subject for a play that can not fail to be successful.

"What is it?" inquires S.

"The curtain rises—Paris is illuminated—the republic no longer exists."

"Well, what then?"

"Then the curtain drops in the midst of tremendous applause. What more do you want?"

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The height of atheism—To drink nothing but water because there is a Providence for drunken men.

## THE MAN WHO WAS KICKED.

I first saw Davis at H— Academy, when, at the beginning of the spring term of 1860, he sidled into the further end of a seat to lean against the wall. He was then about twenty-seven years of age. A tall, gaunt, awkward man, clad in a faded, ill-fitting suit of homespun, and walking with an undecided, hesitating gait, with his head thrown forward, and one uncertain hand helplessly rubbing a receding chin, was the figure presented as he went out of the hall at the close of prayers. Infirmity of purpose was written all over him. He had an air of being old without ever having been young. His face was long, with large features, high cheek-bones, a long nose, prominent mouth, and a receding chin, from which a straggling whisker protruded a certain way, as though in doubt whether to grow longer or disappear altogether. It was a very weak face, with an infirm quiver of the hardly closed lower lip, and vacillating, half-timid eyes of very pale blue. Its weakness and indecision might have been comical had not an expression of earnestness and seriousness made it pathetic.

From the time when Davis first sidled into the seat and leaned against the wall for support, he continued leaning, only exchanging the wall for his classmates, or indeed any one who would carry his weight. No sooner did his support give way in one direction than he transferred himself to another, and leaned all the harder. During the years of his academical life his manners retained their primitive rusticity, despite the constant irritation to which they were subjected by his fellows. His taste in dress took no turn for the better; his bearing and gait changed not an iota; and when he set out on foot for the hill region whence he came, he seemed exactly the same old young man that had sidled in upon us three years before.

A short time afterward I learned that he was teaching the school in his native village. It turned out, however, that he carried his habit of leaning with him even there. He asked the advice of his pupils as to what he should do so frequently that they took advantage of his weakness to do pretty much as they pleased. They barred the master out, refused to attend recitations, save at their own pleasure, and otherwise enjoyed themselves to such an extent that the trustees felt compelled to demand his resignation on the ground of lack of government. After that he went into the country and taught a district school, boarding round among his pupils. It was while thus engaged that he became temporarily resident in the family of a small farmer, possessed of a grasping, questionable character, and several daughters for some time in the matrimonial market. These latter were thin, sharp-faced managing maids, who partook of the unattractive characteristics of their sire. The most unattractive, perhaps, of them all set her eyes upon Davis, in lack of better material, and actually became his wife before that hesitating person had decided what to do in the matter. After this he drifted out of my knowledge.

In the summer of 1871 I was one of a semi-official prospecting party in western Dakota. We intended to penetrate the Indian country as far as the Souri River, near the British line, returning by way of the Black Hills, if circumstances permitted. The dozen men constituting the party were all heavily armed, and we had, by way of impediment, three mule wagons. The day before we started from the small town which for the fortnight previous had been our headquarters, a tall, round-shouldered man sauntered into the camp, and leaning against a wagon wheel, looked kindly but inquiringly about. He wore a long coat of alpaca, of ecclesiastical cut, and a wide-awake hat, fustian trousers, and low gaiters tied with a string.

After being made the butt of considerable ridicule, he expressed, in a hesitating way, his desire to go to the Black Hills. And when I returned to camp, toward evening, I found the stranger added to the party as the guide, philosopher, and friend of one of the mule teams. A glance at the awkward figure was enough. It was Davis. How he came there was told in a single one of his hesitating sentences:

"You see, Mrs. Davis left me and took up with a neighbor of ours. I suppose I was too slow for her. But I thought it might make her uncomfortable to have me living so close by, so I came West."

Further conversation revealed the fact that he had tramped most of the way, and that all his earthly possessions were wrapped in the flaming handkerchief which he brought into camp later in the evening.

It was apparent from the first that the characteristics that had made Davis a conspicuous figure in academical days had not forsaken him as he had grown older. He began leaning the moment he came into camp. After futile attempts upon myself, he transferred his weight to a man from Kentucky—a demonstrative, devil-may-care fellow, who was his opposite in every respect. The first day's drive, too, revealed the fact that, whatever may have been his capabilities as a district school teacher, they did not assist him in the driving of mules. More than once he involved the leaders in a hopeless tangle with the wheel animals, and his complications with the harness were a pathetic mixture of helplessness and ignorance. As to his helplessness, it was unique and complete in its way. He seemed utterly incapable of doing anything without advice and assistance.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that these characteristics, however original and amusing in themselves, were not such as to elevate their possessor in the esteem of the party. In less than a week from the day of departure the man from Kentucky had warned Davis not to come near him again at the risk of being crippled for life. At the end of a fortnight, I grieve to say, he had been kicked by an irascible member of the party, and the propriety of deserting him on the plains had been seriously discussed. Hardly a man spoke to him, and he seem a very pariah in the camp.

After we had been three weeks out there were not wanting signs of the proximity of hostile Sioux. Signal smokes were seen in the evening, and small clouds of dust low down upon the horizon indicated the presence of scouting bands. In the mid-afternoon of a sunny Sunday, as we were slowly ascending a low ridge in the prairie, the advance scout came galloping in with a ball through his arm, and a moment later a yelling band of Sioux began to circle about the train. Most of the men knew their danger, and how to meet it. The Sioux were in large force, and their bullets began dropping in almost in immediately. In three minutes after the ball opened several of the animals had been killed, and Johnson, our leader, lay under a wagon with a bullet through his head.

As I said, all the party were heavily armed. But I should have excepted Davis, who not only was unarmed, but from his general character was deemed quite capable of groveling in the dust at such a time. In the hurry of the moment he had been lost sight of, and now, when he slipped forward to possess himself of the dead man's gun, the man from Kentucky told him with an oath to drop it, or give it to some man who would use it. Davis did not drop it, however, but took his station at the rear end of one of the wagons. In a moment more the spirally decreasing circle of savages broke suddenly, and swept in a wild charge toward the train. And as we turned toward the point of attack to see two of the advancing warriors drop to the quick report of Davis's rifle, I think surprise and astonishment would have rendered us incapable of resistance had not the Indians swerved from their course and began circling again, as they did.

But the man who had turned the attack never stirred from his post. His slouching aspect seemed somehow to be shaken off as he stood there erect and firm as a rock. His infirm under lip closed up like a steel trap into a hard, straight line; his pale blue eyes wore a cool, decided look. The man from Kentucky looked at him a moment, and went back to his post with a muttered, "Well, I'll be blanked!" The guide, tying his wounded arm in a sling, said he would give it up. The whole party breathed freer.

But the whistling of bullets and the yells of the Sioux continued. In a short time the canvas tops of the wagons looked like gigantic sieves. The circles of the savages widened only to contract again. Whenever a reckless brave approached within fair range, the sharp crack of the Winchester from the rear of the wagon sent a ball into his painted body. There was no random firing from that rifle; every shot brought his man. The repeated charges of the Sioux grew less frequent from the fact of the loss of two or three of their number under the deadly aim of those pale blue eyes. It was after the fifth or sixth charge of this kind that the man from Kentucky expressed the unanimous sentiment of the party when he said:

"Hadn't yer better get further under cover, Davis? It's purty open thar." But Davis shook his head without changing position.

The evening wore slowly away. The minutes went by to an accompaniment of shot and yell. Some of the animals were lying dead beside the wagons. The spokes of the wheels and the beds of the vehicles were riddled and splintered with bullets. Charge after charge had been repulsed. Three men were lying badly wounded inside the triangle. The victims of the deadly Winchester formed a straggling line almost from its muzzle to the circle of discomfited but not defeated Sioux beyond. Its owner had hardly spoken a word in all that time, but had stood there like a statue of Fate. Night came on, and a low moon wrapped the landscape in dusky crayons. The savages retained their circular guard, prepared to renew the attack on the morrow. Shadowy forms crept warily through the tall grass and dragged away the dead. The wounded began to plead piteously for water, and there was none to give.

It was at a call of this kind from a man who had kicked him from his place that Davis left his post to come forward and ask if no water was to be had. He was told there was none; that the nearest water was a small pond at the foot of the ridge, just within the surrounding circle of the Sioux. Taking a bucket from the wagon, Davis said, quietly: "I'll get some." Not a man of the party spoke. Everybody realized that something heroic was about to be done. Good God! To go to the pond was to go to almost certain death. And yet no one bade him stay. I think every one was impressed with the fact that it would be useless.

We crept back to our posts in silence.

Even the wounded ceased their moans. We watched the tall figure striding straight through the shadows till it was lost in the gloom. Then came an interval of silence—awful, appalling—broken at last by a shot and a wild chorus of yells. In a moment all the demons of the prairie seemed let loose. Shot followed shot; the howls had something exultant in them.

Through the gloom there came a shadow—a tall figure running with a bucket in its hand. Following close behind a myriad of dusky forms, with gleaming knives and clubbed guns. Then our work began. A continuous sheet of fire belched from the wagons turned the howling Sioux back on their trail. In a moment more Davis staggered into the triangle with a bucket half filled with water in his hand. The man from Kentucky left his post to grasp his hand in a grip that would have crushed weaker bones.

"Mr. Davis," he said, "yer a man as this party is proud of." The bronzed men, crouching behind the wagons, turned in their places to smile assent. But the hero who had run that gauntlet of fire simply placed the bucket beside the man who had kicked him, and quietly went back to his post.

The Sioux, exasperated by their defeat, kept up a desultory fire through the long grass. Just before dawn they charged again. But the Winchester alone killed three braves before the wagons were reached, and it was converted into a club wielded by a giant. When the morning came the Sioux were found watching our movements from a safe distance over the prairie. Evidently the fight was costing them too dear.

It was determined by the party, in view of the probability of the Sioux being reinforced during the day, to beat a retreat. The man from Kentucky harnessed Mr. Davis's mules with his own hand. But when he came to hand the reins to their powder-grimed owner, it was found that he was in no condition to receive them. He had been wounded in half a dozen places, and the slow hemorrhage had robbed him of his strength.

We lifted him tenderly into the wagon, and began our march. The Sioux circled about us, but kept well out of range. By midday they had disappeared. It was at about this time that the man from Kentucky, who had been intently watching his patient for some time, brought his wagon to a sudden halt. Gathering about him, we found Davis with his eyes turned to the sky and a grayish hue stealing over his face. A minute after he reached his hand out to grasp the Kentuckian's, and so journeyed into the infinite solitude.

We rode on in silence. When the shadows of the evening came, we dug a rude grave in the prairie, and buried Davis out of sight. The man from Kentucky framed his epitaph when he said: "He didn't seem of much account at first, but he loomed up powerful toward the last."—*N. Y. S.*

## CAMPING ON DONNER LAKE.—II.

To awake in the morning, feeling that all night long your lungs had drunk in the champagne air of the Sierra, is to long for some one to knock down, some fence to leap over, some torrent to swim, something in fine to offer in vigorous assertion of the fact that your vitality had been increased a hundred per cent. Notwithstanding this splendid sense of physical exaltation, we were loth to part from our blankets until Solomon had built up a fresh fire, kindled from the embers of the previous night's beacon, and mingled that morning posset which has such a refining influence on the waters of the mountains. Then it was that Ned Cahill adjusted his glasses, and inquired of the members of the bivouac how each one had slept. Well, indeed, for the first night in camp; although the lusty snoring of the gentleman from Virginia City—the McCarthy—had woven, as we afterward discovered, strange dreams into the opium musings of Solomon—dreams of the tom-tom, and the tea house, and all the delights of a Chinese musical festival. This Chinaman was changed to an extrordinary degree. He had retired to his extemporized opium den a slim-faced man, wrinkled and pinched, attenuated to an unusual extent, like the figurehead of a man far down in the depths of spiritualism. When he handed around the pannikins of coffee in the morning, he was as chubby as a new born babe of German extraction. But while we wondered at the change, it became too evident that he had not partaken of the elixir of life, that his youth and beauty were not renewed, but that his plumpness was owing altogether to an opium debauch, and that he displayed what is known among the ungodly as a swelled head. He was in fine a biled owl, but none the less active, none the less attentive to his duties because of this enlargement of jowls.

Peace be with thee, Solomon, wheresoever the wayward destinies of a Chinese cook may lead thee. Thou wert indeed a philosopher; and though day after day thy head seemed growing too heavy for thy narrow shoulders to sustain, thy breath on the waning ember was ever stormy as Boreas, and thy smiling innocence, when placing a badly burned stew on the table (for we had a table), might serve as a model to the limner of the countenance of a virgin saint. And it was a cruel stratagem, O Solomon, to keep thee short of blankets, so that the nipping and eager air of four o'clock in the morning might drive thee from thy scantily-supplied couch to pile up the blazing logs before our luxurious toes. But it was Joe Goodman's suggestion, and he had camped out before.

A trout breakfast, with an appetite and a relish not one whit diminished by the fish gorge of the previous evening—and a fish gorge it was. I have read of Indians sitting about the corpse of an old mustang until flesh, hide, and entrails were devoured, and then moving off in a condition of grumbling dissatisfaction. So were we about the trout. We ate and we enjoyed it. François, thou purveyor of good things, a whole kennel of Poodle Dogs could scrape up nothing in comparison to that breakfast, for those woods had a secret which would prove invaluable to thee and thy tribe—the art of instilling an insatiable appetite.

Breakfast over, pipes lit, flies, gut, etc., overhauled, we started again for the stream. We trod, on our path through the meadows, on beds of wild strawberries; the lupin nodded to us as we passed, the clover blooms clustered about us—a rare mass of color, the dove and the robin watched fearlessly from low branches of the tamarack trees our approach, for we were happy in the non-possession of a gun to break the harmony of an enchanting morning; and even the leaping trout seemed to reach their dorsal fins in welcome to us.

I must own to a contempt for the fish that chooses the muddy worm that falls from the crumbling bank, in preference to the gay fly that dances over the ripples on the surface of the pool, a blissful creature of the sun and season. Speckled beauties of cold stream, the pride of the Donner Meadows, I honor you for the love you bear the brown wing and red hackle, disdaining, like noble things that you are, the caddis worm lying in masses beneath your silver bellies. And I swear by the shades of Walton that I have never yet placed one of your gamey tribe in my basket without regretting the cruel necessities of the gentle sport.

We soon filled our creels, and, like honest anglers, we caught no more than the mess demanded. The youth of the party, out for his mid-summer holidays, had lagged behind; and, on our homeward path, we saw him seated under a tree fishing most industriously. He was using grasshoppers, and at every cast flung a trout on the grass. He had a fine string when we reached him, but was rather surprised to learn that his famous pool was a breeding pond, and that his sport might not inaptly come under the head of poaching. But his fish tasted as well as the rest, for, strange to say, none of us could tell the difference. It was after lunch that day that I obtained the first victory for the long bow. A peculiar "tweek tweek" from a pile of wood attracted our attention. It proceeded from a brown animal about the size of a well developed Thomas cat, and the naturalist of the party pronounced it a woodchuck. Picking up half a dozen steel pointed arrows, with bow strung, I advanced upon the "critter." I did not dare to hazard a long shot, for the eyes of the scoffers were upon me, and a miss would have brought ridicule upon the honored and venerable weapon of the chase. When I had crept within some thirty yards of the woodchuck, he put his paws to his ears in a peculiarly humanlike fashion. I let go an arrow, but it passed two feet or more above his head. The whiz of the shaft seemed to puzzle but not disconcert him, so I ventured, concealed by some cottonwood, to approach ten yards or so nearer. Then, feeling that the reputation of the royal sport of archery was at stake, I picked out my best arrow, and pinned the woodchuck to his mancrial pile. As the professional after dinner speaker says, "it was the happiest moment of my life," for I had won renown for the long bow, and they who came to scoff passed me the congratulatory pannikin with tears of admiration in their eyes. We baked the victim in clay. He tasted like roast pig, and we thoroughly relished this strange dish, and the smoke and story-telling afterward.

The last thing I saw before closing my eyes that night was Solomon, the swollen, reclining by an empty cracker case, in which he had placed his lamp, his opium pipe in his mouth; and it seemed to my lazy fancy that I could mark his head growing larger and larger, like the so[illegible] of the toy shops.

DANIEL [illegible]

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

San Francisco, August 22, 1879.

Would you believe it? *La Cigale*, as played by Lotta to full houses and roars upon roars of laughter, is line for line the same play that cast such funereal sadness upon the California auditorium the week before. Yet Imogene came out in a card over her odd looking unicorn signature to say that it was not Olive Logan's adaptation. Whosever the adaptation, it was strange indeed to see the marvelous exactness, the absurd fidelity, with which Lotta's business was copied. What tricksters they are, these people of the stage! With what cold-blooded deliberation and system do they play upon our risibles! Among the furnishings of the table were two wafer jumbles which Lotta clapped to her eyes and constructed into an impromptu lorgnette of confectionery. Seen for the first time, it looked like a bit of careless frolic thrown in; but poor Imogene had copied even this tiny detail, and glared through the jumbles till her eye-balls ached, while revealing that even so little a thing as this is a bit of "business." Lotta has had sense enough to advertise *La Cigale* as a "farcical conceit"—a happy name indeed for this wild hodge-podge of improbability. "La Cigale" is the sole daughter of a French family of the *ancien regime*. She has a convenient mark upon her arm, and is stolen in her youth by the ubiquitous gypsy, who doubtless crosses the channel for the occasion. Kidnapping is not a specialty of the continental gypsy. She becomes a tight-rope dancer in a circus troupe, and, having an *embarrassement des riches* in the shape of lovers, runs away; is picked up in a hostelry by an agent of the house of Latour, recognized by the mark on her left arm, and, presto! transformed into a lady—in Lotta's case, a lady with the most alarming gymnastic tendencies, and a general intractableness which is delightfully ridiculous. I wondered to see so many French people in the audience the other night, but remembered that *La Cigale* had been one of the Paris successes. They had come to find out what their countrymen had been enjoying, but went home sadly perplexed, I fancy. In the original it must be a bit of that untranslatable subtlety which the gay denizens of the French capital always manage to keep to themselves. Yet, even as it is, translated, adapted, Americanized, spoiled, it has something different from the ordinary play written for the specialist. I could imagine a French troupe, selected as they are in that country, making something vastly amusing of the circus trio—"Carcasonne," the clown, and his tumbling companions. They are not altogether unamusing here, and make quite a point of their consultations. As for the artist, it is harmonious that the general absurdity of the whole should be carried out by making a lover of the low-comedian rather than the leading man. *A propos*, is Marble a leading man or a comedian, or what is he? As "Billy" there was not a wide scope for talent of any sort, and as "Carcasonne" there was not much demanded of him, so that it is really difficult to locate him. Yet we are upon the edge of the third week, and he is to play "Dick Swiveller." Do you remember Lotta's engagement at the Metropolitan when Robert Crane as "Dick Swiveller" almost shone the little "Marchioness" down? What a picture they made, enjoying their humble merriment in the basement of a London lodging-house, with the spirit of Charles Dickens hovering in the very air above them. Lotta must like sometimes to abandon these specialty plays which mean nothing, and wander into the wide realm of character creation. She seems to rise to a higher plane. Her most stereotyped tricks have a new expression in the "Marchioness," and she gives to "Little Nell" a childish pathos which one really would not look for in this practiced elf of mischief making. But if you want real solid downright earnestness go to the Bush Street Theatre and see *California through Death Valley*. The bills say that "Captain Jack" enacts "the poet-scout of the Black Hills" as he enacted it in real life. How does a man enact a poet-scout? It is not easy to say, but since they are so exceedingly explicit about it, the Bush Street method must be about right. Captain Jack is following in the footsteps of Buffalo Bill, his sometime comrade, with an exactitude of a trapper on a mountain trail. He plays the part of "Captain Jack" as Buffalo Bill is wont to play the part of "Buffalo Bill" only. He makes his entrée on a fiery black charger. He rescues virtue in distress. He annihilates a tribe of Indians with two revolvers. He does all sorts of wonderful things such as you may find recorded in the dime novels and the imagination of romantic boys. He dresses in buckskin, and he wears long hair and a big sombrero as Buffalo Bill does, but for that matter so much is natural to him as to Bill—perhaps more so. Buffalo Bill has contracted a fancy for the insidious polish of civilization. He retains just enough of the trapper's style to give character to his costume, and for the rest he has the flash taste of the mountain town sporting man. He has incorporated a few protean changes in his plays. He longs to be a carpet-knight of the drama, and privately ranks himself with Coghlan and Thorne.

> "All that is false in this world below
> Betrays itself in a love of show;
> Indignant nature hides her lash
> In the purple black of a dyed moustache;
> In short, you're always sure to detect
> A sham in the things folks most affect—
> Bean-pods are noisiest when dry,
> And you always wink with your weakest eye."

When Buffalo Bill took to dressing himself up in brief velvet morning coats and playing English lords, and such like, his performance lost its interest by just so much. Captain Jack abjures the tailor, and if there is a too great redundance of buckskin in his trowsers to be altogether becoming, they yet seem to be more of the cut worn in the primeval forest, and Captain Jack, by so much extra buckskin, is so much more a mountaineer. This, of course, upon the doctrine that straws show which way the wind blows. He is not the Antinous of physical beauty that Buffalo Bill is, but if they are actors, Captain Jack is decidedly the better of the two. At all events, he is in as deep and serious earnest about the whole affair as if he really were convoying a party of emigrants through the "Mountain Meadows," for such is the story. To give it the necessary romance, a pretty girl, called "Fonda," is rescued at Salt Lake from the Mormons and brought to California. The part was played by Georgia Woodthorpe, who has developed in two years' time into an extraordinarily pretty girl. She wore the *Two Orphan* look of anguish, and a picturesque hat, and altogether looked like a mountain daisy in a sage-brush patch. You would not believe what a really excellent company for the purpose they have scratched together, nor how smoothly it went for a first performance. In point of fact, the only man who required the prompter was the man who had to say: "That's the opinion of John Henry." Only this and nothing more. He repeated it several hundred times with a monotonous doggedness, but failed to remember it at the critical and only moment when John Henry's opinion had any connection whatever with what was going on. Under the circumstances, there is nothing to recommend to Mr. Brown but more study. Perhaps the bewildering character of the scenery had something to do with the gentleman's loss of memory. It was enough to shake a better balanced head. Salt Lake City—beautiful, trim, grass-grown, stream-fed Salt Lake City—was represented by that brick-colored plaza scene, which might be Florentine, or Brazilian, or Neapolitan, but has been made to duty for every land beneath the yellow sun. "Bill Williams," the trapper, rather a well acted part, had a tent which could scarcely accommodate Commodore Nutt with perfect comfort to the Commodore. It was perfectly patent to the audience from the first that this was being upheld by a pair of brawny, muscular arms, which arms were observed to grow weary and slacken their grip, and finally in disgust to let the tent drop to the floor. Perhaps it was just as well, for Captain Jack wiped out a tribe of Indians just a few moments later, and there would not have been room for them all to die if the tent had remained standing. Then the *mirage*. It is a pretty word in itself, is it not?—and sets one a dreaming just to speak it. Dudu Fletcher, who has such a pretty knack at naming her books, made half the success of this her later story by the vague possibilities of romance which it suggested, and the most professional novel-reader forgave her its unhappy ending for her completeness in carrying out the desert simile. Mirage! Does it not suggest to you something dim, impalpable, and seen afar, as through a gauze? Not so with Captain Jack's mirage. The desert, thickly grown with prickly pear cactus, is obscured by an arsenic green mountain with a fluted base. Red and white houses, in Japanese perspective, are perched upon its declivity, and queer fountains and flowers seem astonished to find themselves where they are. Then the whole mirage is so very close to the footlights that it seems to droop over the devoted head of the leader of the orchestra, and strange green and yellow shadows play hide and seek upon his high white brow. Meanwhile the actors are straining their eyes, as it were, into the distance, and must meantime be careful not to poke their fingers through the flats. But it fulfills the promise of the bills, which advertise a novel effect. It is a novel effect, indeed, to find a solid mirage toppling over on to you. We are to have something good at the California next week, and two new actresses beside. Past experience forbids us to hope, yet hope itself commands us not to fear. At all events we have heard of them before, which is much; and that the *soubrette* has been a member of the Boston Museum company, which is more; and now

> "Behind the curtain's mystic fold
> The glowing future lies unrolled."

Robson and Crane will make it glow for a few weeks at any rate. How odd that two essentially latter-day comedians, looking for a specialty, should have to go back to old Shakspeare himself to get it; and yet not strange, for who of all the list has ever been such a character creator as Master Will?

Betsy B.

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Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, due at the Bush Street Theatre next Monday, will make a decided sensation. The papers all the way out from the East have enthused over the organization. The Virginia City *Enterprise*, which is not given to indiscriminate theatrical puffing, says: "There is a minstrel company in town at last. People who witnessed the performance at the Opera House last night will understand what the *Enterprise* meant when it said that Tony Pastor's troup was a failure. The curtain went up last night on a sort of four-story brown-stone front—a musical temple, so to speak, made out of darkies. There were forty of them, and all were as full of music, apparently, as the forty thieves of the *Arabian Nights* were of deviltry. It was a wonderful relief to know that a company had been created at last which is able to lift itself out of the deep ruts through which minstrel performances have run from time immemorial, and to present something new. The performance last night was full of surprises—some of them real dramatic surprises. To begin with, the instrumental music is simply superb. The effort is to create music, and not merely noise. * * * Really, there was from eight to nearly eleven o'clock a perfect rush of first-class performances, the very best of the kind ever offered to the people of this city. It is a show so wonderful that it almost lifts minstrelsy into a high art."

The Grand Carnival and Masquerade Ball, to be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion under the direction of Col. Andrews of the Diamond Palace, comes off on the 19th of September instead of the 18th, as we stated last week. This magnificent affair, which will undoubtedly be the most gorgeous carnival of fun that has ever come off on this coast, is not only under the direction of Col. Andrews, but it is all his. It is his conception, is to be managed by him, and all the original novelties are of his invention. It will be a magnificent affair. Seventy-nine valuable presents are to be distributed by committees of gentlemen appointed for the purpose. Some eighty gentlemen among the best of our citizens have consented to act as committee men for the distribution of the awards. A committee of ladies will also be appointed to determine the prizes to be awarded to the lady and children maskers. Special night boats are arranged for, so that the Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, and Saucelito people may stay till morning. Special trains of cars will be run from San José. Col. Andrews intends to make the occasion a memorable one; and if the fun-loving frolickers who want a good time will meet him half way, he will give such a Carnival Ball as has never been equaled upon the continent. Three prizes will be awarded to the best dressed ladies and the best dressed gentlemen. To the most original characters, gentleman and lady; to the best sustained characters—professionals not being allowed to compete; for the most original conundrum; to the handsomest blonde and brunette—chemical blondes not contesting; to the most graceful lady—the best waltzer; to those most noticeable for personal peculiarities; the funniest harlequin; the most natural national character; the most devilish looking devil; children also, both boys and girls, come in for prizes. These prizes are not showy pinchbeck and brumagem, but jewels of real value, and now on exhibition at the Pavilion. We hope this Masquerade Ball will be a success; it will take the rough edge off all the passionate jealousies and hateful memories left after this beastly and most brutal political contest shall have been ended. It will be an opportunity to laugh away the resentments of the campaign, to shake hands and begin afresh to attend to our own business. It is better to be jolly than blue; to laugh is better than to cry. Then hurrah for Col. Andrews and his carnival!

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Published by order of the Republican Committee.

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# REPUBLICAN

## RATIFICATION

## MEETING

.....AT.....

*PLATT'S HALL,*

.....ON.....

**SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 23,**

AT 8 O'CLOCK, TO

## RATIFY THE NOMINATIONS

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**Republican County Convention,**

Upon which occasion the people will be addressed by

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B. P. FLINT, ESQ.,

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Dr. N. J. Bird,
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Col. R. H. Savage,
W. W. Traylor, Esq.,
Asa Wells, Esq.,
L. H. Van Schaick, Esq.,
Hon. N. B. Stone,
David McClure, Esq.,
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THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

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THE S. F. HUSSARS.

LOTTA as "Little Nell" and "The Marchioness."

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Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Performance of

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Monday Evening, August 25th,

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The Queen of the Air, LAURA FERGOS, in a Wonderful Act on the Balancing Trapeze.

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Present Incumbent

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

**Daniel J. Murphy.**

FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,

**William Doolan,**

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 21st day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 19) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday, the 26th day of August, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 16th day of September, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE* of THOS. D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

H. T. GRAVES, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. D. Sullivan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 28, 1879.

PRATT & METCALFE, Attorneys for Adm'r. tu30

---

*PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,*

WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Office No. 12 Nevada Block

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this traio fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—The run of this train to Salinas on Saturdays having been discontinued for the season, those intending to visit Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passeagers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landiog, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45; 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $4 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Mooday Evening followig date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


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# COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Colfax with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | 86.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 9.20 | *8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | | 7.00 | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | | P. M. | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*12.45 | ..... | 10.30 | | 3.00 | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ..... | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| | | 7.10 | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | P. M. | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—8.5.40—86.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—85.30—86.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time' furnished by Andersoo & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


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|---|---|---|
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| December ..... 6 | | January.....17 |
| February .....28 | | April.....10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamsbip Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. OCEANIC, sailing from San Francisco Saturday, September 13th, will continue on from Hongkong to Liverpool, offering superior accommodations for tourists en route AROUND THE WORLD.

Freight will be taken for London and Liverpool. For through bills ol lading and rates, apply at 218 California Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each mooth.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaviog San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailiog, see the Company's advertisement in the Sao Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.


## DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, August 8th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 50) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on FRIDAY, the 15th day of August, 1879. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

## NORTH BONANZA COMPANY.—

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of September, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 7th day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.


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*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

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SAN FRANCISCO

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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

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## NAMES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS

to the Capital Stock of the

**Western Fire & Marine Ins. Co.**

OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 409 California Street. ☜

SAN FRANCISCO—P. Marsicano, John McCabe, P. Hartigan, W. W. Dodge. P. J. White, Henry Casanova, Geo. H. Sanderson, E. M. Root, Michael Kane, F. O'Leary, N. C. Luhrs, J. Wieland, F. Wieland, W. H. Stearns, M. H. Kelly, J. de la Montanya, P. Alferitz, A. P. Hotaling, Nicholas Goetjen, Jonas Schoenfeld, J. Macdonough, P. Rossi, Ed. Bosqui, Thos. Jennings, Jos. Figel, S. C. Hastings, G. Ginnochio, John Fay, Wm. M. Lent, John F. Boyd, Wm. Willis, C. D. O'Sullivan, James Phelan, J. F. Cowdery, R. McElroy, F. Crowley, John C. Hall, Edmund Marks, J. Maccary, B. Frapolli, H. J. McMurray, Geo. O. Smith Jr., John S. Bowman, Gus Reis, Dr. G. Woodward, Angelo Spadino.

SACRAMENTO—W. R. Strong, N. Dingley, Geo. W. Chesley, Robt. M. Hamilton, W. D. Comstock, S. B. Ridgway, O. B. Goodhue, A. S. Hopkins, Dr. G. L. Simmons, Dr. E. Jacobs, E. S. Dennison.

GOLD HILL, NEV.—Robt. P. Keating, Capt. Thos. G. Taylor.

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*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, August 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 46) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on WEDNESDAY, August 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

*NORTHERN BELLE MILL AND* Mining Company.—The fifth annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held on MONDAY, September 8th, 1879 (second Monday in September), at the hour of 1 P. M. on that day, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Monday, September 1st, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

# S. W. RAVELEY,

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|---|---|
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WANTED,

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.


# KOHLER & CHASE, PIANOS,

**POST STREET, NEAR DUPONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.**

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 9. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 30, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## COLONEL BOB JARVIS.

We were sojourning between Anaheim and the sea. There was a sunshiny dullness about the place, like the smiles of a vapid woman. The bit of vineyard surrounding our white-washed cabin was an emerald set in the dull golden-brown plain. Before the door an artesian well glittered in the sun like an inverted crystal bowl. Esculapius called the spot Fezzan, and gradually I came to think the well a fountain, and the sunburnt waste about us a stretch of yellow sand.

When I had walked to the field of whispering corn behind the house, and through the straggling vines to the edge of the vineyard in front, I came back to where my invalid sat beneath the feathery acacias, dreaming in happy lonesomeness.

"Did you ever see such placid, bright, ethereal stillness?" I asked.

Esculapius took his cigar from his lips and looked at me pensively.

"It may be my misfortune, I hope it is not my fault, but I do not remember to have seen stillness of any sort."

Esculapius has but one short-coming. He is not a poet. I never wound him by appearing to notice this defect, so I sat down on the dry burr-clover and made no reply.

"You think it is still," he went on in a mannish, instructive way, "but, in fact, there are a thousand sounds. At night when it is really quiet you will hear the roar of the ocean ten miles away. Hark!"

Our host was singing far down in the corn. He was a minister, a deep-toned Methodist brimming over with vocal piety.

"Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea,"

came to us in slow, rich cadences.

The fern-like branches above us stirred softly against the blue. Little aromatic whiffs came from the grove of pale eucalyptus trees near the house. Esculapius diluted the intoxicating air with tobacco smoke and remained sane, but as for me the sunshine went to my head, and whirled and eddied there like some Eastern drug.

"My love," I said, wildly, "if we stay here very long and nothing happens, I shall do something rash."

The next morning a huge derrick frowned in the dooryard, and a picturesque group of workmen lounged under the acacias. The well had ceased to flow.

Esculapius called me to a corner of the piazza, and spoke in low hurried tones:

"Something has happened," he said; "the well has stopped. I thought it might relieve your feelings to get off that quotation about the golden bowl and the wheel, and the pitcher, and the fountain, etc.; then, if it is safe to leave you, I would like to go hunting."

I looked at him with profound compassion.

"I have forgotten the quotation," I said, "but I think it begins: 'The grinders shall cease because they are few'—perhaps you had better take your shotgun, and don't forget your light overcoat. Good-bye."

Then I took a pitcher and went down the walk to the disglorified well. The musical drip on the pebbles was hushed; the charm of our oasis had departed. In its place stood a length of rusty pipe full of standing water. Some bits of maiden's-hair I had placed in reach of the cool spray yesterday were already withered in the sun. I took the gourd from its notch in the willows sadly. Some one had been before me and carved "Ichabod" on its handle. I filled my pitcher and turned to go. A tall form separated itself from the group of workmen and came gallantly forward.

"Madame," said a rich, hearty voice, "if you'll just allow me, I'll tackle that pitcher and tote it in for you. Jarvis is my name, Colonel Bob Jarvis, well-borer. We struck a ten inch flow down at Scranton's last week and rather knocked the bottom out of things around here."

"But the pitcher isn't at all heavy, Col. Jarvis."

"Oh, never mind that: anything's too heavy for a lady; that's my sentiments. You see, I'm a ladies' man—born and brought up to it. Nursed my mother and two aunts and a grandmother through consumption, and never let one of 'em lift a finger. 'Robert,' my mother used to say, in her thin, sickly voice; 'Robert, be true to God and the women;' and, by godfrey, I mean to be!"

I relinquished the pitcher instantly. Esculapius was right; something had happened. The well was gone, but in its place I had found something a thousand times more refreshing. When my husband returned, he found me sitting breathless and absorbed under the acacias.

"Hush!" I said, with upraised finger; "listen!"

Our host and the Colonel were talking as they worked at the well.

"We've had glorious meetings this week, over at Gospel Swamp, Jarvis," the minister was saying. "I looked for you every night. If you could just come over and hear the singing, and have some of the good brothers and sisters pray with you, don't you think—"

"Why, God bless your soul, man," interrupted the Colonel; "don't you know I'm religious? I'm with you right along, as to first principles, that is; but, you see, I can't quite go the Methodist doctrine. I was raised a Presbyterian, you know—regular black and blue Calvinist—and what a fellow takes in with his mother's milk sticks by him. I'm attached to the old ideas—infant damnation, and total depravity, and infernal punishment, and the interference of the saints. You fellows over at the Swamp are loose! Why, by the way, my mother used to say to me, in her delicate, squeaky voice: 'Robert, beware of Methodists; they're loose, my son, loose as a bag of bones!" No, *indeed*, I wouldn't want you to think me indifferent to religion; religion's my forte. Why, by and by, I mean to start a Presbyterian church right here under your nose."

"I'm glad of it," responded the good minister warmly; "you've no idea how glad I am, Jarvis."

"Why, man alive, that church is in my mind day and night. I want to get about forty good pious Presbyterian families to settle around here, and I'll bore wells for 'em, and talk up the church business between times. You saw me carrying that lady's pitcher for her this morning, didn't you? Well, by the way, that was a religious move entirely. I took her man for a Presbyterian preacher the minute I struck the ranch; may be it's poor health gives him that cadavernus look, but you can't most always tell. More likely it's religion. At any rate—"

Esculapius retreated in wild disorder, and did not appear again until supper time. When that meal was finished, Col. Jarvis followed me as I walked to the piazza.

"If it ain't presuming, madam," he said, confidentially, "I'd like to ask your advice. I take it you're from the city, now."

"Yes," I answered, with preternatural gravity; "what makes you think so?"

"Well, I knew it by your gait, mostly. A woman that's raised in the country walks as if she was used to havin' the road to herself; city women are generally good steppers. But that ain't the point. I'm engaged to be married!"

My composure under this announcement was a good deal heightened by the fact that Esculapius, who had sauntered out after us, humming an air from *Pinafore*, became suddenly quiet, and disappeared tumultuously.

"Engaged to be married!" I said. "Let me congratulate you, Colonel. May I hope to see the fortunate young lady?"

"That depends. You see, I'm in a row—the biggest kind of a row, by a good deal; and I thought you might give me a lift. She's a Frisco lady, you know; one of your regular high-flyers; black eyes, bangs, no end o' spirit. You see, she was visitin' over at Los Nietos, and we made it up, and when she went back to Frisco I thought I'd send her a ring; so I bought this," fumbling in his pocket, and producing the most astounding combination of red glass and pinchbeck; "and, by godfrey, she sent it back to me! Now, I don't see anything wrong about that ring; do you?"

"It is certainly a little—well, peculiar, at least, for an engagement ring; perhaps she would like something a trifle less showy. Ladies have a great many whims about jewelry, you know."

"Exactly. That is just what I reflected. So I went and bought *this* (triumphantly displaying a narrow gold band); now that's what I call genteel; don't you? Well, if you'll believe it, she sent that back, too, by—return mail. I wish I'd fetched you the letter she wrote; if it wasn't the spiciest piece of literature I ever read by—anybody. 'She'd have me understand she wasn't a bar-maid nor a quaker; and if I didn't know what was due to a lady in her position, I'd better find out before I aspired to her hand,' *et cetera*. Oh, I tell you, she's grit; no end o' mettle. So you see I've struck a bowlder, and it gets me bad, because I meant to see the parson through with his well here, and then go on to Frisco and get married. Now, if you'll help me through, and get me into sand and gravel again, and your man decides to settle in these parts, I'll guarantee you a number one well, good, even two-inch flow, and no expense but pipe and boardin' hands. I'll do it by—some means."

"Oh, no, Colonel," I said, struggling with a laugh, "I couldn't allow that. It gives me great pleasure to advise you, only it is a very delicate matter, you know—and—really"—I was casting about wildly for an inspiration—"wouldn't it be better to go on to the city, as you intended, and ask the lady to go with you and exercise her own taste in selecting a ring?"

My companion took a step backward, folded his arms, and looked at me admiringly.

"Well, if it don't beat all how a woman walks through a mill-stone! Now, that's what I call neat. Why, God bless you, madam, I've been borin' at that thing for a week steady, night and day, by—myself, and making no headway. It makes me think of my mother. 'Robert,' she used to say (and she had a very small, trembly voice), 'Robert, a woman's little finger weighs more than a man's whole carcass,' and she was right. I'll be—destroyed if she wasn't right!"

Esculapius laughed rather unnecessarily when I repeated this conversation to him.

"I am willing to allow that it is funny," I said; "but after all there is a rude pathos in the man, an untutored chivalry. Nearly every man loves and reverences a woman; but this man loves and reverences women. It is old-fashioned, I know, but it has a breezy sweetness of its own, like the lavender and rosemary of our grandmothers; don't you think so?"

There was no reply. I imagine that Esculapius is sensible at times of his want of ideality, and feels a delicacy in conversing with me. So I went on musingly:

"With such natures love is an instinct; and it is to instinct, after all, that we must look for everything that is fresh and poetic in humanity. We have all made this sacrifice to culture—a sacrifice of force to expression. Isn't it so, my love?"

Still no reply.

"I like to picture to myself the affection of which such a man is capable—for no doubt he loves this girl of whom he speaks; not of course, as you—as you *ought* to love me, but with a rude, wild sincerity, a sort of rugged grandeur. Imaging him betrayed by her. A man of the world might grow white about the lips and sick at heart, but he would find relief in cynicism and bitter words. This man would act some wild, strange act of vengeance. The cultured nature is a honeycomb, his is a solid mass, and masses give us our most picturesque effects. Don't you think so, my dear?"

And still no reply.

"Esculapius."

"Well, my love."

"Isn't it barbarous of you not to answer when I speak to you?"

"Possibly; at least it has that appearance, but there are mitigating circumstances, my dear. I was asleep."

* * * * * * *

Two weeks later the Colonel brought his wife to call upon me. She was a showy, loud-voiced blonde, resplendently over dressed. At the first opportunity her husband motioned me aside.

"Isn't she about the gayest piece of calico you ever saw?" he asked, with proud confidence. "Doesn't she lay over anything around here by a large majority?"

"She is certainly a very striking woman," I said, gravely, "and one who does you great credit. But I am a little surprised, Colonel. No doubt it was a mistake, but I got the impression in some way that the lady was a brunette."

The Colonel's countenance fell. "Now, look here," he said, after a little reflection, "I don't mind telling you because you're up to city ways, and you'll understand. The fact is, this *isn't the one*. You see, I went on to 'Frisco as you advised, and planked down a check for five hundred dollars the minute I got there. 'Now,' said I, 'Bob Jarvis, don't do things by halves; just you take that money, my girl, and get yourself a ring that's equal to the occasion. I don't care if it's a cluster of solitary diamonds as big as a section of well-pipe!' Now, I call that square, don't you? Well, God bless your soul, madam, if she didn't take that money and slip out with another fellow! Some white-livered city sneak—beggin' your husband's pardon—who'd been hanging around for a year or more. Of course, I was stuck when I heard of it. It was this one told me. She's her sister. I could see that she felt bad about it. 'It was a nasty, dirty trick,' she said; and I'll be—demoralized if I don't think so myself, and said so at the time. But, after all, it turned out a lucky thing for me. Now look at that, will you?"

I followed his gaze of admiring fondness to where Mrs. Jarvis was, bridling and simpering under Esculapius' compliments.

"Isn't she a nosegay? But don't you be jealous, madam; she's just wrapped up in me; and constant," he added, shaking his head reflectively—"why, bless your soul, she's as constant as sin."

When I told Esculapius of this he sighed deeply.

"What is the matter?" I asked, with some anxiety.

He threw back his head and sent a little dreamy cloud of smoke up through the acacias.

"I was thinking," he said, pensively, "what a 'wild, strange act of vengeance' it was!"

I looked him sternly in the eye. "My dear," I said, "I don't think you ought to distress yourself about that. I never should have reminded you of it. You were dreaming, you know, and you are not responsible for what you dream. Besides, dreams are like human nature, they always go by contraries."

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

LOS ANGELES, August, 1879.

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A prying correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* has gazed with sacrilegious eye into the tent of the Princess Louise, now salmon fishing in the wilds of Canada. "The ground," he says, "is covered thickly with fresh spruce boughs, and on either side of the mattress, which rests on the boughs in the centre of the tent, is a strip of dark Brussels carpet. A dainty little dresser in the corner of the tent supports a small, handsome mirror, and the usual variety of toilet conveniences. The cot, which, so far as its original purpose was concerned, the Princess discarded on her arrival in camp, has been converted into a lounge, and this, with an easy chair or two, completes the outfit of this simple, but cheery little woodland home of her Royal Highness."

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The Bohemians have laid J. C. Cremony, the Nestor of the old time club, to his last, long rest. The Colonel was virtually dead weeks before his burial, but the body, partaking in every bone and muscle of the temper and tenacity of the old man, refused to give up its last grip of the breath of life. But, at last, the flame flared and flickered out for absolute want of oil to burn. Then the mourners stood beside the bier, the choir chanted the last sad refrain, [illegible] preacher feelingly recalled to the memory of the a[illegible] doing honor to the dead the famous toast of the d[illegible] "May the Lord love us, and not call for us too soon

## WHISKY BOB'S CLAIM.--HOW HE FOUND IT.

Whisky Bob was dead broke, very tired, and wanted to sit down and study out his situation and what was best to be done. He put down his rocker and pack carefully on the grass; his blankets were strapped in it, with pick, shovel, tin wash pan and frying pan, with a bag containing a little pork, ham, flour, and tin pot for his coffee, and, peeping from the roll of blankets, was the neck of a whisky bottle. He had stopped at the bottom of a high mountain ridge, not far from the Yuba River, that made along for miles. It was well wooded and shaded by old trees, had little underbrush, and just below him there ran a creek amid the bushes, clear and cool, over the pebbles, which was very pleasant to see and hear in the hot weather of summer. Bob took the bottle from the pack, and, holding it up to the light, saw there was only one good drink left. He looked up the mountain side through the big pines, and saw the flickering sunshine where it fell through the thick foliage and struck the earth in many places; in some of these the earth was of a bright crimson color, like the flames of a fire, from the mineral substances in it. He drained his bottle, and fell into a soliloquy:

"Here I be again, the same derned fool as ever, ruined by whisky, after making piles of money; I jest desarve it. What a doggoned jackass a human can make hisself with whisky!"

It was very discouraging, this kind of thing. But Bob, like many others, was growing accustomed to his own folly. Bob had left his ship in San Francisco Bay in the early summer of 1850, and gone to the mines for his pile. From the first he was always lucky; where he struck his pick into the earth he was sure to find gold. But he obtained it so easily, he thought he always could find it when he chose, and accordingly threw it away on whisky, gamblers, and dissipation, until the love of liquor had become a besetting sin that was fast sending him to ruin. Nothing but some new and strong impulse, some powerful awakening of his better nature, could save him. Justly, from his besetting sin, was his name acquired. Bob was a young fellow of about twenty-five years, tall, strong, and well built, with curling black hair and beard, brown, intelligent-looking eyes, and, in fact, as handsome a fellow as you often look upon. There was a chance for him yet, if anything might happen to change his life and bring forth his really good qualities. But what could do this? He continued his soliloquy:

"Yes, here I be again, swearing off whisky, making a pile—and always going back to whisky worse than ever. Not a show of gold in my bag; a few pounds of ham, of flour, and pork, with a little coffee and tobacco, and that's all I'm worth, sure. If I could strike pay dirt once more, I'd try—yes, I'd try to be somebody. Whar can I strike it? Ef I could only meet a woman up here, I'd put my pick in ther ground whar I first saw her. A woman brings me luck every time. But who can expect in this place to see a woman? I will pack my traps up this 'ere ridge, where the miners go every morning to their claims, and, ef I see anything at all, there I locates for luck, for a woman is out of the question."

Taking up his pack, Bob toiled slowly up the ridge under the trees until he came to the top, where it flattened out in little level places and slight depressions. Birds were singing and flowers blooming around him; and, as he sat down to rest, he heard, to his astonishment, not very far off, the clear, sweet voice of a female, singing.

Peeping cautiously under the young pine trees, there, in a little open flat, sitting on a rock, was the singer. It was a pleasant picture to look at, for a lonely man: A tall, shapely, buxom young girl, with light golden hair, blue eyes, and very regular, pretty features. She was dressed in a short, calico dress, with moccasins on her small feet, and a sun bonnet thrown back from her head. Her hand rested on a long, Kentucky rifle. She was a representative of the better class of Western girls, who were continually, in those early days, arriving in the mountains of California from the long trip overland, emigrating in families from old Kentucky and other States. Passing near their camp fires at night, one could hear the quaint songs and ballads—often sung to negro melodies—they had improvised on their march about the daily journey and its incidents. Some of these songs were musical and comical. She was singing:

"Kentucky is my native place, Kentucky is my home;
And here I be across the plains, to seek for gold, and roam.
Wake snakes, and clear the track
When Kentuck comes along.
My name is Nelly Green, boys;
I'm sixteen, young and strong."

Whisky Bob listened to the song with delight, and gazed at the singer in admiration; and then, with his pack on his shoulder, coolly walked out into her presence, and, putting the pack down not far from her, sat down himself. The young girl looked at him a little surprised, but sat composed and still, only putting her hand carelessly on the lock of her rifle. Then she spoke to him.

"Well, mister, who might you be, that walks into a young lady's drawing-room without knocking, even on the bark of a tree?"

"Please, miss, I'm called Whisky Bob—out prospecting," said he.

"No 'miss' about it, Mr. Bob, please. My name, for short, is Nell Green to all friends, and to others—well, I'm a shooting iron," said the girl, and continued: "Your name of Whisky is a bad one, young man, and, I reckon, shows you are being ruinated by corn juice. Is that so?"

"Well, Nell, that's a fact—but rather rough," said Bob, who saw the girl had a half smile on her face.

She was not in the least bold or forward, or wanting in modesty; but the company of rough men, danger, and scenes in the wilderness, had taught her to be self-composed and self-reliant. She was *aplomb*, as they say, in all situations.

"Now, Mr. Bob—without the Whisky—it seems to me," said Nell, "ye're throwing yerself away; and thar might be something better for yer, if ye'd seek it," and she looked at him with an expression of some interest.

"I know it, Nell, if I could only do it."

"Got no folks, no family, to keer for you?" said Nell.

"Nary one," replied Bob; "never had. I toted myself and pack up this ridge to jest seek my luck once more, and quit the corn-juice, and reform. I said to myself: 'Bob, if ye could only meet a woman any whar in these diggings, and stake out a claim whar she stood, it would bring ye fresh luck, and ye might turn over a new leaf, and be somebody onct more.' And here, sure enough, I've met you. But, I say, Nell, ain't ye ever afeard up here in the wilderness, alone by yerself?"

"Afeard ov what, stranger? What is it, and whar, that I'm afeard of?" replied she, indignantly. "Mr. Bob, look down the ridge about sixty yards, an' ye'll see a pine sapling; thar's a ring-neck snake varmint coiled round it, and wagging his head to charm a poor tom-tit bird sitting on his nest in the crotch of the tree above. Now, look a here, Mr. Bob." Throwing her rifle up to her eye with her little hands with ease, and even gracefully, she fired. The snake's head went one way, while his twisting body raised the dust at the foot of the tree. "Thar, stranger, what should I be afeard ov, with this shooting-iron about?"

"That's an eternal fact for sure," said Bob. "Nobody could insult a gal like you, I allow, and that 'ere rifle is a consideration. But ye'll excuse a rough miner, who ain't sot eyes on a woman for a long time."

"All right, Mr. Bob, I accept yer apology. Ye mean right, I'm sure," said Nell, softly. "But down the trail away yonder I see my folks are coming along, with their fixings and plunder, pau, mau, and the rest ov 'em. I must put out, stranger; but, Mr. Bob, let me say a kind word to ye on parting from a short acquaintance. Ye say a woman brings ye luck every time. Now, I jest hope I'll bring good fortune to yer, and you may take yer pile out ov this 'ere spot, though I can't see whar it is. And, Mr. Bob," said the girl, hesitating, "ef ye do find it, and act up to yer good intentions about the corn-juice—well, then, Mr. Bob, my folks are raising log-houses and shed-fixings down on the opening at the foot ov the creek, away thar whar ye can see a break in the trees. We mean to locate." And walking up to Bob, she put her hand on his shoulder, "and, Mr. Bob, ef ye raise yer pile ye can bring jest a little piece of gold down for Nell to remember she brought a better life for yer."

Bob was confused, and seemed to feel a tear in his eye, but he caught the little hand and kissed it, while Nell, blushing, hurried away with a step light as an antelope's.

These two seemed at once to take an interest in each other, as often happens in life. Bob stood looking with his heart behind his eyes until Nell's waving dress was out of sight, and her people's train had disappeared; then he took his pack and other things, and made his camp under a great pine tree that stood against a tall, steep rock that would give him shelter, gathered some dry wood for his evening meal, and took a look about him. The place was a slight depression of about twenty acres, where during the wet season the water had trickled down and formed a little rivulet running through the grass until it had left a visible line of worn pebbles to mark its meandering course for some ninety yards. It was on top of the ridge, and hundreds of miners had passed it daily without supposing gold could be found in such a place. But Whisky Bob was a believer in luck, destiny, or whatever we may choose to call it, and, more particularly, he had a strong belief in his own good luck, especially in its relations to the fair sex.

He took his rocker and put it in working order down the ridge by a little pool of water, fed by a small stream, where he could bring his dirt and wash out for half an hour, and then packing down more while the pool was filling with water again.

Next he went and rolled away the rock where Nell had been sitting and singing by the dry pebbles of the rivulet, and, taking his pick, commenced digging out a ditch in the grass, about two feet deep and two feet wide, down stream, and took the dirt to his rocker. He worked until sunset, only finding about six bits of coarse gold, but in his last bucket, when washed out, he found a good solid piece of gold weighing three ounces. This encouraged him, and brightened his hopes for the future. There *was* gold there he now found to be a fact.

Under the very roots of the grass he found a black, volcanic, powdery dirt occasionally, and this seemed to be the strata that held the gold. Bob slept the sleep of the righteous and sober that night, and dreamed of pretty Nell and big pieces of gold.

In the morning he rose by daylight, and after his breakfast of fried pork and coffee, ending with the usual smoke of his pipe, he went to work again, determined to work the place out for Nell's sake, if he did not make a fortune.

He worked hard and steady through the day, only stopping at noon for some coffee and a smoke beneath his pine-tree camp. The sun was very hot, but he didn't mind it. At night, when he washed out the result of the day's hard toil, he only had a dollar's worth of coarse gold; but he found a little piece of blue ribbon Nell had lost from her hair. This consoled him amply, as he kissed it and said to himself, "Bob, better luck to-morrow." His claim was what miners call "very spotted," for the gold was scattered in spots, here and there. The next day and the next his labor brought about the same results—about enough to pay expenses, or, as the miners called it, "grub money."

The fourth day, just before he washed out, in his last rocker of dirt, at sunset, he found two pieces of gold—one worth a hundred and fifty dollars, the other, full two hundred. Bob was happy that night, and tied the blue ribbon with a leather string round his neck, so that it could rest on his heart. The next two days brought no big pieces, but the seventh he took pieces of gold from the clay-like cement weighing about seven hundred dollars. It was dark-colored gold, pretty solid, and twisted into strange shapes, with holes in it, but not appearing much worn, or, in mining parlance, "washed."

When the miners passed him daily on their way over the divide they stopped to ask what his luck was, and when they saw a very little coarse gold in his pan they laughed at him. But Bob kept his lumps of gold in his pocket, or buried them beside the rock in his camp. In this way he worked on, taking sometimes large pieces of gold out, half as large as Nell's little fist, and then for days very little.

When he went down to the nearest trading tent for his supplies, it was some temptation to see and smell the whisky, as the miners were drinking and carrying it off in bottles, stowed away in their pockets and under their shirt bosoms. But Bob could feel the bow of blue ribbon over his heart, and resisted all temptation; and as he toiled up his steep path on the mountain side, beneath the pine trees, with a heavy sack on his shoulders, he could look down, and see afar in the break of the forest where Nell's home was; and felt comforted and satisfied with himself that he had kept his promise to her. And, besides, was he not proving he could be a man again? But he determined he would not seek Nell for some time yet.

The days and weeks passed by, but Bob toiled on, determined to work out his claim thoroughly. He dug down stream, until over the edge of the flat it became so steep no show of gold could be found, and then dug holes and cross-ditches to see if the little depression of the mountain had any more chunks of gold buried under the grass roots. But he had worked it out; and what was better, he had kept his word to Nell, his resolution with himself to reform, and had taken out his pile at the same time.

He now examined and weighed his gold, and found that he had about six thousand dollars, mostly in heavy pieces. This was a pretty good fortune for seven weeks' digging, and Bob felt an unconquerable longing to go and tell Nell all about. The next morning by daylight he cleared up, packed his things, and started down the ridge to the nearest trading tent. But in his blankets, carefully strapped out of sight, was a heavy bag of gold in place of a whisky bottle. The locality where this strange deposit of gold was found was on the top of a long ridge bounding a little valley called Toll's Diggings, a few miles from the Yuba River. Whether any one ever had the curiosity to prospect the ridge further is doubtful.

Bob had a heavy load to pack, but it was all down hill, and therefore easier for him. He arrived at the mining store, or trading tent, so common in the mountains in olden times, where almost anything could be purchased—from a paper of pins to a calico shirt and broadcloth pantaloons. Here he rested and renovated himself generally, found an old sailor who could cut and trim his long hair and beard to reasonable proportions, and purchased some calico shirts and other clothes, until, when dressed up nicely, he could have walked the streets of any city, and any of the fair sex would have said he was a very fine looking fellow.

It was early in the day yet, and Bob set out to find the ranch of Nelly's people, leaving his pack, except the blankets containing his gold, which was slung over his shoulder on the pick handle.

In a little over a mile's walking he found a pretty valley at the mouth of the creek, where some fine new log houses, fences, and clearings indicated Nell's home. These log houses and buildings, built by the true Kentucky and Missouri emigrants with only axes, hatchets, and perhaps a saw and auger, without any smoothing plane, were often models of mechanical skill and dexterity; the surfaces were as truly correct as if made by level and plumb-line.

Bob walked around, but he could see no one at home; the doors were all open; he peeped in, and could find nobody; but he heard, not far off, a clear, sweet voice, that set his heart thumping like the stamp of a quartz-mill. He knew there was only one voice he ever heard like it, and and he walked quietly in.

In a back room, with her white, strong, beautiful arms bare to the shoulder, stood pretty Nell at the washtub, very busy in the steam of soapsuds and Kentucky jeans, singing free as a bird:

"Kentucky is my native place, Kentucky was my home,
And here I be across the plains in soapsuds white as foam.
Wake snakes and clear the track,
Old Kentuck is my song;
My name is Nellie Green, boys—
Till Bob may come along."

This last line was sung very soft, as if afraid some one would hear her.

Bob put down his pack and walked in; but Nell's quick ears heard, and as she turned and saw him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"What! Bob, is that you come at last?—in store clothes, too!" said she, glancing with bright eyes at the young man, and with poorly disguised pleasure.

"Certain sure, Nell; you said I might come."

"Yes, Bob, but how about the whisky?"

"Nell, I havn't touched a drop since you saw me; if I have they may shoot me. And what's more, don't mean to—if you say so," replied he.

"An', Bob, did I bring luck to yer. Was there gold up thar?"

"Nell, thar's six thousand dollars and more, rolled in them blankets thar, I owe to yer pretty self, or I'm a nigger. And, Nell, just look here," and Bob took from the breast of his shirt a package carefully wrapped in paper, which had rested on the bow of Nell's blue ribbon he had found, and which she plainly saw. Unwrapping it, there was a piece of gold in the shape of a spread eagle, almost exact in every part, weighing over six ounces.

"Nell, you said I might bring yer a specimen from my pile, and here 'tis."

"Yes, Bob, but what gal's bit ov ribbon is that yer so keerful about?" said Nell, with a loving look, but turning her face from him mischieviously, and stirring the soap-suds.

"That ere," replied he, "broke loose from the har ov an angel that met me on the mountains, yonder, and said some kind words to a dead broke man, that gave him new life, and what's more, brought good luck and a pile of gold to him, and he kept the thing as a charm to lighten his thoughts, when he felt down-hearted," and Bob went closer to Nell, whose cheek turned red.

"Yes, Bob," said she, "but ain't that talk kind ov airy? Angels don't flit round these diggins, as I ever heerd ov?"

"Yes, Nell, that's so; but any woman's an angel to a man that's going wrong, who, in loving kindness ov her heart, encourages him to do right, and that's what ye've done for me. Ye see, Nell, I've never had any folks ov my own blood to keer for me; I went into a ship's cabin as 'prentice boy, from an orphan asylum. That ere gold came by luck to me, from you, an' if ye'd only take it with something else—"

"With what, Bob?" but Nell still kept her face turned away, while he was edging still closer to her.

"Well, Nell, if I must make the riffle, jest take Bob with the dust and make a happy man ov him for life; he loves yer, and would die for yer any time," and Bob stole his arm round her slender waist.

Nell at last turned her blushing face, and looking roguishly at Bob, said, "Don't ye think, Bob, it would be better sense to say ye'd live for Nell than die for her?"

Bob didn't speak, but drew Nell to him, and kissed her. Nell, somehow, had her hands so tangled in the soapsuds and clothes she couldn't resist, but she pouted her lips, and Bob took his kisses back from them.

Nell found her voice at last. "Bob, be quiet and behave. Yer a stranger to my folks, an' if the boys come in an' see yer taking liberties with Nell they're almighty quick on the trigger. I hear somebody coming now," and in stalked a tall Kentucky boy over six feet high, about twenty years old, with a deer across his shoulder and rifle in hand, and seeing Bob with his arms around his sister's waist, dropped the deer with a thud on the floor, and brought the muzzle of his rifle toward Bob's head, with finger on the trigger, while his face was flushed in anger.

"Hello, stranger, tackling our Nell, eh, under her own roofing?" said he.

Nell, quick as a panther, sprang from the wash-tub and threw herself before Bob to protect him.

"Here, you, Jim Green," said she, with a flashing light in her blue eyes, "jest put that shooting-iron down. This young man is a friend ov mine, and means all right. I've known him here some time, and jest you let Nell Green take keer ov herself; she kin do it, sure as shooting."

Her brother, confused, apologized, saying, "Well, stranger, ye took me suddent like, and I reckoned our Nell was being done wrong to, an' ye see she's our only sister, and the apple of our eyes like, but if yer her friend, I'm yer friend, and here's my fist on it."

Bob grasped his hand, and was thus introduced to the head of her family. Pretty soon others came in from their different occupations, three more brothers, and her mother, a tall, strong, handsome Kentucky matron, all of whom by Nell were shyly, with some blushes, made acquainted with Bob. Her mother, whom Nell had told about her curious meeting with Bob on the mountain ridge and about his having no folks, took kindly to him at once, and altogether he was accepted as a friend in the family without any hesitation. After the mid-day meal Bob, with Nell's consent, told the whole story of meeting her, working his claim, and what the result had been, showing to their wondering eyes the heavy pieces of gold hid away in his blankets. Nell didn't go into any ecstasies over the gold, but kept pretty near to Bob when she could.

As for him—his handsome, honest face and straight-forward truthful bearing were the best letter of introduction in the world to these people, of a like nature. As for his gold, well, it generally carries some weight everywhere.

Bob became as one of the family, for Nell's wish was law to them, and in the warm, still, beautiful moonlight nights, sitting together beneath a big pine tree in the clearing, Nell and Bob discussed about their future and its coming happiness—very often until near midnight—they had so much to say. No echoes from distant marriage bells rang out to them, but their happy hearts beat in chimes of mutual joy and new found love.

Three years after the above events happened, in that same valley, was a very pretty cottage, with garden and flowers about it, that indicated taste and refinement, and the whole clearing had become extensive, with its buildings and many improvements. Here resided Mr. Robert Sinton and his pretty wife Nell, the handsomest and happiest couple in the northern counties.

Mr. Sinton was a prosperous cattle dealer, well-to-do, and few remembered there ever was such a man as Whisky Bob.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879. HERBERT C. DORR.

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When they serve you brandy in Paris, it is brought in a little caraffe marked off on the sides so as to show exactly how many glasses are taken out. When you come to pay, the garçon has only to look at the caraffe, and the amount remaining tells how much has been used. This gave an ingenious gentleman an idea. He would drink three *petits verres*, and then pour in water so that it would appear he had had but one. He thought nobody observed the mean trick.

After two or three days this customer found the brandy very feeble, and he called the garçon.

"Garçon," he said, "what is the matter with this brandy?"

"It is the same, sir."

"That can not be. Day before yesterday it was delicious, to-day it is hardly strongly than water."

"I have the honor to inform Monsieur that it is not only the same brandy, but that I have carefully given Monsieur every day the same bottle."

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An honest bourgeois wrote to the editor of a financial journal as follows: "I see that you advertise the —— Mine. Will you be so good as to have me put down for a hundred shares? I inclose the money for the first call." The editor—for a wonder—was not a rascal, and wrote back: "The —— Mine is not a desirable investment. The shares will be on a decline within the next six weeks, and if there is any dividend paid at the end of the year I shall be greatly surprised. Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by any such swindle, but keep your money for a more promising investment." By return of mail came the answer: "I am profoundly indebted to you for the information you have given me. Since the —— Mine is a swindle, instead of 100 shares I will only take thirty."

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The spanked child soon finds who has the upper hand in domestic government.

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**XCIV.—Sunday, August 31.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Amber Soup.
Musk-Melon.
Fried Soft-shell Crabs.
Beef Croquettes. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Butter Beans. Spinach.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly and Mint Sauce.
Artichokes, French Dressing.
Peaches and Whipped Cream. White Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Nectarines, Plums, Gages, Pears, Apples, Apricots, Figs, Peaches, and Grapes.

TO MAKE AMBER SOUP.—Take about ten pounds of shin of beef; cut up small and break the bone in pieces. Cover with cold water, and let stand. Reserve two handfuls of small pieces. Put three or four thin slices of salt pork into a pan and fry them crisp; take the pork out, slice three or four onions, put into the fat, and brown carefully. Take the onions out, put in the reserved pieces of beef, fry them until very brown and crisp, but not burned. Put the pork meat and onions with the rest of the meat and bones into the soup-kettle; add as in beef soup a couple of carrots, a turnip, a cupful of chopped cabbage, half a dozen stalks of celery, and a few bay leaves. Pack down, add about six quarts of water, cover, and let it remain where it will heat gradually. Boil slowly six hours, keeping well covered. It should not boil away more than one-half. Strain and set away. Next day skim, pour through a fine strainer into the soup-kettle, and put on the fire one hour before dinner. Stir in the whites and broken shells of two eggs to clear it, and as the scum boils up take it off. Season with salt, pepper, a little mace, and a glass of sherry or brandy. A few slices of lemon may be added. Strain into the tureen.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.

DEAR ——: You ask me to write about the many wonderful changes which have occurred in this kaleidoscopic city of ours, and of my own personal experiences. This is no small task, as you know, and it is with diffidence that I undertake it. Well, to begin with, I was born where the welcome rays of the rising sun first smiled upon the baby city, and where the shadows of sunset last bade it a silent good night, upon the rocky brow of Telegraph Hill, on an imaginary thoroughfare called Ohio Street. Telegraph Hill was the Nob Hill then, although there were no "bloated bondholders" who built magnificent piles of architectural handiwork to belittle everybody else's home, and there was no Kearney; no W. P. C. to shake their hardened fists and cry out: "Down with monopoly," or "the Chinese must go," for a Chinaman was as good as anybody, and better if he could only prove it. Crime in the worst sense was almost unknown, and there were no restrictions of justice placed upon any one. There were gambling rooms, of course, and dance halls, and lots of hurdy-gurdy girls, but they were not considered objectionable, especially the latter, for there were only three American ladies in the city, and female society was an absolute necessity to men who had been used to it. It was, of course, utterly impossible that these three ladies could entertain thousands of men, and the fact that they were "not in the market" made them, of course, less attractive. So the hurdy-gurdy girls and barmaids composed the bulk of female society, and the three wives did not consider themselves slighted in the least. There was one boon, however, which the ladies of the gambling rooms and dance halls could not bring to the lonely hearts of the pioneers—the comfort and quietude of the family circle—and happy the man to whom one of the three husbands would extend an invitation to "dine with my wife." All honor to these three noble women who braved the dangers of two oceans, and the perils of a new settlement, that they might assist their pioneer husbands in building up the great city of the future. All of them are now living, and, although the husbands of two of them are at rest in Lone Mountain, the children and grandchildren which surround them serve in a measure to lessen their burdens, and at least prove to them that they have not lived in vain. Let me now return to the little house on Telegraph Hill, where my first days were passed. It was probably the most pretentious of the few residences then on the hill, for, in fact, most of them were tents, or wooden frames covered with canvas. Imagine the comfort of sleeping with only one thickness of duck between you and the chilling winds (you know them), which were as brisk and as penetrating then as now. Our house was built of real Eastern pine, and the roof was shingled—a great rarity in those days. There were two rooms: one a bed-room, and the other, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and spare-room combined. The rent of this imposing edifice was $150 per month, which, on account of the accommodations afforded, was not considered exorbitant. Indeed, the young wife of those days, and the dear mother and grandmother of to-day, has often told me that when she first arrived my father paid $200 per month for a tiny mansion of one room on Dupont Street, built of drygoods boxes, and surmounted by an imposing roof of tarred canvas. It was hard times, too, with them then, for my father had invested his entire fortune in a vessel loaded with merchandise, worth in San Francisco almost its weight in gold; but it never arrived, and they were in a strange land almost penniless. She has also told me that, while waiting for the arrival of the vessel, with her husband ill of Panama fever, she, with her own hands, made her first set of furniture. Such was the pluck which characterized the wife of one of our early pioneers, and these were her first lessons in housekeeping. The new house, however, was palatial in comparison with the first, and the young wife began to give dinners, out of deference to her husband's wishes, although she was as innocent of the way to prepare them as the fashionable wife of to-day. The *menus* of those days were not very extensive, however. Twice a week a Mexican used to come in from the Mission on horseback, with a quarter of beef on one side and a leathern bag of milk on the other. He would return laden with gold, having sold the milk by the doubtfully approximate quart at something like $2 per quart, and the beef by the cubic foot, at about $5 per foot. There were no steaks, and *filets*, and roasts then; we had to satisfy ourselves with chunks and strips. Vegetables were almost unknown, and to-day you could easily feed a goodly sized household for what a fair mess of paralyzed turnips would cost you then. Flour was fifty cents a pound, and candles a dollar each. Although representing what would now seem a good deal of money, the meals prepared by the young housewife did not require the exercise of much culinary ability. But there were times when she would be driven almost frantic. One morning my father sent up a tempting young porker, with the announcement that he would bring up a few friends to dinner. This fact in itself was enough to appall any amateur in cooking, but the pig was undressed. With tears in her eyes, and despair stamped upon every feature of her face, she gazed upon the bristling porcine, and cried: "Dear me! To cook you will put me to my wits' ends, but how shall I ever get your hair off!" and she sat down and cried for an hour. At the end of that time a voice greeted her. It was that of her cousin.

"Billy sent me up to help you. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, "what am I to do with the pig? I can't get his hair off."

"Oh, I'll get it off for you." [A sigh of relief from the despairing housewife.] "We've got to boil him, and then scrape him, and hurry up, for the whole crowd is coming."

To put the wash-boiler full of water on the fire and set it to boiling was the work of a few moments, and in went the pig. After a short parboiling the animal was taken out. Four hands were scalded in the operation, and, after a plentiful application of flour, four hands armed with knives began to scrape. The hair would not budge. The water had been too hot, and tightened the hair, instead of loosening it.

"By jingo!" ejaculated Henry. "I can't understand this. I've seen 'em boil pigs and scrape 'em, but this one beats me. There's only one thing to do, *we've got to shave him.*"

No sooner said than done. Lather and razor were ready in a jiffy, and after an hour of hard work, the porker was shaved, washed, and as white as snow. The time lost in the tonsorial operation was regained by extra celerity in cooking, and just as the dinner was placed piping hot on the table "the crowd" came in at the door. Never was a meal more enjoyed, or more ravenously devoured, and never was housewife more vociferously complimented upon her talent in the culinary art. If any one noticed an extraordinary toughness in the rind, he kept his counsel, and Henry was as dumb as a whole cargo of oysters about the shaving. A short time after this occurrence, the little house on Ohio Street had another occupant. It was a Simon Pure American boy baby, and great was the rejoicing thereat. Friends assembled by the dozens to do homage to the little stranger; gifts galore were showered upon him, and the enthusiastic Dr. Gray, in order to commemorate his first "call" of the kind, declared that the boy must have a silver cup. Now there was not such an article for sale on the whole Pacific slope, but he finally succeeded in securing *a* cup, a curious Chinese affair, bowl-shaped, and made of *papier maché*. The outside was illuminated in lacquer, with all manner of impossible flowers, and two or three altogether imaginative monsters. It was lined with burnished copper, and when held in its accompanying saucer, was quite a fanciful affair, gaudy, if not neat. With a wonderful burst of eloquence, that would have done credit to a Webster, the Doctor presented the cup to the new baby, and hailed him as the first American boy born in San Francisco. A cheer from the visitors, and an enthusiastic "That's so!" Neither of the two other wives had a boy, they had never seen anybody who claimed to have seen one, and consequently it was set down as a self-evident proposition. The highly honored new-comer, which ere this you will have divined was myself, sputtered, and winked, and grunted a brief reply, burrowed into his mother's bosom, and slept the sleep of supreme contentment, that he occupied so prominent a position in the history of San Francisco. If there were other American boy babies born in wedlock before this one, nobody in our circle of friends knew it, and if a fraud was perpetrated it was unintentional. At all events I was exhibited at the first admission ball as "California's Pioneer;" carried in triumphal cars in Fourth of July celebrations for several years, and no one disputed my title. At the age of four months I happened to be present at the birth of a girl baby who was born away out in the country, on Post Street, where the Mechanics' Institute now stands. After the few arrangements rendered necessary by the urgency of the occasion were completed, we were placed side by side in the cradle. As we lay together, kicking, grunting, and looking cross-eyed, and committing other infantile excesses, our happy mothers declared in one breath that we were destined by Fate for each other. A match was arranged upon the spot as being one which was to be a bright particular page in California history, but the young lady proved fickle, for, upon arriving at that period of life when American freedom asserts its independence, the fair one broke the "machine slate," and became the wife of one of our prominent bankers. As I have before remarked, I lived in the proud consciousness of having been the first American boy. At the tender age of eighteen months, on the Fourth of July, I was dressed in full fireman's uniform, and perched upon the truck of Sansome Hook and Ladder Co. No. 3, under a canopy bearing the legend: "California's Pioneer." A newspaper of that date, in describing the event, says: "Prominent among the best features of the occasion was the appearance as a full-fledged fireman of the little pioneer son of Alderman William Greene, who was perched upon Sansome's truck, buried almost amid flowers and garlands. He seemed to hugely enjoy his position, for throughout the entire progress of the procession he made no complaint. We are proud of this boy." Years flew by, and still I retained undisputed possession of my title. But the strongest dynasties totter, the grandest thrones are leveled with the dust; and mine is tottering now. Several claimants appeared, but I beat them on technicalities. Two were born upon ships in the harbor, one upon a ranch beyond the Mission, and one at Hunter's Point. These, of course, I refused for a moment to entertain as successful rivals, they not having been born within the city limits. Nor would I acknowledge allegiance to those of foreign parentage, several of which have interviewed me. On one occasion, while bending in desperation over my cash book, vainly endeavoring to discover how I could possible have paid out more cash than I received, my name was called, and looking up, my eyes met those of an unmistakable Gaul.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I ondarestan you are ze first child in Song Frongcisco."

"First boy, sir, I believe."

"No, sare!"

"Excuse me—first American boy."

"No, sare!"

"Indeed! What do you know about it."

"I know everything about. You are one fraud. What time you was born?"

"Five o'clock in the morning, sir."

"Bah! ze year."

"I gave him the year.

"Ah! hombog! I have one shildren before you born."

"You are a Frenchman, sir; your children are French. I am an American."

"You are a child. Everybody born in Amerique is American."

"A wolf of Russian parentage born in California is not a coyote."

"Ah, I have no time to talk wiz you."

"I am glad of it, sir, for I am very busy."

"You don't acknowledge my boy?"

"No, sir."

"Den you are one beelk, and I shall make you to acknowledge; I put you in ze paper."

I could not stand it any longer.

"Sir," I cried, "if you will leave me alone I will acknowledge China as the place of my birth; or, if it will please you better, I will swear to never having been born at all."

"Tank you, sare. I am glad you confess to be one hombog," he said, as he strode out of the office.

This is not the only seance I have had with indignant parents of the first boy, and I must confess that my "honors are not easy." I object to being bored by first boys, however. There are some who claim to have antedated me. Very well, let them fight it out to the bitter end between themselves. I have reigned long and unostentatiously, I object to Cæsarism. I should be pleased to abdicate in favor of American—as upon the subject of first boys I am an absolute Know-nothing.

CLAY M. GREENE.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

PALACE HOTEL, Thursday.

The social event of the week was the wedding of Mr. Daniel Cook and Miss Carrie Colton, which took place at the residence of the bride's mother, corner of California and Taylor Streets, at nine o'clock Wednesday, evening the 28th inst. The death of General Colton last October still holds the household in mourning, and the nuptials were consequently celebrated in the strictest privacy. Only a very small number of the most intimate friends of the family, with the near relations of the bride and groom, not above thirty in all, were present. Rev. Dr. Platt, of Grace Cathedral, was the officiating clergyman. Samuel M. Wilson, Esq., the life-long friend of the deceased head of the house, gave the bride away. The young lady was dressed in a rich robe of white silk with full train, and veil of point lace. A rare set of pearls, the gift of Mr. Seth Cook expressly for the occasion, seemed to be especially in harmony with the lady's blonde hair and complexion, and to receive from her fully as much beauty as they lent. After the ceremony which was notably impressive, the company adjourned to an elegant supper set in the dining-hall, where an hour was pleasantly spent. Soon after eleven the newly-married pair—the young bride having in the meantime changed her dress for a plain black traveling costume—took their leave, followed by cheery good wishes and showers of rice, which the guests threw after them for luck, and, entering a carriage, were driven rapidly away to the Oakland boat on their way to a private car, in which they were to go East Thursday morning by overland train. They will return in the autumn, when the Colton mansion will be opened by Mr. Cook as head of the house. Mrs. Stanwood, after four months' ruralizing in San Rafael, returned to the Palace last Saturday; Mrs. S. is one of the most majestic looking ladies on the coast, and is noted for her grace and gentleness. Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie and Mr. George Crocker, after a sojourn in Europe for nearly two years, left Liverpool in the *Germania* on Thursday, the 28th instant; the party will spend a few days in New York, and arrive in San Francisco on or about the 25th of September. The charming Mrs. Latham, now residing on Hyde Street, drops in at the Palace, her former home, occasionally for lunch. Last Tuesday she came in with the Misses Corbett, and the three ladies attracted attention in their jackets of gray cheviot, that of Mrs. L. being trimmed with indiennes in oriental design. The Misses Corbett and Mrs. Corbett have lately arrived from Oregon, where they have been for several weeks; these ladies, mother and daughters, are very pretty dressers; most of their reception, dinner, and carriage suits were made by Worth. Mrs. W. S. Chapman came in from her *château* in Alameda last Friday, just for one day. Mrs. Paxton, who has been in Europe for over a year, will return in a few weeks. I am interested to see the new suits she will bring home. Justice Field, after a flying trip to Oregon, returned to San Francisco on Monday last; Judge Field is in ecstasies over Oregon and Washington, and says that if he were a young man he would go up to Puget Sound to live. Governor Downey and Mrs. Downey are in the city, and are the guests of Mr. Martin, of the Hibernia Bank; Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Peter Donahue are sisters of Governor Downey; Mrs. Downey is a Spanish lady of great attractiveness of person; she was married when she was fourteen; has been married twenty-seven years, and even now looks like a school girl. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, who have been guests at the Palace for nearly two months, take their departure for New York in a week or two; Mr. and Mrs. H. have been married thirty-five years; Mrs. H. is a lovely woman, and is admired by the ladies at the Palace for her pleasant ways. Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, are at the Palace. Mr. Tucker is a splendid specimen of an American gentleman, and in his jolly, agreeable, refined way, puts me in mind of Mr. Robeson, Grant's Secretary of the Navy; both gentlemen are portly in figure, and have ruddy complexions and gray hair; both have been accustomed to good living, and, as a general thing, to an easy and agreeable life. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker have been married thirty-nine years; they do not seem that old. Speaking of Robeson, who is a bachelor whom many of us Washington girls have vainly sought to catch, I once helped him to receive, and had as assistants Miss Chandler, only daughter of the robustious Zachariah, and Miss Blanche Butler, only daughter of Ben, the would-be Governor of Massachusetts. Blanche is a blonde, and was by many considered the most beautiful girl in Washington, while she was noted for the gentleness of her manners and the loveliness of her disposition; she was one of nature's rare productions, unspoiled by art; her hair at that time was pure auburn, and all her own by birthright; her complexion is or was very fair, and her cheeks wore the soft glow of the peach. Miss Chandler was less beautiful, but she had a marvelously fine pair of eyes, and a marked kindliness of expression. Miss Chandler is a blonde, too; both she and Blanche married well; and here I am, alas! transported to occidental climes, a sort of animated last rose of summer, blooming alone. There was a pleasant and brilliant commingling of army and navy people at the hop at Angel Island, given by the officers of the Fourth United States Artillery Corps, on Saturday afternoon last. Guests were conveyed from this city by the *McPherson*, and from Mare Island by the *Monterey*. Dancing commenced at half past two, and was concluded about five. Besides the society people at the island, there were most of the army and navy officers and their ladies present who dance, and also Miss Mattie Solomon, Miss Steel, Miss Sweetapple, Miss Wickham, Miss Ballard, Miss Collins, Miss Burns, Miss Giffen, and others. The hops at Angel Island are all pleasant affairs. Among the engagements of which I have heretofore spoken, is that between Miss Zalie Watson, daughter of the late Commodore Watson, and Lieut. Berryman, of the Marine Corps; the wedding will take place during the latter part of September. Mrs. William Freehorn and family, who have divided their time during the past season at San Rafael and Pacific Congress Springs, have taken a furnished house in town for the winter.

Yours, etc., HEBE.

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There is one name upon the Workingmen's ticket concerning whom we hear nothing but good report, and that is Mr. W. R. Shaber, who is its candidate for Treasurer of the city and county.

## THE TIMES.

Being Some Observations Thereon by Methusaleh Oldfogy, Esq.

Ah me! the times have changed so since my boyhood's happy days
That now I scarce koow when to blame or when to yield my praise.
When I was young it was not so; *then* all men acted honestly;
No scandals stirred the parish then, no wives behaved dishonestly.
Few failures marked those happy days; all just men paid their dues,
Nor sought to 'scape their honest debts with flippant I O U's.
The man that was a bankrupt called was kiod o' shunned by men,
And hardly dared to show his head among his towosfolk *then!*
But *nowadays* when a merchant fails they say he makes a penoy;
The wife don't have a gown the less, and his daughters just as many;
His sons they smoke their choice cigars and drink their costly wine,
And she goes to the opera, and he has folks to dine.
He walks the streets, he drives his team, men show him all civilities,
And what in *my* day we called *debts* are now his *lie*-abilities.
They call the man *unfortunate* who ruins half the city;
In my day 'twas his *creditors* to whom we gave our pity,
But then I tell my daughter
Folks don't do as they'd ought-er.
They had not ought-er do as they do;
Why don't they do as they'd ought-er?

When I was young crime was a crime—it had no other name—
And when 'twas proved against a man he had to bear the blame;
They called the man that stole "a thief"—they wasted no fine feeling;
What folks call "petty larceny" in *my day* was called stealing.
They did not make a reprobate the theme of soog and story,
As if the bloodier were his haods the brighter is his glory;
And when a murder had been done, could they the murderer find,
They hug him up as they would a crow, a terror to his kind.
But *nowadays*, it seems to me, whenever blood is spilt,
The murderer has our sympathy proportioned to his guilt;
And when the facts have shown a man to be a second Cain
A dozen jurors can be found to bring him in "iosane!"
And theo petitions will be signed, and texts of Scripture twisted,
And parsoos will grow eloquent and ladies ioterested,
Until the man who's proved to be as bloodthirsty as Nero
Will walk abroad like other men—only a greater hero.
But then I tell my daughter
Folks don't do as they'd ought-er.
They had not ought-er do as they do;
Why don't they do as they're ought-er?

MARYSVILLE, August, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

## PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

La Bruyère dit: "L'homme qui vit dans l'indifférence est celui qui n'a pas encore vu l'objet qu'il doit aimer." Cette réflexion conduit à penser que la femme qui se pique de constance est celle qui n'a point encore vu l'homme qui doit la rendre infidèle.—*Charles Lemesle.*

C'est réveiller la curiosité d'une femme que de lui défendre quelque chose. Le défense excite et enflamme les désirs, qui sont pour l'ordinaire ardents pour les choses permises, mais insatiables pour les défendues. "Voilà bien le caractère des femmes s'écrie Térence, voulez-vous une chose, elles ne le veulent pas; ne la voulez plus, elles la veulent." Ce que mari défend, femme le désire.—*Blondel.*

Tel est le cœur humain, surtout celui des femmes;
Un penchant décidé fait naître dans leurs âmes,
Pour ce qu'on leur permet un dédaio triomphant,
Et le goût le plus vif pour ce qu'on leur défend.
—*La Chaussee.*

Entreprendre dans les chagrins de cœur, de consoler celui qui veut être inconsolable, c'est lui disputer la seule consolation qui lui reste.—*Rochebrune.*

La vie d'une femme est une longue dissimulation. Candeur, beauté, fraîcheur, une femme n'a tout cela qu'une fois: il faut donc qu'elle le simule tout le reste de sa vie.—*Rétif de la Bretonne.*

L'amour, cette première des félicités humaines, a besoin, pour être vif et durable, que la douleur lui prête ses larmes; enfant de la mélancolie bien plus que de la joie, jamais ses feux ne sont plus ardents que quand il les allume dans des yeux noyés de pleurs, et ce n'est que nourri de la tristesse qu'il peut-être éternel.—*Mme. Cottin.*

Il y a tant d'égoïsme dans l'amour, que nous préférons voir malheureuse la personne que nous aimons, à la voir heureuse par un autre et sans nous.—*Achille Poincelot.*

L'amour, comme la mort, se plaît à confondre les conditions.

C'est en vain que l'on se prévaut
De son rang et de sa noblesse:
Du même trait, quand il nous blesse,
Cupidon nous met de niveau. —*Gresset.*

Une jolie femme n'est jamais bête pour les hommes; elle a toujours le premier esprit qu'ils demandent à une femme, celui d'être jolie. Il faudrait qu'une bêtise fût plus grosse qu'une maison, pour qu'un homme la vît sortir d'une jolie bouche, éclairée de jolies dents, entre deux lèvres bien roses. —*Stahl.*

Tous les trésors de la terre ne valent pas le bonheur d'aimer et d'être aimé.—*Caldéron.*

Le cœur d'une femme est comme la mer; c'est un abîme dont personne ne connaît le fond.—*Mme. Riccoboni.*

Il en est des femmes comme des passions; on ne cesse de s'en plaindre et l'on y revient toujours.—*E. Jouy.*

Une cour sans femmes, disait François I., c'est une année sans printemps, c'est un printemps sans roses.

L'amour est un plaisir qui nous tourmente, mais ce tourment fait plaisir.—*Scribe.*

Une femme pardonne tout, excepté qu'on ne veuille pas d'elle et qu'on ne fasse pas attention à ses caresses.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

L'amour qui n'est qu'un épisode dans la vie des hommes, est l'histoire entière de la vie des femmes.—*Mme. de Staël.*

## DISCUSSING THE RAILROAD ISSUE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The *Chronicle* of last Sunday contained an editorial which seems to be the concluding remarks upon a series of articles upon the Central Pacific Railroad Company, compiled by, or with the aid of, Mr. A. A. Cohen and Mr. George C. Gorham. The railroad company no longer advertises in the *Chronicle*, Mr. Gorham is no longer granted free passes by the company, and Mr. Cohen has been discharged from the company's employment. Their judgment, therefore, might fairly be presumed to be somewhat biased; but such gross misrepresentations as are contained in the editorial above referred to would hardly be expected, even from such a source. The railroad company is doubtless right in refusing to acknowledge the existence of these disappointed pleaders for patronage, favors, and employment, by replying to their scurrilous detractions, and is fully competent to make its own replies if it should see fit; or if it chooses to decline an endless controversy through the press, it is not my place or intention to take up their cause and reply to their detractors. But when the Republican party—for what reason I have been unable to find out—is saddled with all the imagined or real short-comings of the railroad company, the disclosure of the misrepresentations of its vilifiers, when figures have been used that are quoted from a work of authority with all the appearances to the average reader of fairness and honesty, will do the common service of showing that even in the use of figures, which "can not lie," the organ of the H. B. party has not been embarrassed, but has made these symbols so long honored for their honesty a party to deception and falsehood. The article referred to, after making some general charges, particularizes as follows:

"The average reader will better understand from a statement of the per cent. of net earnings upon gross receipts for seven years of the most prominent of these twenty odd railways."

Then is given the "per cent. of profit" of seven roads, including the Central Pacific, which is 57.5—the highest per cent.—the Louisville and Nashville being 21 per cent., and the lowest. It then continues:

"It is seen that the Central Pacific Railroad's profits are nearly double those of any other road named."

That this was written either in criminal ignorance, or with despicable mendacity, appears from the following reasons:

First, what is called the per cent. of *profit* is not the per cent. of *profit*, but is the per cent. of earnings, over operating expenses, to the gross earnings. It is used by railroads only to show the comparative economy in operating the road, and has nothing whatever to do with the profit. If these roads quoted made a profit of over a third of their gross receipts, as is represented, railroad stocks would be more sought as an investment than they are at present. The item of interest on bonds—not the least of a railroad company's expenses—has been carefully forgotten by the writer of the editorial.

Second, *if it did* represent the per cent. of *profit*, it would not show, as it pretends to do, that a large *per cent.* indicates a large *profit*. To illustrate this, suppose that a road whose gross earnings are $5,000 makes a profit of 75 per cent.; that would be $3,750. A road with $10,000 gross earnings, and but 50 per cent. profit, would make $5,000.

Third, the figures used by the *Chronicle* are said to be taken from *Poor's Railroad Manual*, and I doubt not they are; but I am unable to find, though I have attempted to do so, what years are used. Therefore I have taken from that manual for the present year the operations of *the same roads* given by the *Chronicle*, for the last year published—1878. To compare the profits of roads having a largely different mileage is manifestly unfair. The Central Pacific, with over two thousand miles of road, ought to make a greater profit than the Louisville and Nashville, with less than half that mileage. The only comparison, then, that in any degree approaches fairness is that which is based upon the number of miles of road operated. A comparative statement of the earnings over the operating expenses—called *profit* by the *Chronicle*—for the seven roads referred to is as follows:

| *For the year 1878.* | *Per cent. of earnings.* | *Earnings over operating expenses per mile.* |
|---|---|---|
| Louisville and Nashville | 41.8 | $2,425 |
| Chicago and Northwestern | 48.3 | 3,500 |
| Central Pacific | 49.5 | 4,505 |
| Lake Shore | 39.3 | 4,667 |
| Baltimore and Ohio | 47.2 | 7,080 |
| Union Pacific | 59.0 | 7,342 |
| Pennsylvania | 46.2 | 8,906 |

If interest on bonds, and other expenses not included in operating expenses, should be deducted from the above, of course the figures would be greatly reduced. But, as the *Chronicle* has ignored these important items, I have taken the same class of figures used by them, as they show equally well the mendacity of that paper. From these figures and facts "it is seen" *not* "that the Central Pacific's profits are nearly double those of any other road named;" but that, of the seven roads named, three have nearly double the "profits" of the Central Pacific; and the only roads having a less "profit" per mile are the Louisville and Nashville—a road of the impoverished and unhappy South—and the Chicago and Northwestern, the main stem of which—between Omaha and Chicago—has two competing and parallel lines for the entire distance.

By referring to *Poor's Railroad Manual*, for 1879, the curious or interested reader can easily verify the above figures and conclusions, which convict the H. B. organ—while it pretends to spread the truth and expose dishonesty—of spreading falsehood and concealing the truth.

NOT THE "AVERAGE READER."

SAN FRANCISCO, August 27, 1879.

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The happiest man in California to-day is L. Pickering, of the *Call*. His journal increases in circulation and small advertisements roll in. Over his countenance is the sweet smile of satisfaction. His look is serene and bland. "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord," and the good Mr. Pickering piously responds: "Thy will be done, O Lord!" Down in his soul he chants the hymn of Father Watts:

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye other editors, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

## THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

Translated for the Argooaut from the Freoch of Emile Zola.

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

[NOTE.—In a note appended to that portion of *Therese Raquin* which appeared in last week's ARGONAUT, I explained the author's object in writing the book, and stated that in translating it I should emasculate the original as little as possible. Since then, however, it has been deemed prudent by the editors of this paper to omit all the more intense scenes and passages—thinking them too strong food for English readers. In fairness to M. Zola, therefore, it must be confessed from this point on the translation by no means preserves the literal value of the original.—T. A. H.]

### VII.

From the very outset Thérèse and Laurent regarded their guilty love as a decree of fate, and accepted it as a matter of course. Before they parted, after the scene described in the last chapter, they were as familiar with each other as if their intimacy had begun years ago. The ease with which they accepted their new situation was the perfection of impudence. Their meetings took place in the daytime, while Camille was at his office and Mme. Raquin was occupied in the shop, and were necessarily attended with considerable danger of discovery. Laurent was willing to take the risk, however. In spite of his habitual prudence, he had a kind of brutal daring—the daring of a big-fisted man. At times he became alarmed, and momentarily resolved never to see her again, but the fascination which she exercised over him invariably proved irresistible. Thérèse became a part of his existence. He did not accept her any longer; he submitted to her. He had moments of terror, moments of prudence; in fact, he would not have been loth to shake off the *liaison*. But his fears and his uneasiness were vanquished, and the meetings were continued. Thérèse had none of these misgivings. She was redressing the wrongs with which circumstances had blighted her life, and, with her arms about Laurent's neck, she would say:

"Oh, il you only knew what I have suffered! I have been reared in an invalid's chamber. I had to sleep with Camille, but I shrank as far from his unhealthy body as I could. He was vindictive and stubborn. He refused to take his medicine unless I shared it with him, and, to please my aunt, I drank of all his drugs. The only wonder is that I am not dead. They have made me ugly; they have taken from me all that I had, and I know that you can not love me as I love you."

Then she would cry, and kiss Laurent, and continue, "I do not wish them any harm. They have sheltered me and protected me against misery. But I would rather have been abandoned than left in their haods. I always had a keen love for the open air. When I was quite a little thing I used to dream of running barefooted about the streets, begging alms, and living as a Bohemian. I have been told that my mother was the daughter of an Arab sheik. I often think of her, and feel that I belong to her by blood and instinct. I would that I had never left her, but had traversed the deserts hanging upon her back. Ah, what a childhood that would have been! To this day I am filled with disgust when I think of the long days which I passed in Camille's sick-chamber. I used to crouch before the fire, gazing vacantly at his boiling draughts, until my limbs were cramped, and if I but stirred my aunt would complain of the noise I made. Later on I led a joyous life in the little house by the river, but I was already half a fool, I scarcely knew how to walk, I fell down when I tried to run. Then they buried me alive in this wretched den." Pausing to catch her breath, Thérèse would go on: "You can not believe how wicked they have made me. They have made me a hypocrite and a liar. They have stifled me with their homely dullness until I can not understand how I have a drop of blood left in my veins. I have cast down my eyes and have gone about, like them, with a dull and stupid countenance; I have lived their dead life. When you first saw me, did I not appear like a dumb brute? I was solemn, sad, and stupid. I had no hope in the world. I often thought of throwing myself into the Seine. But before this utter depression what nights of rage I had. Down at Vernon, in my cold little bedroom, I have seized my pillow in my teeth to stifle my cries, and have beaten myself; my blood boiled so that I could have torn my own flesh. Twice I was on the point of running away, whither I knew not, except into the sunshine. But my courage failed; they had made a docile animal of me by their enervating care. So I stayed where I was, very quiet and silent, but dreaming of violence and murder. I do not know why I consented to marry Camille. I did not protest, owing to a kind of disdainful indifference. I pitied the boy. When I played with him I felt my fingers sink into his limbs as if they had been of clay. I took him because my aunt gave him to me, not intending to let myself be inconvenienced in any way by him, and I found in my husband the same little boy—just as peevish, just as sickly, as ever. I tell you all this that you may not be jealous, and I am disgusted with it all. But you, you—" and as she spoke Thérèse fixed her eyes upon Laurent's vast shoulders, "you I love, and have loved since the day when Camille first brought you into the shop. You may not respect me, because I have acted as I have. I do not know how I came to do so. I am fierce and passionate, and would fain have struck you the first day when you kissed me in this room. I do not know how I loved you; it seemed to me that it was hate, rather. The sight of you irritated me, and caused me to suffer. When you were present my nerves were stretched almost to breaking, my head swam round, I saw through a blood-red mist. Oh, how I suffered! And yet I sought this agony, though I was ashamed of my bondage."

### VIII.

During the evenings passed in the shop Laurent was perfectly happy. Generally he came from the office with Camille. Mme. Raquin had contracted a natural fondness for him, and knowing his miserable way of living had told him once for all that he could always eat at their table. She showed toward the young fellow that garrulous affection which old women have for people who come from their native place, and bring with them remembrances of the past.

Laurent partook freely of the proffered hospitality. After leaving the office he took a walk along the quays with Camille, and then they went home to dinner. Laurent opened the door of the shop as if he were master there, seated himself astride on the chairs, and smoked and spat about as if he were home.

The presence of Thérèse did not embarrass him in the least. He treated her with friendly familiarity, jesting with her and jokingly playing the gallant without letting a muscle of his face betray him. Camille laughed, and as his wife only answered his friend in monosyllables he firmly believed that they mutually disliked each other. One day he even reproached Thérèse for what he called her coldness toward Laurent.

Laurent's hopes were realized: he had become the lover of the wife, the friend of the husband, the spoiled child of the mother. He had never before lived in such complete comfort, and he reveled lazily in the enjoyments which the Raquin family afforded him. Though so familiar, he was very careful of his behavior; his selfishness prevented him from committing any faults.

Thérèse, however, being of a more excitable and ardent temperament, had to act a part, and she played it perfectly, thanks to the crafty hypocrisy which her training had taught her. For nearly fifteen years she had lied, concealed her desires, and forced herself to appear gloomy and dull. It gave her but little trouble now to keep up her old manner, and when Laurent entered the shop he found her apparently as serious and imperturbable as when he first met her. At the same time she was careful not to overact her part or to arouse suspicion by any unusual show of indifference. As for herself, she took a bitter pleasure in deceiving Camille and Mme. Raquin. She was not like Laurent, steeped in gross contentment and deaf to conscience; she knew that she was doing wrong, and she was often seized with a fierce desire to rise from the table and throw her arms round Laurent's neck that her husband and aunt might know that she was not a mere animal, and that she had a lover.

At times she was thrilled with sudden bursts of gladness. Good actress as she was, she could not always help breaking out into song when Laurent was not present and she did not fear to betray herself. These sudden fits of gayety delighted Mme. Raquin, who had often accused her niece of being too serious.

Nature and circumstances seemed to have made this man and woman for each other, and to have brought them together. The woman high-strung and hypocritical, the man full-blooded and brutal, were a couple well mated.

The evenings the family passed together were quiet and peaceful. After dessert they sat around the table and talked over the thousand petty events of the day, the recollections of yesterday, the expectations of the morrow. Thérèse acted and looked as the others did, but within herself she laughed savagely as she thought over the part she was playing. Ah! how she was fooling these good people, and how happy she was to fool them with such triumphant impudence! This atrocious comedy, this ghastly deception, this comparison between the intrigues of the day and the feigned indifference of the evening, gave Thérèse the most exquisite pleasure.

The Thursday evening receptions were now a little more lively. Laurent, though bored to death by these reunions, made it a duty never to miss one of them. He wished to be known and liked by Camille's friends. He had to listen to the childish babbling of Grivet and old Michaud. The latter always related the same stories of murder and robbery; the former always talked about his employees, his employers, and his business. Laurent generally took refuge near Olivier and Susanne, who seemed to him a trifle less tedious and stupid. At the first opportunity he called for the game at dominoes.

For eight months this state of affairs continued without interruption. The lovers lived in perfect bliss. Thérèse was lonesome no longer, and desired nothing more in the world. Laurent, still feasted, petted, and humored, only dreaded the time when such a delightful existence should come to an end.

Laurent had been in the habit of obtaining leave of absence from his office when he went to meet Thérèse, but this he did so frequently that at last he was told that if he absented himself again he would lose his position. Being far too selfish to make such a sacrifice, he coolly told Thérèse that he could see her no more, and gave her the reason. She, however, was not to be baffled so easily; and since she could no longer see Laurent in the day, she one evening went out to meet him by appointment, pretending to Camille and her aunt that she was going to collect some money which was owing to the family. This was all very well for once, but she knew that an excuse for going out at night alone could not be repeated without arousing suspicion, and she told Laurent so at parting.

"Then we must say good-bye?" he replied.

"No, I will not!"

She pronounced these words with a terrified anger, and then added more gently, without knowing what she said, without leaving her chair:

"I am going."

Laurent meditated. He was thinking of Camille.

"I have nothing against him," he said at last, without naming him; "but really he is too much in our way. Could you not get rid of him for us—send him traveling somewhere, a long way off?"

"Ah, yes, send him traveling!" returned the young wife, tossing her head. "Do you think a man like that would consent to travel? There is only one journey from which he could not come back. But he will bury us all; those people who only just breathe never die."

There was a silence. Then Laurent said:

"I had a dream. I wished to be with you always. I wished to be your husband—you understand?"

"Yes, yes," replied Thérèse, shivering and sobbing; "but do not say those things, for I shall not have the strength to leave you. Rather give me courage; tell me that we shall see each other again. Do you not need me, and shall we not some day find a way to live together?"

"Then come back; come back to-morrow," answered Laurent.

"But I can not come back, I have told you. I have no pretext." Then, wringing her hands, she went on: "Oh! I am not afraid of scandal. If you like, when I go home I will tell Camille that you are my lover, and that I am going to you. It is for you that I tremble. I wish not to disturb your life; I wish to make your existence happy."

The prudent instincts of the young man awoke.

"You are right," he said; "we must not act like children. Ah! if your husband were to die."

"If my husband were to die," Thérèse repeated slowly.

"We should marry; we should fear nothing more. What a sweet glorious life!"

She stood erect. With pale cheeks and sombre eyes she looked at her lover, her lips quivered.

"People die sometimes," she murmured at last. "Only it is dangerous for the survivors."

Laurent made no reply.

"You see," she continued, "there is no good way to accomplish it."

"You have not understood me," he said quietly. "I am not an idiot. I thought that, since accidents happen every day, his foot might slip, a tile might fall. You understand? In the latter case the wind alone is to blame."

He spoke in a strange voice; then smiled and added in a caressing tone:

"There, never mind, we shall love each other well, and shall live happily. Since you can not come, I will arrange it all. If we can not see each other for several months do not forget me; think that I am working for our happiness."

As Thérèse was about to go he seized her. They stood a moment in silence, gazing at each other steadily. Then Thérèse roughly wrenched herself free, and without turning her head, left him. Laurent listened till the sound of her step was lost in the distance.

When he heard nothing more he went to his little room, and retired to bed. He did not close the window, but lying on his back, his arms bare, his hands open, trying to keep cool, he gazed at the square of dark blue that the window frame cut in the sky, and plunged into meditation.

Until daylight the same idea revolved in his mind. Before Thérèse came he had not thought of murdering Camille; he had talked of the man's death because he was irritated by the thought that he never again should see her. And it is thus that a new corner of his conscienceless nature had just been revealed: he had begun to think of assassination in the transports of passion.

Now, calmer, alone in the peaceful night, he studied murder. The idea of death springing from despair between two kisses came back sharp and implacable. Laurent, shaken by want of sleep, laid his plans, and calculated the risks and advantages of being an assassio.

All his interests impelled him to crime. He said to himself that since his father, the peasant of Jeufosse, would not consent to die, he must remain an employee perhaps ten years longer, eating in a *crêmerie*, living without a wife in an attic. This idea exasperated him. On the other hand, were Camille dead, he would marry Thérèse, he would inherit Mme. Raquin's money, he would resign his position and lounge in the sun. He delighted to dream of this idle life; in fancy he saw himself indolent, eating and sleeping, waiting patiently for his father's death. And when reality rose in the midst of his dreams, he threw himself against Camille and clenched his fist as though to strike him down.

Laurent wanted Thérèse; he wished to have her to himself always at hand. If he could not cause the husband's disappearance the wife would escape him. She had said that she would not come back. He might carry her off somewhere, but then they would both die of hunger. He risked less in killing the husband; he raised no scandal, simply pushed a man aside in order to occupy his place. With his brutal peasant logic he thought this an excellent and natural method. Even his native prudence counseled this rapid expedient. He pondered how he could best kill Camille, and with eyes wide open, feeling full in his face the cold breeze from the window, he sought in the stars in the dark blue square of the sky some counsel of murder, some plan of assassination.

He found nothing. As he had told his mistress, he was not a child, a fool; he wanted neither dagger nor poison. He must have a stealthy crime, accomplished without danger, without cries, without terror—a simple disappearance. In vain passion might shake him and urge him on; all his being imperiously demanded prudence. He was too cowardly, too fond of pleasure, to risk his comfort. He would kill that he might live calm and happy.

Little by little sleep gained on him, and as he dozed off he decided to wait for a favorable opportunity; then murmuring, "I shall kill him, I shall kill him," he fell asleep.

Thérèse entered her home at eleven o'clock. Her head burning and wrapped in thought, she came to the Passage du Pont-Neuf without being conscious of the way she had gone. It seemed as if she were going to see Laurent, her ears were still so full of the words she had just heard. She found Mme. Raquin and Camille anxious and eager, and answered their questions dryly, saying that she had made a useless journey, and had stood an hour on a crossing waiting for an omnibus. When they went to bed Camille soon fell asleep, and as Thérèse gazed upon that wan, stupid face she drew away from him, and felt a temptation to thrust her clenched fist in his gaping mouth.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

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If the Workingmen are really looking for workingmen for candidates for office, we suggest to their consideration the name of Mr. Asa R. Wells as Senator for the Twelfth District. He is a mechanic, himself a worker, has worked himself up to a position where he can be useful to other workingmen by giving them employment, and is an intelligent and honest representative labor candidate. Another gentleman of the same character is Mr. Joseph M. Litchfield, candidate for Supervisor of the Third Ward, in every respect a workingman's representative, and in every particular qualified to make a good Supervisor. This kind of workingmen's politics we delight to encourage; but demagogue preachers—sham laborers, who only work with their jaw-bones and labor with their tongues—do not at all commend themselves to our favor.

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We would not make a joke upon the Reverend Isaac if we did not think he is out of danger; but he really did come very near going to the place where, in his opinion, the ARGONAUT circulates most freely. If, as he says, the saints in heaven do not read the ARGONAUT, and it goes [illegible] other place, he has been in no peril of losing a ch[illegible] perusal.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### Johnny Bartholomew.

The journals this morning are full of a tale
Of a terrible ride through a tunnel by rail;
And people are called on to note and admire
How a hundred or more, through the smoke-cloud and fire,
Were borne from all peril to limbs and to lives—
Mothers saved to their children and husbands their wives.
But of him who performed such a notable deed,
Quite little the journalists give us to read.
In truth, of this hero so plucky and bold,
There is nothing except, in a few syllables told,
His name, which is Johnny Bartholomew.

Away in Nevada—they don't tell us where,
Nor does it much matter—a railway is there,
Which winds in and out through the cloven ravines,
With glimpses at times of the wildest of scenes—
Now passing a bridge seeming fine as a thread,
Now shooting past cliffs that impend o'er the head,
Now plunging some black-throated tunnel within,
Whose darkness is roused at the clatter and din;
And ran every day with its train o'er the road
An engine that steadily dragged on its load,
And was driven by Johnny Bartholomew.

With throttle-valve down, he was slowing the train,
While the sparks fell around and behind him like rain,
As he came to a spot where a curve to the right
Brought the black, yawning mouth of a tunnel in sight,
And, peering ahead with a far-seeing ken,
Felt a quick sense of danger come over him then.
Was a train on the track? No! A peril as dire—
The further extreme of the tunnel on fire!
And the volume of smoke, as it gathered and rolled,
Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold,
But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew.

Beat faster his heart, though its current stood still,
And his nerves felt a jar, but no tremulous thrill;
And his eyes keenly gleamed through their partly closed lashes,
And his lips—not with fear—took the color of ashes.
"If we falter, these people behind us are dead!
So, close the door, fireman—we'll send her ahead!
Crowd on the steam till she rattles and swings!
Open the throttle-valve! Give her her wings!"
Shouted he from his post to the engineer's room,
Driving onward perchance to a terrible doom,
This man they call Johnny Bartholomew.

Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath,
On, on through the Vale of the Shadow of Death,
On, on through that horrible cavern of hell,
Through flames that arose and through timbers that fell,
Through the eddying smoke and the serpents of fire
That writhed and that hissed in their anguish and ire,
With a rush and a roar like the wild tempest's blast,
To the free air beyond them *in safety they passed*,
While the clang of the bell and the steam-pipe's shrill yell
Told the joy at escape from that underground hell
Of the man they called Johnny Bartholomew.

Did the passengers get up a service of plate?
Did some oily-tongued orator at the man prate?
Women kiss him? Young children cling fast to his knees?
Stout men in their rapture his brown fingers squeeze?
And where was he born? Is he handsome? Has he
A wife for his bosom, a child for his knee?
Is he young? Is he old? Is he tall? Is he short?
Well, ladies, the *journals* tell naught of the sort,
And all that they give us about him to-day,
After telling the tale in a commonplace way,
Is—the man's *name* is Johnny Bartholomew.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

## "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

### Translated for the Argonaut from the German.

A young girl was descending the marble steps leading to the stage door of the Goldoni Theatre in Milan. The day was chilly and rainy; and she gathered her long fur cloak more tightly around her as she approached the door. Just then a young man hurried past without noticing her. He seemed preoccupied, and his careless attire contrasted strangely with his handsome and distinguished appearance. The young girl stood still, a clear, sweet voice spoke the name of "Steffani," and a pair of glowing eyes looked up to his, full of tenderness and astonishment.

"Steffani," she said again, "don't you know me, or have I committed any grievous offense that you pass me by without a look?"

"Pardon me, Virginia," answered the young man, who by this time had come down to where she stood, had grasped her hands and was kissing them passionately; "I am in such a state of excitement that I did not notice even you."

"Ah, I understand; you are going to see our manager," said Virginia—whom I shall introduce to the reader as the most popular young actress then in Milan.

"Yes; I wish to ask your manager, Belloti-Bon, if he ever intends to produce my play."

"You will find him in his office."

"Yes, in that office," repeated Steffani, "which should have those words of Dante, 'Let hope forsake you ere you enter here,' inscribed over the entrance as a warning to all of Italy's young poets who try to cross the threshold."

"Still, you had better see him," Virginia said; adding, with a sigh, "I spoke as favorably of your comedy as I could."

"And he—what said he?"

Virginia gave him an arch look. "He said I was in love with you—and, alas! that is but too true—therefore my opinion is worth but little."

"You, also, doubt my talent!"

"Not in the least," the young comedienne answered. "I am so fully convinced of the perfection of everything bearing the name of Steffani that my judgment can not but be partial."

The young man lifted his finger threateningly, kissed her hand again, and then rushed up the stairs.

"Don't forget that I do not play to-night," she called after him, as she reached the landing. A moment after she entered her carriage and was driven swiftly away.

The young poet, Steffani, was now in that sacred precinct known as the manager's office. Belloti-Bon, like many Italian managers, was also an actor of great reputation. In his case, the rank he occupied was higher than any; for, although Salvini and Rossi each had just claims to the palm of Italy's greatest tragedian, in the realm of high comedy Belloti-Bon reigned supreme. When Steffani entered, this awe-inspiring personage was sitting at his desk. He rose on seeing the young man, shook hands with him cordially, and motioned him to a seat. Steffani sat down in a state of great trepidation, and, ere he had time to speak, the manager said:

"My dear Steffani, decidedly the fates are against us; to my sorrow I must inform you that neither your last comedy, *Wooing in Jest*, nor the others you have submitted for my perusal, can be accepted."

"And why, pray?" asked Steffani, his lips trembling involuntarily.

"Really, it is a very difficult matter to reason with you poets," answered the manager. "If you were not all so convinced that the views you advance are correct, so long as they are new and original; if you would but heed a word of advice from persons having greater experience of stage effects, then it might not be impossible for our modern poets to write successful and meritorious comedies. Your sole objects are novelty and originality; but of what use are new ideas if they are impracticable, and what value has originality if it consists of mere exaggeration."

Steffani sprang up and paced the room like one mad. "It is my fourth play that you try to crush with your sarcasm," he cried. "Believe me, such conduct can not but be a blast to rising talent. The cry of managers and actors is, that no new plays are written; and the press tells us that the public craves for novelty; yet if a poet attempts to satisfy the demand, his piece is torn to pieces, and fault is found with everything, because impossibilities are asked."

"I have often told you," said Belloti-Bon, without losing his diplomatic calmness a moment, "that beginners should form their style on worthy models. I have often told you what benefit you would derive from a study of our great and unapproachable Goldoni."

"Goldoni, always Goldoni!" cried Steffani, almost beside himself. "I hear nothing else. You wish to make him the standard for all modern dramatists. Still, did you but examine his works as severely as you do mine, or those of any other young author, they would not pass muster better, and you would discover to your astonishment that the great Goldoni was only a poet like many of the present day."

"Don't talk such sacrilege," answered the manager, getting excited also. "Goldoni stands alone; he is wonderful; he is—"

"And I tell you," interrupted the young poet, "that did this wonder stand before you as I do now, did Goldoni but live, you would find his comedies as unfit for representation, and would refuse to take them as decidedly as you do mine." With these words he grasped his hat and hurried from the room angrily.

Our young comedienne, Virginia, was by this time seated before a glowing fire in the most coquettish *boudoir* imaginable. She did not rise as Steffani entered, only stretched out her fair hand. At sight of his beautiful lady love the poet seemed to forget for a moment his sorrow and anger.

"You are so pale," Virginia said, "much paler than usual, and you seem excited. Ah, my poor friend, I can guess the cause. Belloti-Bon has again refused your comedy. Another one of your sweet dreams is dispelled."

"You may well call it a dream," cried Steffani, pacing up and down the room, "for naught else can it ever be. This fool, this Goldoni enthusiast, will believe in no one but his deified poet. To him Scribe seems but a scribbler with a little talent; Sardou is a mere buffoon! How can any reason be hoped from such a man? But this is not the worst. Willingly would I give up my fame as a poet, were not other hopes entwined with it, which, alas, for a time must be dead to me!"

"What hopes, my friend?" asked the young girl, with a tender glance.

"I hoped to win you, Virginia; but I will never offer my hand till I can also offer a name worthy of you. All Italy knows you; you are a celebrated artist, while I—the unknown poet, rejected by Belloti-Bon with contempt—should not dare—"

"Come, let us talk reason," she said, interrupting him; "come here, sit by me."

Steffani sank on a stool at her feet, saying:

"Speak Virginia."

"What shall I say?" she murmured. "We women speak most eloquently when we love. I love you. Is not that sufficient? What need have you of a great name? I am renowned, am rich, and will be your wife. I will marry you without your comedy, without the poet's laurel. Does not that satisfy you?"

"No, Virginia; you seek to console me, and only wound my pride."

"Then let us think of another plan. Why don't you take your comedy to another manager?"

"Because all the others have devoted their theatres almost exclusively to tragedy; and, besides, my heroines have all been written for you, and I could not bear to see another play them."

"Send your new piece to Ristori. She is as great in comedy as in tragedy. I have seen her play Mme. Girardin's "Lady Tartuffe," and was as deeply impressed as with her impersonations of "Lady Macbeth" and "Mary Stuart."

"I repeat," cried Steffani, "that my comedies are written for you, and not for Ristori."

"There is the trouble," she answered, smiling. "You have your mind set on my playing your parts, and Belloti-Bon has his mind set on his old classical Goldoni, and perhaps he is not far from wrong."

"Do you mean what you are saying?" cried Steffani, an angry look flashing from his eyes.

"Don't be angry with me, dear Steffani; it is the duty of a true friend to be just. Your comedies please me, and I would be overjoyed to perform them, but I may be mistaken in them, and you may be mistaken in your vocation. I am blinded by love, and you by ambition. To tell the truth now, I am almost beginning to hate those awful plays that stand like shadows between our love. Give these illusions up for my sake. Let this comedy be your last. I love you for yourself alone."

The young man sprang up. "You speak of illusions and mistaken vocation. Then you doubt my talent also. You think this stubborn, prejudiced Belloti-Bon does right in despising any comedy since Goldoni's time."

"I do not agree with him in that, but still you can not deny that the present time does not offer such masterpieces as have been left by our classics—Dante, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, Alfieri, and Goldoni."

"Has not Manzoni in his novel of *The Betrothed Lovers*, excelled any of Boccaccio's impure and commonplace stories."

"That may be, but yet Goldoni is unequaled."

"How can you say such nonsense?"

"There, you are angry now," she answered, taking hold of his hand tenderly, "but I will not resent it; a comedy may be good, and still not be like Goldoni's."

"Always this blind worship for things past," cried Steffani, freeing his hand from her grasp. "Goldoni is neither as great or as perfect as Belloti-Bon imagines; his great superiority consists in having written so long ago that today his works are judged without envy or prejudice. But be sure that during his lifetime his contemporaries embittered the existence of this great, unapproachable genius as much as Belloti-Bon, and now you, embitter mine."

"I did not know that I made you unhappy," the young actress said, with a sting of sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes, you make me unhappy when you do not have faith in my talent. I—I can write a comedy equal to any of Goldoni's."

She turned around suddenly, on hearing these words, looked at him full in the face for a moment, then burst out laughing merrily—that laugh was like oil poured on burning fuel. He stood before her a second trying to control himself, then in a trembling voice said, "You do not believe in me. It is well. I leave you, Virginia, and remember I will never return till you beg forgiveness."

"That I will do on the spot," she cried, with a loving look, "and with all my heart, but do not ask me to believe"—she burst out laughing again.

"Hear me," continued Steffani, "I will never return to you till you are convinced that my talent is on a par with that of your idolized Goldoni."

"Then we will never meet again, my friend," the young girl said mockingly

"And I swear," he cried, "that ere a year passes I will prove to you that one of my comedies can score a triumph as great as is scored now by any of Goldoni's masterpieces." With these words he left the room with her mocking laugh still ringing in his ears.

The next morning she sent him a tender little note of reconciliation, but—it was too late. He had left Milan that very night, and no one knew where he had gone.

Six months elapsed. Our scene changes to the green room of the Goldoni Theatre, on the first night of the revival of Ferrari's well known society drama, *Love without Respect*. The performance was over, and the small room was crowded. Besides the actors and actresses, critics, writers, and friends were assembled to discuss the events of the evening. Virginia was the queen of the hour. By her stood the author, congratulating her on her triumph, which had been greater than ever, if possible. All had that joyful and excited expression natural after a success; every one was gesticulating and talking at the same time, as only Italians can, except Belloti-Bon. He alone was calm and silent, with a contemptuous smile hovering about his lips. When the author had at last left the room he gave a sigh of relief, saying, "Am I a fool, or have you all lost your senses? What means all this fuss about a trifle?"

"But the play has had an unheard of success," one of the critics ventured to say.

Belloti-Bon made a motion as if dismissing a subject. "Let us put that out of the question," he continued, with that calmness that seldom forsook him. "I know what these transient successes mean. At best the drama is but passable; to-day it has pleased, to-morrow it will be found tedious, and the day after it will be forgotten. What does such trash seem when we think of Goldoni's creations? They are real life idealized by poetry; a wonderful mirror of passion in all its forms. And then his characters as the actors speak the lines, we seem to hear some old acquaintance, they are so true to nature. What scenes, and last but not least, what language!"

"But my dear manager," began one of the actors.

"I insist upon it," concluded Belloti-Bon, as if he had not been interrupted, "that our modern poets can not write anything worth the trouble of being put on the stage."

"Then it is my turn to be angry with you," the beautiful Virginia said. "Since you think so poorly of the plays you are giving this season, why did you not accept one of Steffani's comedies."

"Poor Steffani!" all cried; "where is he; what has become of him?"

"In truth, I am very sorry about that poor young fellow," said the manager. "It was a pity he would not turn his thoughts to something else. Instead of writing poor comedies, he might have been a fine physician or a useful member of the bar."

Just then a critic entered, waving a newspaper in the air, and cried out: "Great news, Belloti-Bon; glorious news for you, for Italy, but for you in particular."

"What paper is it?" inquired Belloti-Bon, with a little curiosity.

"It is the latest number of the *Epoca*, containing the important news that a posthumous comedy of Goldoni has been discovered."

"A comedy of Goldoni! Can it be possible? What is the title?"

"*Married in Earnest*."

"Ah! only Goldoni could imagine such a title," said the delighted manager.

"But has it been proved that the play is genuine?" some one asked.

"Certainly, beyond a doubt," answered the critic. "It was found in the Marciana Library at Venice, and has been examined and compared by persons of the greatest experience in such matters, and it can not be a mistake."

"What need have I of proofs?" cried out Belloti-Bon. "The play should be read to me, and if I say it is Goldoni's work, that should be sufficient; for, heaven be praised, I can tell a Goldoni from a Ferrari, or from any other of our present so-called poets." He sank down on a seat, overcome with emotion; then continuing a moment after: "But the very title proves—could any one but Goldoni imagine such a title?"

"My dear friend, 'what's in a name?' as the English bard, Shakspeare, has it," observed Virginia, not without a little spite; "was not Steffani's last comedy called *Wooed in Jest?* That title seems to me as good and even similar to the one you think so remarkable?"

"You think so because you are still in love with Steffani, my dear child," he answered, "and because you do not understand these things. *Wooed in Jest* is very commonplace, means nothing; but *Married in Earnest*, ah! how rich in meaning; how unique! I must write immediately and ask the directors of the Marciana Library to send me that precious document. But a letter is too slow; I will telegraph. Surely they will not deny me, the greatest admirer, and, so our critics say"—bowing to those present—"the first impersonator of Goldoni's creations. Then, after I have read it carefully, I will put it on the stage in a manner that would satisfy the great dead." With that he walked out of the green-room with majestic strides, while the actors looked at each other in a way as much as to say: "Heaven help us! Another comedy of Goldoni; now we are in for rehearsals."

Joy is sometimes a source of greater anxiety than sorrow. Belloti-Bon was now suffering all the torments ascribed to Prometheus, Tantalus, and Sisyphus combined; he longed for a prize that seemed within his reach, and still might be denied him. He, who formerly at rehearsals, had been a despot in severity, a model of attention, now allowed imperfect parts, mistaken entrances and exits to pass unobserved. At night when he played he was so absent-minded that several times he did not take the right cue—a thing unheard of in his professional career. His appetite forsook him; the epicure became insensible to burnt roasts and salty stews. He scarcely slept; suddenly he would awake from his slumber, like Richard III. before the battle of Bosworth, haunted not by the ghosts of murdered relatives, but with visions of his rivals—the other managers—who seemed to stand jeering before him, each holding a manuscript of *Married in Earnest*. In fact poor Belloti-Bon was on the verge of falling ill when at last the mail brought a packet containing Goldoni's play. He locked himself up in his room with the packet as if it were a relic he wished to hide from the world. It was a solemn moment. The packet was undone, and the manuscript lay open before him. He first pressed it tenderly to his lips, then he passed a quarter of an hour lost in admiration at the title, then the list of the *dramatis personæ* took up at least another quarter of an hour, after which, at last, he commenced perusing it. He read the comedy three times, with exclamations of delight, with laughter, and tears; then went to the green-room in a state of intense excitement. The evening's performance was about to begin. Calling the members of his company together, he showed them the manuscript, holding it at a distance naturally, as if it were a sacred object, and said: "Behold Goldoni's posthumous comedy. I have the permission to produce it at my theatre for the first time. Virginia, my child, you are the only one whose lips may touch this precious relic." After the young actress' rosy lips had touched the manuscript, he continued: "My friends, this play, in my opinion, is Goldoni's *chef d'œuvre;* and when I say it, it must be so." That very night, after the performance, he read the play to the company, and, as might be expected, all were carried away with it. Midnight struck ere Virginia got home, and as she was preparing for rest thoughts of her absent lover came over her. "Poor Steffani," she cried, "Belloti-Bon is right, after all. What modern author could write such a play as the one I have just heard? Ah, I fear I will never see my poor friend again."

For the next few days Belloti-Bon's private office was literally besieged by the critics, authors, and enthusiasts of the drama in Milan, asking to read the newly-discovered play, but he remained inexorable. He only allowed them to gaze at it as he took it slowly from his writing-desk and put it back quickly. Meanwhile, for many weeks, the rehearsals went on under the strict supervision of Belloti-Bon in person. Those who had been refused the privilege of reading the comedy flocked around the fair Virginia to see her part at last, and so get a foretaste of the bliss awaiting them. At last the evening so anxiously expected by both public and actors arrived. The theatre was filled to its utmost capacity. Shortly before commencing Belloti-Bon delivered a short exhortation to his company, impressive of the glorious task before them. Suddenly, as the curtain was about being rung up, one of the actors exclaimed: "Steffani is among the audience?"

"Impossible!" cried Virginia, getting pale in spite of her rouge. She looked through the little opening common to curtains of all theatres, and, behold, it was true! Steffani was sitting alone in one of the stage boxes seemingly in the best of humors; he was looking at the overflowing house with a peculiar smile.

"Stage clear!" cried Belloti-Bon. The bell rang, the curtain rolled up, and the comedy began. Virginia did not deign to cast a look at Steffani as a punishment. The play achieved an unheard of triumph; the theatre reëchoed with tumultuous applause; and when Belloti-Bon appeared after the curtain fell on the last act to thank the audience for their approbation, tears of emotion choked his utterance. Behind the scenes he embraced everybody in his effusion. After the performance came a magnificent supper; toasts were drunk, and Belloti-Bon made an eloquent speech in honor of Goldoni. He wound up, saying it was the happiest day of his life, and that he felt he could die now content, since one of the great master's works had had its initial performance at his theatre. The newspapers next day were full of eulogies on the play.

Belloti-Bon and his company traveled through Italy with his precious *Married in Earnest*, and the tour was a march of triumph. It was given in Turin, Genoa, Boulogne, Venice, Rome, and Naples, and everywhere press and public were delighted. The only source of displeasure to the happy manager was the sight of Steffani, who followed him like a shadow, always alone in a box, and always with that strange smile, half mocking, half satisfied, hovering about his lips.

Fully a year had elapsed since the parting of Steffani and Virginia. Belloti-Bon and his company had returned to Milan. It was a night of just such weather as when our story opened. The Goldoni Theatre was crowded to witness a representation of *Married in Earnest*, and the audience was as enthusiastic as on the first night. But Steffani was missing from his accustomed place. Virginia was sorely troubled at his absence, and even the manager was a little worried, for a performance of *Married in Earnest* without Steffani's smiling face among the audience seemed a thing out of the question. To everybody's surprise, after the first act, the young poet appeared behind the scenes. All cried out: "Here is Steffani!" while he smilingly approached the group where Belloti-Bon and the beautiful Virginia were standing. Cool greetings passed between them, and there was a tinge of sarcasm in the manager's voice as he asked:

"I suppose you bring us a new play, my dear fellow."

"You are right," replied Steffani; "that is what brings me here." He took a bulky manuscript from his pocket. "But first, my dear friend, allow me to thank you and your company most heartily for the success of my play."

"Are you in your senses, young man?" cried Belloti-Bon.

A sudden light seemed to flash through Virginia's mind, and she asked, eagerly, "What play, my friend?"

"Why, *Married in Earnest*, to be sure," was Steffani's quiet reply.

Belloti-Bon started back. "He is mad; there is no doubt he is mad. His vanity has become a monomania, and he fancies he is Goldoni now."

"I know full well that I am Steffani and not Goldoni," the young poet answered, laughing. "If either of us has lost his senses, it is surely you. You chose to mistake me for Goldoni. *Married in Earnest* is not a posthumous work of his, but a comedy of the fortunate author who now stands before you, filled with gratitude."

"That is madness. I know my Goldoni, and can look on such a jest with the contempt it deserves. *Married in Earnest* can not be yours, for the simple reason that only a Goldoni could write such a play. My dear fellow, you are only fit for the lunatic asylum."

"Calm yourself, my dear friend, or it will surely be your turn first to go to that pleasant place. I again repeat that I am the author of the comedy in question. If you will not believe me, I will have to prove it to you by white and black—by the same newspaper that first spread the false report." He took a copy of the *Epoca* of that evening's issue from his pocket, handed it to the manager, and, pointing to the following short but convincing paragraph, read it aloud: "The comedy of *Married in Earnest*, which was produced by manager Belloti-Bon as a posthumous work of the great master, Goldoni, is, on the contrary, the work of our poet, Steffani."

"Give me a chair," cried Belotti-Bon, overcome.

Steffani hurried to get one, and the poor manager sank down as if dumbfounded. After a moment he murmured:

"But it is impossible! How could such men as the Directors of the Marciana Library be mistaken?—and I, after examining every sentence, every word? No, no, it is impossible!"

"Then I have accomplished an impossibility," retorted Steffani, triumphantly.

"But how, how?" cried Virginia and a dozen others.

"The most simple thing possible. First I wrote a play as good, or as poor, as my others. Then I commenced my work of deception: taking some paper yellow already with age, I wrote my play on it with an ink of my composition. Next I dipped the manuscript in a decoction of coffee and citron juice, passed a slight coating of dust while it was yet moist, and my work of art was complete. I sent it to the Directors of the Marciana Library. It is needless to say how entirely deceived they were, and the *Epoca* took care that the precious discovery should be widely circulated. The rest you know full well, my dear Belotti-Bon."

"Yes, I know it full well," repeated the manager; "but what I did not know was that you were an impostor."

"Not in the least," answered the young man proudly. "The management, the company, the public, and the literati and critics deceived themselves with their classical mania, if I may be permitted the expression. Everything of the past is great and incomparable; everything of the present, worthless, according to their principles. I sustain exactly the reverse. Genius, it is too true in all ages, is conceded to few; but, take it all in all, we accomplish more than our ancestors. If to-day plays were written like Alfieri's *Saul* and Goldoni's *Pamela Nubile*, they would seem tame and simple; if novels like Boccaccio's were produced, no newspapers would accept them for their columns, and they could find no publisher. Did a poet improvise verses like Dante, he could find no listeners. Yet it is this very reason why Alfieri, Goldoni, Boccaccio, and Dante are world-renowned, because the past imposes, because no one has the courage to criticise what has been considered great for centuries, and because—principal reason of all—because the dead inspire no envy. The poets, painters, and sculptors that to-day are considered classic had the same struggle to have their talent recognized as those of the present day. Michael Angelo found more detractors than admirers for his master-pieces, yet when he had his worst statue secretly buried, and caused the same to be dug up and given to the world as a statue of the ancients, the same men that had disparaged its value were now enraptured with it. Shakspeare in his lifetime was denounced by his contemporary, Ben Johnson, as the destroyer of the English drama: and Schiller's *Wallenstein* was considered a total failure by the Berlin critics. *Au revoir*, my dear Belloti-Bon, to-morrow you can send me word when you are ready to produce my last play."

"The devil take you and your plays!" cried the irate manager to him as he left, losing all command of himself.

As Steffani was entering a *café* near the theatre after the performance that same evening, a servant in livery stepped up, handed him a rose-tinted note, and then disappeared.

"Ah, an adventure in prospect," cried the young poet. He tore open the envelope, and, by the lamp post, read the following words in an unknown hand: "I await you immediately in a carriage at the northeast corner of La Scala Square." He hurried to the appointed spot, where he found a carriage standing with closed curtains. The same servant who had brought the note opened the door; Steffani jumped in, and, as the carriage moved off, he was clasped in a tender embrace, a pair of rosy lips were pressed to his; "Can you forgive me?" murmured a sweet, familiar voice. It was Virginia.

"I have nothing to forgive," answered Steffani, returning her embrace, it is needless to say, with interest. "I would have come to you without this mystery, for I have kept my oath, and shown you that I could write a play equal to any of Goldoni's, since it could pass for one of his even to a Belloti-Bon. Therefore I could return to you and claim your hand, as I do now."

"Take it," cried the young actress, with emotion. "I am thine, thou second Goldoni!"

"Nay, nay," was the poet's laughing reply; "let Goldoni rest for the present. Rather let me be Steffani the first, than Goldoni the second."

ELFRIEDE.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Passing a woman on horseback:
A Frenchman stops and looks at the woman.
An Englishman stops and looks at the horse.

---

The other evening an old gentleman advanced the proposition that never in the course of his long life had he seen a woman who was not charming.

"Oh, really, now," said a lady whose nose was of the purest Ukraine breed, "don't you think I'm ugly?"

"Not at all, madame," replied the gallant old gentleman; "you are an angel fresh fallen from heaven, only you fell on your nose!"

---

A tragedy in one act and two minutes.

Scene: A sitting-room, with a sofa, and a door L.

*Dramatis personæ:* On the sofa, a lady; with his arm around her waist, a gentleman.

The door opens. Enter L. a second gentleman, with a practical carpet-bag in his hand. Perceiving the two lovers he raises his hands, and for a moment is frozen with horror; then drawing a revolver aims at the guilty pair.

*The revolver*—Bang! bang!! (goes off, L.)

*The lady*—Oh! (dies.)

*The gentleman*—Ah! (dies.)

*Second gentleman* (rushing forward and examining the corpses)—Great heavens! I mistook the flat; this is the newly married couple's room down stairs.

(Quick curtain.)

---

"Prisoner, how old are you?"

"Twenty-two, your honor."

"Twenty-two? Your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago."

"So I was, but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

---

*Servant Girl* (to fortune-teller)—Mme. Cagliostro, I want you to tell my fortune. How much'll it be?

*Mme. Cagliostro*—Four francs.

*S. G.*—Four francs? Oh, I'm a regular customer; you've never charged me more'n two francs.

*Mme. C.*—Two francs was for lifting the veil of the future, but I always charge four for searching its depths to their uttermost recesses.

*S. G.*—I'll give you three francs—three and a half.

*Mme. C.*—Impossible, rash girl! Not one centime less than four. The fates can not afford it; they can't be expected to run the future at a dead loss out of their own pockets just for your accommodation.

---

A fair young woman having purchased a little *bijou* of a house gives a house-warming festival, to which she invites her physician and his wife.

The doctor—naturally—comes alone.

"Oh, why didn't you bring Mme. X. with you?" says the hostess.

"For two reasons, my dear," replies the husband; "the second is that she has a bad cold."

---

A foreign tragedienne was once upon a time boasting before a company of the rigidity of her principles and telling how she had sternly rebuked her sovereign for offering her an insult.

"I said to His Majesty, said I: 'Your Majesty the King can dispose of my life and my fortune at his will, but not of my honor.' That's what I said to him."

"You were right," said Augustine Brohan; "it is a maxim in law that where there is nothing the King loses his rights."

---

The old Baron is dead. There is good reason for believing that he is in purgatory—at the very least. His daughter-in-law is desirous that a goodly number of prayers should be said for him.

"You do not know what sort of a man your poor, dear father-in-law was, my love," says Dowager. "He was almost Quixotic in his punctiliousness and sense of honor. He would not thank any one to pray for him. He is too proud—he will insist on remaining there till the last moment rather than be under an obligation to any one."

---

Yet again Vivier. On going along the street behold a bourgeois at whom a dog is barking and snapping viciously. Running up he exclaims, "Be not afraid sir, I will protect you. Get out of that, you brute!" and brandishes his cane so vigorously that the animal sullenly retires. The bourgeois is prodigal of thanks, and goes arm-in-arm with his preserver.

"It is lucky that you are not afraid of dogs, sir," says the bourgeois.

"If that dog had ventured to lay his teeth upon you he would have sealed his doom," says Vivier, coldly.

"You would have killed him?"

"I would have bitten him."

"Bitten him? I don't exactly understand."

"Then in from sixty to seventy-two hours he would have gone mad and been knocked on the head."

"Really, sir, I don't grasp your meaning."

"I mean," says Vivier, gripping his companion's arm, while a fearful convulsion distorts his features, "I mean that I was bitten eight days ago by a mad dog, and I feel that the crisis of my disease is approaching. I must bite something. You owe me no thanks; it would have been a positive relief to sink my envenomed fangs into his quivering flesh!! What [shivering]—is that a fountain over there?" (Bourgeois vanishes upon the wings of the wind.)

---

A park policeman, seeing a yellow dog near two handsomely dressed women, approaches respectfully and says: "Does this beauchiful little creachure belong to you, ladies?"

"Mercy, no!"

*Park Policeman* (lifting his cane)—"Get out o' here, you beast."

---

One day a Russian Prince asked Antoine Konstki, the late violinist, to play at his reception. Konstki accepted. "I am glad," said the Prince, "to see that you, a Polish [illegible] willing to play for a Russian."

"Music civilizes, your highness," responded Kon[illegible]

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.*

In the country where we were born the heavens at times were accustomed to become surcharged with electricity, the air oppressive and burdensome. Clouds, dark and menacing, overhung the horizon; the winds came up, and the clouds went scudding by or piled themselves in massive bulk, black, threatening, angry. Then the lightning went forth, and the deep booming artillery of heaven thundered. The rain, first in pattering drops, then in torrents, drenched the earth. All terrestrial nature bowed itself in fear; animals stood mute and hushed and trembling. And then the tempest ended. The sun looked smilingly out through the translucent heavens, the green grassed meadows shone resplendent, their leaves diamond decked with sparkling water-drops. The storm had purified the atmosphere. So in the moral world, so in the political heavens, so in San Francisco, so in all the great popular commotions that disturb the public mind and set in agitation the angry passions of men.

*Friday morning, August 22d.*—The *Chronicle* this morning has culminated in a most terrible attack upon Isaac Kalloch, the Workingmen's candidate for Mayor. It rakes over the dead ashes of an old slander. It assaults the good name of a dead father. It gives with disgusting particularity the nauseous details of a long-buried and infamous story. It prints the name of a young girl, and then her name as wife, and causelessly, heartlessly, wickedly tears open wounds that long years and the oblivion of forgetfulness have aided perhaps to cure.

*Friday, 2 o'clock.*—Street rumors say that Mr. Kalloch, from his pulpit in the Metropolitan Temple, will vivisect the brothers De Young this evening, and in retaliation for their libelous attacks will review a printed scandal published more than two years ago against the aged mother of the De Youngs, a lady now past seventy years of age, who lives within a short distance of his church. Rumor also says that Charles de Young threatens that if he does he will kill Kalloch. We believe he will.

*Saturday morning.*—Last evening we went to our country place in Marin County; remained all night. Coming over on the early morning boat from Sancelito, we looked eagerly for the *Chronicle*. It had no allusion to the Kalloch meeting, and we knew by this significant fact that the speech had been made, and that Charles de Young would avenge it in blood, and not in ink. We went to our office, and were not surprised when we were informed that De Young had shot and killed Kalloch; that he had narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the people; but that he had escaped, and was now in the city prison for safety. With Mr. Charles de Young this idea of defending the good name of his mother has become a dominant one. Those who know him most intimately believe that in this vindication he will go the utmost limits, and if necessary sacrifice his own life. Some three years ago a person named Napthaly, then publishing an ephemeral and unimportant journal, devoted an issue to a most scandalous and defamatory article concerning the mother and sisters of the brothers De Young. Mr. Charles de Young assaulted Mr. Napthaly upon the street, shot at him, but did not kill him. The trials resulting are matters of history. Charles de Young has ever entertained a chivalrous and romantic attachment for his mother—a love that knows no bounds. She is now an aged woman. His fondness for her is a proverb. He never left nor returned to his home, never retired to his bed or got up from it, that he did not kiss her. When absent from home, never a day passed that he did not write to her. Like all Jewish mothers she was the queen of the household, and, whatever may have been the faults of sons or daughters, they honored their mother. But this chivalry and respect was not carried out in their newspaper regarding other women. The course of the *Chronicle*, during all its existence, has been bold, aggressive, personal, sensational, and in the attainment of any end for which it struggled, fearless, unprincipled, and unscrupulous. From its vindictive and malicious persecution there was no protection. No personal friendship or acquaintance with its proprietors, no service rendered to it in the past, could shield any one from vituperation. Men's reputations and women's virtue were never considered when coming between the *Chronicle* and its circulation. It was an enterprising, vivacious, newsy, sensational, indecent "live journal." It was a type of some things that are best and many things that are worst in journalism. It discovered Kearney, composed his speeches, encouraged his agitation, wrote him up, made him a political power. It used him and the sand-lots to fan a flame that afterward it could not put out. It evoked the evil genii from the pot, and then could not remand it to its prison. It used Kearney and his followers to pass the new Constitution. After the adoption of the Constitution it undertook to write him down, and all for a miserably selfish and mercenary purpose. It undertook to destroy the Workingmen's party, and in its place build up the New Constitution party. For a time it seemed as though it would have been successful. The Kearney party nominated for Governor a small farmer named White; the New Constitution party nominated a great farmer named Glenn. The nomination of Glenn was a mistake. It was made against Charles de Young's protest. He favored a farmer named Webster, but the southern element of his Convention got away with him, and Dr. Glenn from Virginia was designated for the office of Governor. It was a mistake, because he was a great landed proprietor and because he worked Chinese. These two facts strengthened the Workingmen's party, and White grew in favor while Glenn declined. In San Francisco Kearney and his Workingmen's party were strong and growing stronger. Kearney did not favor Kalloch for Mayor, but Kalloch was adroit and subtle, and worked by all the arts, political and demagogical, till he obtained the candidacy of the Workingmen in spite of Kearney. Kalloch was an able, plausible, eloquent man, and was gifted in all the arts and tricks of politics. He had become a formidable candidate. His election was probable. This was strengthening White and injuring Glenn. De Young was the brains, the money, the life, the strength, the energy of the "Bilk" party—"Honorable Bilks," so named by Kearney. De Young managed the State Convention in everything except the nomination of Glenn. After it adjourned he found the party on his back. He was compelled to bear it. His pride was pledged to carry it through; the prestige of his paper depended upon it. To elect Glenn was to become a great political and journalistic power; defeat was ruin. He also managed the Democratic State Convention, reversing the experience of the "Bilks." He had enough influence to make the Democracy endorse Glenn, and then found himself powerless to secure the endorsement of the balance of his ticket. In order to strengthen the "Bilk" State ticket, Mr. de Young was compelled to organize a municipal ticket. He convened a city convention, named its members, dictated its nominees, made a fusion with the Democracy, and then it became necessary to destroy the Workingmen's city ticket. The *Chronicle* entered upon this self-imposed task by defaming its candidate for Mayor. Its head lines in great display type on Wednesday and Friday, August 20th and 22d, indicate the character of its article, and read as follows: "Kalloch;" "The Record of a Misspent Life;" "Infamous Career of the W. P. C. Candidate for Mayor;" "Driven Forth from Boston like an Unclean Leper;" "His Trial for the Crime of Adultery;" "His Escapade with one of the Temple Choristers;" "The Girl and the Mountebank Caught in his Room;" "A Course of Lust, Fraud, and Hypocrisy;" "Juvenile Errors and Adolescent Debauchery;" and then followed a most shameless article—too indecent to quote—charging Kalloch with all sorts of crimes, and charging the crime of adultery upon the father of Kalloch long years since deceased. The article is utterly indefensible upon any hypothesis consistent with decent politics or respectable journalism. It drove Kalloch to desperation, and he then proclaimed his intention to reproduce the scandal of the De Youngs as printed by Napthaly. De Young informed him by letter if he did he would kill him. Kalloch did, at his Temple meeting, charge the De Youngs with every infamy that his eloquent language could master. He heaped infamy upon their family, their birth, their character. An out-door throng demanded him to speak, and to them he said: "These men have dragged the name of my honored father from his grave beneath your golden sands, and held him up to obloquy. Under the circumstances I feel justified in designating these De Youngs as the bastard sons of a whore, and declare that in their infancy they were dandled upon the knees of prostitutes." It was a base and dreadful accusation. It was infamous, cowardly, and false. No assault made upon the dead or living Kallochs justified it. It was an offense which a perverted sense of honor thinks can only be wiped out in blood. The unwritten American common law declares that "the man who shall assail the reputation for chastity of a mother, wife, or daughter, deserves death at the hand of the nearest male relative." We do not defend the rule; we state it. Charles de Young acted upon it and assaulted Mr. Kallock with intent to murder him. It was done in a cowardly and dreadful manner. De Young intended to assassinate his enemy. He went in a close carriage to his study, called him to his death by a messenger-boy with a lying message. Kalloch came to his carriage window, unarmed and innocent of danger, thrust his head and shoulder into the vehicle, and received the unexpected shot full in the breast. Withdrawing he received another; then fell and was carried bleeding to his office. The detail is for the daily news journals. It was an inexcusable, dastardly, unmanly act upon the part of Charles de Young. We record this opinion now, not knowing whether Kalloch will die of his wounds or live to be Mayor; whether De Young, one or both, will be hung by the mob or hung by the law, incarcerated in prison or escape by the law's delays. This, too, is a good time to record our opinion of the Reverend Isaac Kalloch. We believe he is a political demagogue; that if he lives to be Mayor it will be an evil day for San Francisco. We believe that the *Chronicle* newspaper is a most debauched, unprincipled, and characterless sheet; that it has done more within three years to disgrace, dishonor, and injure San Francisco than all other causes combined; that its suspension and death would be a healthful thing for the morals, the welfare, and prosperity of our city, and that the death of its two proprietors would be a less serious calamity than the survival of this most pestilent and villainous of all newspapers.

*Saturday afternoon.*—We return to our home, leaving the city full of conflicting rumors—Kalloch dead; Kalloch mortally wounded; Kalloch not mortally wounded; wound not necessarily fatal; great meeting at the sand-lot; the brothers De Young in the city prison in mortal terror of the mob; a riotous night anticipated; military under arms; police ready for a fight; Committee of Safety to be called out. We lay aside our pen for the day with this reflection: It is vastly important for San Francisco to escape the shame of a riot. We utterly condemn the inexcusable conduct of a Christian clergyman in reviling an aged lady, and utterly condemn Charles de Young for his cowardly attempt at assassination; we utterly repudiate such disgraceful politics and such shameless journalism. We have but qualified sympathy for the Messrs. de Young in their painful and alarming position. They have invited and deserve the estimation in which they are held by an indignant, long-enduring, and outraged community; and we have but scant commiseration for Mr. Kalloch. The loss of half a thousand, or half a hundred, valuable lives is too great a sacrifice to be poured out for the worthless journals and worthless politicians who are in this personal conflict.

*Sunday.*—The sun arose as usual. It smiled a radiant smile upon a quiet town, sent its bright beams through the Temple blinds where the wounded preacher lay, and through the prison bars where the editor was chained. It invited us to the country-seat of a friend, where we passed the day lolling under great oaks, sitting in the shade of groves, listening to the murmur of fountains, the singing of birds, and the music of breezes sighing through the trees, and riding through quiet lanes, without the noise of the town and away from its angry turmoil. We reflected if there were less politics, less greed, less beer and gin, less of restless agitation, and more of industry, sobriety, and economy, not one of the bleer-eyed tramps or draggle-tailed women of the vile alleys and dens of the city might not own an acre and an oak within an hour of San Francisco—might not have on it a cabin inclosed within a flowery hedge and an orchard bearing fruits. Then we drifted back to the infernal papers again. The *Morning Call*, the rival of the *Chronicle*, its editor the personal enemy of the De Youngs, with most execrable taste and devilish malignity, came out in great rejoicing of display headings: "Atrocious;" "Dr. Kalloch shot by Charles de Young;" "Cowardly Attempt at Assassination;" "A Cold-blooded Crime;" "Citizens Horrified and Aroused to Indignation;" "De Young Lodged in the City Prison;" "His Life Threatened," etc., etc. On Saturday afternoon and evening, and again Sunday afternoon, a great mass-meeting of citizens met on the sand-lots. Frenzied orators, excited, passionate, and blind with indignant rage, counseled the counsels that the Jewish mob gave to Pilate, the counsels that passion always gives; and all the thieves that hung upon its outskirts, and waited an opportunity to plunder, shouted "hang him." But—and here it is a compliment to say it—Kearney did his duty. He counseled moderation. His better and cooler-headed advisers saw in this accident their opportunity. The leaders of the Workingmen's party thought the safety of the city, its honor, and its property ought not to be imperiled because a crime had been perpetrated against one of their candidates. This crime consolidates the Workingmen's party, and for the time silences its internal dissensions and makes its strength more formidable. If Kalloch lives, many will be foolish enough to allow their sensibilities to overcome their judgment, and vote for him. They will not remember that he will make no better Mayor because he is wounded; that he is none the less a bad and dangerous political demagogue because he has had the misfortune to have his life attempted by an assassin. Should an election occur pending this excitement, we are in danger

of having a doubtful city government imposed upon us through accident; and should Kalloch die, it is quite within the absurd possibilities that his Board of Supervisors, city officers, and School Directors will be imposed upon us as a sort of funeral wreath of immortelles.

*Monday morning.*—All quiet. The first thing we do is to read the *Chronicle*. It boldly defends the attempted killing of Kalloch as a personal act in vindication of a mother and sisters whose character the victim had so vilely aspersed. It denounces with its old bitterness, and with unabated malignity, the *Bulletin* and *Call*, and charges upon them a desire to turn the exciting incidents to their business advantage by encouraging a riot—the ruling passion strong in jail. A modern Spartacus is De Young lying upon his prison mattress, editing his paper and fighting his enemies of the press, and still endeavoring to run the politics of both State and county, advising municipal parties to unite against Kalloch (good advice which we hope Mr. Farquharson and his associates will adopt by withdrawing from the canvass), and Perkins to withdraw in the interest of Glenn and Terry—which he won't do. The *Call* is endeavoring to divert the tide that it may turn its mill and grind its grists. It hopes to destroy the *Chronicle*, and we hope it will. Just here we are reminded that four years ago this week, when the Bank of California had failed and Ralston committed suicide, the *Chronicle* tried to utilize the incident by killing the *Call*, and we are sorry it did not succeed. A citizen, and not a bad one, remarked to us that he hoped Dr. Kalloch would die, and the mob hang De Young and destroy the *Chronicle*, and that he should then have but one regret, and that would be that Pickering and the *Call* survived. That part of the remark referring to the wounded man and the prisoner is very brutal; that part referring to the *Call* and *Chronicle* would meet a general approval. It is our opinion, long entertained, that these two journals, with their disgraceful and dishonorable rivalries, have, more than all other causes combined, aided to bring about this deplorable state of public opinion, and had they been suppressed three years ago we should have had no sand-lot, no Kearney, no new Constitution, no hard times, no depreciated real estate values, no Kalloch for Mayor, no Glenn for Governor, no Terry for Attorney-General. We shall not look upon this social and political tempest as destitute of good results if it shall destroy the influence of this kind of infamous journalism. The *Chronicle* is not less hated for its reckless mendacity and its vile sensationalism, than is the *Call* despised for its cowardly prudence.

*Tuesday.*—Kalloch is still improving. The Temple, where he lies, is guarded by a military company—an organization not known to the law. Bayonets parade the street, and citizens are ordered about at the whim of a bogus militia. In the city prison special police, appointed at the dictation of a political party, stand guard over De Young. This is a cowardly surrender of authority, disgraceful to the city government and the police department. We have a good police, we have good militia; both are composed of brave and decent men, and it is an insult to them and a reproach to our city that it has not the manliness and courage to clear the streets and the city hall of the volunteer representatives of organized disorder. There is a movement of citizens on foot to induce Mr. Farquharson to withdraw from his candidacy, and leave the contest an even-handed one between the sand-lot and the Republicans. This ought not to be a party contest, and since there is no possibility of the election of a Democratic or fusion ticket, and since events have so fallen out there is danger of Kalloch's election and the triumph of misrule imminent, and since there is no time for new combinations, and because Mr. Flint is respectable in himself and the candidate of a respectable party, it is the duty of good Democrats for this once to coöperate with Republicans for good government. Kalloch wounded is no better candidate than before his life was attempted. The welfare of San Francisco is of higher consequence than the life or death or wounds or wrongs of any man. We regard Mr. Kalloch as a demagogue of the most dangerous character. His speech inside his hall on Friday evening, and all his speeches, stamp him as a man of evil counsel, an unprincipled and dangerous political adventurer, in whose hands the lives and property of a great city can not be safely entrusted. We may or may not regret his wounds; we may or we may not sympathize with him in his personal quarrels with Charles de Young; but his quarrel, his wounds, his recovery, or his death, the punishment or escape of the De Youngs, should not enter into this contest, and should have no influence with intelligent electors in casting their votes for municipal officers. We are in the midst of a revolution—one that involves the welfare of this city—and he is but a dull man who does not at this time recognize the importance of an administration backed up by a responsible and respectable party, in order that danger may be averted and order preserved.

*Wednesday evening.*—The town has a new rumor, "that Kalloch is not badly wounded at all"—the ball, hitting a rib, glanced around the diaphragm, making only a flesh wound; that the reverend doctor is now eating well, sleeping well, and talking politics; that he will lie abed until after election, because he thinks the bleeding martyr business will prove the most effective mode of electioneering. In the face of this rumor an effort is being made to consolidate upon a single candidate in opposition to Kalloch. It has failed, the Republicans determining to fight it out on the Republican line with Flint for candidate. As chairman of the Palace Hotel Committee we held an interview with Mr. Farquharson with a view to his withdrawal, and a concentration upon a single candidate in opposition to the sand-lot, and found him entirely willing to coöperate with all good citizens in defeating Kalloch. Leading Republicans and non-partisan Democrats, after consultation with Mr. Flint and other Republican candidates, decided that the safest course is to rally around the Republican municipal ticket as it now stands. We can therefore authoritatively announce that there will be no change of programme. The Republican ticket is now being printed from stereotyped plates.

*Thursday evening.*—Our last entry of the occurrences of an eventful week. No change in the relative condition of personal or political matters. The reverend preacher eats, and sleeps, and drinks beef tea, and talks politics—counsels with his friends how to make his fight. The prisoner keeps his cell, revises manuscript, reads proof, dictates to his managing editor not to let up on old Pickering. The sand-lot politicians swarm through the wards, and every idle loafer and political vagrant has become eloquent in his endeavor to bring about reform. The Republicans are diligent, earnest, hard at work, keeping the political cauldron boiling. The people—those who know how to think—are just now doing a good deal of thinking for themselves, and we shall be very much surprised if a majority of the citizens of San Francisco think the Rev. Isaac Kalloch a better man for Mayor than Mr. Flint, or any one of the candidates for Governor more reliable and deserving than George C. Perkins.

Hugh J. Glenn, of Colusa, is a respectable, native-born American citizen, whose life, pursuits, education, and present occupation unfit him for the performance of the duties of the office of Governor of California. He is not a man of even ordinary culture. His education in early life has not been followed up by that kind of study or experience that fits him for the performance of any public duty. He is a man of integrity, character, and business capacity, but there are few men in this State of equal prominence who would be so entirely out of place in office as this great farmer of the North. He is not at all in sympathy with even the class to which he belongs. The small farmer who tills his acres, lives at home, and has the leisure for reading, the taste for books, and the opportunity for reflection, is to us the type of our best citizenship. With this class rests the hope of republican government. It is in the country that patriotism, virtue, justice, and order under the law will linger longest. It is in the country that religion and civilization will survive after it is wrecked in the great cities. It is the country—the country people, the farmers—that will rescue the nation from demoralization and from political ruin. But the kind of farmers that will prove themselves to be the bulwark of political liberty, and behind whom property and social order will ultimately intrench themselves, will be the intelligent, independent, reflective, small farmers, and not the great speculative, landed lords who cultivate broad estates by machinery, peons, and harvest tramps. Dr. Hugh J. Glenn is as un-American as the Duke of Bucclengh. His interests invite to our shores a barbarian immigration that will overwhelm us, and if there are occasionally noble, unselfish, great minds that will arise above self-interest at the call of patriotism and duty, Dr. Glenn is, in our judgment, not one of that kind. A change of organic law, the necessity of new legislation to put our government in harmonious working under the new Constitution, demands a broad, able, resolute, and highly cultured mind; it demands wide experience and an absolute devotion to public affairs. The annoyance of private financial entanglements must not thrust itself between the Governor and his executive and administrative duties. Wealth is no claim to office, but no man that lives can stand upon the brink of the deep waters of financial embarrassment and bring to the performance of public duties a clear understanding. We believe Dr. Glenn is loyal, and that there is very little danger that any political condition may arise to revive his predilections for a lost cause, or make him in any degree unfaithful to the interests, or unmindful of the welfare, of California. But we shall vote for George C. Perkins for Governor.

Mr. William F. White, of Santa Clara, is an illiterate person of Irish birth, who has been long enough in America to be fairly entitled to any of the political honors of our country, if residence has any especial claim for consideration. His candidacy rests solely upon the fact that he is of Irish birth. If he had been an illiterate small farmer, native-born, he would not have been nominated as a candidate for the office of Governor. It is because he is Irish that he is the nominee of an Irish party. It is because of the fact of his nativity that he is put forth to catch the Irish vote. If he was not Irish, he would get neither nomination nor votes. If, then, his sole claim to candidacy, and his sole claim to availability, is based upon the fact of alien birth, have we not, as American citizens, a right to reject him because he is Irish? Is it fair to say that it is American prejudice that suggests this as a reason why we will not vote for him! Does it become *good* Irish citizens to say that we must close our mouths and hold our tongues from the utterance of facts because a class of low-born and ignorant Irish are strong enough to force such a political issue? Would Mr. Denis Kearney be a political power in our country if he was not supported by the Irish? How then can we fight a political campaign made by the Irish unless we have a right to attack the Irish? We know, we recognize, and admit the fact that thousands of our best citizens are from Ireland, but we also know, and charge the fact to be, that there is a large, ignorant, pushing, insolent class of Irish politicians, banding themselves together, in town and country, to accomplish political results through the solidarity of an Irish vote. It is an audacious, unprincipled conspiracy for the advancement and elevation of the Irish to the prejudice of all other nationalities, and especially to the prejudice of the American-born. It is an anomaly in national politics that alien voters should thus array themselves against the people who have given them asylum; and it is as presumptuous and impertinent as it is anomalous and indecent. We shall vote for George C. Perkins for Governor.

Our contempt for Kearney, and for the *Call* and *Chronicle* that made him, and for the unprincipled and unwashed rabble who pursues him, and for the demagogues who now pander to him, and the dogs that follow him, knows no abatement. It is an evil day and a vicious public opinion that sustains him. Yet it must not be understood that we believe that the Workingmen's party is without good men and good principles. There has been great and just provocation for a political organization in opposition to the Democracy, and to Republican wings and party leaders. So long as the Kearney party belonged to Kearney it was bad, dangerous, and devilish, and just to the extent that he has been deposed from leadership and held in moderation by cool and level-minded advisers it has improved. The party has leaders more influential than Kearney. He is still the figure-head, but, fortunately, behind his throne there is a power more potent than himself. If this better element of the workingmen had come to the surface sooner we would have had a better municipal ticket. As now constituted it ought to be defeated.

The comments of the California newspapers have, so far as we have seen them, been all colored with their peculiar relations to political and journalistic associations—some condemning with unstinted abuse, and some excusing with unqualified sympathy, the slander of Kalloch and the assault of De Young. The most brutal and infamous article that has been written appears in the San José *Mercury*, entitled "That Venerable Mother." We thank God, with Pharisaic unction, that we are not such a depraved and heartless villain as we think the author of that article to be.

The really important position of all our municipal places is that of Supervisor. The Republican candidates for Supervisors (as a whole) are not only better than the nominees of any other organization, but are the best (as a whole) ever nominated by any party in San Francisco. They are men of business, of property, of intelligence, and integrity. If the twelve men named for Supervisors by the Republican Convention will not make a good Board, then Republican government in great cities is a failure.

In our opinion there is no serious danger of a riot in San Francisco. Our people have been educated in another direction. There is no riotous element in our midst. People only riot upon empty stomachs. Our citizens are not in want. They have property, and everybody knows that the city must pay for disorder. It takes a very complete and resolute organization to defy the law; only desperate men do it. We have a very small desperate class, and its members are too cowardly to look down the throat of a Gatling gun.

We commend W. W. Traylor to all the electors of the Ninth Senatorial District as one who will do them faithful and efficient service in event of his election to the State Senate. We want a bulkhead around one end of the city, we want Lobos Square graded and inclosed, we want a new wharf at Fillmore Street. We look to W. W. Traylor and M. C. Conroy to give us these things, and they will do it.

Paul Neumann ought to be elected Senator from the Tenth Senatorial District. It is a district in which he ought to be easily elected, not only because it is Republican, but because of his personal popularity. He ought, when elected, to do useful service to the State. He has sufficient ability and learning. Paul Neumann is the best native American German of all our acquaintance.

A good many years ago Cyrus Palmer served the city of San Francisco two or three terms in the Legislature, and served it faithfully and well. He is again a candidate for the Eleventh Senatorial District for Senator, and he will receive the indorsement of an election.

## AN INVISIBLE WOUND.

Translated from the Hungarian of Haurus Jokai.

One of the most celebrated practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K., was called upon one morning to receive at an early hour a visitor in great haste, who, while waiting in the ante-chamber, sent in word by the footman that delay for him was danger. He must be received immediately. The doctor threw on his dressing-gown, and had his patient shown in.

He found himself in the presence of a man utterly unknown to him, but who, to judge by his dress and manners, evidently belonged to the best society. His pale face bore traces of great physical and moral suffering. He carried his right hand in a sling, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself from time to time a stifled sigh escaped him. Seeing the poor man stagger the doctor invited him to sit down.

"I am tired. I have not slept for a week. There is something the matter with my right hand—I do not know what. Is it a carbuncle? Is it cancer? At first the suffering was slight, but now it is a burning, horrible, continual pain, increasing in intensity day by day. I can bear it no longer. I jumped into my carriage, and here I am. I have come to beg you to cauterize it, or to cut out the painful part, for one more hour of this dreadful torture will kill me.

The doctor asked to see the hand, which the patient put into his, gnashing his teeth meanwhile from the intensity of the pain, while the physician proceeded to undo the bandages with every possible precaution.

"Above all, doctor, I beg of you not to attach any importance to what you will see. My complaint is so strange that you will be surprised, but I beseech you to take no notice of that."

"Where is the painful spot? I see nothing."

"Nor I either; and yet the pain there is so dreadful that I feel tempted to knock my head against the wall."

The doctor took a magnifying-glass, examined it, and said: "The skin is full of life. The blood circulates very regularly. Underneath there is neither inflammation nor cancer. It is as healthy as any other part of your body."

"And yet it seems to me that it is rather more red there than elsewhere."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book and traced on his hand a circle as large as a ten-cent bit, with the remark: "Just there."

The doctor looked. He began to think that his patient was crazy. "Remain here," he said. "In a few days I will cure you." The doctor saw to his astonishment that his strange visitor spoke seriously. He took off his coat, turned up his shirt-sleeves, and took a bistoury in his left hand. A second more and the steel would have been in the flesh.

"Stop!" cried the doctor, who was afraid that his patient, through unskillfulness might open some important vein. "Since you judge the operation indispensable, so be it."

He took the bistoury, and holding in his left hand the right hand of the patient, he begged him to turn away his head, some people not being able to bear the sight of their own blood.

"It is unnecessary. On the contrary, it is I who will indicate how deep down you must cut."

In fact, he watched the operation to the end with the greatest possible composure, indicating how far it was to go. The open hand did not even tremble in the doctor's hand, and when the little piece of round flesh was cut out he heaved a deep sigh, like one who experiences a feeling of immense relief.

"The burning pain has ceased?"

"It has quite gone," said the stranger, with a smile. "The pain has entirely ceased, as if it had been taken away with the part cut out. The slight pain occasioned by the bleeding is, as compared with the other, like a refreshing breeze after an infernal heat. It does me really good to see my blood flow. Only let it flow, it does me so much good."

The stranger looked with delight at the streaming blood. The doctor was obliged to insist upon dressing the wound.

While he was binding it up the patient's face changed completely. The expression of pain passed away. He smiled on the doctor with a look full of good humor, and there was no longer any contraction of the features, any look of despair. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life. His brow cleared; the color returned to his face; his whole person underwent a visible transformation.

When his hand was replaced in the sling he made use of the one that remained free to shake the Doctor's hand warmly, saying to him with cordiality: "Accept my most sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The small remuneration that I offer you is in no wise proportioned to the service you have rendered me. During the rest of my life I will try by what means I can discharge my obligation."

The Doctor informed several of his colleagues of this singular case, and each formed a different opinion on the subject, without, however, any of them being able to give a plausible explanation. Toward the end of a month Dr. K. received a letter, dated from his patient's residence. He opened it. It was closely written, and he saw by the signature that his patient had written it with his own hand, from which he concluded that the pain had not returned.

The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I do not wish that either you or medical science should be left in doubt as to the mystery of the strange disease which will soon bring me to my grave—and even elsewhere. I am about to describe to you the origin of this terrible malady. It broke out a week ago, and I can struggle against it no longer. At the present moment I can only manage to trace these lines by placing on the sensitive part a piece of lighted tinder, to serve as a cataplasm. As long as the tinder burns I do not feel the other pain, and it is as nothing in comparison. Six months ago I was still a very happy man. I lived, without care, on my income. I was on friendly terms with all the world, and I took pleasure in everything that can interest a man of thirty-five. I had married a year ago, married for love, a most beautiful young girl, of cultivated mind, and with the best heart in the world, who had been companion to a certain countess, my neighbor. My wife had no fortune, and the love she had for me was not only gratitude, but also the genuine affection of a child. Six months passed in such a way that the morrow always seemed to me happier than the eve. If sometimes I was obliged to go to Pesth, and leave my home for a day, my wife had not a moment's peace. She would come two miles on the road to meet me. If I was belated, she would stay awake all night waiting for me; and if, by dint of entreaty, she was prevailed upon to go and see her former mistress, who was still very fond of her, no power on earth could keep her there more than half a day, and even then her regrets for my absence put the others out of temper. Her fondness for me went so far as to make her give up dancing, so as not to be obliged to put her hand into a stranger's; and nothing caused her such grave displeasure as the compliments she was apt to receive. In a word, I had for my wife an innocent child, who had no thought but for me, and who would confess her dreams to me as enormous crimes if she had not dreamed of me. One day I know not what demon whispered in my ear, 'Supposing all this were only dissimulation?' Men are mad enough to seek how they can torment themselves in the midst of the greatest happiness. My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she kept carefully locked. I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open. The question ran in my head, 'What can she be hiding from me there?' I had taken leave of my senses. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face, or in the purity of her eyes, in her caresses, or in her kisses. Suppose all that were nothing but hypocrisy? One morning the countess came again to fetch her, and, after much entreaty, succeeded in deciding her to spend the day with her. Our estates were some miles apart, and I promised my wife to go and join her during the day. As soon as the carriage had left the courtyard I gathered together all the keys of the house, and tried them in the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of a feeble woman. My hands trembled as I drew from out the drawer, prudently, carefully, one by one, the objects contained therein, so that no confusion should betray that a strange hand had ransacked them. My breast heaved; I was well-nigh suffocated. Behold, suddenly, beneath a mass of lace, I had placed my hand on a packet of letters! I felt as if a flash of lightning had passed from my head to my heart. Alas! one glance told me what these letters were! They were love-letters! The packet was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge. As I touched the ribbon the thought occurred to me: Is this right? Is this work worthy of an honest man? To steal the secrets of a woman! Secrets which belonged to the time when she was a young girl! Can I ask her to render an account of the thoughts she had before she belonged to me? Can I be jealous of a time when she did not know me? Who could suspect her of a fault? Who? I was base enough to do so, and the devil again whispered in my ear: 'Supposing that these letters were of a time when I had already a right to all her thoughts, a right to be jealous even of her dreams, when she was already mine?' I untied the ribbon. No one saw me. There was not even a mirror in the room to make me blush for myself. I opened one letter, then another, and read them to the end. Oh! what a fearful hour that was for me! What did those letters contain? The vilest betrayal of which a man was ever yet a victim; and they were written by one of my most intimate friends! And in what a strain! what passion! what certainty of his love being shared! How he spoke of secrecy! What counsels he lavished on the art of deceiving a husband! And all these letters were of a time when I was married and perfectly happy? Shall I tell you what I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a deadly poison. I drank deeply of that poison. I read all the letters; all. Then I re-folded them, retied the ribbon, replaced the packet, and shut the drawer. I knew that if I did not go for her at twelve o'clock she would come back from the Countess's in the evening. And so it happened. She got down hastily from the carriage, and ran toward me as I stood waiting for her on the steps. She kissed me with extreme tenderness, and seemed to be very glad to be with me again. I let nothing be seen on my face. We talked, we supped together, and then retired to our separate bedrooms. I did not close my eyes. Wide awake, I counted every hour. When the clock struck a quarter past midnight I got up and passed into her bedroom. There was the beautiful blonde head buried in the white pillows. It is thus that angels are depicted in the midst of white clouds. What a frightful lie was this on the part of Nature; vice with a face of such innocence! My resolution was taken. I had the stubbornness of the madman haunted by a fixed idea. The poison had corroded my whole soul. I placed my right hand gently under her throat and hastily strangled her. She opened for one moment her large, dark blue eyes, looked at me with astonishment, then closed them and died. She died without struggling against me, as if falling asleep. She was never angry with me, not even when I killed her. One drop of blood fell from her mouth on the back of my hand. You know where. I did not perceive it until the next day, when it had dried. We buried her without any one suspecting the truth. I lived there in complete solitude; who was there to control my actions? She had neither relatives nor protectors to question me on the subject, and I designedly put off writing to my friends, so that none of them could arrive in time. On coming back from the vault I did not feel the slightest weight on my conscience. I had been cruel, but she had deserved it. I did not hate her; I could forget her; I hardly thought about it. Never did a man commit a murder with less remorse than I. On my return I found in the château the Countess so often mentioned. My measures had been so well taken that she also arrived too late for the funeral. She seemed much agitated on seeing me. Terror, sympathy, grief—I know not what—made her speak so confusedly that I could not understand what she said to console me. Did I even listen to her? What need had I of consolation? I was not sorrow-stricken. Finally she took me familiarly by the hand and said in a low voice that she was obliged to confide to me a secret, and that she counted on my honor as a nobleman not to abuse it. She had given to my wife to keep for her a package of letters that she could not keep herself, and she begged of me to give them back to her. While she was speaking I felt several times that I shivered from head to foot. With apparent coldness I questioned her on the contents of these letters. At this question the lady started and replied, with indignation. 'Sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took charge of these letters she did not ask me their contents. She even gave me her word never to look at them, and I am convinced that she never even glanced at them. Hers was a noble soul, and she would have disdained to break in secret her given word.' 'It is well,' I replied. 'How shall I recognize the package?' 'It was tied with a pink ribbon with a silver edge.' 'I will go and search for it.' I took my wife's keys, and began to search for the packet; although I knew where it was, I pretended to have some difficulty in finding it. 'Is it this?' I asked, handing it to the Countess. 'Yes, yes! See, the knot I made is still there. She never touched it.' I did not dare to lift my eyes to her. I feared lest she should read in them that I had undone it, and that I had undone something else besides. I took leave of her hastily; she got into the carriage and drove off. Poor woman, she had her excuse. Her husband was brutal and dissipated. If I had been like him I should have deserved a wife like her. Oh! but my wife! Her heart was innocent, her soul angelic! She loved her husband even in the moment when her husband killed her. I do not know what I did during the first hours that followed. When I came back to the consciousness of the horrible reality I was in the vault, beside the coffin. I saw the lid slowly raised and the dead woman within arose noiselessly before me. I was stretched, stiff and stark, beside the coffin, one hand on its edge and the other beneath her head. The lips of the corps were white; one drop of blood hung from them. She bent slowly toward me, opened her eyes as when I murdered her and kissed my right hand. The drop of blood again fell on my flesh; her eyes shut once more, she fell back on her cold pillow and the coffin closed over her dead body. A short time after I was awakened by a pain as sharp as that produced by a scorpion's sting. I rushed into the open air. It was early morning. No one saw me. The drop of blood had disappeared; there was no outward sign of the pain, and yet the spot where the blood had fallen burned as though being eaten away by a corroding poison. The pain gave me no respite and increased from hour to hour. I could sleep sometimes, but even then I never lost consciousness of my suffering. There was no one to whom I could make complaint, and for that matter there was no one who would have believed my story. You have been witness to the intensity of my suffering and you know how soon as the wound heals the pain comes back. It has come now for the third time, and I have no longer the strength to struggle against it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me—as she has avenged herself on me in this world she will, perhaps, forgive me in the next. I thank you for your good offices. May God reward you for them!"

A few days after the newspapers of Sz——recorded that one of our richest landed proprietors had blown out his brains. Some attributed the suicide to grief at his wife's death; others, who were better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who knew best said he was a monomaniac, and his wound, which could not be cured, existed only in his imagination.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### The Rivals.

Two rivals loved a maid,
A blooming country lassie;
And one was rather staid—
The other bold and brassy.

And while the first admired
His idol at a distance,
The other never tired
Of courting with persistence.

One fellow was a fool,
A different man the other;
The first was rather cool
Toward the daughter's mother.

While one sat with the maid
In cool retreats and shady,
The other slyly stayed
At home with the old lady.

At last the maiden married—
A mother's voice did reach her—
The bashful fellow carried
The treasure to the preacher.

And once holds good for all,
If I'm not much mistaken,
The best fruit's apt to fall
When parent trunks are shaken.

Hold not the the moral lightly;
With it your memory laden:
Court the old lady—slightly,
Before you press the maiden.

VIRGINIA CITY, August, 1879. SAM DAVIS.

### Fate.

How hard to fight is Fate!
And the object to gain how small!
For we learn when, alas, too late
That life is a failure after all.
The curse of the primal fall
Pursues like the sleuth-hound Hate,
While Destiny rules us all,
Hand-locked with its sister Fate.

Ah, me! What a farce is life,
This struggle for breath and bread!
And the battle's unequal strife
Only ends when we are dead.
My heart, like a heart of lead,
With dark forebodings rife,
Sinks down with its weight of dread
Of the lunacy of life.

Yes, Fate is hard to fight,
But the life-sands falling fast—
All the golden, and the white
Will slip through the glass at last.
The horoscope is cast—
We live but a day and night;
Ah! then with the struggle past
Will the future be more bright?

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879. PERCY VERE.

### Dust to Dust.

When I am dead the sun will shine as brightly
On the tall plumèd pines,
The shadows creep as stealthily and lightly
When the long day declines;
Just so the purple violets will be blowing
On their cool bed,
Thus will the noisy brook be gayly flowing,
When I am dead.

When I am dead the birds will still be singing
On every forest bough,
The cuckoo-pints their restless bells be ringing
As merrily as now.
But happy birds, nor nodding grass and clover,
Will miss my tread,
Nor ask where stays their whilom lover,
When I am dead.

The tender harebells will not miss my fingers
In the crisp mountain grass,
Where the bright beauty of their blossoms lingers
And cheers me as I pass;
But never then the harebells blue and slender
Shall wreathe my head,
Nor roses charm me with their gracious splendor,
When I am dead.

When I am dead, howe'er the storm be driving
Athwart the low'ring sky,
I shall not heed its reckless wrath and striving
Where silently I lie.
No tramp of fev'rish feet shall mar my slumber
In that still place,
When I have fully counted out the number
Of all my days.

OAKLAND, August, 1879. M. L. CLOUGH.

### Unbelief.

"I'm weary of this theme," she cried, "this endless round
On love's old tune the types for news are singing;
From tales in books, and poems, too, the same dull sound
In diverse pitch of monotone is ringing.
From printed page to play or opera I turn,
Relief to find for surfeit past all bearing;
To light up scenes of frenzied love the gas-jets burn—
'He' raves, and 'she' her hair in grief is tearing."

"But love is part of life!" "I once believed like you.
I blushed and sighed. I dreamed I'd found a hero,
And when he marched afar to join the boys in blue
My heart's thermometer went down to zero."
"He died?" "Not he. Unharmed he stood when others fell,
And till the war was over faithful tarried.
I did not see him after. It was just as well,
For soon I heard the news that he was married."

"The cruel man!" "Why cruel? He was not to blame;
He never knew I had for him a passion,
Nor did I know it surely. I had changed my name,
And, marrying first, had set for him the fashion."
"Oh, heartless!" "Why? No words were said that I might know
If he with thought of love to me were turning.
For I but dreamed! And he was blind—all men are so—
Else he my dream's swift course had been discerning.

"This love they talk of is a myth. Why should it be
With mocking glow for ever round us glancing?
In light of real life its phantom hues I see,
And count it naught but idle child's romancing.
And yet—that foolish dream! Why it, of all, should last
I know not, and I laugh, myself deriding,
To know, when page or play recall that time long past,
That in my heart the old pain still is biding."

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879. ZERELDA NICHOLAS McCOY.

*OH! BOYS!*

BOYS.

A CHANCE FOR THE BOYS.

Boys wanted to sell the ARGONAUT on Saturday of each week.

Business for the boys.

Money for the boys.

From 50 cents to $5 profit made in a single day.

One thousand boys wanted to work up ARGONAUT routes for themselves, and get from $1 to $5 per week for a few hours' labor.

A steady thing when once started.

25 subscribers will guarantee to each boy $1 income per week.

50 subscribers $2 income per week.

75 subscribers $3 income per week.

100 subscribers $4 income per week.

And all for an hours' work of a Saturday.

Boys in this city have started with only three or four subscribers, and now have from one to two hundred each, and gaining every week.

One boy has a bank account of $135; another has saved up over $50, as the result of trying this experiment.

Let every boy desirous of earning a little spending money make his friends help him start a list.

Boys always have plenty of friends in their first business venture.

A single half-dollar is sufficient to make a beginning.

This is all the capital needed.

The very first week a profit, though ever so small, comes in.

The second week the profit increases.

Then the increase becomes a steady thing, and the boy is independent.

TRY IT, TRY IT.

Count up the relations, friends, and acquaintance, whom you think would take the paper.

Then start in next Saturday and deliver to as many subscribers as you can get.

You will be pleased with the result.

You will have independent spending money.

You will have a little business of your own.

You will have lots of fun.

If you conclude to try the experiment, try it at once.

This is a good time to begin.

Start on Saturday next.

Don't be discouraged at a small beginning, for tall oaks from little acorns grow.

The profit is well worth the time spent.

Success is a sure thing.

Nothing ventured nothing gained.

Show this to some gentleman friend and ask him to capitalize you for a start.

You can pay back the capital advanced the first week.

Then you are under no obligations.

Then you are a full fledged man of business.

For price of papers and further particulars inquire at this office.

REMEMBER, this is a chance for every boy.

One thousand boys wanted to try this experiment in every city, town, and village on the Pacific Coast.

There is money in it, and no possibility of failure or loss.

Call or send for particulars to the

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

[illegible] California Street.


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FOR STATE SENATORS,
M. C. Conroy. W. W. Traylor.

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Charles Hansen, Harvey Matthews.

TENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

FOR STATE SENATORS,
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FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
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George B. Ward, H. A. Gorley.

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FOR STATE SENATORS,
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FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
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James H. Orr, John King.

TWELFTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

FOR STATE SENATORS,
Robert Cushing, Asa R. Wells.

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
Eugene Soule, Thomas O'Brien,
Fred'k A. Elliott, Jonathan Kittredge.

THIRTEENTH SENATORIAL DIS'T.

FOR STATE SENATORS,
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For Sheriff ..... Julius C. Green
For Auditor ..... Gen. John McComb
For Tax Collector ..... William Martin
For Treasurer ..... J. T. Helmken
For Recorder ..... W. K. Dietrich
For Assessor ..... Alexander Badlam
For County Clerk ..... William A. Stuart
For District Attorney ..... Daniel J. Murphy
For City and County Attorney. W. C. Burnett
For Coroner ..... Dr. Levi L. Dorr
For Public Administrator. Chas. E. Scranton
For Surveyor ..... Richard H. Savage
For Superintend't of Streets. Wm. Patterson
For Superintend't of Schools. Jno. W. Taylor

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Second Ward ..... John Mason
Third Ward ..... Joseph M. Litchfield
Fourth Ward ..... Samuel Drake
Fifth Ward ..... James D. Whitney
Sixth Ward ..... Frank Eastman
Seventh Ward ..... Hugh Fraser
Eighth Ward ..... Charles L. Taylor
Ninth Ward ..... Micah Doane
Tenth Ward ..... Charles A. Bayly
Eleventh Ward ..... Erastus N. Torrey
Twelfth Ward ..... James B. Stetson

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FOR POLICE JUDGE.
Hale Rix.

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FOR ASSESSOR,
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# S. W. RAVELEY,

STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER

And Printer of the Argonaut.

518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

San Francisco, August 29, 1879.

The Lotta fountain, newly painted, gilded, and burnished, loomed up from the plaza on Monday like a huge index finger, but it pointed straight up to the blue, moonlit empyrean, therefore did not tell us where we wanted to go—just yet. It is a capital place for a consultation when one is outward bound to while away an evening, for all its diverging roads, save two, lead ultimately to the theatre. As one of these two leads to the cemetery, and the other to the Oakland ferry, they are both carefully eliminated from all discussion. We stood under its shadow looking three ways perplexedly. Lotta's *mignonne* face seemed to beckon us one way, while the Mastodon Minstrels' mastodonic advertisements challenged notice the other, but it seemed the better way at last to give a hand to the strangers at the California. What can be the difference between one sea of faces and another sea of faces that players tremble and dread to face a new one? What is the public in any city—so far as the players are concerned—but a gallery, a dress circle, and an orchestra full of people? Yet they do tremble, and not unwisely, for who understands better than they the fine chord responsive which thrills from roof-tree to the ground floor, and arbitrates the players' fate? What is this intangible fiat, and whence does it come, that makes the favorite of one city the target for ill-luck in another? Thus Mrs. Bowers, who was looked upon as a Rachel or Ristori in the West, could never draw a house in New York. Jos. Murphy and Frank Chanfrau draw with a steady intensity in staid, intellectual Boston, while both have played to many a half-empty gallery outside of the Hub. Fanny Davenport set New York a-raving, and San Francisco almost a-hissing. The ill-starred Charles Fechter, in the heyday of his fame as one may say, with literary London at his feet, and resting upon the laurels of French fame, crossed the ocean to become the butt for petty shafts of ridicule and the sport of unhappy fortune. Small wonder, then, that a plump little Boston soubrette made her initial bow with a most perceptible tremor, and surely never was trembling girl introduced to strangers less favorably. What arrant old noodles our grandfathers and great-grandfathers must have been if they really did enjoy, as they are said to have enjoyed, the sort of stuff which is presented to us nowadays as old farces. *Betsy Baker* is, I believe, haloed with enough antiquity to make it respectable. It is a good old name at all events, and familiar in the ditty books in such really excellent company as *Lord Lovell*, *Lord Bateman*, and that remarkable craft, *The Nancy Bell*. But the farce of *Betsy Baker* set us all a-sighing, and a-groaning, and a-gaping, and suffering unutterable boredom generally. Even pretty Lizzie Harold did not redeem it. I could fancy I heard the captain of the *Pinafore* troll out in deep baritone,

"A plump and pleasing person,"

As she came in at the centre door, dressed as red as the red gnome himself; red hair, red dress, red cap, and exquisitely neat withal. I have it in my mind that she came to be a soubrette, as many others have, simply because she was a little woman. Since the advent of Lotta little women have come to be an institution upon the stage. We have probably reached the minimum in the microscopic little Chapman. We never want to see a large soubrette, for if a large woman have the soubrette talent she is transformed into a character actress. Lizzie Harold comes under the generic term of "nice." I can not imagine her to be comic at any time, although there was just one little flash of high spirits which seemed to promise a gleam of fun in the sweet by and by. Upon that gleam let us wait and hope. As hopers we can challenge the world. For the leading lady, on the contrary, there is no hope. She is one of those actresses who run the full gamut of their capabilities in one part, however light or exigent that part may be. Miss Adeline Stanhope—a most aristocratic looking English name, is it not?—is wholly unknown to American fame. People know in some vague way that she is identified with Barry Sullivan, in itself a favorable introduction, but she brings no histrionic record. Yet it is plain that the lady is not an amateur, for she is of the stage stagey. Her pronounced *embonpoint* will unfit her for many juvenile parts, and she has evidently been engaged for heavy business only. She has a bird face, which is handsome but expressionless, and a voice which is utterly unmodulated. Perhaps, like Miss Lizzie Harold, Miss Stanhope had rather an unpleasant part to make a *debut* in. "Adriana" is scarce a character, but merely an opportunity for an error in this wild conceit of errors. What a remarkable belief Shakspeare must have had in family resemblances with the two "Dromios" and the two "Antipholuses" in one play, while "Sebastian" and "Viola" are always their near neighbors in the comedy volume. Is it treason to say that the *Comedy of Errors* becomes tedious and monotonous when it is not condensed? It is a long farce rather than a comedy, and is really fit only for an afterpiece rather than for the evening's entertainment. The many mistakes are too singular to keep the interest too long sustained. But it is admirably done, the more especially as these two of all twos are the most different in the very marked mannerisms which distinguish both. Thus Crane's talents are not ductile, and he is not a mimic. The much imitated Robson is better imitated by nine out of ten than by Crane, so far as the extraordinary inflections of that singular voice go, yet when the two do actually come together in the last act the resemblance is striking. It is rarely that acknowledged exponents of modern plays read Shakspeare so well, more especially Robson; for, although the burden seems to rest upon Crane, since the greatest labor is his, I do not think that Robson has ever shown himself more purely and thoroughly a comedian. They have elaborated considerably since their last visit, and the parts admit of even more. And how these bits of detail and sideplay do enhance the enjoyment of an audience. Nothing goes unappreciated. So little a thing as a good pop from "Dick Swiveller's" champagne bottle calls forth a ready response. Kate Field said in *Scribner's* last month that on the occasion of the first dress rehearsal of *Trial by Jury*, every man in the cantanta appeared made up for "Dr. Kennealy!" Poor fellows! Each man fondly fancied that he alone had thought of the Tichborne champion, and saw dim vistas of delighted audiences and approving critiques. The circumstance, however, not only shows the groove of the English mind at the time, but speaks well for the poor fellows who took the trouble to think it up. There are not many of that sort. If there were there would not be so many idly walking the streets bemoaning their luck. Perhaps it is not necessary for them to be so ambitious as "Corky Jack," up at Baldwin's, who tried so hard to do something with his part this week that there is a subdued murmur from the gallery of "kill him, kill him" all the time that he holds the stage, while the assassination would have been calmly permitted on the part of the dress circle. I have been wondering, too, whether Jennings is really to be commended for his "Quilp," or whether he has not overdrawn even that vile atrocity. Perhaps there is no more repulsive character in the pages of fiction than this dwarf fiend, with his monkey-like agility and his devilish malignity, but I doubt whether it is well for the actor to picture him in such strong colors that it is a positive relief to the nerves when he leaves the stage. The fever of abrupt contrast must have been strong upon Charles Dickens when he placed him in the same book with that exquisite creation, "Little Nell." In fact he himself said: "I had it always in my fancy to surround the lovely figure of the child with grotesque and wild, but not impossible companions, and to gather about her innocent face and pure intentions associates as strange and uncongenial as the grim objects that are about her bed when her history is first foreshadowed." Do you recall the description, the age, and ghostliness, and haggardness of everything? It is impossible to put her little, short, unchecked life into a play, but I think Lotta—the merry, prankish Lotta—has caught the mournful spirit of its poetry. She is just such an old-fashioned, golden-haired, motherly "Little Nell" as one would picture. Yet how much more truly she is herself again when she is transformed into the wizen-faced, hungry-eyed "Marchioness" of the kitchen. By the way, I think the dramatizer takes her out of "Sally Brass'" kitchen all too soon. I like the "Marchioness" best before her face is washed, while there is yet expression in her eye as she gazes on a piece of cold mutton—while, in fact, she is still the "Marchioness," and not Sophronia somebody. I can not remember when Bishop has pleased so well as in "Dick Swiveller." By the way, where was Marble? Had he become a dissolving view. He was only missed for his voice; for although Bishop as a poetical orator is quite a "Dick Swiveller," his upper notes are—as they say of a faded *prima donna's*—a little shaky. I could fancy that the resources at Baldwin's could have produced a more picturesque curiosity shop. I remember a much more striking looking apartment not so long ago, for it was only when *A Scrap of Paper* was produced when the stage was worth photographing for the benefit of collectors, it was so handsomely mounted. Just now, when half the world are graduating in *bric-a-brac*, it is well worth the stage manager's while to give one of these pictures to appreciative eyes. *A propos*, the only new thing in minstrelsy is the stage setting in the first part. I am sure that half the crowded houses are drawn to the Mastodon Minstrels by the advertising lithograph which depicts them sitting tiers upon tiers of minstrels, with a big drum at the top, and a large and most extraordinary picture of manager Haverly surmounting the pyramid in the most impressive manner. Truth to tell, one finds this arrangement when one gets there; but there are eight end men who have the most depressing effect. Hired mourners at a funeral could not be more gloomy. A ten-year-old almanac could not furnish staler jokes. A crow could not do wilder singing. The question arises, What are they there for? Echo answers, to fill up. This seems to be the mastodonic policy—plenty of everything. It does not answer with the end men, but in the *ensemble* it is good. Thus, the Broadway squad is excellent. The militia should go and learn a lesson from their drill. In fact, it is only where discipline is shown that the mastodons excel. Take the Broadway squad, the champion clog tournament, "the picnic," and the burlesque circus, a succession of songs and dances, and you have the mastodonic gist. No one who does anthing alone does it well, excepting perhaps Kennedy the ventriloquist. Possibly they have found this out for themselves, for all our old acquaintance, Billy Rice, and Welch and Rice, etc., have been transformed into the leaders of bands. The California Quartet, as they have called themselves for some indefinable reason, since everyone belongs some other place, still keep their place in the bill. What is the magic of this word "California" in the profession? I received a most touching appeal a fortnight or so ago, which commenced most dramatically:

Betsy B.—Dear Madame:—I call upon you in my distress, and in the name of a Californian, to do me justice in that valuable paper, the Argonaut.

"Valuable" is the regulation taffy for a newspaper. The oldest subscriber never gives more than that. Whereupon the little Snowflake soubrette goes on to say that a real mean newspaper has misconstrued her in an interview, and represented that she is indifferent to California. She says she has learned all she knows (!) in California; that she wants to live and die in California as soon as she has made a little pile of money to spend in California; and that life will be a barren desert—or words to that effect—without the good opinion of California. And she dates this touching little appeal "Port Stanley," and she signs it "Annie Pixley;" and what less can be done than to state the poor little California enthusiast's case plainly?

Betsy B.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

The Fabbri-Boscovitz series of "Concerts Intimes" has been most auspiciously inaugurated, the opening Concert, which was given at Dashaway Hall on last Monday evening, drawing together quite a large audience of *dilettanti*, and making, I believe, a very favorable impression. The programme was certainly interesting and well arranged—so well, indeed, that it was somewhat surprising to find Mr. Boscovitz arbitrarily, and without a word of explanation, changing the order of some of his numbers. I do not think that many of the audience mistook Mr. B.'s *Berceuse* and *Menuetto* for Beethoven's Sonata, for which the trifling *morceaux* were substituted, but there were certainly not a few who would have preferred the original arrangement. Mr. Boscovitz's share of the programme may be passed over without special notice, it presenting in the main very much the same features as on former occasions when he has played in public. I have also my doubt of the value of any careful analysis of the playing of an artist whose style is so entirely subjective (or rather erratic, which is more nearly accurate), that in speaking of his interpretation of a composition one is after all only describing the momentary mood or caprice—whichever it may be—that controls him. It is simply a kaleidoscopic style that depends largely on an accidental arrangement of the bits of color; they may fall into most harmonious and delightful combination and give great pleasure; they are, however, quite likely to present only dull grays or crude and inartistic effects, and often become positively disagreeable. Artists who abandon themselves as entirely as Mr. Boscovitz does to the subjective manner of treating the composition of others are in the very nature of things unreliable in their interpretation. If they chance—as in the instance of Rubenstein—to be possessed of the same quality of genius that created the works the reading often becomes very interesting, since it acquires a quality and individuality that is of itself of great value. When, however, the interpretation is really none at all, but results from the caprice of a player who, while he possesses many charming qualities, betrays neither that of genius nor even artistic coherence or consistency, the pleasure that one expects to derive from a *Sonata* of Beethoven, or *Nocturne* of Chopin, may become the very reverse; the obtrusion of an individuality that is neither Chopin nor Beethoven is offensive and in bad taste, and smacks not a little of an arrogant assumption on the part of the player that it is *him* and *his* reading of the composition that one is to receive as the true interpretation of it, and to consider as of a value at least equal to that of the composer as expressed in the printed edition he saw fit to give to the world. Mr. Boscovitz always does some things delightfully; it is too much to ask of any artist that he should play equally well in all styles. In his own peculiar style Mr. Boscovitz produces charming effects, and plays certain things—as, for instance, the greater portion of Chopin's *Berceuse* the other evening—as well as it is possible to play them.

Mr. Jacob Müller's share in this concert consisted of Schubert's *Wanderer*, in which his noble quality of voice and sympathetic style were heard to the best advantage, and two songs by Franz and Schumann, which suited him less well, and were consequently somewhat disappointing. Miss Aggie Childs, who made a *debut* with the grand *scena* "Ocean, thou mighty monster!" of Von Weber, has a loud voice. This seemed to be the only noteworthy feature in her singing. In the next concert, which falls on the 8th prox., we are to have Mme. Fabbri.

In another column will be found the announcement of the formation by Mr. J. W. Yarndley of a vocal class for practice in solfeggio and sight reading, to which I am glad to call attention, since I know Mr. Yarndley to be entirely competent to teach such a class. That a deal of just this sort of teaching is very much wanted in this city is a fact that must be patent to any one who is in any way connected with chorus singing; I know very few, even among those who claim to be soloists, who can respectably—the proportion is about one out of a hundred.

At a concert given at Dashaway Hall on Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Spanish Church, the pleasant features were the singing by Miss Ferrer of Blumenthal's Message, which was intelligently sung and delightfully *in tune*, Mr. Arrillaga's playing on the piano-forte of Ritter's "Courriers," and Mr. Solano's performance of a *Fantasie* on the harp, which was quite masterly. Mr. Ferrer, who had not been heard in public since his painful accident last year, accompanied several members on the guitar, and had a hearty welcome from an audience that is always glad to see him.

O. W.

## THE MODERN TROUBADOR.

### Pat's Logic.

"The gratest burd to foight," says Pat,
"Barring the aigle, is the duck;
He has a foine large bill to peck,
And plenty of rale Irish pluck.

"And, thin, d'ye mind the fut he has?
Full as broad over as a cup;
Show me the fowl upon two ligs
That's able fer to thrip him up!"

—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

### Uninformed.

"Time makes all things right—"
Per wise man of the old school;
He'd probably seen an anchorite tight,
Or the colic working a mule.

—*Wheeling Leader.*

### Mawed Muller.

Mawed Muller on a summer day
On cider got clean o'er the bay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed a mass
Of fire red hair as coarse as grass.
Singing she worked, and her discordant lay
The birds from the fields all scared away.

—*U Bet.*

### Mongolian Pinafore.

Mi call lillie Buttlecup, dee lillie Buttlecup,
Alle same mi not nevel tell why;
But still mi call Buttlecup, poo lillie Buttlecup,
Sweet lillie Buttlecup mi.

### The True Business.

There is a young maid in Thibet
Has a grizzly bear for a pet;
And in spite of bronch'tis her greatest delight is
To cuddle him while he is wet.

### Remembrance.

Do you mind when I scaled the back-yard fence
To see if you'd left me a note?
Old Tray gave chase across the lawn,
And I fell over the goat.
Do you think of the night I took you home,
And I asked for a modest kiss?
You said no; I must go;
That your dad would be mad.
Do you remember this?

### Texas Summer Song.

Did you ever hear of a drought,
A regular Texas stew?
No? Then I'll invoke my panting muse
And issue a verse or two.

Thermometer ninety at nine,
One hundred degrees at four,
And ninety again at nine P. M.,
For a full month or more.

So hot that you fall asleep
Over the news by mail—
That a cow can't low, or a chicken crow,
Or a watchdog wag his tail.

So hot that men don't speak
In a healthy, natural tone,
But greet as they meet in the dusky street
With scarcely an audible groan.

A staggering rooster reels
After a sunstruck fly,
And a hog just winks at an ear of corn
Which chances to lie near by.

Not a drop of dew by night,
Not a drop of rain by day;
The wells and cisterns going dry,
And the creeks have run away.

—*Galveston News.*

### The Reason Why.

Mary leads her little lamb
Around by silken tether—
She calls her little lambkin "Hot"
Because it is a wether.

### Past and Present.

Soft was her golden hair,
Bright as stars were her eyes of blue.
Truly I loved my lady fair;
Truly my lady loved me, too.
Did it break my heart when my love lay dead?
Why, bless your soul, she didn't die.
Time wrought change as it onward sped:
She loves another; so do I. —*Boston Post.*

### A Truly Rural Scene.

I saw a milkmaid sitting on a rail;
Beneath her was the full and foaming pail.
In purest nature, every false art scorning,
She waited for some one in the early morning.
Beyond the wood—around, the peaceful kine,
Made just the picture poets call divine.
Admiring also charms of maid and scene,
The petted cow, retiring from the green,
Rubbed her brown neck against the fated rail,
And dumped the maiden off into the pail.

### Woe.

Now down Clarinda's pearly cheek
The saline tear doth trickle.
She's lost no friend; the truth to speak,
She swallowed a whole pickle.
Which is a little too strong for her delicate palate.

### On the Stoop.

We sat upon the stoop
When the moon
Got up behind the hill,
Pretty soon
I felt something kind of queer
On the rear,
And a boot
Said scoot,
Didn't it, Maggie dear?

Oh, Maggie, little Maggie,
You're my queen,
How are you getting along
With your sewing machine?
Do you kindle the fire with kerosene,
My queen,
Maggie Green?

### At Twilight.

In the haze of the soft summer gloaming,
With the girl of my fancy beside me,
I love to abide while the little stars shine,
All careless what fate may betide me.

Far be it from me for a moment to think
That my sweetheart will e'er come to harm,
As the thirsty mosquito with lullaby soft
Swoops down on her lily-white arm.

All jealous I watch as he eagerly quaffs
From currents that flow to her heart,
And ere he is filled with the nectar divine
I scare him away with a start.

Then he settles on me to conclude his repast,
And I tenderly yield what he gains.
Oh, joy too ecstatic! I envy the rogue,
For he mingles our blood in his veins!

—*St. Louis Times.*

Through all this din and deviltry of politics Colonel Andrews goes steadily forward in preparing for the grandest masquerade ball that has ever been produced. He thinks that after the election is ended the community will be prepared for the enjoyment of his carnival at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and that he will be able by the fun and frolic of a single night to clear the cobwebs out of men's brains, and bring their minds back to their normal conditions. Once when the plague invaded Paris, and death and horror and despair prevailed, some wise philosopher of human nature suggested a harlequin masquerade and procession. It took place, and the grim old skeleton of death was fairly driven from the city in derision and contempt. When the community began to laugh at death he was conquered and withdrew. Colonel Andrew's Carnival Ball is expected to laugh at hard times and politics, and to drive all the evil passions out of town, and bring our people back to the earlier jollier days. We believe he has engaged all the music in the city. Forty negro minstrels in fantastic costumes are to be in procession with their instruments. Nearly all the gallery seats are now disposed of. All the best and nobbiest families of the city have taken reserved seats, and unless tickets are applied for very soon at the Diamond Palace or Sherman and Hyde's music store, none will be had; they are going off like hot cakes. The gallery audience will be composed of our best and most fashionable people, while the great dancing floor below will be crowded with all the comicalities that Colonel Andrew's genius can invent, his fruitful mind suggest, or his well-filled, plethoric purse procure. It is to be a grand occasion, and whosoever misses it will regret an opportunity of fun seldom presented in any city. The real spectacle of the evening will be the grand procession, with buglers on horseback, with harlequin and masqueraders in all sorts of fantastic costume, with merry masquers in every quaint shape: animals and vegetables of grotesque get up, negro minstrels and mountebanks, fantastic characters representing the various nationalities and colors of the human race, with exaggerated and grotesque representations of every thing that swims or walks or flies or crawls. Colonel Andrews has shown his sense and ability to manage such a carnival by placing the price of admission within the reach of all. A masquerade ball at from $5 to $10 admission would be stiff, formal, highly respectable, but it would be a failure. Tickets at one doller and a half for males, and one dollar for females, secure probably the sale of twenty thousand tickets, and probably not less than five thousand masques in fancy dress or domino.

A new cable road is to be constructed from Montgomery Block along Montgomery Avenue and Union Street to Steiner, thence by horse cars to the Presidio. The contract is made, and the construction will begin as soon as the streets are sewered and material can be gathered together. The Clay Street Railroad solved the problem of cable roads. The splendid success of the California Street road, under the ownership of Gov. Stanford, gave a final and complete demonstration of the fact that a road well built and well managed, over any of the more important and central thoroughfares, would justify its construction. The Geary Street road followed next—not yet in running; then comes the Presidio road, which, as a paying institution, we predict will be equal to any. The *Chronicle* is authority for the following figures concerning the California Street cable road: "It is known nearly to a certainty that the expense of running the California Street road is about $175 a day. This requires that three thousand five hundred passengers a day should be carried to pay expenses. Since that road carries over seven thousand persons daily, there is a large margin for profit. The stock is now paying a dividend of one per cent. a month, besides accumulating a reserve fund. The first cost of the stock was $83 per share, and it now sells for from $100 to $110. The road cost $415,000, which is a high figure for a cable road." The California is the most expensive of all the roads, and it is the best in point of construction and equipment, the best in point of cleanliness and management.

From the *Daily Stock Exchange*, Monday, August 18th: "Among the renominations made by the Democratic Convention, none is more satisfactory than that of Col. WILLIAM DOOLAN for Public Administrator. Col. Doolan has filled the office to the entire satisfaction of every one with whom he has come in contact in the discharge of his duty. Even could the dead men upon whose estates he had administered come back, they would unanimously indorse his candidacy. This is saying a great deal, for dead men are very particular about the way their property is disposed of. Col. Doolan will secure a large Republican vote."

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More celebrities. Aristarchi Bey, Turkish Minister at Washington, and C. de Struve, Russian Minister to Japan, have had cabinets taken by the firm of Bradley & Rulofson, and praise them as the best photographic portraits they have ever had, and the most marvelous work of the kind they have ever seen. The cameras are now in waiting for the Grant party, and the gallery of celebrities will then be further augmented. Remember that the aristocratic and correct thing to do is to have your photographs bear the imprint of the famous firm of Bradley & Rulofson. It is just as cheap to get the best work as the poorest, and a thousand times more satisfactory.

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Mr. James O'Neill as Coupeau, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis as Gervaise, and the Great Baldwin Theatre Company.

To-morrow (Sunday) Even'g, positively last performance of

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Monday Evening, September 1—

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J. W. YARNDLEY, Director.

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*NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE* of THOS. D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. H. T. GRAVES, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. D. Sullivan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 28, 1879.

PRATT & METCALFE, Attorneys for Adm'r. tau30

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, August 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 46) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on WEDNESDAY, August 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

*NORTHERN BELLE MILL AND* Mining Company.—The fifth annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held on MONDAY, September 8th, 1879 (second Monday in September), at the hour of 1 P. M. on that day, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer books will be closed on Monday, September 1st, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

WANTED,

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.

NORTHERN DIVISION
# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ☞ On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—The run of this train to Salinas on Saturdays having been discontinued for the season, those intending to visit Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also. EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Coltoo, Colorado River. YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## *SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25: Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

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Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

# *C. P. R. R.*

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASsenger* Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKland* Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASsenger* train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted,* at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ...... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ...... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ...... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ...... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ...... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ...... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ...... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ...... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ...... |
| ....... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ...... | 6.30 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ....... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ...... | 7.00 | | | |
| ....... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ...... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ....... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ...... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ....... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ...... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ....... | ....... | ....... | ...... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ...... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ...... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ...... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ...... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ...... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ...... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ...... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ...... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ...... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ...... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | | 5.40 | ...... | 4.00 | ...... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ...... | 5.00 | ...... | 9.10 |
| | | A. M. | 7.50 | ...... | 6.03 | ...... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ...... | B*7.20 | ...... | ...... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ...... | B*8.30 | ...... | ...... |
| | | 1.30 | ...... | ...... | *10.00 | ...... | ...... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag t.

## *SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

## *OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL*

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC, | OCEANIC, | BELGIC. |
|---|---|---|
| August..........23 | September ....13 | October.......25 |
| December ....... 6 | | January.......17 |
| February........28 | | April..........10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. OCEANIC, sailing from San Francisco Saturday, September 13th, will continue on from Hongkong to Liverpool, offering superior accommodations for tourists en route AROUND THE WORLD.

Freight will be taken for London and Liverpool. For through bills of lading and rates, apply at 218 California Street.

## *PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.*

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## *PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.*

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, NO. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## *DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.,

Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, August 8th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 50) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on FRIDAY, the 15th day of August, 1879. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

## *NORTH BONANZA COMPANY.—*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of September, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 7th day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## *THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO*

*Capital paid up...............$10,000,000*
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds........... 3,500,000*

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.............62 WALL STREET.
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SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital..........................$5,000,000*

D. O. MILLS....................................President.
WILLIAM ALVORD........................Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN..................................Cashier.

AGENTS — New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

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## *NAMES OF THE STOCKHOLDERS* to the Capital Stock of the

**Western Fire & Marine Ins. Co.**

OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 400 California Street. ☜

SAN FRANCISCO—P. Marsicano, John McCabe, P. Hartigan, W. W. Dodge P. J. White, Henry Casanova, Geo. H. Sanderson, E. M. Root, Michael Kane, F. O'Leary, N. C. Luhrs, J. Wieland, F. Wieland, W. H. Stearns, M. H. Kelly, J. de la Montanya, P. Alferitz, A. P. Hotaling, Nicholas Goetjen, Jonas Schoenfeld, J. Macdonough, P. Rossi, Ed. Bosqui, Thos. Jennings, Jos. Figel, S. C. Hastings, G. Ginnochio, John Fay, Wm. M. Lent, John F. Boyd, Wm. Willis, C. D. O'Sullivan, James Phelan, J. F. Cowdery, R. McElroy, F. Crowley, John C. Hall, Edmund Marks, J. Maccary, B. Frapolli, H. J. McMurray, Geo. O. Smith Jr., John S. Bowman, Gus Reis, Dr. G. Woodward, Angelo Spadino.

SACRAMENTO—W. R. Strong, N. Dingley, Geo. W. Chesley, Robt. M. Hamilton, W. D. Comstock, S. B. Ridgway, O. B. Goodhue, A. S. Hopkins, Dr. G. L. Simmons, Dr. E. Jacobs, E. S. Dennison.

GOLD HILL, NEV.—Robt. P. Keating, Capt. Thos. G. Taylor.

LOMPOC—J. Rudolph.

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It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

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# THE TAILOR!

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Call and see the ELECTRIC LIGHT at NICOLL'S, by which colors and quality may be seen as clear at NIGHT as at NOONDAY.

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SALE PRICES—Pants from $3; Suits from $12; Overcoats from $12; Ulsters from $15; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

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A Political, Satirical, and Society Journal, published every Saturday, at 522 California Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, FRED. M. SOMERS, } ..... EDITORS.

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*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first (1st) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

# The Argonaut.

*VOL. V. NO. 10.* *SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.* *PRICE, TEN CENTS.*

## THE BURNING OF THE COLLEGE.

*"Quique sui Memores alios Fecere Merendo."*—VIRGIL.

It was pleasant to leave our books and pass an hour with the old negro janitor of the college. It was one of the oldest seats of learning in the South—a grand pile of ancient brick structure, the walls of which were discolored with time and in many places overgrown with ivy. This latter adornment was said to enhance the beauty of the place, but the nefarious warfare practiced upon us by piratical lizards, and by bugs of questionable honesty of purpose, that scaled the clinging vines to gain access to our rooms, induced us to entertain contrary ideas. Be that as it may, the janitor always spoke of them with great pride in the presence of visitors. The old man went by the name of Edmund. The freshmen addressed him reverently as Uncle Edmund; the sophomores, in full keeping with their programme of "wise foolishness" and "the school-master is abroad," called him Old Ned; the juniors, with greater condescension, addressed him as Uncle Ned; the seniors laid aside snobbery, recognized a superiority of learning and a white skin over opposite conditions, and politely called him Edmund. It was neither a compromise nor a condescension on the part of these gentlemen with moustaches and walking-canes; it was simply the true, unadorned name of the poor old man. The faculty had unbounded respect for him, and retained him for faithful service rendered through a long succession of years. All that was required of him was to bring coal into our rooms, remove the ashes, and sweep the halls and galleries. As I said, it was a relief to leave our books for a quiet chat in Edmund's lodge; to renounce for a time the platitudes of Juvenal and cease racking our brains for an answer to his startling question, "Who will embrace virtue itself if you withhold its rewards?"—or Virgil, who instilled into our hopeful imagination this inscription on the tombstone of blasted ambition: "We are all the slaves of destiny;" to rest a while from sines, cosines, and tangents, and marvel within ourselves at the excellence of Edmund's gingerbread and beer. His little cabin stood in the corner of the campus, and faced upon the highway. Passers-by were greeted with the following legend, daubed by Edmund himself with a marking-pot brush on the whitewashed front of his neat cabin:

"boT caKE & bEER & ChAiRs
boTomd To oRdeR."

The education required to thus publish to the world the outside business speculations in which the old man engaged was all in that line desired by Edmund. Tom and I strolled to his cabin one hot day in June, when our examinations were concluded and we were awaiting the commencement exercises, and the annual torture of an address from the President of the Board of Trustees, when Edmund raised his head as our shadows darkened the doorway with the greeting:

"Dat you, Mars William? Walk right in, young marsters, boff'n yer, Mars Tom, too, an' set right down. I knows yer's boff hot 'n' burnt out like inside; an' I jess got some o' de cooles' beer yer ever seed, an' hot, fresh, gingy-cake, right off'n de fiyer. Hit's de ole man's treat dis time. I ain't—"

"Oh, no, Edmund," protested Tom; "we've just got our commencement money, you know, and came down to spend a little of it with you, and have a long talk before we separate. There's no telling when we will see you after that."

A tear glistened in the old man's eye, for Tom spoke with much feeling.

"Doan' talk dat-er-way, young marster. I's knowed you two boys—'scuse me for callin' yer boys, young gentlemen—fer four years now; an' I b'lieve yer likes de ole man; an', widout any disrespec', I loves yer jess de same ez ef yer was my own chillun. Yer ain't been stingy wid yer money—yer's been kin' an' good ter me, an' waited on me dat time I was sick; an' now when I wants ter treat yer I'd ruther yer'd eat up ev'ything in de house 'n not pay er cent fer hit den ter drink er spoonful o' beer an' roll out all yer money. Hit's de ole man's treat, an' hit makes me feel mighty bad ter think yer's gwine erway so soon. You take dis glass, Mars Tom, an' you dis'n, Mars William, an' jess he'p yersefs ter dat cake."

We sat chatting pleasantly some time, when my usual thirst for knowledge—as well as for Edmund's beer—induced me to ask the question as to the process adopted in the manufacture of this mild beverage.

"Dat's called Californy beer, young marster. Hit's very easy to make when you onct knows how; but hit tuck me er long time fer ter git hit jess right, so dat hit won't burn yer throat ner tas'e sour. Dat's de gret trouble—gittin' hit sour—an' yer has ter throw hit erway er keep hit fer vinegar, which yer doan' want ter keep so much vinegar roun' de house, 'specially in fly-time. Waal, in de fuss place, I takes erbout er half er teacupful o' white cawn—*white* cawn, mind yer, an' I'll tell yer de reason fer it. Yer know, de beer has ter work. Waal, dere's mo' work in de white cawn den dere is in de yaller cawn. Wy, de time use ter be, young marster, when I could tell et onct whether whisky wair made fum white cawn er yaller cawn. Dere's mo' work in de white cawn—kaze why? Kaze de yaller cawn is ez hard ez er flint, an' de white cawn is saff—an' den, de yaller cawn gives beer'n whisky er kinder rank tas'e dat white cawn hain't got. Waal, yer den take dis half er teacupful o' cawn an' let bit soak in water all night, ontwell hit swells 'n bergins ter crack open. Den take er gallon o' water, an' put er teacupful o' molasses into hit; pour de cawn in, den set hit in er cool place 'n let her work. Ef de weather is ez hot ez dis, hit'll work nice in erbout twelve hours. Now de fuss draff, mind you, ain't always sometimes fit'n to drink. Ef hit's ropy hit ain't good, an' yer has ter make vinegar out'n hit. Ef hit ain't ropy hit's good beer. Waal, den yer use de cawn over'n over ergin, ontwell de beer hit makes bergins ter tas'e flat, an' den yer haves ter git fresh cawn."

He delivered this minute recipe without an interruption, and was highly satisfied with the close attention he received.

"You lead a very correct life here, Edmund," I said.

"Oh, dat's noth'n. I use-ter be wild—goin' ter cawn shuckins, runnin' erway, raid'n watermillion patches—but 'twas de fiddle what put hit all inter my head den. I doan b'lieve dat when folks is ole dey 'sarves credit for doin' right, kaze dey can't do wrong no mo'. But when my ole 'oman died I laid de ole fiddle on de shelf fer er gret many years. Howsomever, I's gittin on de shady side o' life now, an' apples dat grows in de shade ain't nigh ez sweet ez dem what ripens in de sun. De pleasures of younger days has lost deir sweetness ter me now. 'Tain't no use ter grieve erbout hit, ner ter rub on de liniment arter mortification hez done sot in."

"I have heard you play your fiddle often, Edmund," remarked Tom.

"Yes, yes, yes, young marster; I plays hit now, you onderstan', kase I's too ole fer hit ter hurt me any."

Tom requested him to play, and the the old man produced what I should pronounce—were it not a sacrilege, as it was the property of Edmund—a monstrosity. If it were compared to a human being, it might now be said to have been in a hundred battles, and to have been badly beaten in all; to have had both eyes knocked out and an ear chewed off; to have had its back broken and spliced with a scantling; to have had its stomach removed for vivisection, and replaced in separate pieces, without regard to the laws of Nature or the continuity of an idea; to have had its heart, liver, and lungs removed, that its ribs might be scraped; to have had both arms and both legs hewn off and the stumps driven out of sight into the body; to have had its jugular vein severed, and tied up with a hay rope; to have had a neck stretched out of shape with frequent executions by hangings; to have been afflicted at various times with small-pox, yellow fever, cholera, trichinæ, and leprosy; to have been subject to fits, and fallings down, and abject melancholy; to have been a cancer on the face of Nature, and an eyesore to the angels; in short it seemed, still carrying out the simile, to have been born in the slums and reared a gutter-snipe, a willing participant in any wickekness; to have led a life of shame and infamy, and to have arrived at an old age of utter depravity, miserable decrepitude, and culminative and cumulative crime. Still, for all that, the owner prized it highly, if he did have to spit on the screws to tune it; if it was spavined and wheezy; if the back was fastened to the neck with a screw; if there were gaping seams all around it. After various spittings and facial contortions, he suddenly handed the violin—if it deserved that name—to Tom, asking him if he could play. Tom protested that he could not, and Edmund then placed it in my hands.

"You kin play, Mars William! I kin tell by de way yer takes hold on it. Green hands—beggin' yer pardon, Mars Tom—teckles hit lack dey was afeard dey would hurt hit."

I passed it back to Edmund, who insisted on my playing.

"I can't play noth'n but ole plantation break-downs, an' I reck'n yer doan wants ter hyar much o' dat. Of course yer knows, Mars William, dat dere's two ways o' play'n er fiddle. One is ter play wid de bow de mos, an' tother is ter tread de strings de mos'. Now, I ain't good er bit et tread'n de strings, kaze my fingers is stiff, an' I has ter play mos'ly wid de bow. Waal, I'll give yer 'Run, Nigger, Run,' fer er sample."

His method was ludicrous in the extreme. He sat with his legs wide apart; he caught the bow near the middle, placed the instrument along his left forearm instead of bringing it under his chin, and scraped out the mellifluous notes of the "theme" before mentioned. His manner of fingering was rare and curious. The first joint of his fingers would straighten out as he pressed the strings, the second finger performing the major part of the work by sliding from a lower to a higher note, and back again when necessary. He emphasized his unisons, which were thrown in gratuitously whenever circumstances permitted, and which were executed with the third finger. The index finger had very little to do with the whole operation, as it is necessarily crooked more than the others, and he wished to avoid that embarrassment. The fifth was his favorite chord, and he rendered it by flapping down the second finger like the tail of a beaver. In not a single note did he use the tips of his fingers, and anywhere out of the first position was an unexplored region.

"Now, Mars William, you give her er shake," he said to me. I gratified him by running lightly up a chromatic ladder, from the bottom rung to the top—turning loose when I reach the top and tumbling headlong down on a minor *arpeggio*, catching at turns and trills and stray chords in the higher positions on the way, until I struck the bottom with shattered nerves and the enamel of my teeth badly cracked. Edmund's open-mouthed admiration was flattery enough.

"Now yer see!" he ejaculated, "dat's de way ter do hit. You done hit all wid tread'n de strings, an' didn't hardly move de bow. Yer gwine? De cake's done now, an' I wants yer to try hit fo' yer go. Hit's cooked beautiful," he said, as he raised the lid and allowed a cloud of savory steam to escape.

After supper Tom and I passed by the cabin and saw the old man on his knees, his gray head bent in silent supplication to his Maker. Pray earnestly, Edmund! Pray for forgiveness of sins, of omission and commission, of deed and of intent—for you will never pray again! Breathe fervency into your thoughts, and let the last hours of your life and your last exhortation be an apostrophe to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

It was a strange picture. The walls of the cabin were covered with pictures cut miscellaneously from illustrated papers, pasted in every available space, and arranged with extravagant incongruity. A prominent place was given to the great fight between Heenan and Sayres, and next to it was a fine etching of Cupid and Psyche. The gallows scene that followed the assassination of Lincoln shed its benign influence upon the family of Washington. The Last Supper was surmounted by the storming of Fort Sumter. A frightful boa-constrictor nestled comfortably near a handsome woman in full evening toilet. Edmund's art collection was an endless source of wonder and admiration to the newly arrived students, and they would make a tour of the "gallery" with a piece of gingerbread in one hand and a tumbler of beer in the other; and it was to this source of information that many of them owed their first knowledge of history and events, of politics and personages. In truth, it was the main attraction of Edmund's harmless resort, and caused many a stray picayune to find its way into the coffers of the man of business. It was never known what became of Edmund's money, but we always supposed that he loaned it to the young madcaps whose propensities outstripped their incomes, and who knew that the old man kept sacred in his innermost heart the motto that hung over the door: "Give, that ye may receive."

Tom and I had been long asleep that night, with pleasant dreams of the supper and the ball that were to close the year, interrupted by an occasional nightmare caused by an intrusion of the annual address by the President of the Board of Trustees, when we were suddenly startled out of our slumber by a husky, frightened, nervous whisper at the bedside:

"Jump up, Mars William an' Mars Tom! Dress yersefs quick an' take yer clothes out! De build'n's on fiyer! Doan say er word; I's gett'n' all de boys out safe an' quiet." And he was gone in an instant.

Quickly and with trembling hands we prepared to escape, and when we gained the hall a dense column of blinding, suffocating smoke folded us in its embrace, and clung about us as we stole down stairs into the lower hall. A dull, red glare penetrated the density at this point, and we easily found the door. A stream of students was pouring silently out.

"Do you think they are all out?" Tom and I asked each other a score of times, and then we pushed our way back into the burning house. We rushed into rooms and hastily felt for occupants in the beds, but they were all empty. The great bell in the chapel tower turned loose its iron tongue and awakened the echoes of the still night, and cried out with its parched, brazen throat for Help! Water! Help! It was the signal for a cry that came from the throats of three hundred students; that dreaded cry that blanches the cheek and arrests the heart in its beating; that makes the hands become cold and the head hot, and that carries desolation on its breath. The building was four stories high. Tom and I searched the two lower floors and found only a few straggling students, who were coming from the upper rooms. We pushed on to the third floor, and were surrounded with flames. Nobody there. Edmund had not been idle. We turned to gain the fourth floor, when we found the stairs tottering and in flames. There was another flight at the end of the hall, and we rushed to that. It was safer, and we met two boys being pushed along by Edmund. He caught sight of me and Tom in the blazing light, and exclaimed:

"You two 'way up hyar? Run down, an' take dese two little fellows. Dey's de last ones, but I's gwine back an' look ergain ter make sho'. Doan yer come back; she'll fall in three minutes."

"Come back, Edmund! Come back!" we shouted—but he was gone. The timbers were groaning and quaking; and just as we gained the outer air with the two frightened little Freshmen, a great crash announced that the floors were giving way. Where was Edmund? A dozen boys answered quickly that they had just seen him out of danger. Thank God! But Tom would not believe it. We ran down to his cabin; we scoured the campus; but no Edmund could we find. The walls tottered to their massive foundations, and fell in a great heap. The old college was in ashes. Every life was saved, with the exception of an old man, whose charred bones were found in the rubbish. A thousand people stood with uncovered heads when these were exposed, and in all the college there was not a dry eye nor a heart that was not torn with bitter grief. But it was well enough thus, as Tom remarked afterward; for both the college and the janitor were very old. The old man was simply a part of the college—one of its vitals—they belonged each to the other; and when one died it was right that the other also should pass away.

We erected a neat marble shaft over his grave, and had inscribed upon it in few words his noble deed; and to the day of this writing the flowers are carefully kept, and the weeds are not allowed to grow upon the last resting-place of Uncle Edmund. W. C MORROW, JR.

OAKLAND, September, 1879.

# THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

## PART FIRST:

DOCUMENT NO. 1.

[Paragraph from the *Illustrated London News*, published under the head of "Obituary of Eminent Persons," in the issue of January 4, 1879:]

SIR WILLIAM BEAUVOIR, BART.

Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., whose lamented death has just occurred at Brightoo, on December 28th, was the head and representative of the junior branch of the very ancieot and honorable family of Beauvoir, and was the only son of the late General Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., by his wife Anne, daughter of Colonel Doyle, of Chelsworth Cottage, Suffolk. He was born in 1805, and was educated at Eton and Trinity Hall, Camoridge. He was M. P. for Lancashire from 1837 to 1847, and was appoioted a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber in 1843. Sir William married io 1826, Henrietta Georgiana, fourth daughter of the Right Honourable Adolphus Liddell, Q. C., by whom he had two sons, William Beauvoir and Oliver Liddell Beauvoir. The latter was with his lamented parent when he died. Of the former nothing has been heard for nearly thirty years, about which time he left Englaod suddenly for America. It is supposed that he went to California, shortly after the discovery of gold. Much forgotten gossip will now in all probability be revived, for the will of the lamented baronet has been proved, on the 2nd inst., aod the personality sworn under £70,000. The two sons are appoioted executors. The estate in Lancashire is left to the elder, and the rest is divided equally between the brothers. The doubt as to the career of Sir William's eldest son must now of course be cleared up.

This family of Beauvoirs is of Norman descent and of great antiquity. This is the younger branch, founded in the last century by Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., who was Chief Justice of the Canadas, whence he was granted the punning arms and motto now boroe by his descendants,—a beaver sable rampant on a field gules; motto, "Damno."

## PART SECOND:

DOCUMENTS NOS. 2–4.*

[Promises to pay, put forth by William Beauvoir, Junior, at various times in 1848:]

> *I. O. U.*
>
> *£ 105 . 0 . 0 .*
>
> *April 10th, 1848.*
>
> *William Beauvoir, junr.*

DOCUMENT NO. 5.

[Extract from the *Sunday Satirist*, a journal of high-life, published in London, May 13th, 1848:]

Are not our hereditary lawmakers and the members of our families the guardians of the honour of this realm? One would not think so to see the reckless gait at which some of them go down the road to ruin. The D——e of D——m and the E——l of B——n and L——d Y——g, —are not these pretty guardians of a nation's name? *Quis custodiet?* etc. Guardians, forsooth, *parce qu'ils se sont donnes la peine de naitre!* Some of the gentry make the running as well as their betters. Young W——m B——r, son of old Sir W——m B——r, late M. P. for L——e, is truly a model young man. He comes of a good old county family, —his mother was a daughter of the Right Honourable A——s L——l, and he himself is old enough to know better. But we hear of his escapades night after night, and day after day. He bets all day and he plays all night, and poor tired nature has to make the best of it. And his poor worn purse gets the worst of it. He has duns by the score. His I. O. U.'s are held by every Jew in the city. He is not content with a little gentlemanlike game of whist or *ecarte*, but he must needs revive for his especial use and behoof the dangerous and well-nigh forgotten *pharaoh*. As luck would have it, he has lost as much at this game of brute chance as ever he would at any game of skill. His judgment of horse flesh is no better than his luck at cards. He came a cropper over the "Two Thousand Guineas." The victory of the favourite cost him to the tune of over six thousand pounds. We learn that he hopes to recoup himself on the Derby, by backing Shylock for nearly nine thousand pounds; one bet was twelve hundred guineas.

And this is the sort of man who may be chosen at any time by force of family interest to make laws for the toiling millions of Great Britain!

DOCUMENT NO. 6.

[Extract from *Bell's Life* of May 19th, 1848:]

THE DERBY DAY.

WEDNESDAY.—This day, like its predecessor, opened with a cloudless sky, and the throng which crowded the avenues leading to the grand scene of attraction was, as we have elsewhere remarked, iocalculable.

* * * * * * * *

THE DERBY.

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year olds; colts, 8 st. 2 lb.; the second to receive 100 sovs., and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards police, etc.; mile and a half on the new Derby course; 215 subs.

Lord Clifden's b. c. *Surplice*, by Touchstone ..... 1
Mr. Bowe's b. c. *Springy Jack*, by Hetman ..... 2
Mr. B. Green's br. c. *Shylock*, by Simoon ..... 3
Mr. Payne's b. c. *Glendower*, by Slane ..... 0
Mr. J. P. Day's b. c. *Nil Desperandum*, by Venison ..... 0

* * * * * * * *

DOCUMENT NO. 7.

[Paragraph of Shipping Intelligence from the *Liverpool Courier* of June 21st, 1848:]

The harque *Euterpe*, Captain Riding, belonging to the Transatlantic Clipper Line of Messrs. Judkins & Cooke, left the Mersey yesterday afternoon, bound for New York. She took out the usual complement of steerage passengers. The first officer's cabin is occupied by Professor Titus Peebles, M. R. C. S., M. R. G. S., lately instructor in metallurgy at the University of Edinburgh, and Mr. William Beauvoir. Professor Peebles, we are informed, has an important scientific mission in the States, and will not return for six months.

DOCUMENT NO. 8.

[Paragraph from the *N. Y. Herald* of September 9th, 1848:]

While we well know that the record of vice and dissipation can never be pleasing to the refined tastes of the cultivated denizens of the metropolis, yet it may be of interest to those who enjoy the fascinating study of human folly and frailty to "point a moral or adorn a tale" from the events transpiring in our very midst. Such as these will view with alarm the sad example afforded the youth of our city by the dissolute career of a young sprig of aristocratic affectation and patrician profligacy, recently arrived in this city. This young *gentleman's* (save the mark!) name is Lord William F. Beauvoir, the latest scion of a veperable and wealthy English family. We print the full name of this beautiful exemplar of "haughty Albion," although he first appeared among our citizens under the *alias* of Beaver, by which name he is now generally known, although recorded on the books of the Astor House by the name which our enterprise first gives to the public. Lord Beauvoir's career since his arrival here has been one of unexampled extravagance and mad immorality. His days and nights have been passed in the gilded palaces of the fickle goddess Fortune, in Thomas street and College Place, where he has squandered fabulous sums, by some stated to amount to over £78,000 sterling. It is satisfactory to know that retribution has at last overtaken him. His enormous income has been exhausted to the ultimate farthing, and at latest accounts he had quit the city, leaving behind him, it is shrewdly suspected, a large hotel bill, though no such admission can be extorted from his last landlord, who is evidently a sycophantic adulator of British "aristocracy."

* For want of space, other similar documents are omitted.—ED.

DOCUMENT NO. 9.

[Certificate of deposit, usually known as a pawn-ticket, issued by one Simpson to William Beauvoir, December 2d, 1848:]

John Simpson,
Loan Office,
36 Bowery, New York.

*Dec. 2nd, 1848.*

| | Dolls. | Cts. |
|---|---|---|
| *One Gold Hunting-case Watch and Chain,* | 150 | 00 |

*William Beauvoir.*

Not accountable in case of fire, damage, moth, robbery, breakage, &c.
25% per ann. Good for 1 year only.

DOCUMENT NO. 10.

[Letter from the late John Phœnix, found among the posthumous papers of the late John P. Squibob, and promptly published in the San Diego *Herald*:]

OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA, Jan. 3rd, 1840.

MY DEAR SQUIB:—I imagine your pathetic inquiry as to my whereabouts—pathetic, not to say hypothetic—for I am now where I can not hear the dulcet strains of your voice. I am on board ship. I am half seas over. I am bound for California by way of the Isthmus. I am going for the gold, my boy, the gold. In the meantime I am lying around loose on the deck of this magnificent vessel, the *Mercy G. Tarbox*, of Nantucket. The *Mercy G.* is one of the best boats of Nantucket, and Captain Clearstarch is one of the best captains all along shore—although, friend Squibob, I feel sure that you are about to observe that a captain with a name like that would give any one the blues. But don't do it, Squib! Spare me this once.

But as a matter of fact this ultramarine joke of yours is about east. It was blue on the *Mercy G.*—mighty blue, too. And it needed the inspiring hope of the gold I was soon to pick up to stiffen my back-bone to a respectable degree of rigidity. I was about ready to wilt. But I discovered two Englishmen on board, and now I get along all right. One of them is a chemist or metallurgist, or something scientific. The other is a gentleman.

The chemist or metallurgist or something scientific is Professor Titus Peebles, who is going out to prospect for gold. He feels sure that his professional training will give him the inside track in the gulches and gold mines. He is a smart chap. He invented the celebrated "William Riley Baking Powder"—bound to rise up every time.

So much for the chemist or metallurgist or something scientific. The gentleman and I get on better. His name is Beaver, which he persists in spelling Beauvoir. Ridiculous, isn't it? How easy it is to see that the English have never had the advantage of a good common school education. Here's a man who don't know how to spell his own name. And this shows how the race over there on the little island is degenerating. It was not so in other days. Shakspere, for instance, not only knew how to spell his own name, but—and this is another proof of his superiority to his cootemporaries—he could spell it in fifty different ways.

This Beaver is a clever fellow, and we get on first rate together. He is going to California for gold—like the rest of us. But I think he has had his share—and spent it. At any rate he has not much now. I have an idea that he has been going pretty fast—and mostly down hill. But he has his good points. He is a gentleman all through, as you can see. Yes, friend Squibob, even you could see right through him. We are all going to California together, and I wonder which one of the three will turn up trumps first.—Beaver, or the chemist, metallurgist or something scientific, or Yours respectfully, JOHN PHŒNIX.

P. S. You think this a stupid letter, perhaps, and not interesting. Just reflect on my surroundings. Besides, the interest will accumulate a good while before you get the missive. J. P.

DOCUMENT NO. 11.

[Extract from the "Bone Gulch *Palladium*," June 3rd, 1850.]

Our readers may remember hovv frequently vve have declared our firm belief iñ the future uñexampled prosperity of Boñe Gulch. VVe savv it iñ the immediate future the metropolis of the Pacific Slope, as it was iñtended by nature to be. VVe poiñted out repeatedly that a time vvould come vvheñ Boñe Gulch would be an emporium of the arts añd scieñces añd of the best society, eveñ more thañ it is novv. VVe foresavv the time vvheñ the best meñ from the old cities of the East vvould come flockiñg to us, passiñg vvith coñtempt the puñy settleméñt of Deadhorse. But eveñ vve did not so sooñ see that members of the aristocracy of the effete moñarchies of despotic Europe vvould ackñowledge the uñdeñiable advañtages of Boñe Gulch, añd come here to stay permañently añd forever. VVithiñ the past vveek vve have received here Hoñ. VVilliam Beaver, oñe of the first men of Great Britain añd Ireland, a statesmañ, añ orator, a soldier añd añ exteñsive traveler. He has come to Boñe Gulch as the best spot oñ the face of the everlasting uñiverse. It is needless to say that our promiñeñt citizeñs have received him with great cordiality. Bone Gulch is ñot like Deadhorse. VVe kñovv a geñtleman vvheñ vve see oñe.

Hoñ. Mr. Beaver is oñe of ñature's ñoblemeñ; he is also related to the Royal Family of Englañd. He is a second cousiñ of the Queeñ, and boards at the Tovver of Loñdoñ vvith her vvheñ at home. VVe are iñformed that he has frequently takeñ the Priñce of VVales out to ride iñ his baby-vvagoñ.

VVe take great pleasure iñ coñgratulating Boñe Gulch oñ its latest acquisitioñ. Añd vve kñovv Hoñ. Mr. Beaver is sure to get along all right here uñder the best climate iñ the vvorld and vvith the ñoblest meñ the sun ever shoñe oñ.

DOCUMENT NO. 12.

[Extract from the Dead Horse *Gazette and Courier of Civilization*, of August 26th, 1850:]

BONEGULCH'S BRITISHER.

Bonegulch sits in sackcloth and ashes and cools her mammoth cheek in the breezes of Colorado canyon. The self-styled Emporium of the West has lost her British darling, Beaver Bill, the big swell who was first cousin to the Marquis of Buckingham and own grandmother to the Emperor of China, the same with the biled shirt and the low-necked shoes. This curled darling of the Bonegulch aristocrat-worshippers passed through Dead Horse yesterday, clean bust. Those who remember how the four-fingered editor of the Bonegulch "Palladium" pricked up his ears and lifted up his falsetto crow when this lovely specimen of the British snob first honored him by striking him for a $ will appreciate the point of the joke.

It is said that the "Palladium" is going to come out, when it makes its next semi-occasional appearance, in full mourniog, with turned rules. For this festive occasion we offer Brother B. the use of our late retired Spanish font, which we have discarded for the new and elegant dress in which we appear to-day, and to which we have elsewhere called the attention of our readers. It will be a change for the "Palladium's" eleven unhappy readers, who are getting very tired of the old type cast for the Concha Mission in 1811, which tries to make up for its lack of w's by a plentiful superfluity of greaser v's. How are you, Brother Biles?

"We don't know a geut when we see him." Oh no (?)

DOCUMENT NO. 13.

[Paragraph from the New Centreville (late Dead Horse) *Evening Gazette*, January 2d, 1858:]

HYMENEAL HIGH JINKS.

William Beaver, better known ten years ago as "Beaver Bill," is now a quiet and prosperous agriculturalist in the Steal Valley. He was, however, a pioneer in the 1849 movement, and a vivid memory of this fact at times moves him to quit his bucolic labors and come to town. He arrived in New Centreville during Christmas week; and got married suddenly, but not unexpectedly, yesterday morning. His friends took it upon themselves to celebrate the joyful occasion by gettiog very high on Irish Ike's whiskey and serenading the newly-married couple with fish horns, horse-fiddles, and other improvised musical instruments. Six of the participators in this epithalamial serenade, namely, Juan Tanco, Hiram Scuttles, John P. Jones, Hermann Bumgardner, Jean Durant ("Frenchy"), and Bernard McGinnis ("Big Barney"), were taken in tow by the police force, assisted by citizens, and locked up over night, to cool their generous enthusiasm in the gloomy dungeons of Justice Skinner's calaboose. This morning all were discharged with a reprimand, except Big Barney and Juan Tanco, who, being still drunk, were allotted ten days in default of $10. The bridal pair left this noon for the bridegroom's ranch.

DOCUMENT NO. 14.

[Extract from the New York *Herald*, for June 23d, 1861:]

THE RED SKINS.

A BORDER WAR AT LAST!

INDIAN INSURRECTION!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEKING SAFETY IN THE LARGER TOWNS.

HORRIBLE HOLOCAUSTS ANTICIPATED!

BURYING THE HATCHET—IN THE WHITE MAN'S HEAD.

[Special despatch to the New York Herald.]

CHICAGO, June 22nd, 1861.

Great uneasiness exists all along the Indian frontier. Nearly all the regular troops have been withdrawn from the West for service in the South. With the return of the warm weather it seems certain that the red-skins will take advantage of the opportunity thus offered, and inaugurate a bitter and vindictive fight against the whites. Rumors come from the agencies that the Indians are leaving in numbers. A feverish excitement among them has been easily to be detected. Their ponies are now in good condition, and forage can be soon had in abundance on the prairie, if it is not already. Everything points toward a sudden and startling outbreak of hostilities.

[Special despatch to the New York Herald.]

ST. PAUL, June 22nd, 1861.

The Sioux near here are all in a ferment. Experienced Indian fighters say the signs of a speedy going on the war-path are not to be mistaken. No one can tell how soon the whole frontier will be in a bloody blaze. The women and children are rapidly coming in from all exposed settlements. Nothing overt as yet has transpired, but that the Indians will collide very soon with the settlers is certain. All the troops have been withdrawn. In our defenceless state there is no knowing how many lives may be lost before the regiments of volunteers now organizing can take the field.

LATER.

THE WAR BEGUN!

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE INDIANS.

THE SCALPING KNIFE AND THE TOMAHAWK AT WORK AGAIN!

[Special despatch to the New York Herald.]

BLACK WING AGENCY, June 22nd, 1861.

The Indians made a sudden and unexpected attack on the village of Coyote Hill, forty miles from here last night, and did much damage before the surprised settlers rallied and drove them off. The red-skins met with heavy losses. Among the whites killed are a man named William Beaver, sometimes called Beaver Bill, and his wife. Their child, a beautiful little girl of two, was carried off by the red rascals. A party has been made up to pursue them. Owing to their taking their wounded with them the trail is very distinct.

DOCUMENT NO. 15.

[Letter from Mrs. Edgar Saville, in San Francisco, to Mr. Edgar Saville, in Chicago:]

CAL. JARDINE'S

MONSTER VARIETY AND DRAMATIC COMBINATION.

ON THE ROAD.

*G. W. K. McCULLUM*, Treasurer.
*HI. SAMUELS*, Stage Manager.
*JNO. SHANKS*, Advance.

No dates filled except with first-class houses. Hall owners will please consider silence a polite negative.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29th, 1863.

MY DEAR OLD MAN!—Here we are in our second week at Frisco, and you will be glad to know playing to steadily increasing biz, having signed for two weeks more, certain. I didnt like to mention it when I wrote you last, but things were very queer after we left Denver, and "Treasury" was a mockery till we got to Bluefoot Springs, which is a mining town, where we showed in the hotel dining-room. Then there was a strike just before the curtain went up. The house was mostly miners in red shirts and very exacting. The sinews were forthcoming very quick my dear, and after that the ghost walked quite regular. So now everything is bright, and you wont have to worry if Chicago doesnt do the right thing by you.

I don't find this engagement half as disagreeable as I expected. Of course it aint so very nice traveling in a combination with variety talent, but they keep to themselves and we regular professionals make a *happy family* that Barnum would not be ashamed of and quite separate and comfortable. We don't associate with any of them only with The Unique Mulligans wife, because he beats her. So when he is on a regular she sleeps with me.

And talking of liquor dear old man, if you knew how glad and proud I was to see you writing so straight and steady and beautiful in your three last letters. O, I am sure my darling if the boys thought of the little wife out on the road they wouldnt plague you so with the Enemy. Tell Harry Atkinson this from me, he has a good kind heart but he is the worst of your friends. Every night when I am dressing I think of you at Chicago, and pray you may never go on the way you did that terrible night at Rochester. Tell me dear, did you look handsome in *Horatio?* You ought to have had *Laertes* instead of that duffing Merivale.

And now I have the queerest thing to tell you. Jardine is going in for Indians and has secured six very ugly ones. I mean real Indians, not professional. They are hostile Comanshies or something who have just laid down their arms. They had an insurrection in the first year of the War, when the troops went East, and they killed all the settlers and ranches and destroyed the canyons somewhere out in Nevada, and when they were brought here they had a wee little kid with them only four or five years old, but *so sweet*. They stole her and killed her parents and brought her up for their own in the cuoningest little moccasins. She could not speak a word of English except her own name which is Nina. She has blue eyes and the loveliest teeth. The ladies here made a great fuss about her and sent her flowers and worsted afgans, but they did not do anything else for her and left her to us.

O dear old man you must let me have her! You never refused me a thing yet and she is so like our Avonia Marie that my heart almost breaks when she puts her arms around my neck—*she calls me mamma already*. I want to have her with us when we get the little farm—and it must be near, that little farm of ours—we have waited for it so long—and something tells me my own old faker will make his hit soon and be great. You cant tell how I have loved it and hoped for it and how real every foot of that farm is to me. And though I can never see my own darling's face among the roses it will make me so happy to see this poor dead mothers pet get red and rosy in the country air. And till the farm comes we shall always have enough for her, without your ever having to black up again as you did for me the winter I was sick my own poor boy.

Write me yes—you will be glad when you see her. And now love and regards to Mrs. Barry and all friends. Tell the Worst of Managers that he knows where to find his leading juvenile for next season. Think how funny it would be for us to play together next year—we havent done it since '57—the third year we were married. That was

my first season higher than walking—and now I'm quite an old woman—most thirty dear!

Write me soon a letter like the last one—and send a kiss to Nina—*our Nina*. Your own girl, MARY.

P. S. He has not worried me since.

Nina drew this herself she says it is a horse so that you can get here soon.

## PART THIRD.

DOCUMENT NO. 16.

[Letter from Messrs. Throstlethwaite, Throstlethwaite and Dick, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn, London, England, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 76 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.:]

JANUARY 18th, 1879.

MESSRS. HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER:

GENTLEMEN: On the death of our late client, Sir William Beauvoir, Bart., and after the reading of the deceased gentleman's will, drawn up nearly forty years ago by our Mr. Dick, we were requested by Oliver Beauvoir, Esq., the second son of the late Sir William, to assist him in discovering and communicating with his elder brother, the present Sir William Beauvoir, of whose domicile we have little or no information.

After a consultation between Mr. Oliver Beauvoir and Mr. Dick, it was seen that the sole knowledge in our possession amounted substantially to this: Thirty years ago the elder son of the late baronet, after indulging in dissipation in every possible form, much to the sorrow of his respected parent, who frequently expressed as much to our Mr. Dick, disappeared, leaving behind him bills and debts of all descriptions, which we, under instructions from Sir William, examined, audited, and paid. Sir William Beauvoir would allow no search to be made for his erring son, and would listen to no mention of his name. Current gossip declared that he had gone to New York, where he probably arrived about midsummer, 1848. Mr. Oliver Beauvoir thinks that he crossed to the States in company with a distinguished scientific gentleman, Professor Titus Peebles. Within a year after his departure news came that he had gone to California with Professor Peebles; this was about the time gold was discovered in the States. That the present Sir William Beauvoir did about this time actually arrive on the Pacific Coast in company with the distinguished scientific man above mentioned, we have every reason to believe: we have even direct evidence on the subject. A former junior clerk who had left us at about the same period as the disappearance of the elder son of our late client, accosted our Mr. Dick when the latter was in Paris last summer, and informed him (our Mr. Dick) that he (the former junior clerk) was now a resident of Nevada and a member of Congress for that county, and in the course of conversation he mentioned that he had seen Professor Peebles and the son of our late client in San Francisco, nearly thirty years ago. Other information we have none. It ought not to be difficult to discover Professor Peebles, whose scientific attainments have doubtless ere this been recognized by the U. S. government. As our late client leaves the valuable family estate in Lancashire to his elder son and divides the remainder equally between his two sons, you will readily see why we invoke your assistance is discovering the present domicile of the late baronet's elder son, or in default thereof, in placing in our hands such proof of his death as may be necessary to establish that lamentable fact in our probate court.

We have the honour to remain, as ever, your most humble and obedient servants,

THROSTLETHWAITE, THROSTLETHWAITE & DICK.

P. S. Our late client's grandson, William Beauvoir, the only child of Oliver Beauvoir, Esq., is now in the States, in Chicago or Nebraska or somewhere in the West. We shall be pleased if you can keep him informed as to the progress of your investigations. Our Mr. Dick has requested Mr. Oliver Beauvoir to give his son your address, and to suggest his calling on you as he passes through New York on his way home.

T. T. & D.

DOCUMENT NO. 17.

[Letter from Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, New York, to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 98 California Street, San Francisco, California.

LAW OFFICES OF HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER,
76 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 4076.
JAN. 22nd, 1879.

MESSRS. PIXLEY AND SUTTON—

GENTLEMEN: We have just received from our London correspondents, Messrs. Throstlethwaite, Throstlethwaite and Dick, of Lincoln's Inn, London, the letter, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, to which we invite your attention. We request that you will do all in your power to aid us in the search for the missing Englishman. From the letter of Messrs. Throstlethwaite, Throstlethwaite and Dick, it seems extremely probable, not to say certain, that Mr. Beauvoir arrived in your city about 1849, in company with a distinguished English scientist, Professor Titus Peebles, whose professional attainments were such that he is probably well known, if not in California, at least in some other of the mining States. The first thing to be done, therefore, it seems to us, is to ascertain the whereabouts of the professor, and to interview him at once. It may be that he has no knowledge of the present domicile of Mr. William Beauvoir—in which case we shall rely on you to take such steps as, in your judgment, will best conduce to a satisfactory solution of the mystery. In any event, please look up Professor Peebles, and interview him at once.

Pray keep us fully informed by telegraph of your movements.

Yr obt serv'ts, HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER.

DOCUMENT NO. 18.

[Telegram from Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 98 California Street, San Francisco, California, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 76 Broadway, New York:]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 30th.

Tite Peebles well known frisco not professor keeps faro bank.

(D. H. 919.) PIXLEY & SUTTON.

DOCUMENT NO. 19.

[Telegram from Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, in answer to the preceding:]

NEW YORK, Jan. 30th.

Must be mistake Titus Peebles distinguished scientist.

HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER.
(Free. Answer to D. H.)

DOCUMENT NO. 20.

[Telegram from Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, in reply to the preceding:]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan 30th.

No mistake distinguished faro banker suspected not square shall we interview. PIXLEY & SUTTON.
(D. H. 919.)

DOCUMENT NO. 21.

[Telegram from Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, in reply to the preceding:]

NEW YORK, Jan. 30th.

Must be mistake interview anyway.

HITCHCOCK & VAN RENSSELAER.
(Free. Answer to D. H.)

DOCUMENT NO. 22.

[Telegram from Messrs. Pixley and Sutton to Messrs. Hitchcock and Van Rensselaer, in reply to the preceding:]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 30th.

Peebles out of town have written him. PIXLEY & SUTTON.
(D. H. 919.)

DOCUMENT NO. 23.

[Letter from Titus W. Peebles, delegate to the California Constitutional Convention, Sacramento, to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, 98 California Street, San Francisco, California:]

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 2nd, '79.

MESSRS. PIXLEY & SUTTON, San Francisco:

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 31st ult., forwarded me from San Francisco, has been duly rec'd, and contents thereof noted.

My time is at present so fully occupied by my duties as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention that I can only jot down a brief report of my recollections on this head. When I return to S. F. I shall be happy to give you any further information that may be in my possession.

The person concerning whom you inquire was my fellow-passenger on my first voyage to this State, on board the *Mercy G. Tarbox*, in the latter part of the year. He was then known as Mr. William Beauvoir. I was acquainted with his history, of which the details escape me at this writing. He was a countryman of mine; a member of an important county family—Devonian, I believe, and had left England on account of large gambling debts, of which he confided to me the exact figure. I believe they totted up something like £14,500.

I had at no time a very intimate acquaintance with Mr. Beauvoir; during our sojourn on the *Tarbox* he was the chosen associate of a depraved and vicious character named Phœnix. I am not averse from saying that I was then a member of a profession rather different to my present one, being, in fact, professor of metallurgy, and I saw much less, at that period, of Mr. B. than I probably should now.

Directly we landed at S. F. the object of your inquiries set out for the gold region, without adequate preparation, like so many others did at that time, and, I heard, fared very ill.

I encountered him some six months later; I have forgotten precisely in what locality, though I have a faint impression that his then habitat was some cañon or ravine, deriving its name from certain osseous deposits. Here he had engaged in the business of gold-mining, without, perhaps, sufficient grounds for any confident hope of ultimate success. I have his I O U for the amount of my fee for assaying several specimens from his claim, said specimens being all iron pyrites.

This is all I am able to call to mind at present in the matter of Mr. Beauvoir. I trust his subsequent career was of a nature better calculated to be satisfactory to himself; but his mineralogical knowledge was but superficial; and his character was sadly deformed by a fatal taste for low associates.

I remain, gentleman, your very humble and obd't servant,

TITUS W. PEEBLES.

P. S.—Private:

MY DEAR PIX: If you don't feel inclined to pony up that little sum you are out on the bay gelding, drop down to my place when I get back and I'll give you another chance for your life at the pasteboards. Constitution going through. Yours, TITE.

## PART FOURTH:

DOCUMENT NO. 24.

[Programme of the performance given in the Centreville Theatre, Dec. 21st, 1878:]

### HANKS' NEW CENTREVILLE OPERA HOUSE.

A. Jackson Hanks.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS CITY OF
TOMPKINS & FROBISHER'S
GRAND STELLAR COMBINATION,
Supporting California's favorite daughter, the young American Tragedienne,
MISS NINA SAVILLE,
Who will appear in Her Unrivaled Specialty,
WINONA, THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

THIS EVENING, DECEMBER 21st, 1878,
Will be presented, with the phenomenal cast, the accepted American drama,
WINONA, THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

WINONA.....
MISS FLORA MAC MADISON.....
BIDDY FLAHERTY.....
OLD AUNT DINAH (with Song, "Don't get Weary,").....
SALLY HOSKINS (with the old-time melody, "Bobbin' Around,").....
POOR JOE (with Song).....
FRAULINE LINA BOOBENSTEIN (with stammering song, "I yoost landet,").....
} MISS NINA SAVILLE.

SIR EDMOND BENNETT (specially engaged).....E. C. GRAINGER
WALTON TRAYERS.....G. W. PARSONS
GIPSY JOE.....M. ISAACS
'ANNIBAL ORACE 'IGGINS.....BILLY BARKER
TOMMY TIPPER.....Miss MAMIE SMITH
PETE, the Man on the Dock.....SI HANCOCK
Mrs. MALONE, the Old Woman in the Little House....Mrs. K. Y. BOOTH
ROBERT BENNETT (aged five).....Little ANNIE WATSON

Act I.—The Old Home. Act II.—Alone in the World. Act III.—The Frozen Gulf; THE GREAT ICEBERG SENSATION. Act IV.—Wedding Bells.

"Winona, the Child of the Prairie," will be preceded by A FAVORITE FARCE in which the great BILLY BARKER will appear in one his most outrageously funny bits.

New Scenery.....by.....Q. Z. Slocum.
Music, by Prof. Kiddoo's Silver Bugle Brass Band and Philharmonic Orchestra.
Chickway's Grand Piano.....lent by Schmidt, 2 Opera House Block.

POP WILLIAMS, the only legitimate Bill-Poster in New Centreville.

(New Centreville Standard Print.)

DOCUMENT NO. 25.

[Extract from the New Centreville (late Dead Horse) *Gazette and Courier of Civilization*. December 20th, 1878:]

"Miss Nina Saville appeared last night at the Mendocino Grand Opera House, in her unrivaled specialty of 'Winona, the Child of the Prairie,' supported by Tompkins and Frobisher's Grand Stellar Constellation. Although Miss Saville has long been known as one of the most promising of California's younger tragediennes, we feel safe in saying that the impression she produced upon the large and cultured audience gathered to greet her last night stamped her as one of the greatest and most phenomenal geniuses of our own or other times. Her marvelous beauty of form and feature, added to her wonderful artistic power, and her perfect mastery of the difficult science of clog-dancing, won her an immediate place in the hearts of our citizens, and confirmed the belief that California need not look to Europe or Chicago for dramatic talent of the highest order. The sylph-like beauty, the harmonious and ever-varying grace, the vivacity and the power of the young artist who made her maiden effort among us last night, prove conclusively that the virgin soil of California teems with yet undiscovered fires of genius. The drama of 'Winona, the Child of the Prairie,' is a pure, refined and thoroughly absorbing entertainment, and has been pronounced by the entire press of the country equal, if not superior, to the fascinating 'Lady of Lyons.' It introduces all the favorites of the company in new and original characters, and with its original music, which is a prominent feature, has already received over 200 representations in the principal cities in the country. It abounds in effective situations, striking tableaux, and a most quaint and original concert entitled 'The Mule Fling,' which alone is worth the price of admission. As this is its first presentation in this city, the theatre will no doubt be crowded, and seats should be secured early in the day. The drama will be preceded by that prince of humorists, Mr. Billy Barker, in his humorous sketches and pictures from life."

We quote the above from our esteemed contemporary, the Mendocino *Tribune*, at the request of Mr. Zeke Kilburn, Miss Saville's advance agent, who has still further appealed to us, not only on the ground of our common humanity, but as the only appreciative and thoroughly informed critics on the Pacific Slope, to "endorse" this rather vivid expression of opinion. Nothing will give us greater pleasure. Allowing for the habitual enthusiasm of our northern neighbor, and for the well-known chaste aridity of Mendocino in respect of female beauty, we have no doubt that Miss Nina Saville is all that the fancy, peculiarly opulent and active even for an advance agent, of Mr. Kilburn has painted her, and is quite such a vision of youth, beauty, and artistic phenomenality as will make the stars of Paris and Illinois pale their ineffectual fires.

Miss Saville will appear in her "unrivaled specialty" at Hanks's New Centreville Opera House to-morrow night, as may be gathered in a general way, from an advertisement in another column.

We should not omit to mention that Mr. Zeke Kilburn, Miss Saville's advance agent, is a gentleman of imposing presence, elegant manners, and complete knowledge of his business. This information may be relied upon as at least authentic, having been derived from Mr. Kilburn himself, to which we can add, as our own contribution, the statement that Mr. Kilburn is a gentleman of marked liberality in his ideas of spirituous refreshments, and of equal originality in his conception of the uses, objects, and personal susceptibilities of the journalistic profession.

DOCUMENT NO. 26.

[Local item from the New Centreville *Standard*, December 20th, 1878:]

Hon. William Beauvoir has registered at the United States Hotel. Mr. Beauvoir is a young English gentleman of great wealth, now engaged in investigating the gigantic resources of this great country. We welcome him to New Centreville.

DOCUMENT NO. 27.

[Extract from the New Centreville (late Dead Horse) *Gazette and Courier of Civilization*, Dec. 24th, 1878:]

A little while ago, in noting the arrival of Miss Nina Saville at the New Centreville Opera House, we quoted rather extensively from our esteemed contemporary, the Mendocino *Times*, and commented upon the quotation. Shortly afterwards, it may also be remembered, we made a very direct and decided apology for the sceptical levity which inspired those remarks, and expressed our hearty sympathy with the honest, if somewhat effusive, enthusiasm with which the dramatic critic of Mendocino greeted the sweet and dainty little girl who threw over the dull, weary old business of the stage "sensation" the charm of a fresh and child-like beauty and originality, as rare and delicate as those strange, unreasonable little glimmers of spring sunsets that now and then light up for a brief moment the dull skies of winter evenings, and seem to have strayed into ungrateful January out of sheer pity for the sad earth.

We refer to the matter at this date only because in our remarks of a few days ago we had occasion to mention the fact of the existence of Mr. Zeke Kilburn, an advance agent, who called upon us at the time, to endeavor to induce us, by means apparently calculated more closely for the latitude of Mendocino, to extend to Miss Saville, before her appearance, the critical approbation which we gladly extended after. This little item of interest we alluded to at the time, and furthermore intimated, with some vagueness, that there existed in Mr. Kilburn's character a certain misdirected zeal which, combined with a too keen artistic appreciation, are apt to be rather dangerous stock-in-trade for an advance agent.

It was twenty-seven minutes past two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The chaste, white mystery of Shigo Mountain was already taking on a faint, almost imperceptible, hint of pink, like the warm cheek of a girl who hears a voice and anticipates a blush. Yet the rays of the afternoon sun rested with undiminished radiance on the empty pork-barrel in front of McMullin's shebang.

Mr. Kilburn emerged from the hostelry of McMullin. Mr. Kilburn, as we have before stated at his own request, is a gentleman of imposing presence. It is well that we made this statement when we did, for it is hard to judge of the imposing quality in a gentleman's presence when that gentleman is suspended from the arm of another gentleman by the collar of the first gentleman's coat. The gentleman in the rear of Mr. Kilburn was Mr. William Beauvoir, a young Englishman in a check suit. Mr. Beauvoir is not avowedly a man of imposing presence; he wears a seal ring, and he is generally a scion of an effete oligarchy, but he has, since his introduction into this community, behaved himself, to use the adjectivial adverb of Mr. McMullin, *white*, and he has a very remarkable biceps. These qualities may hereafter enhance his popularity in New Centreville.

Mr. Beauvoir's movements at twenty-seven minutes past two yesterday afternoon were few and simple. He doubled Mr. Kilburn up, after the manner of an ordinary jackknife, and placed him in the barrel, remarking, as he did so, "You will, will you?" He then rammed Mr. Kilburn carefully home, and put the cover on.

We learn to-day that Mr. Kilburn has resumed his professional duties on the road.

DOCUMENT NO. 28.

[Account of the same event from the New Centreville *Standard*, December 24th, 1878:]

It seems strange that even the holy influences which radiate from this joyous season cannot keep some men from getting into unseemly wrangles. It was only yesterday that our local saw a street row in the quiet avenues of our peaceful city—a street row recalling the riotous scenes which took place here before Dead Horse experienced a change of heart and became New Centreville. Our local succeeded in gathering all the particulars of the affray, and the following statement is reliable. It seems that Mr. Kilburn, the gentlemanly and affable advance agent of the Nina Saville Dramatic Company, now performing at Andy Hanks' Opera House to big houses, was brutally assaulted by a ruffianly young Englishman, named Beauvoir, for no cause whatever. We say for no cause, as it is obvious that Mr. Kilburn, as the agent of the troupe, could have said nothing against Miss Saville which an outsider, not to say a foreigner like Mr. Beauvoir, had any call to resent. Mr. Kilburn is a gentleman unaccustomed to rough-and-tumble encounters, while his adversary has doubtless associated more with pugilists than gentlemen—at least any one would think so from his actions yesterday. Beauvoir hustled Mr. Kilburn out of Mr. McMullin's, where the unprovoked assault began, and violently shook him across the new plank sidewalk. The person by the name of Clark, whom Judge Jones for some reason permits to edit the now moribund but once respectable "Gazette," caught the eye of the congenial Beauvoir, and, true to the ungentlemanly instincts of his base nature, pointed to a barrel in the street. The brutal Englishman took the hint and thrust Mr. Kilburn forcibly into the barrel, leaving the vicinity before Mr. Kilburn, emerging from his close quarters, had fully recovered. What the ruffianly Beauvoir's motive may have been for this wanton assault it is impossible to say; but it is obvious to all why this fellow Clark sought to injure Mr. Kilburn, a gentleman whose many good qualities he of course fails to appreciate. Mr. Kilburn, recognizing the acknowledged merits of our job-office, had given us the contract for all the printing he needed in New Centreville.

DOCUMENT NO. 29.

[Advertisement from the *New York Clipper*, Dec. 21st, 1878:]

WINSTON & MACK'S
GRAND INTERNATIONAL
MEGATHERIUM VARIETY COMBINATION.

COMPANY CALL.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company will assemble for rehearsal, at Emerson's Opera House, San Francisco, on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 12 M. sharp. Band at 11. J. B. WINSTON, EDWIN R. MACK, } Managers.

Emerson's Opera House, San Francisco, Dec. 10th, 1878.
Protean Artist wanted. Would like to hear from Nina Saville. 12—11"

DOCUMENT NO. 30.

[Letter from Nina Saville to William Beauvoir:]

NEW CENTREVILLE, December 26th, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. BEAUVOIR—I was very sorry to receive your letter of yesterday—*very* sorry—because there can be only one answer that I can make—and I think you might have spared me the pain of saying the word—No. You ask me if I love you. If I did—do you think it would be true love in me to tell you so, when I know what it would cost you? Oh indeed you must never marry *me!* In your own country you will never have heard of me—never seen me—surely never written [illegible] a letter to tell me that you love me and want to marry me. [illegible] that I am ashamed of my business or of the folks around me, or [illegible] that I am only the charity child of two poor players, who lived and

working for the bread for their mouths and mine. I am proud of them—yes, proud of what they did and suffered for one poorer than themselves—a little foundling out of an Indian camp. But I know the difference between you and me. You are a great man at home—you have never told me how great—but I know your father is a rich lord, and I suppose you are. It is not that I think *you* care for that, or think less of me because I was born different from you. I know how good—how kind—how *respectful* you have always been to me—*my lord*—and I shall never forget it—for a girl in my position knows well enough how you might have been otherwise. Oh believe me—*my true friend*—I am never going to forget all you have done for me—and how good it has been to have you near me—a man so different from most others. I dont mean only the kind things you have done—the hooks and the thoughts and the ways you have taught me to enjoy—and all the trouble you have taken to make me something better than the stupid little girl I was when you found me—but a great deal more than that—the consideration you have had for me and for what I hold best in the world. I had never met a *gentleman* before—and now the first one I meet—he is my *friend*. That is a great deal.

Only think of it! You have been following me around now for three months, and I have been weak enough to allow it. I am going to do the right thing now. You may think it hard in me *if you really mean what you say*, but even if everything else were right I would not marry you—because of your rank. I do not know how things are at your home—but something tells me it would be wrong and that your family would have a right to hate you and never forgive you. Professionals cannot go in your society. And that is even if I loved you—and I do not love you—I do not love you—*I do not love you*—now I have written it you will believe it.

So now it is ended—I am going back to the line I was first in—variety—and with a new name. So you can never find me—I entreat you—I beg of you—not to look for me. If you only put your mind to it—you will find it so easy to forget me—for I will not do you the wrong to think that you did not mean what you wrote in your letter or what you said that night *when we sang Annie Laurie together* the last time.

Your sincere friend NINA.

DOCUMENTS NOS. 31 AND 32.

[Items from San Francisco *Figaro* of December 29th, 1878:]

Nina Saville Co. disbanded New Centreville, 26th. No particulars received.

Winston & Mack's Comb. takes the road December 31st, opening at Tuolumne Hollow. Manager Winston announces the engagement of Anna Laurie, the Protean change artiste, with songs, "Don't Get Weary," "Bobbin' Around," "I Yoost Landed."

DOCUMENT NO. 33.

[Telegram from Zeke Kilburn, New Centreville, to Winston & Mack, Emerson's Opera House, San Francisco, Cal.:]

NEW CENTREVILLE, Dec. 28th, 1878.

Have you vacancy for active and energetic advance agent.

Z. KILBURN.

(9 words 30 paid.)

DOCUMENT NO. 34.

[Telegram from Winston & Mack, San Francisco, to Zeke Kilburn, New Centreville:]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28th, 1878.

No. WINSTON & MACK.

(Collect 30 cents.)

DOCUMENT NO. 35.

[Bill sent to William Beauvoir, United States Hotel, Tuolumne Hollow, Cal.:]

*Tuolumne Hollow, Cal., Dec. 29th, 1878.*

*Wm. Beauvoir, Esq.*

*Bought of HIMMEL & HATCH,*

Under the Academy of Music,

JEWELERS & DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

Dealers in all kinds of Fancy Goods, Stationery and Umbrellas, Watches, Clocks, and Barometers.

TERMS CASH. MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED.

*Dec. 29, One diamond and enameled locket* ..... $75.00
*One gold chain* ..... 48.00

$123.00

*Rec'd Payt.* *Himmel & Hatch, per S.*

## PART FIFTH:

DOCUMENT NO. 36.

[Envelope of letter from Sir Oliver Beauvoir, Bart., to his son, William Beauvoir:]

*Sent to Dead Letter Office*

*Mr. William Beauvoir*

*Sherman House Hotel*

*Chicago*

*United States of America*

*not here*
*try Brevoort House*
*N. Y.*

DOCUMENT NO. 37.

[Letter from Cable J. Dexter, Esq., to Messrs. Pixley and Sutton, San Francisco:]

Law Office and Collection Agency,
Dexter & Smith.

NEW CENTREVILLE, CAL., March 3rd, 1879.

Messrs. PIXLEY & SUTTON:

GENTS: I am happy to report that I have at last reached the bottom level in the case of William Beaver, *alias* Beaver Bill, deceased through Indians in 1861.

In accordance with your instructions and check, I proceeded, on the 10th inst., to Shawgum Creek, where I interviewed Blue Horse, late chief of the Comanches, who tomahawked subject of your inquiries in the year above mentioned. Horse has settled down as a reputable agriculturalist, and is now extensive and highly respected farmer. Was at first unwilling to converse; but finally acknowledged that he personally let daylight through the late Mr. Beaver, and is willing to guarantee thoroughness of decease. Stated further that aforesaid Beaver's family consisted of wife and minor child. Is willing to swear that wife was killed. Killing done by Mule-Who-Goes-Crooked, personal friend of Horse's. [Now keeps grocery store.] Minor child (female) was taken into camp and kept until turned over to U. S. government, at Fort Kearney, in winter of '63, when tribe went on government reservation.

I posted to last named locality on the 18th ult., and found by quartermaster's books that, no claimant appearing for minor child, she had been duly indentured, together with six Indians, to man by name of Guardine or Sardine, traveling showman. The Indians were invoiced as Sage Brush Jimmy, Boiling Hurricane, Mule-Who-Goes-Crooked, Joe, Hairy Grasshopper and Dead Mustang. Receipt for Indians was signed by Mr. Hi Samuels, who is still in the same line of business, and who positively identified minor child with variety specialist by name of Nina Saville, well known in this region.

I shall soon have the pleasure of laying before you documents to establish the complete chain of evidence from decease of original subject of your inquiries up to date.

I have to-day returned from New Centreville, whither I went after Miss Saville. Found she had just vacated the town in company with a young Englishman by name of Bovoir, who had been paying her polite attentions for some time past, having howled or otherwise squelched a man for her within a week or two. It appears Miss Saville had persistently refused to receive said attentions until about two days before my arrival, when the young man's luck appears to have turned. At present, therefore, the trail is temporarily lost; but I expect to fetch the couple if they are anywhere this side of the Rockies.

Awaiting your further instructions, and cash backing thereto,

I am, gents, very resp'y yours, CABLE J. DEXTER.

DOCUMENT NO. 38.

[Letter contained in the envelope above:]

CHELSWORTH COTTAGE, March 30th, 1879.

MY DEAR BOY: In the sudden blow which has come upon us all I cannot find words to write. You do not know what you have done. Your Uncle William, after whom you are named, died in America. He left but one child, a daughter, the only grandchild of my father except you. And this daughter is the Miss Nina Saville with whom you have formed so unhappy a connection. She is your own cousin. She is a Beauvoir. She is of our blood, as good as any in England.

I trusted you, William, not only as my beloved and cherished son; but as the child of a house that has never forgotten what it owes to its own name and to its own honor. Have I done wrong in so doing?

My feelings are overpowering. I am choked by the suddenness of this great grief. I cannot write to you as I would. But I can say this: Do not let me see you or hear from you until this stain be taken from our name. OLIVER BEAUVOIR.

DOCUMENT NO. 39.

[Cable dispatch of William Beauvoir, Windsor Hotel, New York, to Sir Oliver Beauvoir, Bart., Chelsworth Cottage, Suffolk, England:]

NEW YORK, May 1st, 1879.

Have mailed you *Herald*. WILLIAM BEAUVOIR.

DOCUMENT NO. 40.

[Advertisement under head of "Marriages," from the New York *Herald*, April 30th, 1879:]

BEAUVOIR—BEAUVOIR.—On Wednesday, Jan. 1st, 1879, at Steal Valley, California, by the Rev. Mr. Twells, William Beauvoir, only son of Sir Oliver Beauvoir, of Chelsworth Cottage, Surrey, England, to Nina, only child of the late William Beauvoir, of New Centreville, Cal.

DOCUMENT NO. 41.

[Extract from the New York *Herald* of May 29th, 1879:]

Among the passengers on the out-going Cunard steamer, *Gallia*, which left New York on Wednesday, was the Honorable William Beauvoir, only son of Sir Oliver Beauvoir, Bart., of England. Mr. Beauvoir has been spending his honeymoon in this city, and, with his charming bride, a famous California belle, has been the recipient of many cordial courtesies from members of our best society. Mr. William Beauvoir is a young man of great promise and brilliant attainments, and is a highly desirable addition to the large and constantly increasing number of aristocratic Britons who seek for wives among the lovely daughters of Columbia. We understand that the bridal pair will take up their residence with the groom's father, at his stately country-seat, Chelsworth Manor, Suffolk.

—*Scribner's, for September.*

### Victoria Regia.

Why blush in the starlight or perfume the breeze,
When only the night owl looks out from the trees?
Is darkness thy lover? Is solitude kin,
Awaking the smile that no sunbeam can win?
Have waters of Eden rejoiced at thy birth,
And mirrored thy splendor (too fair for the earth),
That, lingering a waif from the gardens of light,
Thou hidest thy hues in the shadows of night?
Perchance by the naiads thy praises were sung,
When tirelessly blooming since woodlands were young,
Unprized by the savage, by sages unknown,
Unfamed, and unpictured on canvas or stone.
The valley of palms is the home of thy choice,
Where moans in the forest the Amazon's voice,
Where blossoms and song-birds bespangle the green,
Yet brighter than all is thy loveliness seen.
When gazing on heaven, as sunbeams are far,
And tinted so weird by the glimmering star,
Thou seemest to sigh from thy exile to rise,
And float in the ether, beyond the dark skies.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 4, 1879. R. A. O. H.

Joaquin Miller has done several things this year which have provoked comment. In March, at a pot-luck dinner, given at the Bullion Club in Gotham, when each guest cooked with his or her own hands a favorite dish, Clara Morris made a portion of the dessert, Jennie Jane Croly the other sweet things, and Miller made the coffee and served it himself. There were a good many notable persons, Bohemians and others, present, and it was the subject of much conjecture with them how it was a poet could make such excellent coffee. They were probably not aware of the fact that on the Pacific coast, where Joaquin spent so many of the earlier years of his life, mining and prospecting parties always pick out the most worthless of the party to cook for the rest; and if there happens to be a poet among them the detail naturally falls to him.

The concert for the benefit of the widow of the late J. P. Morgan is definitely announced for next Wednesday afternoon, the 10th inst., and will be given at the Metropolitan Temple. Messrs Herold and Toepke will conduct the grand orchestra, and a number of excellent soloists will lend variety to a fine performance. If there is such a thing among our musical people as gratitude for past services, there should be a large attendance.

The ladies of San Francisco will give at the Mechanics' Pavilion some time this month an Authors' Carnival in aid of six prominent charitable institutions. It is to be the grand social affair—of its kind—for the season—continuing for nine evenings, with two afternoon or matinee entertainments. All the talent and beauty of the higher social classes are enlisted to make the affair a grand success.

The Grand Carnival Ball, given under the management of Col. Andrews at the Pavilion, on the 19th of this month, is likely to prove an interesting and popular spectacle. The *elite* of the city have already engaged nearly all the reserve places in the spacious gallery of the Pavilion. It promises to be a most brilliant *bal masque*, especially if Gen. Grant attends, which is expected.

The May-Coleman bridal party went East on Tuesday evening, accompanied by two of the bridesmaids, Miss Lillie Rosecrans, daughter of Gen. Rosecrans, and a sister of Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, of San Rafael. Mr. May is a resident of Baltimore. Miss Coleman was one of the nieces and heir to William O'Brien, deceased.

Mr. James Flood, son of James C. Flood of the Nevada Bank, has returned from his trip around the world. His mother and sister are now in New York, to return with him to San Francisco in a few days.

A young man writes to inquire if it is proper to take hold of a lady's arm in promenading. Certainly it is. Nothing looks so nice as to see a tall youth walking with a little lady, his arm hooked into hers, lifting her half off her feet every time he steps. The nearer you can reach the appearance of taking a lady into custody like a policeman the more genteel it is.

This practice of wearing court-plaster on the face, to add to its beauty, just suits the style of some women, and the more court-plaster they use the better.

## SOCIETY CORRESPONDENCE.

PALACE HOTEL, Thursday, September 4, 1879.

If I am not greatly mistaken, what is called society in San Francisco will do its level best to impress General Grant, who will arrive here in two or three weeks, with its notions of hospitality due a citizen of his rank and renown. Senator Sharon, I understand, will extend a magnificent reception; and General McDowell, it is hinted or hoped, may do something becoming his position. The General is rich, I believe, and can well afford an expenditure of three or four thousand dollars in an appropriate entertainment. This is an opportunity for the army. I want to see a swell official reception just once more. Personally, I shall be glad to meet and greet the ex-President, though when I knew him in Washington I never thought him very entertaining or cordial—except to men. Mrs. Grant always treated her husband while at the White House with great deference and respect. She always insisted that whatever was the proper homage for the President to receive on public occasions, was none the less proper in the privacy of his own family circle. Thus, she always addressed him as "Mr. President," and referred to him as "The President," and her servants were enjoined to observe this mark of distinction. I recollect that upon one occasion Mr. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, was the guest of the White House; naturally, at the summons for dinner, Mr. C. offered his arm to Mrs. Grant and proceeded to move forward; but Mrs. G. checked the eminent composer of obituary poetry with a polite bow toward her husband, and remarked: "The President goes first." So at the table, the President was first served; and Mrs. Grant never permitted a variation of this rule under any circumstances. Mrs. Grant used to receive her familiar friends in her private boudoir; more formal callers were ushered into the red parlor. Among her lady friends Mrs. Grant was charming. The Thursday evenings of the winter of 1869–70 were absolutely delightful. How many times I have nearly had my life crushed out of me, and what nice little lunches we used to have; there was Mrs. Fish—one of the noblest ladies in the land—and Mrs. Cox, wife of the handsome Secretary of the Interior and daughter of President Floney of revival renown; Mrs. Belknap, the lovely bride of the Secretary of War, and Mrs. Creswell, the pretty wife of the Postmaster General—all chums together, so to speak. Mr. T. H. Goodman, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Central Pacific Railroad, has received a two months' leave of absence, and went East Thursday morning in a special car, accompanied by Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Doherty, wife of the Superintendent of the N. P. C. Railroad, and Dr. McNulty.

Yours, etc., HEBE.

### Black Silk Deception.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—I have a bit of information to communicate that I know will be of service to thousands of your readers. Will you please print it for their benefit? Manufacturers of black silk material, and especially in gros-grain fabrics, have become so skilled in the art of deceiving that it now requires an expert in these goods to determine whether they are really what they seem. The following is an infallible test that will guide any one who desires to know whether the silk material they are about to purchase will cut, or crack, or wear shiny. (1.) If you want to test the purity of black sewing-silk or twist, light a match and burn the end of the thread. If the ash produced is a red brick color the thread is not half silk. Pure silk will instantly crisp like a feather when the blaze is applied, leaving a ball of charcoal instead of red ash. (2.) If it is gros-grain silk you desire to test, cut a piece the length of your finger, apply the lighted match to the end as to the thread, and if the silk instantly crisps and the fire is out the material is pure; but if the piece of material continues to burn, and the ash is a red brick dust color, the silk is not worth making up. (3.) To prove this test to your entire satisfaction, take a white or colored thread of the same manufacturers that produced the brick-red ash in black, apply the match, and you will instantly prove your work. To prove your testing in gros-grain cut the colored edge off the piece of silk, apply your match, and the result will be the same as in pure silk—a crisp of the fibres and a lump of charcoal. (4.) Pure gros-grain silk has that smooth, elastic feeling to the hand of a genuine kid glove. It is a mistaken idea that cotton is used in the warps of silk fabrics; the principal article used is iron. The raw silk is repeatedly bathed in nitrate of iron until it has absorbed two or three times its weight. Prussiate of potash gives the filling a blue tint. When finished dyeing, if the material is too harsh, oil and soda are added. If wanted to stand alone, acid is applied. Then the cracking and cutting are caused by the inability of the little silk employed to carry its great load of other products. The object of these adulterations is gain, deceiving the purchasers by producing a material that pleases the eye and robs the pocketbook. UTILITY.

### A Society to Promote Appreciation of Husbands.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—It is quite seriously proposed to establish in this city a society of ladies whose aim shall be to promote the proper appreciation of husbands by their respective wives. The feminine mind seeming just now keenly alive to a sense of its ability, and to the necessity of its putting forth strenuous efforts toward reform, this would seem to be a good time to call attention to this special need. The intellects and emotions now on the *qui vive* for something to do, some evil or folly to crusade against, might be fully employed. It is, no doubt, apparent to all minds given to careful observation that after, let us say years, of acquaintance, a wife seldom appears to appreciate the good qualities of her husband, even when she can perceive and praise those of another's husband. It is proposed, therefore, to turn this singularly one-sided blindness to account by the coöperation of the wives themselves, Securing the attendance of a number of married ladies and their interest in the matter would seem to be comparatively easy, considering the present feminine tendency to discussion; and the actual existence of at least one woman's club in the city would doubtless serve as a stimulus to further aggregations of that sort, if, indeed, any stimulus outside the aim of the society were needed. The members having congregated, it would only be necessary to appoint for each meeting the subjects of discussion, or rather praise. Thus one meeting, or a specified time, would be devoted to short speeches recounting the good qualities of Mr. A.; the only stipulation being that Mrs. A. should be present, be silent, and listen. Imagine, O observant friend, the eloquence of each lady over the special good trait which she has noticed in Mr. A. Think, if you can, of the effect of multiplied praise of multiple good qualities. Then picture the condition of Mrs. A.'s mind after listening to these eulogies of her treasure. Is it not worth something to you even to have thought of the possibility of such a culmination? After the society is in working order, if—as does not seem likely—the meetings should lack in zest, or the interest in the least degree dwindle, something might be gained by admitting young, unmarried ladies. All wives know how promptly *they* discover virtues in the husbands of their friends. Unmarried ladies of uncertain age, or those known to be addicted to disparagement of men in general, and individual men in particular, would, in consideration of the aim of the society, be excluded from membership. It is, perhaps, needless to add that men could not, under any circumstances, be admitted to the meetings of the society. Its aim is, perhaps indirectly, to improve the condition of man, and no one has yet been found brave enough to calculate the probable effect upon a man of being present at a meeting where his own character was under—not discussion, but praise. It is not yet determined whether the society shall be called the Praise Association, or take the longer name, "S. P. A. H." ALLEROBON.

BREDON—BANKS—In this city, September 3, at Grace Cathedral, by the Rev. W. H. Platt, D.D., Robert Edward Bredon, Commissioner of Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs, and Chief Secretary in the Inspectorate General, Peking (formerly of H. B. M.'s Ninety-seventh, Earl of Ulster's Regiment), to Lily Virginia, daughter of Thomas C. Banks, Esq., of San Francisco.—*Call.*

Mr. Banks was formerly a banker in San Francisco. Is an old and highly esteemed citizen.

Senator Sharon, it is said, will tender a grand reception to Gen. Grant and party upon his arrival, at his Belmont mansion. Rumor says it will exceed the very elegant entertainment given to the Earl and Countess of Dufferin.

## ARCHERY NOTES.

The first generation of archers, and by that I mean those ladies and gentlemen who began the study of the long-bow last season, have passed the short-range stage, have assumed the *toga virilis*, and have nobly set to work to master the difficulties of long-distance shooting. Gentlemen have abandoned the thirty-yard range and are practicing at the forty, fifty, and sixty; and ladies, disdaining the twenty-yard as too ridiculously mean, pierce the target at not less than thirty, and not more than forty yards. After all, the true fascination of archery begins only when one is sufficiently advanced to make fair long-distance shots, and then the drudgery is over, and the full delights of the sport begin. At this season of the year the climate of San Francisco is not favorable for afternoon practice—the winds and the fog detracting from the pleasures of the practice. But in Oakland, where all ranges can be obtained in almost any quarter of the city, the hours between three and six o'clock, when the glare of the sun has passed, are most propitious for the archers' sport. Oakland archers are beginning to recognize the beauty and advantage of the range at Adams' Point, which is at the service of all comers, and on last Saturday and Sunday there was some good shooting at sixty, eighty, and one hundred yards. Eighty and a hundred yards seem terribly long to the novice, but he soon gains confidence as he learns the elevation, and surprises himself by dropping an occasional arrow in the target a hundred yards away.

Roving shooting is one of the most pleasant diversions of archery. Last week a party of ladies and gentlemen armed with bows and full quivers, started from Oakland for a walk over the hills to Piedmont, the trip to be varied by shooting at roving marks, squirrels, chippies, and anything else that turned up. Some of the shots at marks eighty, and even a hundred and twenty, yards away were really good. The ladies were surprised to find how far a thirty-pound bow can cast an arrow, and how much easier it is to hit an object on the ground than to score a gold on the target. The manner in which numerous squirrels escaped death was marvelous, but to the honor of the party, be it said, two were impaled on the walk back from Piedmont. Of one, however, an unfair advantage was taken. His slayer posted himself behind a tree with arrow nocked and bow half-drawn not ten feet from the squirrel's hole. In a few minutes the squirrel poked his head out to see see if all the fuss was over, concluded the coast was clear, hopped along, and stood on his hind legs to take an observation. At that moment his enemy let drive, and the inquisitive little heart was pierced between the shoulders by his treacherous foe. The other met his death by a long shot, after standing the brunt of two arrows, which gave the archer the range. The third shaft went through his hip. Shooting at ground-squirrels with the bow is good sport for the archer, but if he wants to be successful he must shoot from some ambush. If the squirrel does not see him the arrow will not drive it to its hole, or if it does it will be only for a few minutes. The squirrel's dominant passion is curiosity, and he is bound to find out what business those feathered sticks have flying about his domain.

It is to be hoped that our Oakland and San Francisco archers will put in an appearance at the State Fair Tournament. The Sacramento archers are doing everything to make the affair a success, are offering numerous and valuable prizes, and extend a cordial invitation to all bowmen to fly a shaft with them.

The Muir bows, which, by a mistake of the party who sent to Scotland for them, were all overweight, have been worked down by Mr. Darneal, a clever mechanic of this city, and now pull from forty to fifty pounds. Peters & Co. have received some samples of Horsman's bows, of beef wood, backed with lemon wood. These are the bows which the Thompsons defy anyone to break. A gentleman pulled one about twenty-five inches the day they arrived, and the famous beef wood snapped like a straw. The archers of this coast are getting very hazy in their faith in the opinions of the Thompson brothers on bow matters and archery material generally. If everything that Horsman makes is as perfect as they assert his tackle to be, then he must have sent us only the refuse. All who have tried his bows have been disappointed, and a straight arrow of his manufacture is the exception. Maurice Thompson has changed his mind in regard to the strength of the bow an ordinary archer should use. He first told us that any man in good health and of common muscular development should be ashamed to pull anything less than a sixty or seventy-pound bow. Of late he remarks that some of the crack shots of England have injured their shooting by the use of heavy bows, and that fifty pounds, or from forty to fifty pounds, is quite strong enough for all target practice. Will Thompson has written a letter ridiculing the stories of the skill of Indian archers. Of course, those tales of knocking coins off cleft sticks at sixty and eighty yards must be taken "with a grain of salt;" but it is only reasonable to suppose that men who have been trained from their childhood to the use of the bow, as a means of taking game, must have a little more skill in archery than city men who have only had a few season's practice at a target. Because one may very justly question the accuracy of these reports of hitting extremely small marks at long distances, it does not follow that Indian archery should be pooh-poohed. The Indian in the field can bring down rabbits, birds, deer, etc., with his primitive weapons; and I question very much, if the entire Wabash Merry Bowmen were turned loose in a Nevada desert, with Horsman "gem bows" and "club arrows," if a single jackass rabbit would be any the worse for the invasion. QUIVER.

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The San Francisco *Chronicle*. See advertisement: "Onward and Upward," "Magnificent Success," "Acme of Perfect Journalism," "Great Family Newspaper," "Rich and Juicy with Intellectual Knowledge." The influence of this live and ambitious journal is illustrated by the fact that it has lost every point for which it contended. Perkins is Governor, Page goes to Congress, the railroad gets a majority of Commissioners, Kalloch becomes Mayor, Glenn is beaten, the Hon. Bilk ticket third in the fight, that great and good man Terry stays at home, Volney E. Howard declines being a candidate for United States Senator, the gifted and eloquent Cohen with his masterly analysis of railroad figures comes out at the small end of the smallest horn.

## TRANSLATED.

**The Serenade.—(From the German.)**

Earth in heavenly calm reposes,
Moon and stars the vigil keep;
In the splendor of the flowers
A little garden lies asleep.
Good night! good night!

In the garden stands a cottage,
Quiet 'neath the linden trees;
There, beside a window watching
Sings a bird among the leaves.
Good night! good night!

In the cottage dreams a maiden,
Of the little flowery yard;
Heaven within her heart reposes—
Angels there are keeping guard.
Good night! good night!

CALISTOGA. J. H. S. BUGEIA.

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**In der Fremde.—(From the German of Eichendorff.)**

I hear the rush of streamlets
In the woodland running free;
In the wood, in the sound of waters,
I know not where I may be.

Here, in the solitude round me,
Voices of nightingales chime,
As if they would tell me something
From the beautiful by-gone time.

The moonlight shimmers and wavers,
As if beneath me there lay
The castle, down in the valley—
And yet it is far away;

As if in the garden yonder,
With its roses, white and red,
My love must be waiting for me—
And yet he is long since dead.

NILES. MILICENT W. SHINN.

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**Horace, Ode IV., 7.**

Clouds have dispersed, fresh grass o'er earth is spread,
Fresh foliage decks each tree;
Earth changes, and the stream within its bed
Glides tranquil to the sea.

With her twin-sister nymphs the undraped Grace
Ventures to lead the dance;
So we are warned as time slips by apace
How death, too, doth advance.

Winter succumbs to Spring, which soon must yield
To Summer, which is o'er
As soon as fruitful Autumn decks the field;
Then Winter comes once more.

Yet the swift months these losses soon repair;
We mortals, when we fade,
Are as the old-world heroes long since were—
Dust and an empty shade.

Who knows if heaven will add to-morrow's sun
Unto the days thou'st passed?
Then thy successor's greed will feed upon
The wealth thou hast amassed.

When thou art dead, and Minos over thee
Hath read the final doom,
Nor birth, nor eloquence, nor piety
Will ope for thee the tomb;

For neither could Diana liberate
Hippolytus from hell,
Nor yet could Thesens burst the chains of fate
From him he loved so well.

NEW YORK CITY. G. H. JESSOP.

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**Schlaf ein, mein Hertz.**

Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
The weary forms and fleece
Of blossoms hath made bright
Refreshing dews of night.

Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
Tho' Life her vigils cease,
O'er worlds in splendor dight
The eye of God hath sight.

Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
Thy fear and sorrow cease;
Who hath worlds with world bedight,
Doth heavy hearts make light.

Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
No evil dream thou see'st;
Made brave by Faith's own might,
On thee Hope smiles delight.

Sleep on, my heart, in peace!
And if thy soul's release
Death sends thee in the night,
Thou'lt still wake in his sight.—*Ruckert.*

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I have in dreams been weeping—
I dreamed I saw thee in thy grave;
I wakened up, and the tear-drops
Still do my wan cheeks lave.

I have in dreams been weeping—
I dreamed thou hadst forsaken me;
I wakened up, and still wept I
So long and bitterly.

I have in dreams been weeping—
I dreamed thou quietedst my fears;
I wakened up, and yet ever
Rains down my flood of tears.—*Heine.*

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In fairest garden wandered
Two lovers hand in hand—
Two pallid, panting creatures
In that bright blossom-land.

They kissed each other on the face,
They kissed each other on the mouth,
They held each clasped in fast embrace—
Young blood runs wildly in the south.

Chime out afar two distant bells;
Two dreams flee with one hour;
She lies amid the cloister cells,
He far in prison tower.—*Uhland.*

LOS ANGELES. C. B. J.

## A WILD DRIVE.

It was in the spring of 1861, while I was at Horseshoe, that the eastern-bound coach came in one day loaded down with passengers and baggage, and stopped for dinner. The passengers consisted of six Englishmen, and they had been continually grumbling about the slow time that was being made by the stages.

"These blarsted 'eathens don't know hanything habout staging, hany-'ow," remarked one of them.

"Blarst me bloody heyes! they cawn't stage in this country as we do in Hingland, you know," said another.

Their remarks were overheard by Bob Scott, who was to drive the coach from Horseshoe to Fort Laramie, and he determined to give them satisfaction before they got over his route. Scott was known to be the best reinsman and the most expert and reckless driver on the whole line of the road. It happened on this day he was to drive a team of six pony express horses, which had been only partially broken in a stage team. As the stock-tenders were hitching them up, Bob, who was standing by, said:

"I'll show them Englishmen that we 'blarsted heathens' do know something about staging in this country."

We all knew from Bob's looks that something was up. It required several men to hitch up this frisky team, as a man had to hold on to each one of the horses by the bits, while they were stringing them out. The Englishmen came out from dinner, and were delighted to see the horses prancing and pawing as if anxious to start.

"Ha! my deah fellah, now we will 'ave a fine ride this hafternoon!" said one of them.

"By Jove! those are the kind of 'orses they hought to 'ave on hall the teams," remarked another.

"Are you the lad who is going to drive to-day?" asked another of Bob.

"Yes, gentlemen," answered Bob; "I'll show you how we stage it in this country."

Bob mounted the box, gathered the lines, and, pulling the horses by the bits, told the tenders to "turn 'em loose." We, who were standing around to see the stage start out, expected it would go off at a lively rate. We were considerably surprised, therefore, when, after the horses had made a few lively jumps, Bob put on the big Californian brakes and brought them down to a walk. The road, for a distance of four miles, gradually rose to the top of a hill, and all the way up this ascent Bob held the impatient team in check.

"Blarst your heyes, driver, why don't you let them go?" exclaimed one of the passengers, who had all along been expecting a very brisk ride.

Every once in a while they would ask him some such question, but he paid no attention to them. At last he reached the top of the hill, and then he suddenly flung three of the lines on the left side of the team, and the other three on the right side. He then began "playing the silk to them." The team started off like a streak of lightning, without a single rein being held by the driver.

His next movement was to pull the lamps out of the sockets and throw them at the leaders. The glass broke upon their backs and nearly set them wild, but being so accustomed to running the road, they never once left the track, and went flying on down the grade toward the next station, eight miles distant, the coach bouncing over the loose stones and small obstacles, and surging from side to side, as an egg-shell would in the rapids of Niagara. Not satisfied with the break-neck rate at which they were traveling, Bob pulled out his revolver and fired in rapid succession, at the same time yelling in a demoniacal manner. By this time the Englishmen had become thoroughly frightened, as they saw the lines flying wildly in every direction, and the team running away. They did not know whether to jump out or remain in the coach. Bob would occasionally look down from his seat, and, seeing their frightened faces, would impudently ask: "Well, how do you like staging in this country now?"

The Englishmen stuck to the coach, probably thinking it would be better to do so than to take the chances of breaking their necks by jumping. As the flying team was nearing the station the stock-tender saw that they were running away, and that the driver had no control over them whatever. Being aware that the pony express horses were accustomed to running right into the stable on arriving at the station, he threw open the large folding doors, which would just allow the passage of the team and coach into the stable. The horses, sure enough, made for the open doorway. Captain Cricket, the messenger, and Scott got down into the boot of the coach to save themselves from colliding with the top of the stable door.

The coach would probably have passed through into the stable without any serious damage had it not been for the bar or threshold that was stretched across the ground to fasten the doors to. This bar was a small log, and the front wheels struck it with such force that the coach was thrown up high enough to strike the upper portion of the door-frame. The top of the coach was completely torn off, and one of the passenger's arms was broken. This was the only serious injury that was done; though it was a matter of surprise to all that any of the travelers escaped. The coach was backed out, when the running gear was found to be as good as ever. The top was soon patched up, a change of team was made, and Bob Scott, mounting the box as if nothing had happened, took the reins in hand, and shouted:

"All aboard!"

The Englishmen, however, had had enough of Bob Scott, and not one of the party was willing to risk his life with him again. They said that he was drunk, or crazy, or both, and that they would report him and have him discharged for what he had already done. Bob waited a few minutes to give them an opportunity to take their seats in the coach, but they told him most emphatically that he could drive on without them, as they intended to wait there for the next stage. Their traps were taken off, and Bob drove away without a single passenger. He made his usual time into Fort Laramie, which was the end of the run. The Englishmen came through on the next day's coach, and proceeded to Atchison, where they reported Bob to the superintendent of the line, who, however, paid little or no attention to the matter, as Bob remained on the road. Such is the story of the liveliest and most reckless piece of stage-driving that ever occurred on the overland stage-road. WM. F.

## THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

### IX.

Three weeks passed, and Laurent came to the shop every evening as usual. He appeared unwell. There were blue rings under his eyes, his lips were white and cracked. But he retained his placid manner, and treated Camille with as much frank familiarity as of old. Mme. Raquin petted the friend of the family more than ever when she saw that he was suffering from a low fever. Thérèse preserved her blank and gloomy countenance. Laurent scarcely seemed to exist for her. She rarely looked at or spoke to him, but treated him with perfect indifference. Kind-hearted Mme. Raquin was troubled at the behavior of her niece, and would sometimes say to Laurent: "Never mind her chilling manner. I know her disposition. Her face is cold, but her heart is warm and full of affectionate devotion."

The lovers had not met alone since Thérèse had gone out to visit Laurent; but when they saw each other in the evenings their imperturbable countenances masked the most violent symptoms. They were biding their time.

One Thursday evening, before beginning their game of dominoes, the guests of the family, as usual, were chatting together, and the conversation had turned upon the old Michaud's adventures when he was a policeman. Grivet and Camille always listened to these reminiscences with the scared faces and wrapt attention of children who are being told about wicked Blue-Beard. They were terrified, and yet amused. On this occasion, Michaud, who had been horrifying his audience with the details of a frightful murder, added, with a toss of the head: "But how many crimes are committed and never found out! How many murderers who escape from human justice!"

"What!" exclaimed Grivet, in astonishment; "do you really believe that there are murderers walking about the streets unpunished?"

Olivier smiled scornfully. "My dear sir," he said, "if they are unpunished, it is because no one knows that they are murderers."

This reasoning did not seem to convince Grivet, and Camille came to his aid.

"I am of M. Grivet's opinion," he said, with a silly air of importance. "I think the police force is very efficient, and do not believe that I shall ever jostle against a murderer on the sidewalk."

Olivier saw a hit at himself in these words. "Certainly, the police are very competent," he cried, angrily, "but for all that we can not perform impossibilities. There are miscreants who have studied crime under the devil's instruction, and who will escape from God himself. Am I not right, father?"

"Certainly you are," said old Michaud. "For instance, when I was at Vernon—you will perhaps remember the circumstance, Mme. Raquin—a wagoner was murdered on the highway. His body, cut to pieces, was found in a ditch. The murderer was never discovered. Possibly he is still alive; he may be our neighbor; perhaps M. Grivet will meet him on his way home."

Grivet grew as white as a sheet, and looked as if he thought the wagoner's murderer was behind his chair. He liked to be frightened in this way, however.

"Well, well," he blurted out, without exactly knowing what he was saying, "I don't believe it anyhow. I can tell you a story myself. There was once a servant who was thrown into prison under suspicion of having stolen a silver spoon from his master. Two months afterward, in cutting down a tree, the spoon was found in a magpie's nest, and the servant was released. So, you see, the guilty are sure to be punished."

Grivet was triumphant, but Olivier asked, sneeringly: "Did they put the magpie in prison, then?"

"That was not what M. Grivet meant," answered Camille, angry at seeing his superior ridiculed. "Mother, give us the dominoes."

Then, while Mme. Raquin was getting the box, he continued: "So you confess that the police are powerless, and that there are murderers walking about in broad daylight?"

"Unfortunately, yes," answered the *commissaire*.

"That is not as it should be," said Grivet.

During this conversation Thérèse and Laurent had remained silent. They did not even smile at Grivet's stupidity. Leaning their elbows on the table, slightly pale, and with a vacant expression in their faces, they listened. For one instant their eyes met, and both felt their blood curdle.

### X.

Sometimes, on Sundays, when the weather was fine, Camille made Thérèse go for a walk with him to the Champs Elysées. She would have preferred to stay in the damp darkness of the shop, for she detested dragging along the streets with her stupid husband. But Camille liked it. He loved to show off his wife; and when he met one of his fellow-clerks, or, better still, one of his employers, he was all eagerness to exchange salutes—in madame's company. Besides, he liked to walk for walking's sake, and was so stiff, and awkward, and conceited in his Sunday clothes, that Thérèse hated to be seen with such a poor little fellow.

When they were going out on one of these promenades, Mme. Raquin accompanied them to the end of the Passage du Pont-Neuf, and embraced them as if they were setting out on a long journey, and gave them all sorts of prudent advice.

"Above all," she would say, "beware of accidents. There are so many vehicles in Paris. Promise me, now, not to go into the throng." She would watch them till they were out of sight and then slowly return to the shop.

At other times, though more rarely, the young couple went beyond the city to Saint-Ouen or Asnières and took some refreshment at one of the restaurants by the river. These were grand occasions, and were talked about for a month beforehand. Thérèse went willingly and gladly on such expeditions, delighted at the chance of breathing the fresh air till ten or eleven o'clock at night. Saint-Ouen, with its green islets, reminded her of Vernon, and awakened in her breast that strange, savage love which she had had for the Seine when a girl. She would seat herself on the gravel, paddle the water with her hands, and enjoy the sunshine and cool breeze, while she took no heed of spoiling her clothes on the rough ground. Camille would spread out his handkerchief and sit down by her with a thousand fidgetty precautions. After Laurent became almost one of the family he nearly always accompanied them on these excursions, and enlivened the trip with his laughter and rough humor.

One Sunday Camille, Thérèse, and Laurent set out for Saint-Ouen after breakfast, at eleven o'clock. The excursion had long been talked of, and was to be the last of the season. Autumn had come, and the nights were beginning to be chilly.

It was a clear and beautiful day—hot in the sun and cool in the shade. They determined to make the most of the fine weather.

Taking a carriage, amid the warning farewells of Mme. Raquin, they drove as far as the fortifications, and thence proceeded to Saint-Ouen on foot. It was high noon, and the dusty roads glittered under the sun with the dazzling whiteness of snow. The air was hot and heavy. Thérèse, leaning on Camille's arm, walked with little steps under her parasol, while her husband fanned himself with an immense handkerchief. Behind them came Laurent, who took no heed of the scorching sun as he watched the lithe movements of his mistress.

On reaching Saint-Ouen they hastened to find a shady nook where they could rest on the grass, and on one of the islets discovered a secluded spot under the trees, where they were as completely alone as if they had been in the heart of a desert.

Camille selected a dry place and carefully seated himself. Thérèse, with a great rustling of skirts, threw herself on the fallen leaves with which the ground was thickly strewn. Laurent lay flat on his face, his chin on the earth, and contemplated his mistress, while Camille chattered about the improvements which the government ought to make at Saint-Ouen.

They remained here nearly three hours, waiting for the heat to diminish before they went to dinner. Camille talked about his office, and told silly stories until he was tired, and then went to sleep on his back with his hat over his eyes. Thérèse had been feigning to be asleep for some time.

Presently Laurent arose and leaned against a tree. He had thought that Thérèse slept, but to his surprise he saw that her great lustrous eyes were wide open and gazing fixedly into space. Her hands were thrown back under her head, and her face was pale and rigid. She was thinking profoundly, and did not even look at Laurent as he stood just behind her.

Her lover was almost frightened to see her thus, motionless and mute. The sight of her pallid face alarmed him while it excited his passion. He longed to stoop and close her eyes with a kiss; but close at hand lay Camille, his poor, weak little chest heaving slightly as he breathed, his mouth open, and his face contracted in sleep—a pitiable and ugly object.

Laurent, as he looked at him, suddenly raised his heel as though about to crush the sleeping man's face.

Thérèse restrained a cry. She grew still paler, closed her eyes, and turned away her face as if to avoid being splashed with blood.

Laurent stood for some seconds with his heel lifted above Camille's face; then he slowly drew it back and walked away a few steps. He had told himself that this would be an idiotic method of murder. That crushed face would set the whole police force on his track. He wished to get rid of Camille in such a way that he might marry Thérèse and live unsuspected, like the murderer of the wagoner of whom old Michaud had spoken.

He went down to the water's edge and stood gazing abstractedly into the stream; then suddenly he returned. He had at last arranged a scheme of murder which could be easily and rapidly accomplished.

He woke Camille by tickling his nose with a straw. Camille thought this an excellent joke. He liked Laurent because he often made him laugh with such little tricks. Then he aroused his wife, who still kept her eyes shut, and the little party left the copse together.

After leaving the island they followed roads filled with groups of holiday-makers. Every path was for the time converted into a populous street. On the water a boat's crew swept along, singing as they rowed. The sun was now nearing the horizon, and the air began to grow cool.

Camille no longer gave his arm to Thérèse, but laughed and chatted with Laurent, who joked and romped in high spirits. Thérèse walked along by herself, occasionally stopping to pluck a flower. Then, when left behind a few steps, she would stand still and contemplate her husband and her lover.

"Are not you beginning to grow hungry?" Camille called out to her presently.

"Yes," she answered.

"Come along, then; we'll go and get something to eat."

Thérèse was not really hungry, but she was nervous and uneasy. She could not make out what Laurent's plans were, and her limbs trembled with anxiety.

They returned to the river bank, and entered a restaurant which reeked of wine and the kitchen. It was a noisy place, full of parties of merry-makers, who feasted in innumerable little rooms, and made the whole building echo and shake with their singing and shouting.

The Raquins and Laurent found a place on an upper balcony, where the breeze from the water to some extent drove away the evil odors of cooking. Thérèse, leaning on the balustrade, looked out over the quay. On the right and left stretched two rows of drinking shops and booths, and in these, and under the trees, a crowd of men and women eating, and laughing, and enjoying themselves. Here and there a barrel-organ added its melancholy music to the ordinary din.

Immediately below Thérèse a number of painted and bedizened girls from the Quartier Latin, with their bonnets hanging down their backs and their hair disheveled, were dancing and singing on the worn grass, while several students stood round, smoking their clay pipes and chaffing the dancers. Beyond, over the river and the hills, evening was peacefully descending, and enveloping the trees in vapor.

"Now then, waiter," cried Laurent, over the banisters, "what about our dinner?" Then turning to Camille as if struck by a happy idea he said: "What do you think of our taking a row before eating. That will give them time to roast our chicken, and it will be tiresome to wait here for an hour."

"Just as you like," answered Camille indifferently. "But Thérèse is hungry."

"No, no, I can wait," hastily replied Thérèse, at whom Laurent was steadfastly gazing.

They all three went down stairs. As they passed the counter they ordered their dinner and arranged to be back in an hour. The inn-keeper owned the boats, and told them to take which they pleased. Laurent chose such a frail little craft that Camille was frightened, and protested against its lightness.

The truth was, that Camille had a great dread of the water. When a boy at Vernon his delicate health had not permitted him to bathe in the Seine, and while his schoolmates were swimming in the river he was in bed. Laurent was an intrepid swimmer and a tireless oarsman. Camille was as nervous as a woman; he tapped the bow of the boat with his foot to assure himself of its solidity.

"Come, jump in!" cried Laurent, laughing; "you tremble at everything."

Camille crept into the boat, and staggered to a seat in the stern. When he had sat down he felt easier, and affected to be very courageous.

Thérèse had remained on the bank by the side of her lover, who held the boat to the shore. He stooped down and murmured in a low voice: "Take care now; I am going to throw him into the water. Do as I tell you. I will manage everything."

The young woman turned horribly pale, and with dilated eyes stood as if nailed to the spot.

"Get in, now," again muttered Laurent.

Still she stirred not; a terrible struggle was passing within her.

"Ha, ha!" cried Camille. "Laurent, look at Thérèse; it is she who is afraid. First she will get in, and then she won't.

He had stretched himself out in the stern sheets, with his elbows on the sides of the boat, trying hard to look brave. Thérèse threw a strange look at him. The taunts of this poor creature were as the stroke of a whip to her. She stepped quickly into the boat and seated herself in the bow. Laurent took the oars, and they pushed slowly out into the stream. Meanwhile the evening advanced. The trees cast great shadows, and the water near the bank was black, while in the middle of the river it was streaked with long bars of pale silver. Before long the boat was in the middle of the Seine, where the noises from the shore could only be faintly heard. It began to grow quite cold.

Presently Laurent ceased rowing, and let the boat drift down with the current. Nobody spoke, but seated in the bottom of the boat they gazed in silence as the last lights faded from the tops of the trees. As they approached the group of islands the rose-tinted masses of rock also lost their glow, and the whole landscape assumed a sombre tone; the sky, the river, the islands, and the hills became nothing but patches of brown and gray, half hidden in milky-colored vapor.

Camille, who was lying on his face and looking into the water, dipped in one of his hands, and shivered as he exclaimed how cold it was.

Laurent did not answer. For a moment or two he had been looking at the banks uneasily. He now spread his great hands over his knees and shut his lips tightly. Thérèse, rigid and motionless, waited.

The boat drifted into a dark and narrow channel between the islands.

Behind one of the islands the song of some boatmen could be heard. Farther up the river the stream was clear.

Then Laurent rose up and seized Camille under the arms. The poor fellow laughed and thought it was one of Laurent's jokes.

"Oh, you tickle me!" he cried. "Put me down; you will let me fall."

Laurent gripped his victim tighter and shook him. Camille turned about and saw the horribly convulsed face of his friend. He did not understand, but nevertheless was filled with a vague dread. He tried to cry out, but a rough hand clutched his throat. With the instinct of an animal fighting for its life he slipped down on his knees, and clung desperately to the edge of the boat.

"Thérèse! Thérèse!" he cried, in a stifled whisper.

The young woman sat with her gaze riveted upon him as she held on with both hands to one of the thwarts, for the boat rocked and oscillated frightfully. She could not close her eyes, a fearful spell held them wide open and fixed upon the hideous struggle. She neither moved nor spoke.

"Thérèse! Thérèse!" again cried Camille, with a husky rattling in his throat.

At this last appeal Thérèse burst into a fit of sobbing. Then her nerves gave way entirely, and she sank down in the bottom of the boat in a deathlike swoon.

Laurent still struggled with Camille. Retaining his clutch on his throat with one hand, he tore his victim away from his hold on the boat with the other, and raised him aloft at arms' length. Suddenly Camille, filled with rage and despair, twisted violently backward, and plunged his teeth into his assailant's throat. With a stifled cry of pain the murderer hurled his victim from him into the river, but as he did so Camille's teeth tore out a piece of the flesh in which they were buried. The doomed man fell with a shriek, returned two or three times to the surface with piteous cries for help, and then was seen no more.

Laurent did not lose a second. Hastily turning up his coat collar to conceal the wound in his throat, he seized the senseless form of Thérèse in his arms, overturned the boat, and in another moment was in the water shouting at the top of his voice for assistance.

The boatmen who had been singing on the other side of the island were almost immediately on the spot. They saw at once that an accident had happened, and lost no time in dragging Laurent and Thérèse out of the water. The woman was laid on a seat still insensible; but Laurent threw himself back into the river, calling loudly upon his friend Camille, and searching for him in places where his body was least likely to be. His grief appeared so violent that the boatmen tried to console him; but in vain.

"It is all my fault," he cried. "I should not have allowed the poor fellow to dance and jump about as he did. All at

once we found ourselves all on one side of the boat, which, of course, capsized. As he sank he called out to me to save his wife."

As is usually the case, there were among the boatmen two or three who wished to make out that they had witnessed the accident.

"We saw it all," said these. "How the devil could it be otherwise with such a cockleshell of a boat as this? Ah! poor little woman, she will have a sad awakening."

They got out their oars, took the little boat in tow, and carried Thérèse and Laurent to the restaurant, where dinner was waiting for them. In a few minutes Saint-Ouen knew of the accident. The boatmen related all the particulars of the disaster, as if they had been eye-witnesses throughout, to the pitying crowd which gathered outside of the inn.

The good inn-keeper and his wife placed their wardrobe at the service of the rescued couple. Thérèse recovered from her swoon, but was so hysterical and weak that it was found necessary to put her to bed. Nature helped her to act her part in the hideous drama.

When she became more calm Laurent left her to the care of the innkeeper's wife, and returned to Paris to break the news to Mme. Raquin. The truth was that he feared to take her home in her present excited condition, and preferred to give her time to reflect on the part which she had to play.

Poor Camille's dinner was eaten by the boatmen.

## XI.

Sitting in the gloom of the hired carriage which took him back to Paris, Laurent matured his plans. He was almost certain of not being found out, and was filled with mingled joy and relief now that the crime was accomplished. On arriving at the Barrière de Clichy he took a cab and drove to the dwelling of old Michaud, in the Rue de Seine, which he reached at nine o'clock in the evening.

He went there partly to disarm suspicion, and partly to avoid having to break the fearful news to Mme. Raquin himself—an undertaking which he greatly dreaded, both because he feared he should not be able to play his part with sufficient feeling, and because at heart he had some compassion for her.

He found the venerable commissary of police at home with Olivier and Suzanne. When he entered Michaud looked inquiringly at his rough and ill-fitting clothes. Laurent answered by relating the particulars of the accident in a broken voice, as if overcome by sorrow and fatigue.

"I came to see you," he said, in conclusion, "because I did not know what to do with the two poor women so cruelly bereaved. I dare not go to the mother alone. I beg that you will go with me."

While he was speaking Olivier seemed to look at him so scrutinizingly that he was alarmed. The murderer had purposely come straight to these officers of the law in order to throw them off the scent by his boldness, but he could not help shuddering as he felt their eyes fixed upon him. His guilty conscience saw suspicion where there was only surprise and sympathy. The frail and feeble Suzanne nearly fainted. Olivier, who was terrified at the bare thought of death, but was otherwise as cold as a stone, was greatly shocked by the news, and by force of habit examined Laurent's face narrowly; but he had not the least suspicion of the truth. As for old Michaud, he did nothing but roll his eyes and ejaculate in terms of horror, pity, and astonishment:

"Ah, my God!" he cried, incoherently. "Ah, my God, what a terrible thing! To leave home and die like that all of a sudden! It is horrible! And the poor mother, how are we to break it to her? But you did right to come to us. We will go with you."

They all four then left the house. At the entrance of the Passage du Pont-Neuf Michaud stopped Laurent.

"You had better not come in with us," he said; "your presence would make the unhappy mother suspect some calamity, and we should be forced to tell her the truth before we ought to. Wait for us here."

This arrangement suited Laurent exactly, for he trembled at the thought of meeting Mme. Raquin. For a full half hour he walked up and down the pavement, and by degrees recovered his self-possession so far that as he watched the sewing-girls at their work, or gazed into the shop windows, he almost ceased to trouble himself about the bereaved mother. He had eaten nothing since morning, and, being hungry, went into a confectioner's and treated himself to some pastry.

Meanwhile a heartrending scene was being enacted in the little shop. In spite of all old Michaud's precautions, Mme. Raquin apprehended in an instant that some harm had befallen her son, and entreated to be told the whole truth in such an agony of despair that her old friend was obliged to yield. Her grief was terrible to behold. She sobbed, and shrieked, and groaned, and would have thrown herself upon the floor had not the weeping Suzanne held her in her chair by force. Olivier and his father held aloof in silence, and averted their faces from the sad spectacle.

The wretched mother saw the body of her son, stark and horribly swollen, tossing in the troubled waters of the Seine, and at the same moment she saw him in the little cradle from which she had so often driven the threatening shadow of death. She had saved his life a score of times, and now he had died far away from her—drowned like a dog in the cold and filthy water of the river. She called to mind the warm evenings in which she had wrapped him, the thousand little cares which it had been her delight to bestow upon his sickly childhood. And this was the end of all! Despair and anguish utterly overcame her. She prayed that she might die.

At the first opportunity Michaud and Olivier went out and rejoined Laurent, leaving Suzanne with Mme. Raquin.

The three men set out at once for Saint-Ouen. On the road they scarcely exchanged a word, but sat silent, motionless, and buried in thought; each in a corner of the carriage. Occasionally their pale faces were lighted up for a moment as they whirled past a street-lamp, but at other times they were in thick darkness.

When at last they reached the restaurant on the river-bank they found Thérèse in bed. Her hands and head were burning hot, and the innkeeper's whispered to them that the young widow had a high fever. The truth was that Thérèse, finding herself very weak and afraid lest she might confess the murder while delirious, had thought it best to feign illness. Fearing to speak, and not wishing to see any one, she lay with the bedclothes drawn up to her chin and her face half hidden in her pillow, listening anxiously to what those about her were saying, and in the red light which floated before her closed eyelids she constantly saw Camille and Laurent struggling in the boat, or saw the corpse of her husband, pallid, wan, and ghastly, rise from the yellow water of the river. It was this hideous vision which made her blood so feverish.

Old Michaud spoke a few soothing words to her, but she made a gesture of impatience, turned her face away, and broke out anew into a violent fit of sobbing.

"You had better leave her alone, sir," said the innkeeper; "she shivers at the least noise. You see, she needs rest."

Down stairs an agent of the police was drawing up an official report of the accident. Michaud and his son descended, followed by Laurent. The formalities were concluded in ten minutes. The boatmen described all the particulars of the disaster just as if they had been eye-witnesses, and if Olivier and his father had entertained any suspicion of foul play such testimony as this would have banished the idea. But they had not doubted Laurent's veracity for an instant; they introduced him to the examining officer as the best friend of the dead man, and took care that it should be stated in the report that he had thrown himself into the water to attempt the rescue of Camille Raquin.

Next day the newspapers related the story of the accident with a great profusion of detail and much expressed sympathy for the unhappy mother, the inconsolable widow, and the nobly courageous friend. The item made the round of the Parisian press, and then lost itself in the journals of the provinces.

When the official investigation was over Laurent breathed more freely, and felt as if he had begun a new life. Since the moment when Camille had buried his teeth in his throat the murderer had not been himself, but had acted mechanically, as if closely following out a long-arranged plan, and carefully weighing every word and gesture. But now that he was sure of not being discovered, since the public themselves had been deceived and had voluntarily acquitted him of all blame in the matter, his natural manner returned. He still played the part of the afflicted friend with incomparable skill and coolness, but at heart he felt a brutal joy, and his thoughts were continually of Thérèse.

"We must not leave the poor girl here," he said to Michaud. "She may be threatened with serious illness, and must be taken back to Paris at once. Let us go and persuade her to accompany us."

Up-stairs he entreated Thérèse to rise, and let herself be taken to the Passage du Pont-Neuf. At the sound of his voice she shuddered, and, opening her eyes, looked at him. She seemed stupefied, and shook like a leaf. She rose with difficulty, without answering a word. The men left her with the woman of the house. She then dressed herself slowly, and, staggering down stairs, was supported to the carriage by Olivier.

The journey was made in silence. Laurent, who sat opposite Thérèse, reached out, with impudent audacity, and took her band in the darkness. It trembled, but she did not withdraw it; on the contrary, she returned the pressure. Thus they sat in the gloom and silence till the Rue Mazarine was reached; and it seemed as if the clasping of their hands was an agreement and an effort between them to keep Camille's body beneath the waters of the Seine.

When the vehicle stopped, Michaud and his son were the first to get out. Then, bending over his mistress, Laurent whispered:

"Be strong, Thérèse; we have a long time to wait yet. Do not forget yourself."

The young woman opened her lips for the first time since the death of her husband:

"Oh, I will not forget myself," she replied, tremblingly and under her breath.

Olivier helped her to alight from the carriage, and they all went into the shop. Mme. Raquin was in bed, and violently delirious. Thérèse dragged herself to bed also; and, having seen everything arranged as he desired, Laurent withdrew and went to his den in the Rue St. Victor.

As he walked along the silent and deserted streets, through which a fresh cool breeze was blowing, he meditated on his crime, and ended by resolving to think of it no more. He had killed Camille, and would now live quietly till he could take possession of Thérèse. The thought of having the murder to commit had sometimes almost choked him, but now that it was successfully accomplished he was troubled no longer.

## XII.

In the morning Laurent awoke as fresh and strong as ever. He scarcely remembered the incidents of the preceding day; and if it had not been for the burning wound on his neck he could have believed that he had gone to bed at ten o'clock after spending a quiet evening. Camille's bite looked like the mark of a red-hot iron laid upon the skin; and when the pain caused by it brought back to Laurent's mind the circumstances under which it was received, he suffered intensely. Tearing open the collar of his shirt, he closely examined the wound in an execrable fifteen-cent mirror which hung on the wall. It was on the right side of his neck. The skin had been torn off, leaving the raw flesh exposed, and the teeth-marks were visible. As Laurent stood looking at it, with his head thrown back, the wretched glass gave an atrocious grimace to the reflection of his troubled face.

Having bathed the wound in cold water, Laurent dressed himself and went to his office as tranquilly as if nothing had happened. He told about the accident in an agitated voice, and, as his colleagues had read the account in the papers, he was looked upon as a great hero. For a week the clerks in the office talked of nothing else, and Grivet never ceased to deplore the folly of venturing on the river when it was so easy to look at the water from the bridges.

One thing still made Laurent restless: the death of Camile could not be officially established until the body was found; but although the reward offered in such cases had caused a diligent search to be made, it had so far been fruitless.

Every morning, on the way to his office, Laurent passed by the Morgue, and, in spite of the repugnance and horror which filled him, he for eight successive days examined the faces of the corpses which lay upon the slabs, but although there were drowned people in plenty, the body of Camille was not among them.

One morning he got a terrible fright. He was looking at the corpse of a man whose small and emaciated frame looked like that of Camille. Corruption had long since set in, and the face was horribly disfigured. The flesh was so putrid that the running water carried it away in little pieces. A little jet playing upon the face, had worn a hole on the left side of the nose. Suddenly the nose fell in, the lips parted, showing the white teeth, and the face appeared to grin horribly.

Every time that he thought he recognized Camille, Laurent was greatly agitated. He ardently wished to find the body of his victim, yet he shuddered with dread and horror when he imagined that it was before him. His repeated visits to the Morgue filled his days and nights with terror, and though he tried to be strong, and accused himself of being a child, he could not overcome the fear and disgust with which the damp and evil-smelling house of the dead inspired him. At the end of another week he became discouraged. At night he dreamed of the corpses which he had seen in the morning, and his self-imposed task caused him so much suffering that he resolved to make only two more visits. Next day when he entered the Morgue he received a violent shock. There, on a slab right opposite to him, was Camille, stretched on his back, with his head raised and his eyes half open.

The murderer slowly approached, unable to take his eyes from those of his victim. He did not suffer pain, but he felt a chill at his heart and a pricking sensation in his flesh. For fully five minutes he stood motionless, lost in unconscious contemplation, engraving upon his memory, in spite of himself, all the horrible lines and colors of the picture before his eyes.

And it was indeed a fearful spectacle to look at. Camille had been fifteen days in the water, but his face was still rigid and his features were preserved. The skin, however, had become yellow, and below the head the body was a hideous mass of corruption. The mouth was drawn down at one corner, and the lips were distorted; the lifted eyelids showed the dim eyeballs; the blackened tongue appeared between the gleaming teeth; there was a ghastly grimace upon the thin and bony face.

Laurent had never seen such a frightful corpse. Yet even now Camille retained all his old insignificance. To look at the body one might almost have divined that it was that of a petty clerk, stupid and sickly, whose mother had nourished him on medicines. But now the poor little frame that had been reared with such anxious care lay freezing on a stone slab.

As soon as Laurent could tear himself away from the hideous sight, he went out and walked rapidly along the quay. He fancied that the odor of putrefaction went with him.

Going to old Michaud, he told him that he had recognized Camille's body at the Morgue. The formalities were then complied with, a certificate of death was drawn up, and the drowned man was buried.

Laurent, now completely at his ease, banished from his mind all memory of the crime and the painful scenes which had followed it.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

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*Truth* says that artists and anatomists are universally agreed that the shoulders of a woman should be narrow and her hips broad. The modern school of "wasp" waists and "pinafore" tippets induces the inference that a lady of fashion is broader across the shoulders than across the hips; and the modern female torso has come to resemble an inverted pyramid. Finally, artists have in all ages save the present one come to the conclusion that if a lady be normally deficient in the peculiar attractiveness of the Callipygian Venus elle droit se meubler—she is bound to impart a strictly moderate amplitude of drapery to the part of her attire which does not confront the spectator. There need not be absurd protrusion of the Hottentot kind, but the drapery should fall into folds. Just look at Hope's "Costumes of the Ancients," and you will see what I mean. Under the present astonishing sumptuary dispensation, where there should be flatness there is rotundity; and where there should be rotundity there is a ludicrous and most unhappy flatness. But the pursuit of such considerations would lead me to an inquiry into dress, a subject which I reserve for another time. I have said enough, I dare say, to provoke a violent outburst of feminine ire, and a vast number of vehement replies to my humble question: "What has become of Beauty?"

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A dignitary of the Church was dining out. Of the two ladies between whom he was seated the one on the right hand side was an intimate acquaintance, and noticing that her distinguished neighbor was silent and preoccupied, said to him, *sotto voce:* "I am afraid you are not very well this evening, you do not seem in your usual spirits." "Well," said the dignitary, "I am in rather a nervous state of mind about my health, and have a sort of presentment that a serious illness is hanging over me. I am conscious of a peculiar numbness all down my right side, which seems to foretode an attack of paralysis." His fair companion expressed her hope that such fears were ill-founded. "Ah, no," he replied, "I'm afraid there's no doubt of it, for I have been pinching my right leg all dinner time, and can elicit no responsive feeling whatever. The limb seems quite dead to all feeling." "Oh," exclaimed the lady briskly, and with an expression of intense relief on her face, "if that is all which troubles you, I think I can at once relieve your mind from anxiety, for the leg which you have been pinching all the evening is mine."

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A good story is told of Bayard Taylor at dinner with several gentlemen, one of whom bored the company with long philological dissertations. At length Mr. Taylor said: "Do you recall the derivation of the word restaurant?" "Oh, yes; it is from the Latin *restaurare*, to invigorate." "Not at all," replied Mr. Taylor; "it is from *res*, 'a thing,' *taurus*, 'a bull'—a bully thing." The philologist subsided.

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There are a great many people who will never go to heaven unless they can go at excursion rates.

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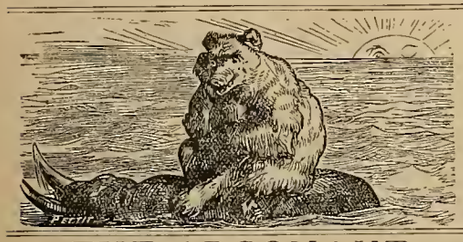

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.*

The ARGONAUT goes to press on the afternoon of Friday. At this writing, therefore, we have no assurance of the result of the election. It is, we think, probable that the Republican State ticket has been elected, and that the Hon. George C. Perkins is Governor-elect of California. The campaign has been a very extraordinary one. The leading issue, as made by parties in opposition to the Republican organization, was a false one—"Does the Central Pacific Railroad "and its branches charge too much for the transportation of "passengers and freight?" This has been the only question that has been seriously considered. It has not been discussed dispassionately, nor fairly, and it has not been decided, whatever may have been the result of the election, because it was not only a false, but a side issue. Governor Perkins, Senator Booth, General Miller, and the other distinguished orators of the Republican party, have not been allowed to fairly discuss important national issues, nor have they had the opportunity fairly to consider the serious local questions that ought to have been assigned a more important place in the contest. The Chinese and labor questions, the questions of finance and corporations, have all been kept in the background because of the furious onslaught of a hybrid party, a crazy journal, and two or three renegade Republican politicians, who are discharged employees of the railroad corporation. This new political organization, known as the "New Constitution party," gathered to it the chivalry politicians, the dissatisfied grangers, and the railroad malcontents, but had not the political sagacity to coöperate with the Workingmen's party, and thus placed itself in opposition to its natural ally. The Workingmen's party of the State is the more ignorant, but the more honest organization, and had the two united as the party of "organized discontent" they would have made a strong, and probably successful, contest against the Republicans. This danger is passed, and the opportunity is lost. The New Constitution party was cowardly, ephemeral, and we have heard the last of it. The Workingmen's party is not ephemeral; we shall hear from it again, as it is quite probable that it will form a national organization, and in this State at least present an electoral ticket for next year's Presidential campaign. We do not look upon the Workingmen's party as an unmixed evil. It will grow in respectability as it grows in strength; it will have new and better leaders; it will call to its councils better men than the demagogues who are now at the top. It will retire the more ignorant and loud-mouthed of the foreign blatherskites who are now its noisy, frothy orators, and become more American and more patriotic, more sensible, more respectable, and more moderate. How to resist the influence of concentrated wealth; how to moderate the power of the great corporations; how to resist the combined political and moneyed powers; how to justly distribute the riches of the nation; how to restrain alien immigration and preserve America for Americans, and how to amend the law governing the elective franchise, are serious questions well worthy the consideration of our most eminent statesmen and our broadest minded, ablest thinkers.

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We are equally in doubt as yet as to the result of the municipal election in San Francisco. Influences have been at work in the city that were not controlling the country vote. Here the contest was in fact a class conflict. The "Workingmen's party" of the city was composed of working men—not mere toilers at physical and daily labor, but nearly all classes of workers. The underlying sentiment of the party was opposition to Chinese immigration, and this question decided many to cast their ballots with the party that bid highest and gave the strongest promises to prevent an increasing Chinese immigration. This is a live question, and the party that ignores it, whether municipal, State, or national, is always liable to lose the election in San Francisco. Farmers are not a unit upon this question. They find Chinese labor useful, economical, and convenient; but all the labor classes of the city, and all classes dependent upon trade intercourse with laborers or workingmen—and this embraces merchants, traders, manufacturers, and real estate owners—are very nearly unanimous in the opinion that Chinese immigration is a serious menace to the progress and prosperity of the coast—threatening our civilization and our material interests. The Republican party allowed itself to be outbid by the Workingmen in this respect. The Republican party was the party of moderation and of law. The Workingmen's party made a fortunate selection in all their candidates for office, and especially for that of Mayor. Their ticket was composed of a set of ignorant and foreign nobodies for office, too obscure and unknown to be assailable; while for Mayor they secured, in the famous Dr. Kalloch, the most eloquent, accomplished, and specious demagogue that it has ever been our pleasure to meet. He had the subtle sense and keen sagacity to grasp the position and to use it in a most eloquent, effective, and demagogical manner. He made a brilliant campaign. When we consider that he was a preacher, a Baptist, a temperance man, a Know Nothing, and a Republican, we can but admire the political genius that rallied to his standard so many laymen, Catholics, foreigners, and Democrats. He had the uncommon good fortune to be shot and wounded by a most Honorable Bilk, and this gave an impetus to the wave of folly, gave it a tidal force of emotion and sentimentality that fairly lifted him to its crest. He became, in the opinion of many idiots, a martyr. His political friends had the sagacity to play his martyrdom for all it was worth. His Metropolitan Temple became a political Mecca. It was surrounded with ropes, tan bark, barricades, and foreign bayonets, and for a week the political campaign was conducted by the Republicans as prisoners of war to the Tenth Ward Rifles, who occupied our city—under martial law—with fixed bayonets. It has been a curious and exceptional campaign. The *Chronicle*, drunk with the accidental success of the constitutional election, lost the little sense it ever had and became the most insolent and brutal of newspapers. The *Call*, specious, plausible, always respectable, cowardly, greedy of small advertisements, and ambitious of circulation, became the door mat for brogans and clog shoes; while the *Bulletin*, once a fearless and independent journal, that delighted to lead public opinion by bold and resolute utterance, ran through the campaign like a dog with a workingman's dinner pail tied to its introverted tail, and said, "let us get to "the bottom of this movement, let us plumb its depths," forgetting that in social bogs and political quicksands there is no bottom. We hope we are at the bottom. We are glad the election is over. We trust now that the forty-one thousand voters, and all the able-bodied non-voting population of the city, and the working force of the State, will each and every man give some little time to his own affairs, mind his own business, go to work, and leave the newly elected officials to attend to public affairs. The ARGONAUT reserves to itself the privilege of commenting upon results next week, and then promises to annoy its readers with very little politics for an entire twelve months.

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Of all the shameful and humiliating spectacles to which our city of San Francisco has ever been subjected, the military display of Saturday, August 23d, was the worst. We are accustomed to the absurdity of popular commotions; we know how the great popular beast delights to make an ass of itself and wag its ears; we could look with complacency upon the howling multitude as it rushed pell-mell down to receive and welcome the Irish drayman, and ask him kindly to save our city from the torch of his infuriated partisans; we have become accustomed to the sickening drivel and cowardly drool of the *Call* and *Bulletin*, because, forsooth, the foul mob was prudent enough not to face the Gatling guns; we expect the greedy, contemptible, and cowardly press to eulogize Denis from Ireland, Clitus from Canada, Wellock from England, Beerstecher from Germany, Bonnet from France, till these foreign miscreants with their mob of adventurers are encouraged to some real and dangerous effort against the law; we know that this kind of journalism, and the kind of politics that panders to the idle, the vicious, and the criminal, is sowing to the wind, and that the time shall come when we shall reap the whirlwind—all this we anticipate; but we acknowledge to our surprise and indignation when an unlegalized military force of foreigners can parade our streets with guns and bayonets, take forcible possession of our city, erect barricades as it did at Fifth Street, and can send a detachment within our City Hall to guard a prisoner held by the law—when military orders can be given in a foreign tongue in our streets, when German, Irish, and Italians are permitted to flaunt their flags, their emblems, their bayonets in our faces. Whether it is a Democratic Governor, or a Democratic Mayor, or a Democratic Chief of Police, that put this humiliation upon San Francisco we do not know, but we do know that it was a shameful and cowardly surrender of the authority of an American city to an unauthorized and illegal foreign military mob. It was a base and humiliating spectacle, dangerous as a precedent, and utterly inexcusable. Every native-born American, every foreign-born gentleman in San Francisco who saw the spectacle, and who in his heart does not feel the disgrace, ought to form in line, face to back, a convenient space apart, that the last man might kick his file leader, and thus pass the humiliation and pain from rear to front along the whole line of cowards who witnessed and did not resent or wish to resent this insult to our American manhood and nationality.

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General Grant has formally, by letter to Mr. E. B. Washburne, declared that he is not a candidate for the Presidency; but his declination has that same Delphic reserve of a former declination, that was uncertain and oracular enough to allow all who desired to advocate his renomination to do so. It was a loop-hole broad enough to drive a national convention through it. We do not believe General Grant will be renominated, and we hope he will not be. He can only be named because the nation will find itself in a political crisis demanding the aid of a strong arm. We hope that crisis, or any crisis that demands the aid of military force, is not near to us. We do not believe it is; and we do not intend to allow any false clamor of Southern outrages, or any false device of bloody shirts, to persuade us of the necessity of a military government. Our nation has a strong life. It is not to be easily destroyed; nor are its institutions to be easily imperiled. It will survive conflicts more serious than the struggles of politicians for office, and its laws will resist uprisings against property more formidable than any demonstrations that foreign ignorance and adopted insolence can array on our sand-lots. We wish that the Hon. E. B. Washburne could be the candidate of the Republican party for President; but we will venture to prophesy that he will not be nominated, but that John Sherman—who ought not to be—will be. The power of our Treasury Department in the hands of an ambitious and subtle presidential candidate is almost unlimited. It is the more formidable when it may be used by the consent of the President, and when at least two other heads of departments and members of the Cabinet are also willing. President Hayes favors the candidacy of John Sherman. So does Carl Schurz, who does not like Grant; and so does Postmaster Key, who likes his place. The multitude of Treasury agents at the South will bring the solid vote of that section. Treasury office-holders at large, internal revenue and postal agents running abroad through the country, corporations, and national banks can accomplish results in the direction of sending delegates to a national convention. These political schoolmasters are abroad, and we predict that all good and original Republicans will, in a year from now, be howling for honest John Sherman as their first choice for President of the United States.

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The New York *Herald* rebukes the New York *Tribune* for its persistent reference to the Conkling-Sprague affair. We quote it as expressing our opinion of this small sensation for the lesson it teaches our local press: "Is it not high time "for an end to this business of trying to fight the political "battles of a great State over the quivering body of a woman "and the heads of her defenseless children? The news of "the Sprague-Conkling scandal was long since exhausted. "Can there be any motive but political malice for warming "over the nasty mess and parading it on the table again "every morning? For fifty years Conkling's private charac-"ter has stood in the fiercest light without a stain. To-day "no man brings a tangible accusation against him. His "most voluble assailants stop short of that. Even Gov-"ernor Sprague makes no charge. He goes further, and de-"clares that he has no charge to make. Plainly, Mr. Conk-"ling has little, in the long run, to fear from attacks that "dare not take the form of accusations. But to the hapless "woman in the case they are ruin. Do the journals that "rake Rhode Island daily for scandal intend that? Do they "imagine a fair-minded people will permit it? Bear in mind "there is absolutely no shred of proof of any criminality "anywhere in the case, or even a charge of it. Nothing is "proved but ill-temper and bad manners. Are the good "name, the happiness, the whole life of a woman to be reck-"lessly destroyed, with no greater warrant than that? Mrs. "Sprague has some right to generous treatment from the "American public. She is the daughter of a man who did "the country great service, and whose name is justly cher-"ished as a part of the national renown. The very friend-"ship which is now tortured to her discredit was formed "under her father's roof, and because she was her father's "daughter. Her habits, her associations, the fatal promi-"nence given to her great gifts and beauty, are all the direct "result of her father's devotion to the public duties that were "laid upon him. She has the right to look to her country-"men now for a kindly judgment, and for protection from "the reckless, incessant repetition of a deadly slander that "nobody fathers and nobody believes. Governor Sprague, "too, has done the State some service, and may well claim "the charity of silence. He is a man of many generous im-"pulses, and the misfortune which has led him into more "than one unlucky public appearance entitles him at least to "be let alone. What was the matter with him the other "day everybody knows, and it is surely not a thing to en-"gross the attention of a continent for a fortnight."

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Sensational journalism was in its element when the indiscretion of an inebriated husband gave it food for libelous insinuation against a distinguished Senator and the daughter

of an American statesman and jurist. The vile of the American press have used it as a text for brutal comment; opposing party factions have made the most of it to injure Senator Conkling in his political aspirations. The time must surely come, and God grant it may speedily come, when, in the interest of decency and public morality, this disgusting sensational journalism shall be discontinued, and our newspapers shall be conducted on the same plane of respectability as now characterizes the conduct of gentlemen in decent society. The individual who, at his club, or in social life, or in personal contact with every day associates, should do that which the editor does every day, would be at once tabooed and driven from social life. The loose conversational comment over women's reputations or men's characters that characterize newspaper writings, would stamp the utterer as an irresponsible blackguard and he would be driven from the society of gentlemen. The possession of type, ink, and paper, and the profession that sells news and opinions, by no means justifies the indiscriminate and irresponsible utterances of the news journals. It is a vitiated public appetite that permits it, and it is a depraved and villainous moral sense that prompts it. The newspapers of San Francisco have ceased to be leaders of opinion or teachers of the people; they have become simple panderers to a vitiated public sentiment, and it is perhaps but just to say that the newspapers are as good as the community in which they are published. So long as the business public will support indecent and licentious journalism by paying for it, so long this kind of journalism will prosper. There ought to be established in San Francisco an able, dignified, and decent morning journal. Its influence would be at once felt in restoring business confidence to a society now torn to pieces between rival newspapers. It would contribute to the material prosperity and to the social and moral welfare of the community, and would help to raise us out of this despondent condition. It would contribute to bridge over this opening chasm between classes, and might save our city from scenes of collision and bloodshed in the future.

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The *Record-Union*, in very graceful language, portrays the thing that journalism ought to be. The *Record-Union* preaches most unctuously, but does not always in practice follow its own precepts. It is so easy to paint the moral, and it is so hard—sometimes so very hard—to live up to the standard. We, too, have our opinions concerning journalism; but the strictly rigid rules that we lay down for the guidance of others do not alway govern us. If we do occasionally err, we hope it will not be attributed to our ignorance of rules that should govern honorable journalism. If we stand up to a friend, and defend him, palliate his offenses, and excuse his short-comings, it is because he *is* our friend, and because we recognize the fact that when one has committed an offense *that* is the time he most needs a friend. The prosperous, honorable man, who does no wrong, and meets with no calamity, and has plenty of money, has no need of apologists and requires no backing; but if, in a moment of temptation, he misappropriates that which is not his own; or, in the heat of passion, smites his enemy; or, from the weakness of human nature, violates any of the canons of the decalogue, then it is the province of *our kind* of friendship to stand by him, and help him through. If our enemy gives us a chance, it is our pleasure—which we look upon in the light of a duty—to "go" for him; to make the most of his accident; and, within the limit of safety, to exaggerate his offense and misrepresent his motives. This affords us an opportunity to appear to be virtuous and to love the truth, and it gives us the sweet satisfaction of getting even. Some people pretend to think that life is not long enough to punish one's enemies; but it is if one is diligent, persistent, wide awake, and never lets up. Some people pretend that it is the right thing to forgive one's enemies, to turn the other cheek, when reviled to revile not again, to leave vengeance to the Lord, to return good for evil, to love those who despitefully use us—all of which is very nice, but was never practiced except by the author of the sentiments; sounds well in pulpits, but is never practiced by preachers, and is altogether impracticable for the ordinary newspaper.

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For this is a dissertation on newspapers illustrated by examples. Take the *Record-Union* for instance, when it was engaged in its war with the old *Union*—when it was war to the knife, knife to the hilt, and the blade turned around once or twice in the wound. Let anybody pitch into the Central Pacific Railroad, and what then becomes of its even temper, its mild ways, it judicial coolness, its calm words?—where then the answer that turneth away wrath? When of late it speaks of Cohen and little Black-and-Tan, or the *Chronicle*, it is like any other vicious little bumble-bee, it buzzes at one end and stings at the other. Even the *Record-Union* is not perfect, and it is the best and most respectable daily journal in California. It is a pity that it is not and can not be independent.

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We turn to the *Bulletin* as next best upon the daily list. We have sat under the droppings of its sanctuary ever since it dropped its martyr blood, and, in all its vicissitudes, its ups and downs, its blunders and mistakes, we do not remember to have ordered it stopped—but three times. We should like the *Bulletin* better if it was a more frank and outspoken rascal than it is. We wish it would dissolve business with the *Call*, and that Fitch was not compelled to have his desk in the same room with Pickering. It must be so embarrassing for two copartners, one with a morning and one with an evening paper, using the same type, the same machinery, the same editors and editorial rooms, to run two polical parties, cater to two distinct classes of society—one to secure commercial and the other servant girls' advertisements; one to sneakingly hound on the ignorant foreign mob, the other to conciliate the conservative and wealthy element of society; one paper to cater to ignorance, the other to intelligence; one to be filled with absurd stories for chamber-wenches, the other with higher philosophy, science, and literature—and both be successful. We regard Mr. Pickering as the greatest and most successful journalist on the American continent; sometimes we poke a little fun at him, and pretend that we think him mercenary and cowardly, and that he thinks more of circulation and small advertisements than of the higher interests of the community, but this is all Pickwickian.

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The *Call* is *sui generis;* it is a style of journalism of itself; it is original, and ought to be designated by a new word. It ought to contribute a word to the English language. How would "Pickeringian" journalism do?—defined as that kind of journalism that writes much and says nothing; that pleases many and offends none; that is always decent and never dignified; that is always feeble and never forcible; that gives an opinion like that of Jack Bunsby; that rides all the horses in the arena and never gets a fall; that rejoices at the birth of a female child in the hope that it may grow up and want a place, and advertise for it; that philosophizes over the loss of a dog as a divine chastisement for sin, the penalty of which is ten cents a line for "lost dog," inserted three times in the *Morning Call;* who favors education of the masses that the next generation of servant-girls may know how to read the *Morning Call*. The Morning Pickering and Evening Fitch are good men and good citizens. Side by side they sit, and write on different sides of the same popular topic; side by side they thrust their friendly hands into the same till, and draw out the coin contributed from warring factions; side by side they go to the polls and vote, one for Kalloch and one for Flint, one for Perkins and one for White; and when election is over there is sure to be a victory in the office.

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Now, we must consider the *Alta*, the oldest and the largest sheet in California. Some flippant writers call it "granny *Alta*." The joke is stale, and to be a grandmother is sometimes honorable. If every one could be killed that abused this grandmother and called her hard names there would be but one living journalist in the State, and that would be Fred MacCrellish. We never heard that he said the *Alta* was an old granny, feeble-minded, and mercenary; that she was in her dotage, second childishness, and that, the older and the feebler, the more mercenary she becomes; that she goes round to conventions, candidates, bureaus, rich men, political committees, and, holding out her poor, withered, shrunken old palm, mumbles through her toothless gums for sweet charity, and begs, and fawns, and licks, and drools, and cries, and snivels for coin.

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And now for the *Chronicle*. And here we strike a theme upon which we love to dwell. To those who have within the past few days stopped the *Chronicle*, we mention the fact that, like Daniel Webster, "it still lives," it still circulates; and we venture the prophecy that, like a threatened dog, it will survive all the poisoned meat and dog-buttons that the *Call* and *Bulletin* can throw to it. A newspaper is like a cat with its nine lives, and is hard to kill. The *Chronicle* will die about eight times; then it will learn prudence, and perhaps survive any further catastrophe. It has just now been on a midnight raid over the roofs, and on the back sheds, and across the fences, caterwauling in a most frightful manner; and just now all the boot-jacks, pots, tongs, and things, are being thrown at its battered head. To drop the *simile*, it is just now wading in deep and dirty water. One of its last offenses, and one from which it will soonest recover, and one which the community will the most speedily condone, is the attempt of its editor to kill a preacher—a political preacher. In the opinion of a great many good people, all political preachers ought to be killed; or, to formulate the axiom in a better shape, anybody has a right to kill a preacher who leaves his pulpit for politics, or who prostitutes his pulpit for office, or who becomes a ranting, preaching, praying demagogue for place, or who forgets what belongs to decency in assaulting his political enemies, or who drags his clerical robes in the mire of the filthy pool, or who, for personal advancement, becomes the mouth-piece of crime, ignorance, and misrule, in its attempt to destroy society. This rule permitting editors to kill preachers is one which we hope will not be allowed to work both ways, for we know a dozen at least who would go for us.

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The *Chronicle* ought not to die; it ought to be kept as an antidote for the *Call*. Its audacious mendacity is a counterpoise for the *Call's* most cowardly prudence; its sensationalism, to offset the *Call's* non-commitalism. We should lose that keen appreciation of the contemptible character of both journals if we should lose the daily contrast by the destruction of either. These "twin malefactors" ought to fill a common grave, and be buried in a common field, and over them have reared a common monument of forgetfulness; and in their place San Francisco should have an independent, dignified, decent, talented, and honorable morning journal, properly capitalized, edited by gentlemen, and conducted in the interest of property, good government, and good morals. It should be a journal (and now we quote from the *Record-Union*) "that should pitch the life key of its every day readers on a pleasant note. Its utterances, its suggestions, its criticisms should be frank and manly, and at the same time in harmony with a generous, high, and wholesome view of things. Wrongs should be pointed out with needful plainness and force, but not with laborious searching for the evil side. It should emphasize the good rather than the bad in life, lift the community up rather than pull it down, encourage it to better things by showing what is possible, rather than to discourage it by painting everything in the darkest colors. Its suggestions should be clean, and sweet, and pleasant. It should recognize and reflect the sunshine in the world, dwell upon the magnanimous qualities of human nature, and give to the accused, in undecided cases, the benefit of the doubt. It should always rather help a man than hurt him. It should look at the bright side of things, and learn to weigh all important questions dispassionately. It should not give way to prejudice. It should make allowance for human foibles. It should not divide the human race into saints and devils, classing all as devils not in harmony with it."

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There should be a morning journal in San Francisco, printed six days in the week, edited by some broad minded, well informed, scholarly gentlemen, who should give to it character, tone, and dignity. It should be a news journal in the higher and better sense; it should exclude from its columns all that sensational literature that comes from the details of crimes committed here or elsewhere. It should eliminate with some degree of caution all that is offensive, indecent, and disgusting. Its diction should be clear; its editorials instructive. It should be a school-master in the family. It should be written and edited for the respectable minority, and not for the mob. It should be supported by the wealth and the intelligence of the community. There will be sensational journals, police gazettes, and all sorts of special newspapers for law, religion, and medicine; there will be political and commercial papers; politicians, quack-doctors, and gamblers may have their organs; literature and science may have its reviews and magazines. But in every great commercial city like San Francisco there should be one respectable eclectic journal, supported from a sense of both duty and interest. It would be a model and a reproof to other and less respectable newspapers. It would exercise the same kind of influence upon society that a clean pulpit, a good school, honorable men, and virtuous women do. It is indispensable; but it will never be.

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The very latest information that we can get assures a victory for the Republican party in the State and a triumph of the Workingmen's party in the city. The election of Robert F. Morrison for Chief Justice, and of perhaps three other judges not on the Republican ticket, is attributable to the fusion of Workingmen and Democrats. The election of Kalloch is alone due to the opposition of the *Chronicle* and his attempted assassination by Charles de Young, and even then he would not have been elected if, while he was wounded, and probably dying, the *Chronicle* had not continued its assaults. The election of Desmond for Sheriff, Dunn for Recorder, and Freud for Clerk, is due to the personal strength of Howe, Boyd, and Stombs; Beerstecher, Workingmen's candidate for Railroad Commissioner, is due to the candidacy of Samuel Soule and Thomas. The Republicans have carried all the members of Congress. We might, with propriety, say to Messrs. Flint, Green, Withington, and French, "I told you so." It was the selfishness, obstinacy, and stupidity of these gentlemen that lost the election. These nursing politicians ought to be put to suck on farrow cows, at the Milbrae Dairy. Our sympathy goes out for little Black-and-Tan Gorham. We love dogs, and now that the poor little pug finds himself in the political pound, with no one to redeem him and buy him a tag, we are almost sorry that we kicked him out of the party. We are sorry for the Honorable Cornelius Cole. Of all the inexcusable defections from the Republicans to the Honorable Bilks his was the most so. He has not even the poor apology of having been discharged from the employment of the Central Pacific Railroad. Poor little Johnny O Lord! love! poor little party raven! poor jonny!

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Even Denis Kearney is not altogether happy. He did not elect White for Governor; he did not want Kalloch for Mayor; he did not want Beerstecher for Railroad Commissioner. His Workingmen's party will cut but a small figure in the next Presidential election. Denis must go back to his dray.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—II.

DEAR ——: In my last I spoke of the comparative absence of crime in San Francisco in the very early days. This reign of peace, however, was of short duration, for criminals of all classes poured in upon us from all quarters of the globe. Out of justice, however, to my own countrymen, I will remark that the major part of this class were escaped and discharged convicts from Australia. Crime, for a time, held absolute and unmolested sway; and, there being no regularly organized avenues of justice, it was found impossible to punish criminals, and the enraged and frightened citizens took the law into their own hands. On the night of June 10, 1850, the first trial and execution in San Francisco took place. A man from Sydney, named John Jenkins, robbed a safe on Long Wharf (Commercial Street). Being caught in the act, he was seized by citizens, taken to the corner of Bush and Sansome Streets, tried by a jury of the highest respectability, and sentenced to be hung. On the Plaza (now Portsmouth Square) there stood an adobe building, which was used as the Custom House; there Jenkins was hung, from a rafter at the south end, at two o'clock in the morning. Almost at the last moment he was asked if he had anything to say. "No," he replied, "only I'd like to have a glass of brandy and soda, and a cigar." These were given him, and before many minutes the first sentence pronounced in San Francisco was carried into effect. This execution checked for a time the almost "reign of terror," but it soon burst forth with renewed fury—to such an extent, indeed, that the city was almost at the mercy of thieves and assassins. They had no *coupés* in those days, though. The legal authorities were either powerless or indifferent, and, in reality, the spirit of lawlessness was not thoroughly checked until the complete organization of the Vigilance Committee in 1856, which, although not strictly in accordance with the spirit of the law, had the effect of accomplishing what the law could or would not have done. Several were hanged, and dozens of roughs, gamblers, and ballot-box stuffers, were taken under strong guard to the mail steamer and sent East. Speaking of ballot-box stuffers, there was a fellow named "Woolly" Kearney, who kept a wayside inn in the sand hills on the Mission road (Mission Street) near Sixth Street. He was known as the most trusted and efficient stuffer in the Eighth Ward, which comprised all of the district from his residence to the county line, and from the bay to the ocean. It is said of him that when the returns were nearly all in from the various wards (the Eighth being invariably the last), he would go to headquarters and say: "Well, fellers, how many votes do you want from the Eighth?" "A great many, or they will beat us." "Oh, they won't beat us; leave that to me." And before long the ballot-box from the Eighth would come in, containing more votes than there were men, women, and children in the ward. It is hardly necessary to call your attention to the fact that "Woolly" was one of the first to be transported. In order to show you that the Vigilance Committee were determined and "meant business," I quote from their Constitution, adopted May 15, 1856:

WHEREAS, It has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society as it at present exists, or under the laws as now administered; and that, by the association of bad characters, our ballot-boxes have been stolen and others substituted, or stuffed with votes that were never polled, thereby our elections nullified—our dearest rights violated—and no other method left by which the will of the people can be manifested;

Therefore, the citizens whose names are hereunto attached, do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance and good order of society, the prevention and punishment of crime, the preservation of our lives and property, and to insure that our ballot-boxes shall hereafter express the actual and unforged will of the majority of our citizens; and we do bind ourselves each to the other by a solemn oath to do and perform every just and lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and justly administered. But we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary, assassin, ballot-box stuffer, or other disturbers of the peace, shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the peace officers, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice, etc., etc.

This Constitution was printed and sent to every reputable citizen in the city, with an address attached, which, after citing crimes which had remained unpunished, and calling upon the people to organize for self-protection, ended with:

* * * When our labors shall have been accomplished—when the community shall have been freed from the evils it has so long endured—when we have insured to our citizens an honest and vigorous protection of their rights—then the Committee of Vigilance will find great pleasure in resigning their power into the hands of the people from whom it was received. 33, Secretary.
[Seal of the Committee.]

The Committee numbered over 3,000 of our best citizens, fully armed, equipped, and disciplined, and the city was absolutely under their control. By day and night the streets were patrolled by armed bodies of resolute men. Known bad characters were arrested, tried, and punished, and suspected ones placed under the strictest surveillance. Of course there was opposition to the "Vigilantes," and the Law and Order element formed companies to quell them, but their numbers were so meagre, when compared with their powerful antagonist, that a collision would have been foolhardy and fatal, so the Law and Order men, under the command of Colonel Tom Hayes and others, merely rode out to the Mission and "played soldier." There were many exciting events in those days, and as always is the case in time of war, women came forward, and proved braver than the men. The only instance, I believe, where the "Vigilantes" were fired upon, the aggressor was a woman, a Mrs. C—gh—m. A prominent man, whom the committee were "after," was hidden in her house. They opened the front door and demanded their prisoner. The brave lady refused to surrender him, when a rush was made for the stairs. Mrs. C. fired twice, and both shots "made a centre." She was soon overpowered, however, and the culprit was found sewed up in a bolster or mattress, or some equally secure place, the result of female ingenuity. I won't mention this prisoner's name, for he is now in the city, and I am afraid to put peoples' names in print nowadays, not having received final absolution. It was at this time that Casey and Cora were hung. The event has from time to time been worn threadbare in the newspapers, but as it seems to me to be *à propos* at the present time, I will quote from a newspaper of that date, now before me, reporting the shooting of James King of William, so that you can draw comparisons between that and a more recent affair of the same character.

"Mr. King did not draw any weapon, but was met in the middle of the street by Casey, who said: 'Are you armed?' To which Mr. King made no reply, but looked at Casey. Casey threw off his cloak and presented a large navy revolver, saying, 'Draw and defend yourself,' at the same time taking deliberate aim and covering his victim with a well directed shot, the effect of which is well known. * * * Upon the approach of two or three officers Casey said he would go with them, but they must not take his arms, as he was *not going to be hung*. This horrible and heartrending occurrence—the shooting down of Mr. King in broad daylight—has justly aroused the indignation of the entire community."

The shooting took place on May 14th, while the Vigilance Committee were signing their terrible constitution, and Casey was among the first to suffer punishment at their hands. On the 18th, when it became known that the result of Mr. King's wound was fatal, the Vigilance Committee, two thousand five hundred strong, proceeded to the county jail, planted a cannon before the door, and demanded the prisoners, Casey and Cora (the latter being under arrest for the murder of Gen. Richardson). The Sheriff made no resistance, but immediately surrendered them. On the 22d, while the last tokens of respect were being paid to the memory of Mr. King at the church on Stockton Street, quite a different scene was being enacted at the rooms of the Vigilance Committee on Sacramento Street, between First and Davis—the execution of his murderer. The street was cleared, and the entrance to the committee-room guarded by three thousand stand of muskets and two field-pieces. At twenty minutes past one o'clock the ropes which suspended the platforms from the roof were cut, and the bodies of Casey and Cora dangled from the windows of the committee-rooms. Of course, there were those who condemned the hanging of Casey, and he was elevated to martyrdom by some of the press and clergy, but the public sentiment was largely in sympathy with King. Do you see any similarity of the event of twenty-three years ago and that which occurred two weeks ago to-day? I do not. Now, I had not intended to encumber my letter with any tales of blood and deeds of horror, but I was more or less drawn into it, and after all it will furnish a dramatic element to my otherwise commonplace sort of a screed. Of course, I can not be chronological in my narration of events, so I will carry you back to the time when there were three American family hearthstones, when I had a wash-tub for a cradle, and cut my teeth on potatoes, turnips, and a conch-shell. Proportionately as the morals of the lower classes degenerated the social condition of the best families were bettered, and the monopoly of the three families was broken without any sand-lotism. Wives came out to join husbands, and soon there were hundreds of happy firesides. The hurdy-gurdy girls and barmaids perforce bestowed their blandishments upon gamblers and roughs, and San Francisco had "society." I venture to say that never in a city of so limited a population did there exist more culture, more refinement, more living examples of the best types of true womanhood and manhood than had San Francisco twenty-seven or eight years ago. As a proof of my assertion, I refer to many belles and beaux of those days who are prominent in our best society to-day. Balls and parties innumerable were given, and there was the same flutter, the same brilliancy, and almost the same exclusiveness which characterize the more modern social events. The old St. Francis Hotel, on the corner of Dupont and Clay Streets, was the scene of many a brilliant assemblage of the *ton* of early San Francisco. An involuntary sigh escapes me when I ponder over the fact that the St. Francis was afterward desecrated by being the spot where Billy Mulligan killed three inoffensive citizens, and met a deserved death at the hands of a police officer. And not a sigh, but a wail is in order when one thinks that this old landmark was later on invaded and subjugated by those very undesirable creatures whom all creeds and all political parties declare "must go." *O tempora! O mores!* Another time-honored and once sacred edifice which has been relinquished to the almond-eyed invader was the first Protestant Church in California, the old "First Baptist," on Washington Street. This is now a Chinese "pestilence machine." But as Kearny promises us a Baptist clergyman for Mayor, this evil will doubtless be remedied, and the "leprous hordes" removed to Nob Hill, the Palace Hotel, and the *Chronicle* office, pending the "must go" proclamation. The most exasperating instance of Mongolian invasion which has come under my observation is the case of the old Union Theatre, near the corner of Dupont and Commercial Streets. Twenty years ago I saw Richard III. there, and played by no smaller or greater person than McKean Buchanan. Afterward I used to visit it surreptitiously in the company of an elder brother (who told me he'd break my neck if I "gave it away") when it was "Bert's New Idea," and its boards were graced by dancing sirens, and artists of the "cork opera" persuasion. But—shades of Shakspeare and Momus!—a short time since I visited it again. It was pandemonium run wild. The vapid air of the once brilliant auditorium was blue, and almost every vestige of oxygen was consumed by the stifling odor of cigars not made by "white labor only." The stage was occupied by a band of howling heathen, and the orchestra—well, you know what it was, it was a Chinese theatre. I left the place disgusted and horrified, and with all the ardor in my soul hissed through my teeth: "Verily, the Chinese must go!"

CLAV M. GREENE.

P. S.—The veil is lifted, the mystery is explained, my reign is over. The first San Francisco boy is found, and I proclaim the fact to a no doubt anxious public. I withdraw the objection of foreign parentage, and yield my time-worn honors to our friend, Raoul Martinez. In fact, I am willing to concede that he was the first boy born anywhere. "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!"

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Victor Hugo, at the unveiling of the Thiers statue at Nancy, said: "The Sixteenth century was the century of painters, the Seventeenth that of writers, the Eighteenth that of philosophers, and the Nineteenth will be a century of apostles and prophets. In the Twentieth century, war, the scaffold, hatred, royalty, frontiers, and dogmas will have all died out; but men will live. Our children will enjoy this splendid century."

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In a tailor's shop:

"What's the price of that jacket?"

"Nine francs."

"It's good material, I suppose?" asked the customer.

"Better than that one cut up for our $120 of goods, I can tell you," answers the shopman, in a convincing tone.

And the best of it is that he was not far wrong after all.

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A perspiring young American lady at a London ball observed to her partner, "I feel a little dewy." Her partner was mist soon after that.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Evelyn.

In the gift of the sunniest summer
There is no flower so sweet
It might not win fresh fragrance
At the crush of her tiny feet.

Yet the glower of the fiercest winter
Holds never a shaft in the skies
So cruelly void of pity
As the gleam in her angered eyes.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1879. R. S. S.

### The Suicide.

How horrid gapes this demon's iron mouth!
It seems to leer and chuckle as I pour
These sooty sands of death adown the throat
That writhes and twists to belch a surer death.
How large this leaden globe! Its awful crash
Into the walls that temple God-like thought
Will seem as though a world had slipped its chain,
And howled, a maddened beast, through happy spheres.
'Twill make a ragged and deforming wound
On this pale face that wife and child have kissed,
That darling tiny hands have sweetly stroked.
Down, then, thou vandal! Bungling imp of death!
I'll seek the sea, and break her placid glass;
Her soft and silken hand shall throttle me,
Her blue eye, ever gazing on the heaven,
Has learned to love the beauty of her God.
She has no fanged and ever-gaping mouth,
Tearing with ragged wound who trusts her aid,
But with a lover's kiss brings you sweet death.
But no! Revolting is the thought, to lie
Embraced within the nauseous arms of slimy ooze,
Bed-fellow to the swollen, fetid corpse
Of dog or cat, and fondled by writhing eels,
The wriggling vultures of the watery world;
And then, entangled in the fisher's net,
Rise phantom-like upon the turbid wave,
To frighten and to sicken all that see;
Lie on the cold wet marble of the morgue,
Unknown, even to her who loves me best,
Save by the ragged scar upon my breast,
The badge of honor that republics give,
Or by the curl upon my blackened forehead
With which her cooling hand has softly toyed.
And is there, then, no easy, painless road
Across the jealous guarded bounds of death?
In mockery God has hedged about this life
With walls spike-crowned, with thorny hedge and moat,
With iron gates by belching dragons watched,
As though its blistering sands and barren rocks
Were Eden coveted by fiends of hell.
I'll drink a poison-cup with lethean drops,
And sleeping in the dusky arms of dreams
Be stealthy borne upon their downy wings
Slow past the torturing imps of cruel death,
And cheat their bloody fangs and taloned hands.
Soft floating down from day into the night,
As sways a feather in the hazy calm
Of mystic autumn day, my placid soul
Shall sweetly dream and loiter in its fall.
I'll live again my years in sweet surprise,
Each day the softened shadow of the past,
Each joy all filtered of its bitter drops,
Each pang enjoyed like mimic woes of stage;
And thus in dying live, and living die,
And Life and Death clasp friendly hands and smile.
I'll think of childhood and my happy home;
E'en now its holy spell comes o'er my soul,
And lays a saintly hand upon my brow,
Like venerable priest, to soothe and calm;
I hear its potent voice so firm, yet low,
High rising o'er the rumble and the roar
Of maddened heart and brain, saying, "Peace! be still!"
I feel my mother's kiss and hear her prayer;
I laugh with merry boys upon the green;
The Spring breathes soft its perfume round my face;
The Autumn day, so brown and still, lets fall
Its hollow distant echoes in my soul.
Again the mighty throb and leap of love
Bounds like an antlered deer through all my veins.
I see her face as first I saw its power—
A radiant sun exhaling all my life,
That floated misty out and up to her.
I hear the wedding-bells sweep merry by,
Like soft spring down upon the zephyr's wing;
I see our baby smiling in his sleep;
The babbling laughter of his fountain soul
Drifts down the stream of years to break my heart.
How happy was my home until the greed
Of sudden wealth possessed and cursed my life!
The stately mansions on the lordly hills,
Swift built by genii of the miner's lamp,
Whose golden fingers served the touch of chance,
Did charm me with their crystal serpent eyes
That burned with fiery love of Western Seas.
As one beneath a strong mesmeric spell
I walked in sleep, with staring, fixed eyes,
Upon the crumbling verge of dizzy heights;
I worshiped in the granite fane, where sits
The Moloch and the Juggernaut of gain—
The one uplifting in his burning hands
The writhing, groaning human sacrifice,
Then casting down the victim 'neath the wheels
Of Juggernaut, which grind and crush his bones.

My life was deepened then, and magnified,
Like Brocken's giant in the misty morn
Loomed fearful on the smoky canvas vast.
High rising out the burning of my heart,
Each little streamlet day did rage and roar,
A mighty ocean with a thousand tides;
Each heart-throb seemed the boom of evening gun.
From dizzy heights I looked upon the street
Of Lilliputian men in elfin trades.
O God! how writhed my soul in tortures hot,
How foul the pool of shame in which I fell,
When first I reached my trembling hand and took
The gold from my employer's iron box!
My breath did swing, a pendulum of fire,
From heaven to hell, and beat my hopes and fears.
To-morrow will the hangman, Rumor, come;
A thousand tongues will stab my writhing heart;
Like Regulus rolled down the torture slope,
With me my wife and child be dragged along,
And stoned, like Achan, out the camp of Man.
How cool my brain seems now! How calm my heart!
Despair has chained its raging waves of fire
And bridged with massive ice its roaring streams.
Forgive, thou black and favorite Imp of Death!
In childish fear I cast thee rudely down,
And scorned thy rough but skillful surgery.
Thy ribbed throat seems like a fluted shaft
Within the beauteous gate of Paradise;
Thy hammer's click the opening of its latch;
Ha! ha! I now shall see ——

SANTA ROSA, August, 1879. HAM. BERLIN.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### My Neighbor's Baby.

Across in my neighbor's window, with its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets, a baby's innocent face;
His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window, catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron, stands my own little one;
His face is as pure and handsome as the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking at my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended, and I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby may not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings from his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples in his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them from mine so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—my neighbor's boy is dead!
A mother's heart is breaking in the mansion over the way.
I saw the little coffin as they carried it out to-day;

The light is fair in my window, the flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams that dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are blooming on my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window of the mansion over the way.

## COST OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

The late most unfortunate "unpleasantness" at Berkeley has had the effect to elicit much thought, and not a little comment, in relation to university and college education and management.

A writer in the S. F. *Bulletin*, of August 9th last, gave an article under the caption: "Aristocratic Educational Bills," in which it was made to appear that collegiate education was so much more expensive in the East than here, that it was possible to save out of the difference in the four years' course some $7,000, and he closes his extravagant and too transparent effort to dissuade the disgusted Sophomores from going East to complete an education which they had commenced here, with the glittering announcement that $7,000 saved up in bank would make a very comfortable start in business at the end of a college course.

All of this was dashed aside, however, by a correspondent on the 11th, who gave facts and figures to show that a course at Harvard, which is made out by Thwing in his "American Colleges," as a college of the most aristocratic possibilities in the East, need not cost more than a course here, and proves by his term bills that it is possible to get along at Harvard with from $300 to $414 per year, and states that the average cost to the student is not over $750 per year, including the few who fool away their thousands.

It is not germane to the matter in hand to follow out this train of investigation, and show the student what it costs to educate himself at the University of California, and institute a comparison to see if he can save $7,000 out of an expenditure of $3,000. This may be turned over as a problem for the cadets to figure out; but just at this point comes up a question of interest to every citizen, and of great importance to the statesman, and it is this: *What does it cost the State to educate?* It has come to be a favorite doctrine with the American people that the State should educate the children and the youth of the land. It is, indeed, claimed that this is the foundation rock upon which a republic must rely for its stability and perpetuity. Hence, it becomes the friends of State education to look well to what they do in this matter, lest their enemies—for the system has its enemies—be able soon to turn against them and their efforts the great fact that State education is a failure. Than this, nothing could happen more to be deprecated.

The present inquiry has more especially to do with its *cost*, as being, perhaps, not the most important item in the matter; but one that at this time is likely to attract attention where investigation and reform may be much needed.

Education that is talked about as being *free*, is always paid for, and it may happen, and often does happen, that it is the most expensive.

The object of the present paper will be to show, approximately only, what it costs the State to give a *free* university education in California. An effort will be made not to overstate the matter, and it is believed that an investigation that would reach the secretary's books would show the present estimates even below the facts.

In the first place, the University of California is a pet bantling of the State—justly its object of pride, and, for a thing that is yet claimed to be in its short clothes, it has been pretty well equipped and cared for.

Three buildings, located on ample grounds, have been erected at a cost in the aggregate of $375,000, and finely arranged for the purposes for which they were designed. Thus, the annual current interest account upon the investment in University property at Berkeley can not be less than $40,000. In addition to this, there have been established fifteen professorships, and each chair has its occupant. Three of these are honorary, and one is possibly vacant just at this time. This leaves eleven chairs filled with men drawing salaries, ranging from $2,400, in one instance, to $5,000. These professional sittings cost the State, in round numbers, about $40,000. In addition to these full-seated chairs, the State provides some twenty-nine or thirty other persons, in the capacity of instructors, secretaries, recorders, agents, etc., etc., to whom salaries are paid, ranging from $480 to $3,120, making a total aggregate of $78,000, which the State pays in salaries for this education which costs nothing, is free to all—suspended and expelled sophomores and rejected applicants not included. If to this there be added the estimated current expense of running the whole affair for a year, say $20,000 more, and $40,000 as the annual interest on the investment, and we have a grand total of $138,660 as the estimated amount which the State pays annually for this free university education.

There are now in attendance at the University, in the regular course, one hundred and fifty-six students. Taking this number as a basis (which is always growing smaller every term), and we have the cost to the State of almost $900 annually for each student. Take the classes, with their shrinkage from term to term, and at the end of the year it will be costing more than $1,000 annually for each student in attendance. Taking the average of the number graduated for the last five years, as the basis of the calculation, and we have the annual cost to the State, *per capita*, of over $5,300. It would be quite unfair to take the class of 1879 as a basis, for it is not only much larger than any that had gone before, but very much larger than any that can follow for years to come. As things now are, it will be utterly impossible to keep the old average good. Deducting the usual class shrinkage, and the average for the next four years can not go above twenty graduates. Taking this as a basis, and we have it costing over $6,900 for each one turned out fully finished up at the University.

Now, to get at the total cost of what this thing called University education really costs, there must be added to this what it costs the student, in addition to what the State pays, which is probably about $3,000 more; and then there should be added to all the current worth of all donations that have been made to the University and for the use of the students. At this rate the State could hire its educating done at Harvard, and save for each student graduated several thousand dollars, which would be a very good start in business at the end of a college course.

It is not claimed that the salaries paid by the State are too high for the respective positions, but simply that the whole amount paid is out of all proportion to the results obtained—in a word, the thing costs more than it is worth. Men who are fully competent to fill these chairs should be well paid. They are not to be considered competent, and will not long be so considered, unless they can make the thing a success; unless they can show results that are, in some measure at least, in keeping with what they are paid to do. If filled by men of positive character, known as successful educators; men who, from being well and favorably known, and having tact and skill in the management of young men and boys, can thus fill the halls the State has provided with the youth of the State that now go East and to Europe for their diplomas, and thus be able on every commencement day to present satisfactory vouchers to the public for the money that has been paid them; if filled by men who can do all this, the money paid for the maintenance of these chairs is not too much. But when men filling such positions, no difference how well disposed they may be, nor how learned they may be in their cloistered rooms, yet lacking "gumption," lacking sagacity and practical tact to manage the whole business entrusted to them, thus turning the State's well-intended efforts into a failure, and when the failure is perpetuated from year to year, the money paid is worse than misspent. When men entrusted with the business of educating the youth of a State fail, from any cause, to electrify the world about them with an appreciation of the worth and power of knowledge; when they fail to infuse into the students which chance or circumstance may throw their way that thirst for knowledge that alone can make a genuine student; when they, for any reason, fail to save from the annual applicants for admission to the halls less than half a class for each year; when they, to settle some so-called "great moral question" by making "a glorious example of a class," go deliberately to work and emasculate the class, and attempt to smirch for a lifetime the characters of a set of young men who in moral worth and manliness stood as high as any class that ever entered a university hall—all this to punish a mere indiscretion, a peccadillo, which has through all these years been customary in colleges—and then manage the whole business with so little skill and judgment as to let it ruin the class; when those to whom we entrust the care and education of our boys, those to whom the State leaves the matter of State education, behave in this way, and even worse than has yet been mentioned, it can surprise nobody that the results as shown by graduating classes bear no flattering relation to the great expenditure which the State is making for purposes of higher education.

The trouble with all public institutions, incorporate, State, and national, where the pay is but indirectly connected with and dependent upon the behavior and efficiency of the employee, is, if they are not thoroughly watched, that they easily degenerate into asylums for incompetents; men who have an alacrity for warming well-feathered nests, can do a large amount of setting, but are equally willing not to scratch for much of a brood.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to open up the question as to how far the University of California has taken this direction. It certainly would be a sad thing to have it fall into this condition, and it is hoped that enough has already been said to call the attention of those having an interest in this matter to the fact that the thing will be inquired into. It is to be hoped that those having a special interest in the University will become active now, and from this time on, and see to it that live men—men of broad and comprehensive views in the matter of education and University management; men both willing and able to earn the money paid so liberally by the State, and capable of returning true value for it—be at once placed and sustained in their important chairs. It is not to be wondered at that the parents of the State are becoming more and more determined that they will *not* furnish sons to be sacrificed by University mismanagement, and pay the hand that crushes them so liberally. An Œdipus is at hand, to whom will be referred some of these riddles for solution, and when they are solved the Sphinx may topple from the hill, for the people are beginning to declare that we have a "higher education" among us that is getting quite too high! ONE OF THEM.

### XCV.—Sunday, September 7.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Tomato Soup.
Musk-Melon.
Lobster Croquettes.
Broiled Squabs. Green Peas.
Baked Bell-Peppers.
Roast Venison. Sweet Potatoes.
Tomato Salad.
Snow Pudding.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Figs, Nectarines, Apples, Plums, and Grapes.

TO MAKE SNOW PUDDING.—Cover one-third package of gelatine with a little cold water, and when softened stir into it a pint of boiling water; add one cupful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. When cold and it commences thickening, add the well beaten whites of three eggs. Beat all lightly and smoothly together, pour the mixture into a mould, and set away until hard. Serve in the centre of a dish with a boiled custard poured around, made with the yolks of three eggs, one pint of milk, and a half a cupful of sugar.

## PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

L'amour qui naît subitement est le plus difficile et le plus long à guérir.

L'on confie son secret dans l'amitié, mais il échappe dans l'amour.—*Emile Deschanel.*

Une des plus jolies actrices du Théâtre Français reçut dernièrement une lettre d'un milord Anglais, qui sans lui avoir jamais parlé, l'invitait à déjeûner. L'actrice répondit tout simplement qu'elle ne déjeûnait pas à moins de 100,000 francs. L'Anglais déjeûna seul.

J'épouserais plus volontiers une petite femme qu'une grande, pour cette raison que de deux maux il faut choisir le moindre.—*Commerson.*

Pour un Orphée qui alla chercher sa femme dans l'enfer, combien de veufs, hélas! qui n'iraient pas même en paradis, s'ils pensaient y retrouer la leur.—*J. Petit Senn.*

La femme est le plus beau, le plus précieux bijou tiré de l'écrin de Dieu pour l'ornement et le bonheur de l'homme.—*Aug. Guyard.*

Votre femme est une rose, disait-on à un poète aveugle. "Je m'en doutais aux épines," répondit-il.

Si spirituelle que soit une femme laide, elle ne l'est jamais assez pour prendre parti de sa laideur, et aucune ne refuserait de troquer tout son esprit, c'est à dire un avantage durable, contre quelques années de beauté éphémère.

L'amour ne peut vivre que par la souffrance; il cesse avec le bonheur, car l'amour heureux, c'est la perfection des plus beaux rêves, et toute chose parfaite ou près de l'être touche à sa fin.—*Mme. Emile de Girardin.*

L'ambition est au mérite ce que le vent est au navire, c'est elle qui le pousse, et c'est elle qui lui fait faire naufrage.

Un joueur bien connu à Monaco perdait constamment au jeu. Son voisin le plaignait: Mon cher, lui dit-il, réservez votre mouvement de pitié, ce n'est pas moi qu'il faut plaindre, ce sont ceux à qui je dois qui perdent.

Je connais un homme qui est né grossier, butor, laid, mal bâti, et bête autant qu'on peut l'être; eh bien! lorsqu'il met à son doigt un anneau sur lequel est un gros caillou appelé diamant, il devient spirituel, bien élevé, joli et de très bonne compagnie, du moins tout le monde le voit ainsi.

Quand je veux me rendre invisible, j'ai un certain vieux chapeau, rougi par la pluie que je mets sur ma tête, j'y joins un certain paletot râpé; eh bien! je deviens invisible, je veux dire, personne ne me voit, ne me reconnait, ne me salue dans la rue.—*Alphonse Karr.*

Un sot dans une position élevée est comme un homme au sommet des tours Notre-Dame: tout lui paraît petit et il paraît petit à tout le monde.

Demander s'il est bon ou mauvais d'aimer les femmes, c'est comme si l'on demandait s'il est bon ou mauvais d'avoir soif et que l'on voulût interdire à tout le monde de boire par ce qu'il y a des gens qui s'enivrent.—*D'Argens.*

Un de mes amis me répondait dernièrement: Pourquoi veux-tu que je me presse de payer mes dettes? Si tu savais tout le mal que j'ai eu à les faire.

La diplomacie consiste à dissimuler ses pensées quand on en a et à faire croire, à force de sérieux et de gravité qu'on en regorge quand on n'en a pas.

Le lierre ne s'attache pas plus fortement à l'ormeau que la jeune fille au jeune homme sur lequel on la contrarie. Il n'y a rien comme les obstacles pour augmenter l'amour. La contrainte au lieu d'affaiblir l'amour ne sert souvent qu'à l'attiser davantage. S'opposer aux désirs d'une jeune fille, c'est donner aux ressorts de son imagination plus de force et plus d'élasticité. Telle jeune fille qui n'aurait pas aimé, si on l'avait laissée libre, aime par esprit de contradiction, justement le jeune homme qu'on lui défend d'aimer.—*D'Argens.*

Pauvre Anatole! Sa femme est morte; il a suivi le convoi, son mouchoir sur les yeux. —C'était afin de cacher qu'il ne pleurait pas.

Les rois ne peuvent goûter le véritable charme de l'amour: leur âme n'est point préparée par l'attente; on ne les fait point passer par l'espérance.—*Mme. de Lambert.*

Quniqu'on en puisse dire, la grande ambition des femmes est d'inspirer de l'amour. Tous les soins qu'elles prennent ne sont que pour cela, et l'on n'en voit point de si fière qui ne s'applaudisse en son cœur des conquêtes que font ses yeux.—*Molière.*

L'amour et l'amitié ont de tout temps enfanté bien des prodiges, mais de nos jours, combien de maris sont redevables à leurs amis de la fécondité de leurs femmes.—*Sophie Arnould.*

L'aiguillon de l'amour est la difficulté;
Les charmes sont détruits par la facilité;
Dès qu'il est paisible, il sommeille:
S'il n'a point de frayeurs, il n'a point de désir:
L'assurance l'endort, la crainte le réveille,
Et s'il acquiert sans peine, il jouit sans plaisir.

De l'amour et de tout ce qui touche à l'amour, on peut tout dire, le pour et le contre, le oui et le non, sans avoir jamais tout à fait tort ou raison. C'est la chose indéfinissable par essence.—*Stahl.*

San Francisco, September 5, 1879.

Champagne and oysters! They are harmless words enough in themseleves to obtain such significance when paired off. It must be the champagne which makes the significant figure in the union, for the oyster is not a vicious animal. The old *tauro* himself, when he retires from the ring, is cut into roasts and steaks, and loses his magnificent identity in sirloin or tenderloin, as the case may be. But there is nothing suggestive in champagne and beef. I make no doubt that in our day we have, each and all of us, tugged away at the tough covering of the bones of a superannuated game-cock. But what is there in champagne and chicken but a meet accompaniment to a dish of luscious, succulent, well-dressed salad! It is only the poor, meek, little humble oyster, as combined with aristocratic champagne, that suggests a "high old time." Therefore, when *Champagne and Oysters* stared one in the face from the theatre bill, and the name of the "Rev. Godfrey Grahame, Rector of St. George's," followed immediately after, it began to be plain that there were breakers ahead; for every one will admit that oysters and champagne are not the ordinary clerical fodder. The bubbling froth which danced upon the champagne of "Rev. Godfrey's" one spree was not more light and empty than the drama, if it may be called so, which rejoices in the heady name. Yet Robson and Crane manage to keep the laugh bubbling for a good two hours or more in such merry fashion that the restaurants have reaped an actual harvest from the inspiration of the text. Robson, by the nice adjustment of a Beecher-like wig, has transformed himself into one of those guileless looking young fellows, who, early doomed to the ministry, have no time to study up the details of the wild oats crop, yet manage to find out that it is a wicked, wicked world somewhere. Roaming about the streets of London in search of the railway which shall induct him to the rural glades of his peaceful home, he encounters a hungry young woman, who wants champagne and oysters. His tender, pitiful heart will not permit her to starve for a little supper of this kind, and while engaged in an act of kindness which, with the "Rev. Godfrey" is purely Samaritan, he, like all clergymen, is caught—caught by a host of *dramatis personæ*, who all appear in the rural glades in a simultaneous way both perplexing and alarming. He confides the "owre true tale" of his indiscretion to "Ichabod Herring," his sexton and old, tried friend, and the efforts of this world-innocent pair to keep the dreadful secret from the ears of the devoted "Mrs. Godfrey Grahame" form all the tangible material of which the play is made. You remember Crane in the "Professor?" His "Ichabod Herring" is vaguely reminiscent of it—not because of any similarity in the parts, but that certain twists of his comedy and tones of his voice recall it. Some one, at the time of the run of the *Big Bonanza*, pointed out, one day, a fresh looking, ruddy cheeked young fellow, almost a lad one might say, with the exclamation: "There is Crane!" It was almost impossible to believe, for he has always an old voice. So make an old man of him in a rollicking comedy part, and he is sure to do something good. *Champagne and Oysters* appears upon the face of it to be an old farce expanded into a drama; for, besides the two stars, it has all the ordinary farce parts, a couple of young women—the wife and her cousin, who have little or nothing to do or say—"Betsy" and her young man—a head waiter—and the intrusive lawyer visitor, a "Mr. Thornbuck," a part sustained in the present cast by Mr. Keene in a most odious and flagrantly vulgar way. Mr. Keene did not seem to be intoxicated, but he burst all the bonds of ordinary restraint, and caracoled around the stage like a buffalo on a rampage. It was most transparently his intention to take the whole comedy business into his own hands and to shine down the stars. He roared and ranted like a Bashan bull; he skipped around like those marvelous dancing babies in a toy window, tied to the ceiling with a string. He executed a series of the most extraordinary maneuvres with his coat tails; he indulged in a succession of gymnastic bows and attitudes; he made love to the pastor's innocent wife in a boisterous style, which would have sent any ordinary woman into seven conniption fits. Miss Stanhope must be a little alarmed at the prospect of playing with such a leading man. The lady does not promise much as an actress, but she has a degree of native refinement which must shudder before such a future. He is like Salvini, with all his genius eliminated and all the violence left which strews the Italian stage with used up "Desdemonas." Perhaps it would be but kindness on the part of the company to reassure the lady, and tell her that Mr. Keene is not always like this; that, although he will insist upon conducting ladies from the wings with his arm around their waist, five minutes after a stage introduction, or however inappropriate the caress may be, it is really not his custom to attack the lady of his stage love like an infuriated bison. He would have quite dismayed the new juvenile, Miss Louisa Paullin, a slender, delicate looking girl, who was already a little timid under the ordeal of a re-introduction to the footlights, and who could never have withstood his bluster. Miss Paullin, by the way, has an easy, natural manner upon the stage which is quite pleasing. As for Miss Stanhope, she is ten degrees handsomer in modern garb and manners than as the stilted "Adriana." Talking of stilts, have you seen Lotta in *Zip?* Upon my word, it is funnier than anything else to see the sui generistic Lotta—if one may make an adjective—get up on melo-dramatic stilts and play the heroic. As Marsden or Maeder, or some of those specialty playwrights, manufactured *Zip*, it was necessary to introduce something of this sort; but the recklessness with which Lotta cuts the situation is a new departure. "I will be his wife," she says, with slow and faltering accent and tearful eye, as the villain gloats triumphantly and the curtain begins to fall to slow music. But, before it is well down, Lotta, with a lightning change of emotion, faces her betrothed with what is or should be a British tar's "customary attitude" when—

> "His energetic fist
> Is ready to resist
> A dictatorial word."

Familiar as the attitude may be to the most experienced in matrimony, any one will admit as a courtship preliminary it is unique. Who but Lotta could do these things without being accused of coarseness, roughness, hoodlumism? Yet who to see her as she stood faultlessly arrayed in blue, her toilet the dream of a French artist perhaps, her jewels an imperial gift, thought of hoodlumism, or saw any incongruity in the situation? She sang a pretty little French song in her feeble baby voice with charming taste and a pure accent, and she played the love scene as prettily as if she acted by all the rules of art. How did Mr. Jennings manage to subdue his stubborn Scotch tongue to the soft broken accent of Italian English. It was only occasionally that the burr broke through—and he and Miss Revel were conspicuously good in their several ways. Lotta's banjo reappeared in *Zip*. I wonder why there is not a corner for it in *Musette*, for "Musette" herself is quite as intractable a young woman as "Zip," and flourishes under similar circumstances. After all, perhaps, it is better one should go to the Mastodon Minstrels to hear the banjo. I consider it rather an inferior troupe myself, but the public does not agree with me, and goes in throngs. It is but fair to say that what material there is is admirably disciplined, admirably presented, and admirably advertised. Is Barnum dead, and has his soul had a transmigration trip into the body of the Chicago manager? It would seem so, for Haverly is now the advertising king. Mastodon Minstrels! That alliteration is rather catching even though it meant as little as these names usually do. But can you not fancy Haverly dreaming over the resurrected bones of a mastodon, and murmuring in his reveries:

> "Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland,
> Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
> Veiled with spreading fronds, and screened with tall club mosses—
> Lycopodiacea.
>
> When beside thee walked the solemn plesiosaurus,
> And around thee crept the festive ichthyosaurus,
> While from time to time above thee flew and circled
> Cheerful pterodactyls."

Mastodon! Thou shalt stand godfather to my minstrels, the last of all the combinations, for before many cycles of time minstrelsy will be a lost art, and as dead as all the mastodons that ever perished.

Betsy B.

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Preparations for the production at the Bush Street Theatre of Oscar Weil's comic opera, *Pyramus and Thisbe*, are going forward at a rate that renders it almost certain that the work will be fully ready for representation by the date originally fixed, viz.: Monday, the 22d instant. Principals, chorus, scene-painter, and costumer are already hard at work. Mr. Locke, who is sparing neither pains nor expense in the matter, evidently designs that this first performance in San Francisco of an original work on a large scale shall be as complete and satisfactory as it is possible to make it, and that Mr. Weil's composition shall have a fair chance in its first step into the world. The cast comprises the names of Miss Susan Galton (Mrs. Alfred Kelleher), who, although she has for several years positively declined the most flattering offers to sing in public, makes her reëntree solely to create the *rôle* of "Thisbe," and for this part only; Mr. Ben. Clark, Miss Charlotte Hammond, and Mr. C. Makin, who makes his reappearance after several years of successful career in the Eastern States. The chorus, which will be large and composed of fresh voices, is under the care of Mr. S. W. Leach; the orchestra and general direction under Mr. Gustav Hinrichs; the new scenery is from designs by Toby E. Rosenthal, who also suggested the costumes (which will be entirely new); while the general direction of the stage is in the hands of a distinguished amateur, whose refined astistic taste, as well as extensive experience, are a guarantee of the most perfect *mise en scene*.

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A woman wanted to remove a tree from her lot in the cemetery at Springfield, Mass., to make room for a monument, but the authorities refused permission. She went home and prayed that the Lord would take the tree away, and within a few hours a tornado blew it over. The same wind did great damage throughout Massachusetts, and killed many persons, yet the woman firmly believes it was sent in answer to her prayer.

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The impending wedding of the Count Guy de Polignac, of the Fifth Hussars, to Miss Louise Pommery, will be the social event of the Parisian season. Miss Pommery is the daughter of Mme. Vve. Pommery, whose brand of champagne has made such a wonderful mark in Europe and the United States, due probably to the fact that no other wine is placed on the table of the Prince of Wales.

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An item in a Western newspaper ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore, so did the chambermaid; she was insured for $15,000 and loaded with iron." Bully for the chambermaid.

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Alice Harrison says there are some fine art studies in England, but no paragraphers. She saw some excellent architecture, but did not receive one personal description.

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A Cleveland man, who has had several wives, says a bald-headed eagle is one that has been married.

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Always forgive your enemies—especially the ones you can't lick.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

A Parisian paper has published an account of how the local news of that city of two million souls is obtained for its newspapers. The American idea of a city staff, it is said, has been so generally adopted in Paris that now there is hardly a newspaper which does not employ one reporter in looking after affairs in the metropolis; some even have two.

The "Bureau of Communications for the Press" is a large room, with a green table and ten chairs. On the geen table three memorandum books inscribed, "Eight o'clock Report," "Noon Report," "Six o'clock Report," which contain the essence of the items collected by the *officier de paix* in each *arrondissement*. The reports of the *commissaires de police* are never made public by the prefect. The following specimens are of daily occurrence:

> Yesterday at 9 hours of the evening the guardian of the peace Durand found on the Pont-Neuf a pocketbook in leather of beef containing $4.43¾. After examination at the station this pocketbook has been recognized as appertaining to one Mr. Dubois, dwelling street of the Viellas Haudriettes. Mr. the Commissary of Police of the quarter has been informed.
>
> A truck with fourteen horses, bearing a locomotive, has passed yesterday evening in the street Lafayette, rendering itself to the station of the North,
>
> One Mr. Pascal, carter, in the service of Mr. Gautier, has hooked (*accroche*) yesterday morning on the boulevard the omnibus 843. Proces-verbal has been drawn up against the one Mr. Pascal, who was in a state of inebriation.
>
> Yesterday, at the hours of the evening, thirty-four vehicles were stationed before the number 324 of the boulevard Saint Germain, where there was a soiree at Mr. the Marquis of the Old Mountain.

Transformed into a society note the last mentioned item becomes something like this:

> Last night there was a grand festival in the charming mansion of the Marquis of the Old Mountain. A great number of notabilities were pressing each other in the drawing-rooms, etc.

It is M. Gautier de Noyelles, a man strongly amiable and full of good sense, who directs the editing of the reports. As a man M. Gautier de Noyelles is loved of the reporters who go to take a copy of his extracts; as dispenser of the above-mentioned he is abhorred.

Behold the office, the blotters, and that which they find therein. Pass we to the reporters' agiles, who every evening come to acquit their consciences to see if the sky has not fallen haply on the head of the good M. Gautier. The hour of the reunion is usually half-past six. The day's reports have arrived at the prefecture. We seat ourselves around the table in waiting till the clippings arrive from the authorities. Behold the charged with affairs of the *Petit Journal*, Gaston Klein, with his Macfarlane and his cane. Klein is that which they term a solid. He has the punctuality of the troopers. The eyeglass on the nose, he reads longly the reports, and listens well to that which we say round about him. Mysterious and sober of words. Has the responsibility of 600,000 subscribers upon him. George Grison follows him. Grison is the right arm of the *Figaro;* its indispensable is the good Grison, with his gray overcoat, his white scarf, and his unshakable method of research. Grison is the type of the reporter criminalist. So soon as one of these strange crimes, which the police can not hide from the throng, arrives to be known by the public rumor, Grison departs for the scene of the crime, and does not return thence until crammed with documents, charged with notes, with the age of the victim, and the *menu* of his final repast. All that is interesting to know. That amuses you to read. Be tranquil; it is yet much more curious to see.

Behold approaching a great enthusiast of the reporterage. We see him at the Bureau of Communications from time to time. It is Henry Morel, of the *Moniteur*, novelist, poet, realist, curious to know all. Another *habitué*, Gaston Vassy, of the *Liberté*. He has a fashion to himself particular of understanding the reporterage. Vassy goes rarely to the prefecture. He presents himself there sometimes reins in hands, perched on one of those dog-carts, astonishings which, I think, he causes to issue from the ground all equipped. This seeker of clues, ornamented of a groom, is altogether curious.

Behold Mariani, of the *Evénement*, another phenomenon of exactitude; Kubly, reporter of the *France*, sweet and modest; Morin, of the *Télégraphe*, petulant and ferocious; further on the good and faithful Lefevre, who for ten years has done the work of the *National;* the young and lean Ouvard, of the *Estafette;* and the brave father Villain, sire of the actor, who takes notes of the little facts in question for ten journals, and remits to each a copy of the contents of the blotters daily.

The most original of all those who have followed the profession of reporter was that poor Nazet. He had made of it a sacred calling. He traversed the offices like an arrow, and conversed in running with all the superior officials. At public festivals he addressed the word to all the policemen, like a true functionary, and without any ostentation. He knew everybody in the building, and distributed grasps of the hand to all the department.

There is much to be done to bring us to the understanding so serious and so useful of the press and the police Americans.

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"So the Bonapartists give France to Plon-Plon?"

"Yes."

"You see that gentleman just passing, who wears such a handsome gold watch-chain?"

"Yes."

"*Eh bien!* I give it to you; also the costly watch at the end of the chain. Go and take it!"

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There had been a fearful murder in the country, and the editor sent down an enterprising reporter to form a theory, and, if possible, get ahead of the police in arresting the murderer.

Three days later the reporter returned and reported progress.

"Well, and so the three officers armed themselves and set of with me, and about eleven o'clock we reached the spot where the suspicious-looking person had been in the habit of loitering about. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, we almost ran against a pale and haggard-looking man answering to the description I had received. 'That's the man!' I cried. The wretch started to fly, but was instantly secured, bound, and dragged to the station. The *commissaire* questioned him, and—let him go. He wasn't the man!"

"Well, when you found that you had been instrumental in causing the arrest of an innocent man, what did you do then?"

"Secured him as a subscriber to the paper!"

## THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS.

After the street signs the Tuileries, and after the Tuileries the crown diamonds. M. Benjamin Raspail, a Radical member bearing a Radical and remedial name, reported to the French Chamber of Deputies shortly before its adjournment a bill for the sale of the crown jewels, which, it will be remembered, were one of the attractions of the Exposition last year. Certain jewels he recommended to be kept in the interest of art and history, but "all the others should be disposed of, as no longer serving any useful purpose, and the proceeds of the sale turned into the Treasury of the State." The report continues:

"These jewels are no longer available for the purpose for which the monarchy collected them at great cost; the expense of keeping and guarding them is a burden, and they are exposed to risks of various sorts. They should not continue to give to the spectator an impression of being treasured up for a monarchical restoration."

It is not easy to form any idea of the intrinsic value of these jewels, or of the price they will bring if brought to the hammer; but it is doubtful, if the sales of Isabella II.'s jewels and those of Mme. Musard be taken as offering trustworthy data, whether the Republic will get high prices, especially now that the Duke of Brunswick is not living to purchase. According to the inventory taken by command of Louis XVIII. there were more than 64,000 precious stones in the collection, of a weight of 18,751 carats, and a value of $4.180,052. The present estimate of the value of the crown alone, which contains the Regent diamond and 5,360 other stones, is $2.940,400. There is a set of pearls said to be worth $233,000; a jewel of the royal order of the Holy Ghost, in diamonds, worth $77,200; a set of diamonds and sapphires, valued at $56,000; an imperial sword, representing $48,140 in money; a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which cost $9,000, and so on. The gem of the collection, is the Pitt, or Regent diamond, which is ranked fifth in the list of the world's great diamonds, though there are entertained by experts suspicions that the Braganza, which stands unapproachably alone in size at the head of the roll, is really a white topaz, suspicions strengthened by the refusal of the Portuguese Government to allow it to be inspected. In the rough the Pitt weighed 410 carats. It was found in 1702 in the mines of Parteal, twenty miles from Wazulipatam, by a slave, who, to conceal it, placed it in a gash which he cut in his leg, pretending to have been wounded by accident, and wrapping a bandage round the limb. Running away with his precious discovery he offered it to a Christian sailor as the price of the Christian sailor's assistance in regaining his liberty. The Christian sailor lured him to the vessel, took the stone, and threw the Hindoo overboard, drowning him. The diamond thus obtained brought the scoundrel no luck, for he sold it to a merchant named Jamchund for £1,000, squandered the money, and hanged himself. Jamchund in turn disposed of the precious stone to Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George, for £12,500. Mr. Pitt had it cut into a fine brilliant, the process occupying two years and costing £5,000; but the fragments split off were worth £3,000 or £4,000. The weight of the stone was thus reduced to 136¾ carats—the Koh-i-noor weighs 102¾; but the stone became and continues to this day to be the most perfect brilliant in existence, being without a rival in shape or water. The Pitt diamond came near killing its English owner with anxiety. Tradition says that "so fearful was he of robbery that he never made known beforehand the day of his coming to town, and never slept consecutively two nights in the same house. * * * All sorts of stories were told about the means by which Pitt obtained his treasure, so that he was at last forced to defend himself in a pamphlet." Pope wrote:

> Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole a gem away;
> He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit—
> So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.

In 1717 Pitt sold the diamond gleefully to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, for $675,000. In 1792 the Constituent Assembly ordered an inventory of the crown jewels to be taken, but just as it was completed, on the night of August 16th, forty thieves, acting in unison, broke into the house, Place Louis XIV., where the jewels were deposited and carried them off. Only two of the thieves were caught; the others escaped and the diamonds could not be found. At that moment Lamiéville, a barber, lay in prison in the Conciergerie under sentence of death for coining. He broke out of prison, and shortly after informed a municipal officer, one Sergeant Marceau, who had been kind to him during his confinement, that he had overheard the captured thieves talking of the place where the jewels were to be concealed till the ardor of pursuit abated. These places were the hollows of two large beams in a certain house in the alley known as l'allée des Veuves. The sergeant went there, found the jewels, and restored them to the government, Lamiéville receiving a pardon and a commission in a regiment of the line. (According to another story the diamonds were *cached* in a hole in the Champs Elysées, and their hiding-place was disclosed to the Prefect of Police by an anonymous correspondent.) Fabre d'Eglantine accused Roland of being in the plot; others charged it to Danton. After the eighteenth Brumaire Napoleon pledged the Regent diamond, as it was called after its purchase by the Duke of Orleans, to the Dutch as security for the funds wherewith he consolidated his power, and after he redeemed it it was placed in the pommel of his sword. The Prussians took it at Waterloo, but it was restored to France. The Sancy diamond was among those stolen in 1792. It is a brilliant of fifty-four carats, and is supposed, though the story is doubtful, to have been worn by Charles the Bold as a talisman, and to have been taken from his dead body when he was killed at Nancy, in January, 1477. A Swiss soldier stripped the corpse, took the stone, it is said, and sold it for two and a half francs to a priest, who made twelve cents on the transaction. It was among the crown jewels of Portugal, and was pawned for 40,000 livres to Harlay de Sancy, who subsequently bought it for 100,000. One of his descendants sent it by a faithful servant to be pawned to raise funds for Henry III.; the man was set upon and killed, not, however, till he had swallowed the diamond which was thereafter to bear his name. It was taken from his stomach when his body was opened by order of the Prince, who felt sure of his fidelity, and it passed through several other hands afterward, James II. of England sold it to Louis XIV. for £25,000; it was stolen from the French treasury, with the other crown jewels, in 1792; after its reappearance it was sold by the Duchess de Berry to the Demidoffs. Count Paul lost it at a fancy ball at Count Walewski's, but it was found again. If we mistake not, it is now in India, having been purchased of Russia in 1865 by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy for £20,000. Twelve famous diamonds—known as "the twelve Mazarins," from the circumstance that they were newly cut by the Cardinal's order — disappeared from among the French crown jewels after the Revolution of 1830, and were not again heard of till 1877, just before the marriage of King Alfonse II. and the Princess Mercedes, when an Amsterdam dealer offered them for sale at Madrid, being commissioned to dispose of them by an owner who wished to remain unknown. Among the jewels which M. Raspail wishes to have dispersed is a beautiful ruby cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings. The priceless "blue diamond" of the Regent stolen in 1792 has never been heard of since, though there are jewelers who think they have found it in a magnificent stone belonging to an English nobleman of wealth. As in the case of the street signs, so also in the case of the crown diamonds, the French Republicans make the foolish mistake of confounding the show of things with the things themselves. If the Republic falls, the next royal or imperial ruler of France will buy a new set of crown jewels. If it stands, why sacrifice by a forced sale at an unpropitious moment a great mass of valuable property sure to grow rather than lose in value.

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Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters if taken in time.

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It seems almost an absudity to recommend a street car ride for pleasure, and yet the circuit of the California Street cable road is a trip of picturesque beauty. Those who travel it daily find the view from the dummies a constantly changing panorama, and the transient passenger drinks in the scene with delight. In the early morning the bay is gorgeous seen from the crest of Nob Hill, the atmosphere is like champagne, the smoking chimneys and shifting clouds a pleasing picture. The afternoon gives a thousand changes, and one of the prettiest effects is to see the fog banks come booming over the hills from the sea, and shroud the city in its misty folds. With the lighting of the the street lamps, and the background of darkness, the view from the car when on the crest of the hills is like that from a balloon, for at one's feet lie the lighted streets, beyond the ferry-boats flash their variegated lights on the Plutonian bay, and the shroud of fog has a rose-colored lining with ghostly spots where street lamps burn through the mist. And by moonlight! Ah, by moonlight there is a weird and lovely sight to entrance romance itself. The bay is a sea of silver, the spars and rigging of every vessel stand out clear and distinct, the streets in the lower portion of the city look like canals in Venice, and the red and blue and green lights of the horse cars like the lanterns of the gondoliers. And then the dummy is such a good place for lovers to moon and croon without attracting attention that many an hour is thus spent riding back and forth, admiring the night and being admired, and all for ten cents the round trip—the cheapest and best hour's recreation in the world. We advise those who have not yet been the length of the road, and those who do not travel it as a matter of necessity, to make the excursion some day, either in the morning, the late afternoon, or the night, and, our word for it, they will have had their money's worth in more ways than one before they return. As an airing, these pleasant days, the round trip is equivalent to a carriage ride to the park—no danger of a smash up, no outrageous livery bill, and the time at your own convenience every four minutes.

The Grand Masque Ball Carnival grows in popularity, as indicated by the unparalleled sale of tickets. The entertainment does not come off until the 19th of this month, and yet nearly all of the best reserve boxes of the gallery have been disposed of. We had the curiosity on Thursday afternoon to look over the list of purchasers, and were surprised to find that it embraced nearly all the *elite* families of the city. Upon calling at the Diamond Palace, we were shown the very elegant gold and silver card of invitation to Gen. Grant and family. The envelope is of the size and form of an ordinary post-office envelope, but made of pure silver, fastened with an elegant diamond clasp. The card of invitation inclosed is a sheet of pure gold, with the name and writing in enamel, and is altogether one of the most unique, elegant, and costly conceits we have ever seen. The Grand Masque Carnival Ball will be the affair of the season.

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Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

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STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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BEAUTIFUL FOREVER!

FRECKLES, MOLES, SALLOWNESS, BLACK WORMS, POCKMARKS, WARTS, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, instantly and permanently removed by MONS. A. MOREL, with FEISTEL & GERRARD, Chiropodists, who remove skillfully and without pain CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, etc. Finger-nails made almond shape and rose-tinted. Sole Agents for the Genuine Sozopado, for disinfecting and modifying excessive perspiration. Highest testimonials. Specifics sent to any part of the world, on application at our office, 838 Market Street, opposite Fourth. Parlors 2, 3, and 4.

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*BALDWIN'S THEATRE.*

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

LAST APPEARANCES OF

LOTTA! LOTTA!

This (Saturday) Afternoon, Sept. 6th, Last Lotta Matinee,

ZIP.

To-morrow (Sunday) Even'g, positively last night of Lotta,

LOTTA AS ZIP.

This (Saturday) Evening, for this night only, the successful comedy-drama,

WON AT LAST.

Mr. James O'Neill, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis, and the great Baldwin Company.

Monday Evening, September 8, the theatre will be closed for rehearsal of

CHUMS,

To be produced Tuesday, September 9, for the Benefit of Miss Katherine Corcoran, with magnificent scenery and appointments.

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# NEW GOODS!

**We have just received a choice assortment of REPOUSSE and DECORATED SILVER. Also, a collection of NOVELTIES in JEWEBRY, at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.**

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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# SCHWAB & BREESE,

*WAX AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS, FREE ART GALLERY, OIL PAINTings, Engravings, etc., No. 624 Market St., opposite Palace Hotel, San Francisco.*

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*M. J. PALLIARD & CO., 31 Post Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Importers. A. E. JUILLERAT, Exclusive Agent. Musical Boxes repaired.*

**Grand Fall Opening of the Latest Styles of Imported Bonnets, Hats, and Millinery Goods, Wednesday and Thursday, September 10th and 11th, at MADAME SKIDMORE'S, No. 1114 Market Street.**

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POST STREET, NEAR DUPONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

THIRD WEEK! THIRD WEEK!

TRIUMPHANT AND OVERWHELMING SUCCESS!

The Acknowledged

FOUNTAIN HEAD OF REFINED MINSTRELSY.

BRILLIANT RECEPTIONS BY CROWDED HOUSES.

Third Week of the remarkable engagement of

HAVERLY'S
UNITED MASTODON MINSTRELS.
UNITED MASTODON MINSTRELS.

40 FAMOUS PERFORMERS. 40

A FLOOD OF FRESH FEATURES.

*CALIFORNIA THEATRE.*

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

LAST WEEK OF

ROBSON AND CRANE.

This Afternoon and Evening, Last Performances of

CHAMPAGNE AND OYSTERS.

Stuart Robson as.....Godfrey Grahame
W. H. Crane as.....Ichabod Herring

In active preparation,

OUR BACHELORS.

SEATS AT THE BOX OFFICE.

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*ARTISTIC ARTICLES FOR HOME* Decoration or Personal Use. New designs in Mantel and Table Drapes. Art Needle-work, as developed by the English School.
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TABLES, SCREENS, etc. Paintings and Etchings upon China, Silk, and Wood, etc.
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**Port Wines, Sherries,**

And all the choicest brands of

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*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE HAS* completed arrangements for opening in Dresden a School for American Girls. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Bank of Dresden, Dresden, Saxony.

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**Maltese Cross.**

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**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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*NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE* of THOS. D. SULLIVAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at No. 6 Post Street, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California. H. T. GRAVES, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. D. Sullivan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 28, 1879.

PRATT & METCALFE, Attorneys for Adm'r. tau30

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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-*ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

**Does in every case.**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

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**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

The "Farm" embraces about 50 acres vineyard, now ripening, affording an opportunity to those who wish to try the "grape cure."

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

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METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

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*R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,* removed to 200 STOCKTON ST., cor. Geary, S. F.

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*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirtieth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 59) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second (22d) day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 15) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the second (2d) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-fourth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, 293 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first (1st) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*NORTH BONANZA COMPANY.*— Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of September, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 7th day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

## NORTHERN DIVISION — SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Santa Cruz R. R. and the M. & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

### EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

### SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSÉ, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

### REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

### SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

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A. J. BRYANT, President,

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# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Ferriside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | ——— | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | ——— | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Ferriside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ——— | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| ——— | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

### CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Spirings, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00: Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


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For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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The S. S. OCEANIC, sailing from San Francisco Saturday, September 13th, will continue on from Hongkong to Liverpool, offering superior accommodations for tourists en route AROUND THE WORLD.

Freight will be taken for London and Liverpool. For through bills of lading and rates, apply at 218 California Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

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**$7.50 per Ton; $4 per Half Ton.**

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## A SINGING CLASS,

*FOR THE PURPOSE OF LEARN-* ing to read music at sight, and gaining a correct knowledge of singing Glees, Choruses, and Church Music, will meet in the parlors of Plymouth Church (Rev. T. K. Noble, pastor), Taylor Street, near Geary, on Thursday evening, September 11th, 1879 at 7:15 P. M.

J. W. YARNDLEY, Director.

*NORTHERN BELLE MILL AND* Mining Company.—The fifth annual meeting of the stockholders of the above named corporation, for the election of Directors and the transactions of such other business as may come before it, will be held on MONDAY, September 8th, 1879 (second Monday in September), at the hour of 10 o'clock P. M. on that day, at the office of the Company, Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Transfer Books will be closed on Monday, September 1st, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

THE

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## SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

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| Pants, | $4 to $15 |
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| Ulsters, | 15 to 35 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 to 40 |
| Genuine 6 X | |

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| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 to $15 |
| White Vests, | 3 to 5 |
| Fancy Vests, | 6 to 15 |
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ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

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ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

SALE PRICES—Pants from $3; Suits from $12; Overcoats from $12; Ulsters from $15; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices. Any length cut, and all kinds of stock kept on hand.

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THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

A. P. STANTON, Business Manager. 522 California Street.


*OFFICE NORTH BONANZA MIN-* ing Company, San Francisco, September 1, 1879.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the North Bonanza Mining Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of September, 1879, at 11 o'clock A. M. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, September 6th, at 12 o'clock M., until after the meeting.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

*OFFICE FLOWERY MINING COM-* pany, San Francisco, September 1, 1879.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Flowery Mining Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of September, 1879, at 11 o'clock A. M. Transfer Books will be closed on Saturday, September 6th, at 12 o'clock M., until after the meeting.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.


# SILVERWARE AND CLOCKS.

**WE CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR LARGE STOCK OF ELEGANT SILVERWARE, WHICH WE OFFER AT LOWER PRICES THAN ANY HOUSE IN THIS CITY. ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.**

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Samples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.


*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 7, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, September 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, 10 New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.


## ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 11. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THREE DAYS OF GRACE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STOODARD.

Enter the fair Ophelia, robed in immaculate muslin, and with a few artificial straws thrust among her artistically disheveled locks. I assumed my *rôle* on the instant. It was not that of the beauteous mystery of Denmark, nor the mouthing Laertes, nor the soft-hearted, weak-headed, ill-balanced old Polonius; but merely the ghostly Father, the confessor into whose patient ear the emotional victims of cerebro-spinal meningitis are at liberty to pour their tales of woe. Ophelia, in an ecstasy of grief, threw herself upon a lounge in the bay-window, and sobbed convulsively. A high fever had dried her lachrymal ducts; she had bottled her tears, and the bottle was not with her; but she sobbed violently in the bay-window for some moments and writhed admirably—every *pôse* being appropriate and strictly classical. I sank into a chair near her and quietly awaited developments. One must never urge a woman to confess herself; if you do she will evade you, and bury the truth out of sight. It is her priceless treasure; she will not be robbed of it, she will not sell it, she will not barter it; but if you are an attentive and sympathetic listener she will confer it upon you as an Eastern queen confers a principality upon a favorite vassal. Ophelia, being richly endowed by nature, and an admirable dresser, was an intermittent communicant of the highest branch of the Episcopal Church. In that extremely select order of religions, confession, however good for the soul, is in all cases optional. She had come to confess—and to me. Ophelia at last regained her self-control, and at the same moment assumed an attitude that for ease and grace rivaled the Pauline Venus of Bernini, in the Villa Borghese. She had begun with counterfeiting the St. Cecilia of Maderno, but recovered by rapid and easy stages of picturesque grief, in which process she at intervals assimilated the sad raptures as well as the admirable foreshortening of the angels of St. Peter's cupola. With tragical composure she began her confession. How well I remember her words—her very words. She said:

"You know my intense nature!" It is true that I had presumed to guess at it. "You know I absorb love as the sand absorbs water. It is my meat and drink. Without it I perish a thousand times. I have had three days of grace in three weeks of unutterable suspense; but my day star has set. Listen! It is the first day of grace. It is Easter. The weather is exceptionally fine. I have a dress which is a miracle of handiwork, and fits me to perfection. I have parasol and hat to match. My entire outfit is an inspiration. I know that nothing is lacking; I feel the exquisite physical joy that one feels when she is graceful; she can not help it; it is the enthusiasm of conscious muscles that have attained perfect development. I feel religious. I can not stop within doors on such a day; I resolve to attend church, and to attend the Church of St. Anthony of the Desert. I select that church for several reasons: It is Gothic; its stained glass is a combination of three tints best suited to my complexion; its choir is the largest in the city; one sees only the best people there, and one can not avoid feeling deeply religious; the upholstering is a triumph of ecclesiology; the velvet trimmings, of a deep clerical crimson, are enough to melt the hardest heart. As I enter the vestibule I hear the throb of the organ, I hear the click of my boot heels on the blue tiles; I am conscious of the presence of several gentlemen who regard me with interest as I pass; I feel their eyes upon my cheek, and between my shoulders when my back is turned. I bow my head and enter the sanctuary; usher leads me to pew near the altar, then goes down the aisle and whispers to two or three youths near the door. All this I see without being conscious of looking. The organ plays softly—low notes that make the air tremble, high notes like far-away flutes breathed into by angels. I see a gorgeous trio gazing at me and speculating as to my identity. I put my elbow on edge of pew and lean pensively on hand. Graceful pose—throws out throat and wrist curves. I look at gorgeous trio, dreamily; natural consequence, consternation among gorgeous trio—all captured at one fell swoop. Enter Very Rev. Milkandwater from vestry; prays devoutly in most becoming robes; all pray devoutly; more organ; flaxen-haired choristers with rosebud mouths look like chanting cherubs. The robust bass does lovely solo; he always sings with tremendous passion and stirs me up; sings hymn of praise to his Maker as if it were a 'Romance de l'amour' to his mistress. Result, I feel madly in love with somebody; don't know who. I sit and dream to music. Enter some one, who sits near me. I am provoked that he, she, or it, should dare to disturb me in my delicious reverie. Keep my pose, with back turned. During pause in service the *Psalter* is given out. Have no book; don't use any; know the whole thing by heart. A low voice whispers, "Pardon me!" I turn suddenly, and, behold! the hero I have been sighing for all these weary, empty, and unprofitable months, is at my side offering with graceful elegance his prayer book! I had rather it were his hand and heart, for I am surely in love on the instant. Splendid figure, divine mouth, beautiful hands. Am conscious of nothing else save a strange, dreamy fascination which he seems to exhale as a flower does perfume. A tuberose in his lapel may help to heighten the illusion; don't know, don't care; shall adore that pallid flower henceforth and for ever. Awake from my dream to a reality sweeter than any dream; follow the service to the *bitter end*. Why doesn't it last for ever, when I have been so starved of late, and this is an ambrosial feast? I must not forget a long, dark moustache, a faultless get-up, a man superbly handsome and singularly graceful. The music goes on. I look at him furtively. He saw me all over in the ten minutes I sat with my back turned. I am as faultless as he. We hold the book together; it is an intense moment; our arms touch; we can't help it; little shivers run up mine to the shoulder and down to the finger tips. Don't know how he feels; but, when it is all over and the organ plays some heavenly thing, he rises and passes out first, waiting at pew entrance for me to precede him down the aisle. As he waits I approach him very closely, and our eyes meet. His say, 'I adore you!' Mine say, 'I want to be adored!' Bliss! ecstasy! rapture! I knew that I was his from the moment we met; I was not sure of him until now; I would not take worlds for that one look. I go home; dazed, delighted; can not eat or sleep. Meet young woman who was at same church on same day—old friend of the family; she says: 'Saw you at church, reading from same book with ——— (mentioning his name). Handsomest man in town; handsomest fellow I ever saw; rich, generous. Lives only only two blocks from you, on C Street.' She rattles on, while I bless her in my heart of hearts for telling me just what I want to know. I cross-examine her, very cautiously. Learn that he is excessively popular; has hosts of male friends, and legions of female adorers. Feel that I must class myself among the latter. End of the first day of grace."

As the spiritual adviser of the fair Ophelia, I had up to this stage of her confession been unable to get a word in edgewise. She told her tale as if it had been learned by rote. It was concisely and rapidly delivered, and without a moment's hesitation, from beginning to end. I was about to console her with the thought that probably not a Sunday passes but dozens of young ladies meet dozens of young gentlemen, and adoration is indulged in by twenty-fours. That this mutual adoration is necessarily momentary follows when one pauses to consider how the adorable and the adorers are, as a general thing, too fierce not to be fickle. It was my intention to counsel her to turn her back on the episode, as she had in the beginning willfully turned it on the subject of it, and to compose herself betimes, for she would be in sore need of a reserve force against the next attack—an attack that was as sure to follow as the night the day. Before I could form a sentence, she had, with an impatient gesture, commanded me to silence. It was evident that she had only paused to regain her breath. In the same unnatural calm she resumed her recitation:

"The second day of grace! I knew that I should meet him again, and I do. I say to myself, there is the man for me to marry; heaven has sent him. I am unutterably grateful. It is the first Saturday in the week of grace. I go out for a walk after tea; sit in pretty park just above here; dream of him, and of how easy it will be to know him; *so easy* that I would rather not hasten it by any act of mine, but leave it to chance, and enjoy drifting toward the love in store for me. A tender twilight comes on. I see an empty street-car approaching; resolve to enter it and ride home without waking from my reverie. I enter; I am mistaken, the car is not empty; a man in the corner—and that man! Ye gods and blessed fates! My hero again; another *tête-à-tête*; cupids, etc.; how we look at one another. We both know that our happiness is but postponed, and that it is the easiest thing in the world for us to know each other. I am orthodoxly well behaved; I wish him to know me in the most proper and decorous manner, but my eyes say as much as they dare, and his, a good deal more than they should. Too soon I reach my door; he assists me to alight; he holds my hand in his for just half a moment. He watches to see which house I enter; all the while I am looking my best; I can not do otherwise under the circumstances; it is no effort; it is inspirational."

Again she paused; she hesitated; I feared a return of the convulsive sobs; I felt assured that between the happy close of the second day of grace and the beginning of the third day there had been a destroying tempest; I knew that the wrong word uttered at that moment would plunge the pretty Ophelia into hysteria. I patiently awaited her pleasure. With a careless gesture which might easily have escaped detection had I not been watching her every movement, she removed the pins that bound her hair, and leaned forward in an attitude of romantic desperation; her Titian locks fell in a deluge upon her fair shoulders; she clasped her hands about one knee; her foot, cased in a dainty slipper, tapped the floor nervously. The climax was evidently not far distant. Without fixing her glance upon any subject, yet staring into the air at an angle that gave her eyes every advantage, she continued:

"Another week is over. It is the last day of grace; one of those irritating days when it is impossible to sit still or to do anything for five consecutive minutes. There are children in the house; meddlesome, troublesome children, who quarrel at frequent intervals and drive me mad. I go into the street hoping to find rest, or at least momentary relief. I have seen him but twice; I have stayed away from the the Church of St. Anthony in the Desert, for I was sure he would be there; I would not permit myself to see him, because joy mingled with pain is keener than joy which is unmixed. Instinctively I turn toward C Street: some one brushes against me; I look up—it is a stranger—but down the street I see carriages, funeral coaches, and a plumed hearse. My heart stands still; I am dragged against my will toward the house of mourning. In my pocket is a thick veil through which even my best friends might not recognize me. I assume this disguise because I am strangely agitated and as white as death. It is two P. M. The door of the house stands wide open; people are crowding the hall and stairs; I am in black—I am always in black on such days as this. Everybody sad, everybody talking of his virtues—the traditional behavior on the part of everybody. I enter unobserved; I will see who is in the coffin. Three clergymen conduct the solemn ceremonials; I wait through all the hollow forms, I endure all the twaddle, the prayers, the platitudes to get what I have come for. I, who hate and despise funerals, and believe that our dead should belong to us, and to no one else. I know the whole truth, but I don't realize it. I bear it all for the sake of my reward. One more look at the last of life's delusion, gone like all the rest. I stand a moment over the coffin; I feel that I have buried all that is worth living for in the casket with that exquisite marble face. He is covered with wreaths of tuberoses—that flower again!—I can not tear myself away; I can not weep; I stand and shiver in dumb rage. Some one takes me gently by the arm and leads me aside. I choke as I approach the door."

Ophelia clutched her throat with fingers carefully poised; she was a study for an artist.

"I return into the world! It is an absolute blank to me. I shall never again care for any one or anything.

"'For he is dead and gone,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.'

This is living death, for after three days of grace we have together paid the debt of insatiate nature."

Ophelia rose from the lounge and strode out of the bay-window into the room, shrouded in grief and sunshine. The sunlight was in her hair, the hair that seemed stained with rich, dark blood. She clasped her white hands above her head; her wide sleeves slid down her beautiful arms and completed the tableau of statuesque despair. She prated of the dead Adonis; she railed against fate, the fate that had dragged her steps from the rosewood cradle to the imaginary grave. It was useless to speak to her now. What could I have said that she would not have hurled back to me with scorn? She agonized for twenty minutes; she appealed to the gods in various keys; her modulation was as attractive as was her every other feature. She is a very remarkable woman; she assumes the *rôle* of the distressed virgin on the shortest possible notice, and her emotions are just as violent, just as picturesque, and just as genuine, though they repeat themselves twenty thousand times. I do not say that she is not honest; I say that her ecstasy and her despair are ever ready to follow one another; and that time can not wither her, or rob a love affair of its novelty, though it were duplicated twice a year unto the crack of doom. Bring forth your Romeos, your Hamlets, and forget not an occasional Adonis, for she has suitable woes for each, and she will continue to play with artistical discrimination while this machine is to her, hopefully anticipating a recall at the close of every act.

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A celebrated striped joker, named Billy Walton, died recently in England, and left some professional instructions for the funeral ceremonies. He was well known to fame, and when he was taken ill, from the effects of a somersault over a jackass in the ring, the manager of the circus had to lay up his show for the season. The clown asked for a preacher, and when the reverend gentleman came, with solemn face, he propounded the last conundrum, and died with his thumb on his nose and gyrating his fingers. First in the procession came the ringmaster, leading four ladies in costume; then the elephant and a trained monkey; the sword-swallowers and the "Saltambangs" came next, and then four bare-back riders and the champion skeleton wrestler; Jocko, the Barbary ape, on a Shetland pony, and the great world-renowned equestrienne, Mlle. Arsee. Four mourners followed, their place being immediately after the hearse. They were in full motley, with faces chalked, but each with a long handkerchief to his eyes, which at times he took down and wrung out, the tears flowing copiously from the handkerchief. The procession was wound up with the band wagon, the circus band playing "Go Where Glory Waits Thee." As they formed around the grave the clowns sang, "Down Among the Dead Men." The inscription was—

"Here lies Billy Walton, the famous clown
He used to go up, but now he's gone down;
He jumped over a jackass and broke three ribs,
And this is the last of poor Billy's squibs."

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The most interesting feature of the Grant reception is likely to be the display of vessels upon the bay. The steamship *State of California* leading out the fleet of steamers and sail-boats—everything that can turn a wheel or spread a canvas—will go out to the broad ocean and escort the *Tokio* in. All the yachts, both of the San Francisco and Pacific Clubs will be in attendance. The guns of Fort Point, Lime Point, Alcatraz, Point San José, and Goat Island will thunder forth their noisy welcome. All the ships in motion and at anchor will be covered with bunting. A general military procession, escorting the Mayor and civic authorities, will receive General Grant at the water front, and move in procession, with all the music of the town, through streets fully decorated, to the Palace Hotel, where, in formal manner, he will be tendered the freedom of the city.

## THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

### XIII.

The shop on the Passage du Pont-Neuf remained closed for three days. When it opened again it seemed more dark and damp than ever. The goods exposed, yellowed by dust, appeared to be in mourning with the rest of the house; everything lay about in neglected disorder in the dingy showcases. Behind the linen caps hung on the rusty bars, the face of Thérèse wore a duller, deader paleness, and the movelessness of a sinister calm. In the Passage all the gossips were moved to pity. The woman who dealt in imitation jewelry showed each of her customers the wasted profile of the young widow, as an interesting and lamentable curiosity. For three days Mme. Raquin and Thérèse had remained in bed without speaking to each other, without even seeing each other. The old shop-woman, sitting propped up among the pillows, looked vaguely in front of her with idiotic eyes. The death of her son had affected her mind, and she had fallen like one stunned. She remained quiet and motionless for hours together, absorbed in the depths of the abyss of despair; then, at times she would be seized with convulsions, she would cry, scream, and rave. Thérèse, in the adjoining room, seemed to be asleep; she had turned her face to the wall and drawn the coverings over her eyes; so she lay stretched out, rigid and dumb, and no sob of hers stirred the sheet which covered her. She seemed to hide her thoughts in the shadows of the alcove. Suzanne, who nursed the two women, went softly from one to the other, bearing lightly on her feet, and bending her waxen face over the two beds without succeeding in making Thérèse turn round, though a brusque motion indicated her annoyance, nor in consoling Mme. Raquin, whose tears flowed at the sound of a voice.

The third day Thérèse threw off the clothes and sat up on the edge of the bed, moving with a kind of rapid feverish decision. She pushed back her hair, and, clasping her temples, remained so a moment, her hands on her forehead, her eyes fixed, seeming still lost in thought. Then she sprang upon the carpet. Her limbs were shivering and flushed with fever; great livid blotches disfigured her skin, which folded over in places as if empty of flesh. She had grown old.

Suzanne on entering was struck with amazement to find her risen; she advised her in a placid and drawling tone to lie down again and rest still longer. Thérèse did not listen; she looked about for her clothing, and put it on with hurried and trembling motions. When she was dressed she went and looked at herself in a mirror, rubbed her eyes, and passed her hand quickly over her face as if to obliterate something. Then, without speaking a word, she swiftly crossed the dining-room, and entered the chamber of Mme. Raquin. The old lady was in a kind of stupor or trance. When Thérèse came in she turned her head and followed the young widow with her glance, till she came and placed herself before her, silent and troubled. The two women gazed at each other a few secoods, the niece with ever-increasing anxiety, the aunt with painful efforts of recollection. Remembering at last, Mme Raquin held out her trembling arms, and, taking Thérèse around the neck, cried out: "My poor boy, my poor Camille!"

She wept and her tears dried upon the burning skin of her niece, who hid her own dry eyes in the folds of the sheet, and remained thus bowed down, leaving the aged mother to exhaust her grief. Since the murder Thérèse had dreaded this first interview; she had stayed in bed to put it off, and to reflect in peace on the horrible part she must play.

When she saw Mme. Raquin more calm, she fluttered about her, advising her to get up and come down into the shop. The poor old woman had become almost childish. The sudden appearance of her niece had brought about a favorable change in her, bringing back her memory and recognition of things and people surrounding her. She thanked Suzanne for her care; she talked, still weak, but no longer delirious, full of a sadness which suffocated her at times. She watched the goings and comings of Thérèse with springing tears; then she would call her to her side, embrace her, and, still sobbing, tell her in a broken voice that she had only her left now in all the world.

In the evening she consented to rise and try to eat. Thérèse could see then what a dreadful blow her aunt had received. The poor old woman's legs had grown heavy. She was obliged to use a cane to drag herself into the dining-room, and when there the walls seemed to rock around her.

The next morning, however, she wished the shop to be opened. She feared she would become insane if she remained alone in her room. She went heavily down the wooden stair-case, planting both feet on each step, and took her seat behind the counter. From that day she remained fixed there in dumb sorrow. By her side Thérèse dreamed and waited. The shop reassumed it black tranquillity.

### XIV.

Laurent came to the shop every two or three days, and stayed talking to Mme. Raquin for perhaps half an hour. Then he would go away without having met the eyes of Thérèse. The old shop-woman looked upon him as her niece's rescuer, as a noble heart who had done his utmost to save her son. She welcomed him with softened kindness. One Thursday evening Laurent was there when old Michaud and Grivet came in. Eight o'clock struck. The clerk and the ex-commissary had imagined that they could take up their dear habits again without appearing intrusive, and they arrived at the self-same instant, as if worked by the same spring. Behind them stalked Olivier and Suzanne.

All went up into the dining-room. Mme. Raquin, who was not expecting anyone, hastened to light the lamp and make tea. When all were seated around the table, every man with his cup, and the box of dominoes had been emptied out, the poor mother, suddenly taken back to the past, looked at her guests and burst into tears. There was one empty chair—her son's.

This outburst chilled and annoyed the company. Every face had till then worn an expression of selfish beatitude. These people were put out; they had not the faintest living recollection of Camille.

"Come, come, my dear lady," cried old Michaud, with some irritation. "You must not despair in this way. You will make yourself ill."

"We are all mortal," Grivet averred.

"Your tears will not give you back your son," remarked Olivier, oracularly.

"I beg of you," murmured Suzanne, "consider our feelings."

And as Mme. Raquin only wept the more, unable to check her tears, Michaud continued:

"So, so; a little courage. You understand that we come here to divert your mind. Confound it! don't make us miserable. Try to forget. We are playing for two sous a game. Eh! what do you say to that?"

Mme. Raquin controlled her tears by a supreme exertion. Perhaps she understood the happy selfishness of her guests. She dried her eyes, still quite overcome. The dominoes trembled in her poor hands, and the tears repressed beneath her eyelids obscured her sight.

The game began.

Laurent and Thérèse were serious and unmoved spectators of this short scene. The young man was charmed to see the Thursday evenings recommence. He ardently longed for them, knowing he would need them to attain his end. Then, without asking himself the reason, he felt more comfortable among these people that he knew, and dared to look Thérèse in the face.

The young woman, dressed in black, pale and collected, seemed to him to have a beauty which he had not known before. He was happy to meet her eyes and see them rest on his own with a brave steadiness. Thérèse still belonged to him, body and soul.

### XV.

Fifteen months passed. The bitterness of the first hours was softened; each day brought an accession of quiet subsidence; life resumed its course with a weary languor, heavy with that monotonous stupor which follows great crises. And, in the beginning, Laurent and Thérèse abandoned themselves to the new existence which transformed them. An insensible change was at work in them, which must be analyzed with extreme delicacy if all the phases are to be made distinct.

Laurent soon came to the shop every evening, as he had done in the past. But he no longer supped there; he no longer took his position there for hours together. He came at half past nine and went away after closing the shop. One might have thought him fulfilling a duty in coming to put himself at the service of the two women. If he neglected his self-imposed task for a day, he made excuses for himself on the following evening with all the humility of a valet.

On Thursday he helped Mme. Raquin to make the fire and do the honors of the house. His considerate thoughtfulness charmed the old lady.

Thérèse watched him complacently as he moved about her. The pallor had left her face; she seemed in better health, more cheerful and pleasant. Nevertheless, when she sometimes nervously compressed her lips, a deep furrow at each corner of her mouth gave to her face a strangely sad and frightened expression.

The lovers sought no longer to meet each other in private, or to exchange furtive caresses. The murder had for a time appeased their feverish ardor; in killing Camille they seemed to have quieted the insatiable desires which their guilty actions had before been powerless to assuage. The consciousness of the crime was to them an acute enjoyment which made love itself appear tame.

At the same time, they had a thousand opportunities to indulge the illicit passion which had impelled them to the murder. Mme. Raquin, impotent and half-witted, was no obstacle. The house belonged to them; they could go out whithersoever they pleased. But neither love nor desire tempted them. They sat quietly at home, talking commonplaces, and apparently forgetting the whirlwind of passion which had borne them on its wings in earlier days. They even avoided meeting each other alone; on such occasions they found nothing to talk about, and each stood in fear of appearing indifferent. When they shook hands they felt a kind of uneasiness at the touch of each other's flesh.

They thought, however, that they could account for this indifference and aversion on the score of prudence. Their conduct, according to them, was a masterstroke of diplomacy. They pretended that the tranquillity of their bodies and the slumber of their love were voluntary. But at heart they began to feel their punishment. Sometimes they forced themselves to hope, and desperately sought to resurrect their former dreams, but were astonished to find their imagination empty. Then they clung to the idea of their approaching marriage. Their goal attained, with no more cause for fear, devoted to each other, their passion would surely return, and they would taste the delights they had dreamed of. This hope calmed them, and kept them from falling into the depth of nothingness which yawned at their feet. They persuaded themselves that they loved each other as of old, and awaited the hour which should render them perfectly happy by binding them together forever.

Thérèse had never known such a quiet frame of mind. She improved in every respect. All the implacable waywardness of her nature relaxed.

At night, alone in her bed, her happiness was complete. She no longer felt by her side the thin face and frail body of Camille. She fancied herself a little girl again, quietly reposing in the silence and darkness. Her chamber, spacious and cool, pleased her, with its lofty ceiling, its obscure corners, and cloister-like odors. She even grew to love the great black wall which rose up before the window. Every evening all through the summer she remained for whole hours looking at the gray stones of this wall and the narrow strips of starry sky outlined by the chimneys and roof. She only thought of Laurent when she awoke trembling from a nightmare; then she said to herself that if he were with her she should not have these fits of terror. She thought of her lover as of a dog, who would watch over and protect her.

In the day time, in the shop, she interested herself in things about her; she no longer lived within herself, dreaming of hate and vengeance. Reverie bored her; she felt a desire to act and look about her. From morning till evening she watched the people passing through the passage; the noise and the traffic amused her. She grew inquisitive and talkative. In a word, she became a woman, whereas until now she had acted and thought as a man.

Among the passers-by was a young student who had rooms in a neighboring house, and went past the shop several times every day. This youth was pale and handsome, with the long locks of a poet and the dainty moustache of a military man. Thérèse thought him very *distingué*, and for a week was as much in love with him as a school-girl. In comparing him with Laurent she found the latter very coarse and heavy. She began to read novels, and this opened to her a field of romance to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She saw that she had loved only with her blood and nerves, and now set herself to love with head and heart. Suddenly the student disappeared, doubtless having changed his lodgings. Thérèse had forgotten him in a few hours. She subscribed to a circulating library, and fell in love with every fictitious hero she read about. This sudden passion for reading had a great influence on her temperament. She acquired a nervous sensibility, which made her laugh or cry without cause. Her self-control was destroyed. She fell into a sort of a vague reverie. At moments the thought of Camille would strike her, and she would think of Laurent with fresh desire, filled with dread and defiance. At one time she sought some means of marrying her lover; and another she resolved to save herself, and never see him again. The novels, in speaking of chastity and honor, seemed to place a barrier between her instincts and her will. She was still the indomitable creature which used to wish to struggle with the waters of the Seine, and which had plunged unhesitatingly into adultery; but she had come to a knowledge of goodness and gentleness; she understood now the meek face and subdued manner of Olivier's wife; she knew that a woman could not slay her husband and be happy.

Laurent, for his part, passed through different phases of calm and fever. At first he enjoyed a profound tranquillity, and felt as if released from an enormous weight. At times he asked himself in astonishment if it was not all a hideous dream, if he had really thrown Camille into the river, and had seen his corpse upon a marble slab in the morgue. The memory of his crime surprised him strangely; he had never thought himself capable of murder; his caution and cowardice made him shiver and sweat with fear when he thought how easily he might have been discovered and brought to the guillotine. He felt the cold knife upon his neck. When he had acted he had gone straight ahead with the stubborn blindness of a brute. Now, as he looked back at the abyss from which he had escaped, he grew weak with fear.

"Surely I was drunk," he thought to himself." "This woman had intoxicated me with her caresses. Good God! What a brute and fool I was! I risked the guillotine by the deed. However, it has ended well enough. But if it were to do over again I would wash my hands of it."

Laurent became apprehensive, low-spirited, and more cowardly and cautious than ever. At the same time he grew fat and flabby; any one seeing his great body, which seemed to have neither nerves nor bones, would never have dreamed of accusing him of violence and cruelty.

He resumed his old habits, and for several months was a model of industry, doing his office work with examplary regularity. He took his evening meal at a *crémerie* in the Rue Saint-Victor, cutting his bread into little slices, eating deliberately, and making the repast last as long as possible; then, leaning back against the wall, he calmly smoked his pipe. During the day he thought of nothing, at night his sleep was heavy and dreamless. His face red and fat, his belly full, his skull empty, he was happy.

He hardly troubled himself about Thérèse any more, and when he thought of her it was as a woman whom he ought to marry at some future and indefinite date. He waited for the marriage with patience, forgetting the woman, and dreaming only of the new position in which he would then be placed. He would leave his office, take to amateur painting, and dawdle about town. These expectations brought him every evening to the Passage du Pont-Neuf, despite the vague uneasiness which his visits caused him. Meantime he found a mistress in a model whom he met at the studio of his college friend, the artist. The poor girl loved him and supported herself, and without troubling himself about her affection or his own infidelity to Thérèse, the selfish brute was content.

At the end of a year Thérèse's period of mourning expired, and when Laurent arrived one evening he found her arrayed in light robes, and looking quite youthful again. But he still felt ill in her presence. For some time she had seemed full of strange caprices, by turns gay and sad without cause. He was alarmed at her manner, because he partly divined the cause of it. He began to hesitate and to tremble, lest he should compromise his own comfort. His life was pleasant enough; all his appetites were gratified. He feared to risk his peace by binding himself to a woman whose passion had already made a fool of him.

He was shocked at the thought that the time was at hand when he must begin to think about his marriage. Camille had been dead nearly fifteen months. For a moment Laurent resolved not to marry at all, but to jilt Thérèse and keep his model, whose easy-going and inexpensive love just suited him. Then, he said to himself, that it would never do to kill a man for nothing. Considering the terrible efforts which he had made to get sole possession of the woman who now troubled him, he felt that the murder would be useless and atrocious unless he married her. To drown a man in order to steal his widow, to wait fifteen months, and then decide to live with a common artist's model, appeared to him so ridiculous that he smiled to think of it. Besides, was he not bound to Thérèse by a bond of blood and horror? He feared his accomplice. Perhaps if he did not marry her she would tell all for vengeance and jealousy's sake. While he was battling with these conflicting ideas his model suddenly left him. Doubtless she had found a more generous protector. Laurent was moderately grieved, for he found a void in his comfortable existence. His mind was now made up—he would marry Thérèse. A few evenings later, while closing the shop, he broached the matter to her. Her reply was: "Take me; I am yours."

### XVI.

Laurent left the shop that night in a very restless mood. His love for Thérèse was reawakened. He walked along the wharves with his hat in his hand in order to get all the fresh air he could.

When he reached the door of the house where he lodged he was afraid to go up stairs, to be alone. A childish terror, inexplicable and unexpected, made him fear that a man was

hidden in his garret. He had never before been subject to such timidity. He did not even attempt to inquire into the reason of his singular fear, but went to a wine-shop and remained there till midnight, motionless and silent at a table, drinking mechanically great glasses of liquor. He thought of Thérèse, and believed that he would not fear if she were with him.

When the shop was closed he was shown out the door, but came in again to ask for some matches. The office of his lodging-house was on the first floor, and Laurent had to go through a long passage and up a few steps before he could take his candle. The passage, the short staircase, shrouded in terrible blackness, frightened him. Generally he went boldly through the darkness. On this evening he dared not ring; he thought that in a certain recess, formed by the entrance to the cellar, there were murderers perhaps who would spring suddenly at his throat as he went by. At last he rang, lighted a match, and determined to penetrate the passage. The match went out. He stood still, panting, not daring to run, striking more matches on the damp wall with a trembling hand. He seemed to hear voices and the noise of footsteps in front of him. The matches broke in his fingers, but at last he succeeded in lighting one. The sulphur bubbled and caught the wood with a deliberation which redoubled his agony; by the pale bluish illumination of the sulphur, with the vacillating light it shed, he thought he distinguished monstrous figures. Then the match snapped, and burned clear and white. Laurent, relieved, cautiously advanced, careful not to lack for light. When he had to pass in front of the cellar he pressed close to the opposite wall; a mass of shadow lay there that terrified him. Then he swiftly sprang up the steps separating him from the office of the building, and believed himself safe when he grasped his candle. He ascended the other stairs more quietly, holding the light high so as to illuminate every corner he must pass. The tall, fantastic shadows, which come and go at night up and down a staircase before an ascending light filled him with a vague uneasiness as they loomed and passed suddenly away before his eyes.

When he reached his own door he let himself in quickly. His first care was to look under his bed, then he made a detailed tour of the room to see that no one was concealed in it. He closed the window in the roof, thinking some one could easily get in that way. When he had taken these precautions he felt calmer, and undressed astonished at his cowardice. He ended by smiling and calling himself childish. He had never been pusillanimous, and could not explain satisfactorily this sudden fit of fear. He went to bed, and when he was comfortably rolled in the covers thought again of Thérèse, whom he had forgotten in his alarm. His eyes resolutely closed, trying to sleep, in spite of himself he felt that his thoughts were busy, asserting themselves, forming a chain of the manifest advantages of his speedy marriage. Sometimes he turned, saying to himself: "I will think no more about it, I am going to sleep; I must get up at eight o'clock to-morrow to go to my office." And he made an effort to drop off to sleep. But one by one the ideas came back; the silent working of his mind recommenced; he soon found himself again in an active reverie, calculating in the depths of his brain the necessity for his marriage, the arguments that desire and prudence presented in turn for and against the possession of Thérèse. Then, seeing that he could not sleep, that sleeplessness had taken hold upon his excited frame, he lay on his back, opened his eyes wide, and let his brain fill with the remembrance of the young woman. The balance of his mind was destroyed, his former fever shook him once more. He thought a moment of rising and returning to the Passage du Pont-Neuf. He would have the iron gate opened to him, he would go and knock at the little door, and Thérèse would receive him.

His reverie was characterized by a wonderful lucidity. He saw himself in the streets, walking fast by the side of the houses, and he said to himself: "I am taking this boulevard, and I am crossing this square, so as to arrive sooner." Then the iron gate of the Passage grated; he followed the narrow, sombre, and deserted gallery, congratulating himself that he could go up to Thérèse without being seen by the imitation jewelry woman; then he fancied himself in the walk, in the little stairway which he had so often ascended. His recollections became realities that appealed to all his senses; he breathed the fetid odor of the corridor, he touched the slimy walls, he saw the grimy shadows heaped there; and he went up each stair panting, straining his ear for every sound, already satisfying his senses in this timid approach to the woman who inspired them. At last he tapped at the door; it opened; Thérèse was there waiting for him. His thoughts took form before him in real actions. His eyes fixed upon the darkness, he saw all that he imagined. When, at the end of his walk through the streets, after he had entered the passage and mounted the little stairway, he thought he saw Thérèse, trembling and pale; he sprang with a bound from his bed, murmuring: "I must go to her; she is waiting for me." The sudden movement he had just made dispelled the illusion; he felt the chill of the tiles and was frightened. He remained motionless an instant in his bare feet, listening. He thought he heard a noise in the street. If he went to Thérèse he would have to pass again in front of the cellar entrance down-stairs. Dread overcame him, a stupid but overwhelming dread. He looked fearfully around his room, and saw flakes of white light flitting about it; then quietly, with precautions full of anxious haste, he climbed into bed, and there rolled himself up in the clothes as if for protection from a weapon—a knife which might have threatened him. The blood surged violently to his burning neck. He pressed his hand upon it, and felt under his fingers the scar of Camille's bite. He had almost forgotten that bite. He was frighted at finding it still upon his skin; he thought it was eating into his flesh. He had quickly drawn back his hand so as not to feel it longer, but he felt it still, consuming, perforating his neck. Then he wished to scratch it daintily with the tip of his nail; the terrible smart redoubled. To keep from tearing off his skin he crushed his two hands between his drawn up knees. Rigid and angrily excited, he lay there, his neck throbbing, his teeth chattering with fear. Now his thoughts fastened upon Camille with fearful persistency. Up to that time the drowned man had not troubled Laurent's nights. And behold, now the thought of Thérèse brought with it the spectre of her husband. The murderer dared open his eyes no more; he feared to see his victim in a corner of the room. At one time it seemed to him that his bed was curiously shaken; he fancied Camille was hidden under it, and that he was trying to shake its occupant out so that he might bite him. Haggard, his hair rising, he clung to the mattress, thinking the shocks were becoming more and more violent.

Then he became aware that the bed did not move. He felt a reaction. He sat up, lighted his candle, telling himself he was a "pusillanimous numskull." To assuage his feverish symptoms he drank a large glass of water.

"It was a mistake, my drinking at that wine-shop," he thought. "I don't know what ails me to-night. It's absurd. I shall be knocked up to-day at my business. I should have gone to sleep at once when I first went to bed, and not have lain thinking all these things. That's what made me wakeful. I am going to sleep."

Again he blew out his light, plunged his head into the pillow, a little refreshed, and quite determined to think no more, to fear nothing further. Weariness began to relax his nerves.

He did not fall into his usual heavy, overwhelming sleep; he slipped slowly into a vague drowsiness. He seemed simply torpid, plunged into a soft, pleasurable numbness. He was conscious of his body as he dozed; his mind was awake in his passive flesh. He had banished his swarming thoughts; he had fought off the preceding hours. Then, when he was asleep, when his strength was gone, and his will beyond control, those thoughts came softly back, one by one, taking possession of his weakened being. His fancies began again. He traveled over the road which separated him from Thérèse; he went down-stairs, passed in front of the cellar at a run, and found himself out of doors; he followed all the streets he had already threaded in his waking reverie; he entered the Passage du Pont-Neuf, went up the little staircase and tapped at the door. But instead of Thérèse it was Camille who opened the door to him—Camille as he had seen him at the Morgue, his flesh greenish and horribly disfigured. The corpse held out its arms to him with a hoarse laugh, showing the blackened end of its tongue between its white teeth.

Laurent cried out and awoke with a start. He was bathed in a cold sweat. He dragged the covering over his eyes, swearing at himself, and growing angry. He tried to go to sleep again.

He went to sleep, as he had done before, slowly; the same numbness overcame him, and when his will was once more free in the langor of a half-dream, he began to walk again; he returned where his settled fancy led him; he rushed to meet Thérèse, and once more it was the drowned man who opened the door to him.

Terrified, the wretch sat up. He wished at any price to be rid of that relentless dream. He desired a leaden sleep which should annihilate thought. As long as he stayed awake he had sufficient energy to keep at bay the ghost of his victim, but the moment he was no longer master of his mind it brought him face to face with horror as it feigned to bear him to triumphant passion. He tried sleep once more. Then he experienced a succession of relaxations and sudden torturing awakenings. In his furious obstinacy he was always going toward Thérèse, and always coming against the corpse of Camille. Ten separate times he went over the ground, set out with burning pulses, followed the same route, had the same sensations, performed the same actions with a minute exactitude, and ten separate times he saw the drowned man give himself to his embrace, even as he stretched out his arms to seize his mistress. For an hour Laurent lived in this succession of nightmares—in this bad dream endlessly repeated, endlessly a surprise, which at every shock distracted him with more convulsive dread.

One of these starts, the last, was so violent, so painful, that he determined to rise and struggle no more. Dawn was breaking, a gray and gloomy light coming in through the skylight which cut a pale ash-colored square in the sky.

Laurent slowly dressed, with suppressed rage. He was exasperated that he had not slept, exasperated that he had allowed himself to be dominated by a fright that he now regarded as childish. As he drew on his clothes he stretched himself, chafed his limbs, and passed his hands over his face, dejected and overcast by the feverish night. And he repeated:

"I should not have thought about all this, I should have slept, I should be fresh and in condition now. Ah, if Thérèse had been with me last night!"

This idea, that Thérèse would have kept him from being frightened, soothed him a little. In his heart, he dreaded passing more nights like the one he had just suffered.

He plunged his face into water, and dragged the comb through his hair. This apology for a toilet cooled his head, and dispelled his last remaining alarms. He reasoned boldly; he now felt nothing worse than great lassitude in all his limbs.

"And yet I am not a coward," he said to himself, as he finished dressing. "What do I care for Camille! It's ridiculous to think that the poor wretch is under my bed. Now, perhaps, I shall believe that every night. Decidedly, I must marry as soon as possible. Then I shall not think of Camille. She will kiss me, and I shall not feel the hideous wound that ached last night. Let me look at that bite."

He went to the mirror, stretched his neck and looked. The scar was of a pale pink tint. Laurent, as he distinguished the mark of his victim's teeth, experienced violent emotions, and the blood rushed to his head, and the scar reddened with the rising tide; it became fiery, bloody; it stood out, all red, on the full, white neck. At the same time Laurent felt sharp pricklings, as if needles had been run into the wound. He hastened to draw up his shirt collar.

"Bah!" he muttered. "Thérèse will cure that. I am a dunce to dwell on such things!"

He put on his hat and went down stairs. He felt the need of air and exercise. As he passed the entrance to the cellar, he smiled; he tried the strength of the padlock on the door, however. Out of doors he walked slowly, in the fresh morning air, over the deserted pavements. It was almost five o'clock.

Laurent passed an atrocious day. He was forced to struggle against the overpowering sleep which seized him in the afternoon at his desk. His heavy, aching head drooped in spite of himself, and he raised it abruptly whenever he heard the step of one of his superiors. This struggle, these shocks, exhausted the last remnant of his strength, causing him intolerable agitation.

In the evening, in spite of his weariness, he went to see Thérèse. He found her feverish, dejected, tired, like himself.

"Poor Thérèse had a bad night," Mme. Raquin told him, when he had taken a chair. "It seems she had nightmares, terrible wakefulness. Several times I heard her cry out. This morning she was quite ill."

While her aunt was speaking, Thérèse looked steadily at Laurent. Doubtless they guessed their common alarm, for the same writhing horror twisted across their faces. They remained opposite each other till ten o'clock, talking commonplaces, understanding each other, conspiring by means of their eyes only to hasten the moment when they could unite against the drowned man.

Thérèse had also been visited by the phantom of Camille during the night. The thought that she was now at last about to marry Laurent excited all her senses, and in the midst of her waking thought the spectre of the drowned man arose before her. Like Laurent, she was tortured by alternate passion and fear, and like him she said to herself that she would suffer no more when he was her husband.

In short, the woman and the man suffered in exactly the same manner and at the same time. A tie of blood and pleasure was established between them. They had a single body and a single soul for pain and for enjoyment.

For more than a year they wore lightly the chain which bound them inseparably to each other. In the calm oblivion to which they had surrendered themselves after the first shock of the murder, they flattered themselves that they were free; they enjoyed a sort of stupid happiness, and endeavored to live with a wise equability. But the moment they returned to their ardent love and contemplated their marriage, they suddenly became aware of the bonds which held them to each other.

From that time on, Thérèse secretly worked to bring about her union with Laurent. It was a difficult task, and one full of peril. The lovers trembled lest they should commit some imprudence which might awaken suspicion and show the interest which they had had in Camille's death. Understanding that it would not do for them to speak of marriage, they arranged a very crafty plan by which the wedding should be brought about by Mme. Raquin herself and the guests of the family. They had only to put the idea of remarrying Thérèse into the heads of these worthy people, and above all to make them believe that the idea originated with themselves.

The comedy was a long and delicate one to play. Thérèse and Laurent studied their respective parts with the greatest minuteness, and played them with the utmost caution; but it required all their guilty fears to enable them to restrain their impatience and act naturally.

Every night the drowned man visited them, and as they lay sleepless their beds seemed to be of burning coal.

When evening came Thérèse did not dare to go up to her bedroom. She was filled with terror when obliged to shut herself up till morning in that great chamber, about which strange lights and phantoms flitted as soon as the lamp was put out. She ended by letting it burn all night, and tried to keep her eyes open. But when drowsiness closed her eyelids she saw Camille in the blackness, and opened them again with a start. In the daytime she dragged herself about listlessly, worn out with want of sleep.

As for Laurent, he had become a perfect coward since the night when fear seized him as he passed the door of the cellar. Formerly he had lived with a brutal heedlessness of danger; now at the least noise he trembled and grew pale, like a little boy. At night he suffered even more than Thérèse, and he shuddered when he saw evening coming on. Sometimes, instead of going home, he passed the whole night in wandering about the deserted streets. On one occasion he remained till morning under a bridge, during a heavy rain storm. There, half frozen, not daring to move, he crouched for six hours, staring at the turbid waters that rolled by, and fancying that he saw a procession of drowned corpses descending with the current.

And every day the terrors of the pair increased. They looked forward to their union as to refuge from danger, and awaited the wedding-day with feverish impatience.

In their days of indifference they had hesitated, forgetting the selfish and passionate reasons which had impelled them to commit the murder. But now these reasons came back to them with tenfold force, and they remembered that they had slain Camille in order to enjoy the happiness which, as they believed, a legitimate union would secure to them.

Thérèse wished to marry simply because she was afraid, and because she had a passion for Laurent. She was a prey to a nervousness which almost made her an idiot. To speak the truth, she had reasoned very little about the matter, but was influenced partly by the sensational novels she was in the habit of reading, and more by the dread of the terrible nights she passed.

Laurent, being of a colder temperament, weighed well the step he was about to take. To assure himself that his marriage was necessary and advantageous he went over all his old calculations. His father, the old peasant of Jeufosse, showed no intention of dying, and the son considered that he might have long to wait for his inheritance; or, what was worse, he might never get it at all, for his father might leave it to his more dutiful cousins. Then he would be always poor, and have to work for a living. Again, he did not wish to lose the fruits of the murder, and he gave himself heart by thinking over the lazy, comfortable, and comparatively affluent life which he should lead as Thérèse's husband and Mme. Raquin's heir.

But in spite of all these pleasant anticipations, Laurent could not free himself from a feeling of vague apprehension, which, at times, would rise in his throat so suddenly as almost to suffocate him.

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"There is nothing new under the sun, Mr. Gilbert. The *Pinafore* joke, 'Never—hardly ever,' occurs in Persius. He says: 'Quis hæc leget? Nemo me—hercule. Nemo? Vel duo, vel nemo.' *Anglice*—'Who will read this? Surely nobody. What, nobody? Well, hardly anybody.'"

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The height of erudition: To discover the genealogy of that Spanish lady to whom Virgil alludes as "Doña Ferentes." *(Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.)*

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Sympathy is more than love, being love perfected by experience.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, September 12, 1879.

The event in society since my last letter was the reception given by Gen. McDowell on Tuesday evening last. The arrangements were admirable, and the decorations in good taste. There was no confusion, except the confusion of laces and pearls, diamonds and satins, and the indiscriminate moving to and fro of matchless shoulders, unfathomable eyes, and improbable hair. The unusual attendance of society people was a well-deserved recognition of the social qualities of the host and the grace and accomplishments of the ladies of his family. For ladies' evening dresses, black, so much worn last year, is less worn this. At the last party at Mare Island there were only four black dresses, and three of those were velvet. Silks and satins of all the new and old shades, Swiss, grenadines, and pale-colored poplins were in the ascendant on Tuesday night. Although every lady wears a dress unlike her neighbors, degrees of difference are so in accordance with and subservient to a general prevailing style that few costumes are seen which may be properly termed striking. Many of the dresses were *décolleté* in some shape, and matrons and maids seemed far less terrified at the exhibitions of their physical charms than were some of the more unsophisticated beholders; but several marvelously pretty shoulders—pretty all the way round—demonstrated the fact beyond dispute that physical beauty is an absolute fact in San Francisco. There was a multitude of pretty faces, too, although there were few ladies present, if any, who were conspicuously beautiful. Many short dresses were noticeable, especially on young ladies; brevity in this direction carries with it a bewitching panorama of satin sandals and grotesquely-figured hosiery. Col. Doubleday, of Fort Sumter fame, is at present in this city. Some three or four weeks ago I informed you that a number of young navy officers had been captured by "our girls." A regular rivalry between the "staff and line" is now going on; it is even hinted that that incorrigible bachelor, Paymaster Cochran, who has lately established himself in handsome quarters, has his eye on a very pretty San Francisco lady; but George says "No!" to the soft impeachment. Lieut. C. W. Christopher, it seems, has not spent his time in Vallejo in vain, as it is rumored that he will shortly lead to the altar Miss Readen. Dr. D. O. Lewis, of the *Independence*, was married on Wednesday last to Miss Annie Woods. Dr. Lewis came here about ten months ago from the East; Miss Woods is niece of Dr. Woods, who came to this coast in '49. Lieut. Wm. H. Driggs, of the Coast Survey, and Miss Julia Holt, of San Francisco, are engaged and will be married next month. The wedding of Lieut. Berryman, of the Marine Corps, and Miss Zalie Watson will take place during the latter part of this month. Mrs. Breckinridge, *née* Haggin, gives four-o'clock tea receptions each Tuesday of September; the cards of invitation are *à la* English, and have two tea cups printed upon them. Mrs. Col. James H. Nelson, *née* Davis, of San Francisco, is at present a guest of Mrs. Gen. George Crook, at Oakland, Maryland. Captain Craigie, late of Gen. Wilcox's staff, passed through San Francisco from Arizona a few days ago, *en route* to Washington; Mrs. Craigie has lived in Washington during the past three years. Capt. Charles Eagan, of Gen. Wilcox's staff, passed through San Francisco a few days ago, *en route* to Prescott, A. T.; the Captain has two beautiful daughters, sixteen and eighteen years of age, at present in Oakland. On Wednesday next, the 17th instant, at Portland, Oregon, Miss Gracie Howard, daughter of Gen. O. O. Howard, will be united in marriage to Capt. James T. Gray, of Gen. Howard's staff. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington departed for the East a few days ago. Governor and Mrs. McCormick, who were on their way to San Francisco a few weeks ago, came as far as Denver and then returned to New York; they will try it again in October. Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Tucker were handsomely entertained by the Parrotts, at San Mateo, last week. Senator and Mrs. Jones are at Virginia City. Mrs. Sunderland and her two daughters leave San Francisco shortly to take up their permanent residence in New York. Colonel Sanford, First Cavalry, passed through San Francisco a few days ago with troops for Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Rheinhart have given up the house corner of Sutter and Van Ness avenue, and returned to the Palace Hotel; Mr. H. H. Bancroft has purchased the place above mentioned, and moved into it with his family, who have lately returned from the East. On the 21st ultimo Mr. Thomas F. Barry was at the Hotel Splendide, Paris; Mr. W. R. Hearst was at the Hotel Wagram; Mrs. G. Reynolds, at the Hotel de l'Athénée; Mrs. H. Meyer, 49 Rue Galilée; Mrs. John Ellis, of Los Angeles, was at the Hotel Binda. Mr. J. W. Brown and family left Paris for Germany on the 14th. On the same day Wm. M. Lent and family left Paris for London. Mrs. J. Paxton arrived in New York from Europe last Sunday. Major D. Larned, Paymaster U. S. A., left Washington on the 9th instant for the Pacific coast. Major Babbitt, U. S. A., at present attached to the Department of the Columbia, is in San Francisco. The Misses Selby were given a dinner by D. O. Mills, at his residence, at Milbrae, on Monday evening last, at which twelve ladies and gentlemen were seated; after the repast the neighbors of Mr. Mills and other invited guests assembled to the number of about a hundred, and dancing was kept up until a late hour. Miss Marion McAllister, eldest daughter of Hall McAllister, the eminent lawyer, and Lieut. Wise, of the Navy, are engaged, and the wedding day set. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bredon held a reception at the Palace Hotel on Thursday last; they leave to-morrow by the China steamer for Hongkong, where Mr. Bredon holds the position of Commissioner of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs. The family of Mr. Charles Crocker arrived in New York by the steamer *Germania* on Saturday last. Lieut. W. F. Zeilin, U. S. Marine Corps, arrived in San Francisco on Monday last from Washington, and at once proceeded to duty at Mare Island; Lieut. Zeilin was with Governor McCormick at the French Exposition last Year. General Benét, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., and Mrs. Benét left Washington for this city on Wednesday last; they will spend one week in Colorado, and arrive in San Francisco on or about the 23d instant.

HEBE.

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The young lady whose lover wrote her that he was doing duty on the tented field, afterward ascertained that instead of fighting Indians he drove a team for a circus.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Advice.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away. —*Longfellow.*

### "Something Will Happen."

"Something is sure to happen," said she;
"Something will happen to you and me."
And in the morning, upon her bed,
I found her cold, and white, and dead.
And when they had placed her under the sod,
And given her soul to the care of God,
And the moon, at night, in a mass of gold,
Lighted her grave, all yellow and cold,
I lay my head on the new fresh earth,
And mourned the day that gave me birth.
But, mourning, I found that the self-same breath
Cursed the day that brought her death.
The stars above were bright and fair
As the gleam and glow of her golden hair.
The pines far off against the sky
Fretted the clouds that passed them by.
The rim of silver that crested the hill
Was white and thin; and all was still—
Still were we all—sky, hill, and tree;
And yet her sad words haunted me:—
"Something is sure to happen," said she;
"Something will happen to you and me."

JAY CHARLTON.

### Sleep.

Who calls thee "gentle sleep?" O rare coquette!
Who comest crowned with poppies, thou shouldst wear
Nettles instead, or thistles, in thy hair—
For thou'rt the veriest elf that ever yet
Made weary mortals sigh and toss and fret.
Thou dost float softly through the drowsy air,
Hovering as if to kiss my lips and share
My restless pillow, but ere I can set
My arms to clasp thee, without sign or speech,
Save one swift mocking smile, thou'rt out of reach!
Yet some time thou, or one as like to thee
As sister is to sister, shall draw near
With such soft lullabies for my dull ear
That neither life nor love can waken me!

—*Julia C. B. Dorr.*

### Playing with Fire.

Idly she stirred the ashes at her feet,
The burnt-out embers of a by-gone day,
Thinking how bright that fire had burned—what heat
Glowed once where now she found all cold and gray.
Then idly still, scarce knowing what she did,
Fanned the pale ashes with her gentle breath,
Nor thought of fire within the embers bid,
Nor dreamed of life where all lay cold as death.
Sudden, a light, where all before was dark,
Shone in her dazzled eyes and dimmed her sight—
A tongue of flame, that, kindled from some spark
Undreamed of, made a noonday of the night,
She stood one moment stunned, then in amaze
She fled, for all her world was in a blaze.

—*London Times.*

### The Blush.

If fragrances were colors, I would liken
A blush that deepens in her thoughtful face
To that aroma which pervades the place
Where woodmen cedars to the heart have stricken;
If tastes were hues, the blissful dye I'd trace
In upland strawberries, or wintergreen;
If sound, why, then, so shy and mellow bass
Of mountain thrushes, heard, yet seldom seen.

Or say that hues are felt; then it would seem
Most like to cobwebs borne on southern gales
Against a spray of jasmine. But the glow
Itself is found where sweetbriar petals gleam
Through tend'rest hoar-frost, or about the snow
Of steadfast hills when shadows brim the vales.

—*Charles De Kay in Scribner's*

### Sonnets from the French.

I.—RAOUL TO ANTOINETTE.

D'ou te viendra l'amour, enfant sereine et blonde,
Qui doit troubler ton ame en sa limpidite?
—*M. Pailleron's "L'Etincelle.*

Whence shall love come to thee, fair woman and serene,
Love that shall stir thy soul in its limpidity?
It is not of blind chance it shall be born, I ween,
Nor in that peace profound shall it be sudden seen
As lightning-flash at night athwart a summer sky.
No, such a love would wrong thy beauty; love doth lie
Beneath thy candor like some wondrous flower marine,
And in tranquillity will blossom by and by.
Within thy white breast, calm as sea at sunset hour,
An undecided love floats tremulous, like the flower
Which upward, toward the light, is dimly making way;
The wave will to no ear its precious secret breathe
Till smiles the sky above, trembles the sea beneath,
And lo! the marvelous flower emerges to the day.

II.—PROMENADE EN FIACRE.

Laisse ta tete, amie, en mes mains retenue,
Laisse ton front presse—nul œil ne peut nous voir.
*Sainte-Beuve's "Livre d'Amour."*

Sweetheart, let the sweet head I to my shoulder drew,
Let it rest—so, my dear. No human eye can see,
'Tis almost dark, and chill—chill so deliciously
That though the curious world throngs on the avenue
The curtain we don't need to screen us from its view.
For as we took our seats a wonder came to pass:
Our humid breath, behold! as on a looking-glass,
Has o'er the windows thrown a veil of misty dew—
Each fond sigh shelters us, and on we whirl unseen.
Thus on some sacred hill, when Zeus loved, I ween,
His awful voice would from celestial ether draw
Some cloud of shining gold, ambrosial vapor-veil,
And while within its depths be told his tender tale
Olympus and the sun might peer, but nothing saw!

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He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grass you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into!" "Make yourself at home!" she responded.

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The young lady who took a gentleman's fancy has returned it with many thanks.

## FROM MY SKY-PARLOR.

In the fairy pantomime, when Harlequin springs down the trap and is lost sight of, the attention of the audience is drawn to other performers. Mirth is excited by the very transparent schemes of Clown and Pantaloon to get the lion's share of the wooden loaves and fishes. Then Harlequin jumps on the stage from the canvas window in the second story of the barber's shop and bows to the audience. Now, that the political Clowns and Pantaloons, with their attempts to overreach one another, have disappeared from the scene, "M." appears at the window of the Sky-Parlor and nods to his audience: "Here I am again." Owing to an arbitrary exercise of power, and the stern decrees of fate as pronounced by that Cumasan sibyl, my landlady, I have removed my Lares and Penates from Grub Street to Sutter Street. I trust I may be pardoned for not giving the number, as that landlady might have me up for libel for calling her a Cumasan sibyl, and I don't wish to figure in the *Chronicle* just at this present time. I have read of the Inquisition in Spain, the rack and the screw. This was the first turn of the Workingmen's screw on myself. The Grub Street landlady has a husband. He is a Workingman, a shining light in several of their clubs. He goes about the lower part of the house, generally unshaven, and always in his shirt sleeves, with an expression on his countenance that would indicate, as Artemus Ward says, "a krisis consealed about his person, and which he had better produce or suffer the consequences." He has no visible occupation, except to take in the milk for the family in the morning, gather up a large number of inflammatory tracts on the rights of man from under the front door-sill at ten, peer into a pot on the stove at about twelve, smoke cigars whose aroma is not unknown to me, take a nap in the afternoon, throw missiles at strange cats in the back yard at twilight, and go to a meeting of one of the clubs in the evening. This is the routine of his onerous labors as a Workingman. Every man, saith Seneca, thinks his own burden the heaviest; and this particular exemplar of the Workingmen would say, if he ever happened to hear of those personages, that he carried on his shoulders more than Atlas, rolls a bigger stone up a steeper hill than Sisyphus, and that Hercules' labors were recreations compared with his. So taken up is he with his theories (God save the mark) of the rights of man as to have totally forgotten his nature. To show the strange distortion of his mind, I need only say that he regards me as a bloated bondholder rolling in wealth. I would like a roll of that kind. I wonder if he traces, in his dirty white shirt sleeves, an analogy to Denis Kearny's favorite figure of speech, "the white plume of Henry of Navarre." *Nimium ne crede colori!* He hates Chinamen on the Doctor Fell principle. At one of his club meetings, after volunteering, as usual, to be a leader in the extinction of the Chinese quarter, he said, after the style of Brutus's "I have the same dagger for myself" (but a long way after), *that, as far as he was concerned, no Chinaman should hereafter wash for an inmate of his house.* (He should have said his wife's house.) This furmidable edict was communicated to me by the family bread-provider, the landlady. I employed Chinese labor to this extent. Though I had missed Havanas from my box—whole rows disappearing in a day; though my telephone, connecting with a neighboring beer saloon, and not with the Nevada Bank, as reported, was remorselessly severed, and my supplies ruthlessly cut off; though my pillow was sticky from the candy of the youngest child, who took his noonday nap there; though my gas was shut off at least one-half every night at half-past nine; though I had to buy toilet soap and matches three times a week, I never murmured. I here give notice to landladies (not generally, of course) that being subjected to this arbitrary system many years, I quite expect it, indeed, rather look for it, and would be quite lost under a different form of government. I trust this admission will be sufficient to them, without my giving references as to character. But this last trampling down of my personal rights was despotism in its worst form. To use an expression more forcible than elegant, "it wouldn't wash." I at first thought of publishing my grievances in the *Chronicle.* This was before the recent little unpleasantness. I reflected, however, that if published one day, on the next there would be an editorial holding me up to human execration for employing Chinese labor. I determined to sever my connection forever with No. 138 Grub Street. I offered the Workingman fifty cents to bring down to the hall my traps, saying jocularly, "Don't you want to earn an honest penny?" From the look he gave me I concluded he did not. So I called a Chinaman passing by, and asked the son of toil if he would allow him to bring them down, and earn an honest penny, which he moodily permitted. This is the veracious history of the cause of my emigration to a sky parlor on Sutter Street.

M.

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### Black Silk Deception.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—In your last issue I read a communication by "Utility" on the black silk deception that excited my curiosity, "woman-like," you know. So I determined to investigate, and Monday I started for the stores to procure samples of spool-silk and dress silk. I returned with twelve spools and fifteen samples of black dress silk of different manufacturers of foreign and American make. In selecting my samples I was very particular to get only those that were bright and exceedingly pleasing to my eyes, and those that the salesmen displayed to such a fine advantage. My samples represented silk from $1 to $7 per yard. On my return home I got the matches, and sat down for a test. To my surprise, every sample, save one, in the dress goods, when burned, produced a real brick-colored ash. I noticed the cheaper the materials the redder the ash. I tried the colored edges, and they crisped up like a feather when burned, while the black part burned like punk. It is now plain to me why silk dresses are so cheap and so worthless. If there is such a thing as *good* silk in the stores, I would advise my sex to test before buying, and get a dress that will not cut or wear shiny, as nine-tenths of them do. Really, I have been so discouraged about buying black silk dresses that I have determined to wear something else. Now I am my own judge in the matter, and if I can't get good silk at home, I know I can abroad. Every black silk thread I burned showed that it was impure, while all the colored proved that they were as represented by "Utility."

A SUBSCRIBER.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—III.

DEAR ——: You will remember that I closed my last letter by brief references to two or three old landmarks. It is my intention this week to confine myself almost exclusively to landmarks, and places where land-marks used to be—for although some have long ago been consigned to the hopeless oblivion of a forgotten past, there is a corner in the memories of those who were youngsters then which will ever give them place. What strange transformations time brings forth, and how few of the old landmarks are put to the same uses as of old. The only one, in fact, which—save for the ravages of time—is just as it was twenty-five years ago, is the old menagerie at North Beach. It used to be the only institution of its kind in the city, and is there living to-day one of the restless boys of a couple of decades ago who can not remember the throbs of joy with which he received the startling announcement that "We'll go to North Beach to see the monkeys." It was no small task to reach North Beach in those days. There were no street cars, no omnibuses; and pilgrims to this Mecca of early boyhood had to ride to the City Hall in an omnibus and then walk. This used to seem to my youthful mind the most astounding aggregation of zoölogical wonders it was possible for man to gather together. This same mind of mine could not conceive anything greater, and I associated the tales I had heard of Barnum's Museum with "Sindbad the Sailor" and "The Forty Thieves," giving to each an equal amount of credence. There were ten or a dozen monkeys, a bear or two, about a pair each of wolves, foxes, and raccoons, and a lot of parrots. Inside the building was just as it is to-day, except that it was a trifle cleaner, and the oldest resident had a faint recollection of its having been swept. This operation lives not now within the memory of man, and the place is correspondingly nasty in appearance and aromatic in fragrance. How many times I have gazed in youthful wonderment at this astonishing show. I used to "play hookey" from Sunday-school and run down there, remaining till church was out. I would spend my omnibus money for peanuts for the monkeys and a Sunday-school chromo, so that I might receive the parental blessing and the usual "well done, my son," when I went home. Of course I had to walk, but that never worried me; I had seen the monkeys, and was happy. One of the most successful of those "Reward of Merit" brokers is now a prominent member of the "big board," but it is to be hoped that his latter day speculations in stocks are less akin to fraud than those in Sunday-school tickets. Afterward the magnitude of the North Beach menagerie dwindled down to the most abominable insignificance when Grizzly Adams opened his California Museum, on the corner of Kearney and Clay Streets, in, if I mistake not, the building where Uncle Harris keeps his well known "spout." I mention this as being the best known office on the block, and I want to surely locate the site of this famous museum. I might mention a house more acceptable to some folks, but most all of us know where Uncle Harris's is. Well, when this museum opened my life seemed complete. Here was North Beach magnified a hundred fold. Dozens of bears walking about an immense pit, scores of monkeys and the smaller animals, and ever so many birds. Then there were wax figures—scenes from life, which to my mind seemed terribly realistic. There was "The Drunkard's Doom," for instance, the most convincing proof of the certain ruin of all who drank whisky. I have never forgotten this scene, and so deep was the impression it made upon me that to this day I refuse to be prevailed upon to die in a garret, and I am never to be found at the club later than 6 A. M. Then there were several scriptural scenes, and two or three murders; all of which impressed themselves so deeply on my mind that I never committed a murder, and in after years became an active, exemplary Sunday-school teacher. I have since seen the same figures at the Boston Museum, looking dirty, and crooked, and tired, and I wondered how they ever attracted me. The great attraction, however, was Grizzly Adams, the great bear tamer, whom all old Californians will remember. This man seemed to me all that was brave and noble and magnificent, and, resolving to emulate him in the taming of wild beasts, I began to hunt for imaginary bears out in the sand-hills. Some of the sand-hill bears of those days are quite prominent now, one of them being a well known actress. The North Beach place still stands, and that is about all, for it is gradually tumbling to pieces, and the march of civilization will soon demand and enforce its removal. One of these contrasts made by the lapse of time came very forcibly to my mind last week. I stood in a room full of jolly fellows, and most every fellow jolly full, in a room on Pine Street; many times the cup went round, and jollier and jollier became the jolly fellows. I gazed upon them for a while, when a scene vastly different and altogether orthodox floated before me—my baptism. On this same spot stood old Trinity Church, and there was I baptized. Here my sponsors renounced for me the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; and here, twenty-five years later, I stood manufacturing whole cords of pomps and vanities. Here occurred, long ago, a high church baptism, and here occurred, last week, High and Low Jinks. The contrast is striking and amusing; but is it not rather a damper upon the efficiency of early day Sunday-school teachers, when one sees many of the scholars of Trinity Church Sunday-school, twenty years ago, playing freeze-out for drinks almost upon the same spot where they first learned "Look not upon the wine when it is red?" Trinity Church may safely be said to have "gotten even" on me, for on the spot where the present church stands I committed my first larceny. There used to live there a negro, who had a small shanty and a vegetable garden. One day, while on my way home from school, I was induced to climb the fence and get some turnips. I yielded, and committed the deed, but was discovered, seized, and imprisoned in the shanty. Visions of State's prison, and bowie knives, and the gallows floated before me; and, just as I was about bidding farewell for ever to the beautiful world, the shanty was shaken to its very foundations, a rush at the door, a dozen of friendly faces appeared—I was free. My companions had given the alarm to the larger boys, and they rescued me. I was afterward married on the same spot. The Trinity Church of the past, and that of the present, were fortunate in having been built on memorable ground. Out on Market Street, opposite the Baldwin, there stands an old landmark, although its present use differs from that of long ago. It is a one-story building, divided into two stores, which are used as a book store and auction house. This used to be the old St. Ann's Valley Church, and very limited was the number of its first congregation. It then stood almost alone, alongside of the school, save for the presence in the vicinity of a few white cottages with green blinds, peeping from out the willows, which used to grow there in profusion. You will be surprised when I tell you that where the Baldwin now stands I have played robber, and, with other boys from the Mission, waylaid, bound, and gagged the unsuspecting gamins of St. Ann's Valley. There were some vegetable gardens there which served as commissary's stores for the oftimes famished robbers, and we eagerly devoured many a meal of stewed turnips, burnt carrots, and fried chippy birds, with an occasional chicken which thoughtlessly wandered away from its roost and was robbed of life by these doughty knights of the road. They did not long remain unmolested, however, for the St. Ann's boys declared war, attacked us, and we retired ignominiously into our own domain. Being joined by a friendly tribe from the Mission, and another from Hayes Valley, we returned to St. Ann's Valley after a long and tortuous march over the sand-hills, hid in some bushes, and sent out scouts. It was discovered that our enemy had been strengthened by an army gathered from Fourth Street and Rincon Hill. Retreat was impossible, battle inevitable; and there was a battle—determined, bloody, and terrible. The weapons used were sticks, stones, mud, and fists. The Mission army was outnumbered, and, with prudent haste, retreated to the church, followed by the enemy, who continued their terrible volleys. Dozens of panes of glass were shattered, the clergy appeared, and captured several prisoners, myself among the number. We were tried and condemned to immediate transportation from St. Ann's Valley, supplemented by the order that we should not "get even" on our conquerors. Our army retired crushed and broken, and, trailing our fallen banners in the dust, we wended our way Missionward. This battle of St. Ann's was long remembered, but never until recently was its site graced by a suitable monument. One public spirited citizen, David Farquharson, erected "Saint Ann's Rest," which is ever opened to the scarred veterans of the battle in whose honor it is named, who gather around the festive beer-table, listen to cheap opera, and fight the battle of beer against brains, and the former is generally victorious. Strolling out Market Street to where the monument to the memory of knavish expenditures (the new City Hall) now stands, the old resident is amazed at the change time and avarice have made. He does not recognize one single object to remind him of the old Yerba Buena Cemetery, which used to seem so far away that civilization never could reach there. Besides it was surrounded by sand hills, so high that it was never supposed human ingenuity could devise a plan for removing them. He gazes about him. The old-time sand-hill between the graveyard and St. Ann's Valley is gone; the two or three ranges of hills between it and the Mission have been dumped into the bay. The change is startling and complete, but still there is some similarity between the old use to which the place was put, and the new, for then they buried men and women and children there, now millions of dollars are buried there, besides it is the political graveyard of a few gentlemen who are spending their last days in the vast mausoleum they have erected to perpetuate their astounding financial acumen. *Requiescat in pace!* Still further on, and turning into Hayes Street, another imposing edifice, dedicated to religion and education, stands before you, a marvel of architectural beauty, and an object to cause people to ponder and figure, and wonder where these good fathers get all their money from. It is a beautiful structure, and it pleases me to think it will stand for ever, and for ever mark a spot dear in the memories of many an old San Franciscan. Who among them does not remember Col. Tom Hayes, and is there one who ever traveled to the Mission by way of the old Spanish trail, that has not enjoyed his hospitality? It seems strange, doesn't it? in these days of stone pavements, and wooden pavements, and fraud pavements, to talk of a trail to the Mission, but that used to be the only way to get there. The hills between Second and Fourteenth Streets were steep and high, and shifting, and it would not have been a safe investment for road builders, so there was a trail which led from the North Beach to the Mission, which was joined by another from somewhere below St. Ann's Valley. It ran for a short distance along the line of Van Ness Avenue, and thence across to Mission Street, whence after plenty of circuitous windings, it reached the old Mission Church. On the line of this trail, where the church and college now stands, was the tavern and residence of Col. Tom Hayes, which was a favorite stopping place. Kind, humorous, generous to a fault, every inch the Irish gentleman, Tom Hayes had scores of friends, and when the "old Mission Road" (Mission Street) was built, and it became easy of access, this house was open to all who came. In fact, keeping a public house was evidently not his forte, and it was soon turned into a free and easy wayside resting place, where all friends and acquaintance were welcome and looked for. Very few of the jolly pioneers who ate Col. Tom Hayes' dinners are living to-day, but I am sure that those who are can never forget them. The Colonel was an habitual practical joker, and this trait of his character, connected with his fondness for giving dinners, reminds me of an anecdote with which I will close my letter. The Colonel had announced a game dinner to which my father was invited, but was unable to attend. About dinner time a servant appeared at our house, and said that Col. Hayes had sent over some squirrel pie, at the same time leaving a dish, the aroma of which would have tempted the most particular of epicures. The donor was thanked through the servant, the pie was duly eaten, pronounced perfect, and a return of a like compliment taken into consideration. A few days after this event the Colonel and my father met, and the following conversation ensued:

"Bill, how did you like that pie?"

"It was perfect."

"No; did you like it, though?"

"Immensely."

"Did you eat it?"

"Of course I did." A rousing laugh from the Colonel. "Why what's the matter?"

"Do you know what that pie was made of?"

"Squirrels, wasn't it?"

"No; rats."

"What?"

"Rats."

"All right; I owe you one."

The Colonel walked away, intensely gratified at the result of his joke, and his victim vowed revenge, complete and terrible. Two or three weeks afterward the usual dinner came, and with it the opportunity for revenge. A large cat had been ravaging our chicken-coop, and my father succeeded in shooting it. A wild idea flashed across his mind in a moment. He would send it to Hayes. It was skinned, dressed, and taken over to the Colonel's house with a note: "I send you a fine hare. Will be over to dinner." The dinner hour arrived, and the "hare" was served and eaten.

"Tom," the former victim asked, "how did you like the hare?"

"Splendid. Never tasted better in my life."

"It wasn't a hare."

A chorus of horrified diners: "What was it?"

"A cat! Tom and I are even."

Some were angry, some sick, but all were soon mollified by the recital of the rat story. This is only one of the many practical jokes I have heard of the Colonel, but beneath his frivolous exterior lay many of the qualities of true manhood, prominent among which was bravery. As evidence of this I have before me a scrap from an old newspaper describing a duel fought by him:

"Colonel Tom Hayes and Mr. John Nugent, accompanied by their respective seconds, Messrs. Greene and H. Bowie, attended by Drs. Bowie, Mott, and Gray, met at six o'clock, this morning, in a retired spot on Ridley's ranch, near the shores of the Bay. After the preliminaries usual on such occasions had been settled, the first shot was fired without injury to either party. The second took effect in Mr. Nugent's arm, shattering the bone from the elbow to the shoulder, and thence traversing the muscles of the back. * * * The whole affair was conducted in the most impartial manner, and with the nicest regard to the rights of both parties. The distance, twenty paces, and the weapons rifles, were adopted in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Hayes, the challenged party. Notwithstanding the secrecy which enveloped all the movements of the parties concerned, about one hundred and fifty persons were present."

Colonel Tom Hayes has taken the path we all must tread, and his antagonist is, I am glad to say, living in excellent health over the bay, one of the best remembered of the few old pioneers whom Grandfather Time has left us.

CLAY M. GREENE.

### "The Chinese Must Go!"

Out of 40,717 votes in this city 229 only were cast *for* Chinese immigration, and the same proportion will prevail throughout the State. It is now in order to hear from Col. Bee, the Rev. O. Gibson and the other Chinese missionary soul-snatchers, and from Henry Ward Beecher, Joe Cook, Bishop Haven, and the other godly itinerants who have misrepresented public opinion upon this coast. If the Republicans deem the electoral vote of this State important in the next Presidential election, let them heed this suggestive vote. We have ten votes for President that will be cast only for a candidate in sympathy with this coast upon this question. No fatherhood of God or brotherhood of man sentimentality will be accepted in this political latitude.

We can not at all understand why clergymen more than other people should make such conspicuous asses of themselves whenever they undertake to consider any question outside of their religion. Take the ordinary evangelical minister outside the discussion of his religious dogmas and he is the most pronounced and colossal of all monumental idiots. The last most conspicuous case is that of Bishop Haven. He has been holding a Conference of the Methodist Church at Portland, Oregon, where he has tackled the Chinese question. He advises the people of the Pacific coast "to invite the Chinese into their churches," in order to Americanize them, and advises Americans to "associate with them freely." We quote the *Territorial Enterprise* as expressing our sentiments toward Bishop Haven. We quote it on the principle of the lady who, coming up to the departing train, breathless and too late, found a gentleman in the same predicament. He took off his hat, mopped his burning brow with his bandanna, shook his fist at the train, and, in an audible and angry voice, said: "Damn the cars." "Thank you kindly, sir," said she; "you have relieved my mind and expressed my opinion." We do not like to swear or say damn to a preacher, especially a Methodist preacher, and especially a bishop, but we do feel very grateful toward any one who will abuse the class of evangelical humbugs who are carried away with emotional and sentimental nonsense, with the idea that the saving of Chinese souls is of sufficient importance to justify their importation to this coast. Here is what the *Enterprise* says:

"After advising Americans to freely affiliate, the Bishop supplemented this supercilious and insulting proposition with the greater one that the morals of these Chinese were as good, if not better, than those of the white people who called themselves the pioneers of this coast, whom he characterized as gamblers, drunkards, and men wholly destitute of principle. This Haven, in his insulting and silly assertion, has followed in the wake of Joe Cook, Dick Turpin, Beecher, and a whole batch of ministerial blatherskites and riff-raff who have visited this coast, and sneaked back East on a dead-head ticket to befoul and besmear the clerical cloth they sport for the dollars and cents there is in the business, with foul and contemptible falsehoods about the people of this coast. Who is this Haven, an alleged bishop, that he should judge any man or any society? For years he has coupled politics and what he calls religion, and dabbled in both as a sort of conspicuous saint, as long as it would pay. He has made a blunder that will not only cling to him and his race, but to the church which is unfortunate enough to own any connection with him. If he is so anxious to Americanize these Chinamen, he should set an example by marying his daughters to these heathen. That might save them any contamination with the pioneers or the pioneers' sons. By the time a few more of these supercilious and pusillanimous ministers visit this coast our people will probably learn to give them, not a hearty welcome, but a wide berth, socially and otherwise."

We have no doubt Bishop Haven is a very good Methodist, and a very good man, and very pious, and very earnest, and very anxious to convert heathen, and snatch souls, and all that sort of thing, but we resent, and have a right to resent, the pharisaical vanity that makes him set up his opinion against the intelligence of the coast upon a question of which he knows nothing, unless he is inspired, and God does not inspire idiots.

Mr. Hall McA., Esq., informs us that himself, Chief Justice W., and half of the Pacific Club voted for the [illegible] candidate for Mayor. We have been revolving this [illegible] our mind seeking for a solution. It is too deep for [illegible] we toss it to the public.

## THE CASTELLAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

Translated for the Argonaut from the German.

The forest rustles. A tumble-down castle peers through the dark-green foliage. Far and wide is not another human habitation.

It is late in the afternoon.

Over the branch of a tree are flung the reins of a horse that stands quietly grazing. On the moss-grown stones of the terrace steps sits a man in rich hunting dress, gazing half curiously, half dreamily, at yonder old ruin. Perhaps there wanders through his mind some philosophical reflections concerning the transitory nature of earthly splendor. The spot is calculated to awaken such.

Suddenly, creaking on its hinges, a door leading to the terrace opens, and from it steps out a wonderfully lovely young girl, dressed in a fine white robe whose fashion belongs to a day long since gone by.

The stranger, springing up with his hand over his brow, stares amazed; but when he sees the beautiful apparition, frightened at sight of him, stop and turn as if to flee, with a few rapid strides he reaches her side.

"Have I chanced upon enchanted ground? Does some spell of witchcraft rest on this castle, and are you the princess of the legend? Or," continues he, laughing, as she regards him with her great, shy, fawn's-eyes full of wonderment, "do common-place mortals dwell here? Say, then, what are you called, wonderful wood-nymph?" and he gently takes her hand.

She lets it rest quietly in his. The red lips open slowly to reply:

"Jeanne-Marie."

It rings like the song of a nightingale.

Who *is* Jeanne-Marie?

In the castle—once animated enough during the hunting season with sounds of the chase—a few rooms on the ground floor are still habitable. In these lives a deaf and blind, more dreaming than waking, old castellan. An equally old servant-woman looks after his housekeeping. Jeanne-Marie is the old man's granddaughter She has always lived in the forest, and knows hardly another human being than her grandfather and the old Gertrude. Reading and writing she has learned, with many interruptions, from an old schoolmaster who frequently came from the next village to see her grandfather; but he has long been dead. Scarcely another person has been concerned about them. It is almost forgotten in the nearest neighborhood—which, indeed, is not very near—the castle is in the depths of the forest—that the old ruins are inhabited. Once every year a wagoner brings over two great chests of stores for Gertrude; that is the only intercourse binding the dwellers of the castle with the outer world.

The loveliness, the grace, the wonderful charm of demeanor Jeanne-Marie received from her mother, a beautiful woman of noble birth, daughter of a proud race—that which had once ruled within these walls.

Here, in this hunting-seat, many years ago, had the young mistress looked into the dark, unfathomable eyes of the young forester, the only son of the castellan, and, as the story runs, had fallen in love with him. A minister from the neighboring village had married them at midnight. So much is known, but over their after history is hung a veil which will never be lifted. It was rumored that both were dead, and to their own families they were so indeed, for neither in the house of the Baron, nor in that of the castellan, were their names ever again spoken. After that event the Baron left the forest house for ever; but the castellan remained, and afterward fell into the state in which we find him. He never went out, and received no one, save now and then the old schoolmaster before mentioned. He it was who, one evening, some fifteen years before, had brought a little white bundle to the desolate old castle, and from the white bundle struggled a little living creature not two years old, whom he gave over to Gertrude's care. At first the castellan shut himself within his room and would know nothing of the child; but at last he seemed to confound the little Jeanne-Marie with a daughter whom he had lost in early childhood, and he treated her as if she were that one, although expressions that he occasionally let fall when muttering to himself indicated that he realized her identity.

Jeanne-Marie grew up like the wild flowers. Once, while rummaging in an old garret—she strayed about the old ruins at her will—she accidentally discovered a chest of old, well-preserved clothing, which, perhaps, had once belonged to her mother. The beautiful dresses of fine material and of wonderful fashion pleased her taste much more than those with which old Gertrude provided her. She arrayed herself in them; they fitted as if they had been fashioned for her slender, graceful form. With naïve admiration she surveyed herself in the high, tarnished mirror which still hung on the wall, and then ran to Gertrude. The old woman shrugged her shoulders with a peculiar expression, and murmured something to herself—nothing more. Since then, Jeanne-Marie always wears those old dresses. The grandfather, who neither sees nor hears, notices not the changed costume; even when she put the material in his hand, and made him feel of it, he did not understand her meaning.

Like a living legend wanders the young girl through castle and wood, in the dress of a bygone time. The deer and the birds heed her not, for they are on familiar terms with her, and she is recognized as a good comrade. But if she were observed flitting among the trees by a woodcutter, or an old dame gathering fagots, they might well believe, and report in the village, that the ghost of the lost maiden haunts the forest.

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The stranger whom Jeanne-Marie has found on the terrace explains to her that he has lost his way, and that he has been resting on the steps; that he had no expectation of finding that lonely spot inhabited; but, since fate has already been so gracious to him, surely he may ask for a cooling drink! At this, Jeanne-Marie conducts him to her grandfather within, and exerts herself vainly to make the old man understand that she has brought him a guest. She then goes in quest of old Gertrude, and returns presently with a tray bearing a bottle of sparkling wine, a delicate glass, and a dish of fragrant wild strawberries, which she places before him on a table over which she has spread a white cloth. As for the guest, he can never weary of watching her, and his eyes follow each graceful movement; while the grandfather, dream-lost as ever, sits nodding, and a lively pair of linnets in a cage by the window keep up a twittering *tête-à-tête*.

After having partaken of his refreshments, the stranger lingers still. He speaks to Gertrude; tells her that he wishes to sketch the castle, and can she not provide him with shelter in one of the unoccupied rooms for a few days?—he will be satisfied with any accommodations. Thereupon, a well-filled purse is placed in her hand, and the matter is settled without difficulty, for the morose old woman knows but one passion—that for gold! Tied up in an old stocking, and hidden in the straw of her couch, she guards a little hoard of wealth—although she needs fear no assault upon it, for thieves would never seek treasure in that desolate place.

On the morrow the young man rides to the village, in order to leave his horse and to post a letter, by means of which he arranges that all needful supplies shall be sent to him from the city. Having returned, he begins actually to sketch the castle. Jeanne-Marie, meanwhile, glancing over his shoulder, is amazed at the growth of the familiar scene upon the paper, just as it lies there outspread before her eyes. Then she herself must take the pencil and attempt the same, but it will not succeed. He endeavors to aid her; his hand grasps hers, and guides the soft, rosy fingers in the direction of the proper strokes. She laughs out gayly, for by this method her work is truly beautiful. Finally, she makes genuine efforts, sitting near him, trying again and again—not, however, to copy the entire landscape, but only so much of it as a tiny green leaf that she has placed before her.

The ensuing day she learns of the existence of yet another art. From the baggage which has arrived the stranger produces a strangely shaped box, containing an object whose like the maiden had never seen, and from which he elicits the most wonderful sounds. Through the silence of the forest they allure like the promises of an unexperienced rapture, while the moon pours a flood of silvery light upon the terrace.

The few days that the guest desired to remain become weeks. Escaped from the vapid, precise ways of the world, he delights in the poetic surroundings full of romantic charm in which chance has placed him. He finds himself refreshed and his nerves soothed by the spicy breath of the woods; that the fresh nature of the beautiful wood child possesses a peculiar fascination for him. He can not break away, so he delays and delays, until finally his affairs recall him to the accustomed life.

One hot August afternoon, in a clearing of the forest overgrown with flowers, stands the young man, tall and slender, and before him, exquisite in her artless youth, is the castellan's granddaughter.

She lifts her hands beseechingly: "Take me with you!" she prays, with tremulous voice. "Take me, or I shall die here. I can not live without you!"

He looks at her. He is much older than she, and his eyes betray all the worldly prudence in which she is deficient.

"Child," he said, slowly, "you know not what you ask. I am a knight of Malta, and my vow forbids me to marry. If, notwithstanding, you should accompany me the world would heap mockery and shame upon you."

She gazed at him with her great brown eyes without understanding.

"Why? What harm do we? Can we not live elsewhere as here—walking with each other, gathering flowers together, or you playing your violin and I listening at your feet?"

Still he repulsed her—this time laughing involuntarily that laugh of worldly superiority whose meaning she can not interpret. Then again he becomes serious.

"Even then, child, the world would yet throw stones at you. What you propose would violate all the ordinances; and she takes fearful vengeance for each infraction."

She fixes her eyes on his with uncertain glance, then the lids droop, the little hands clasp each other convulsively, while she stands motionless before him.

Is it true—what he says? Surely he must know better than she, for what can she know of the way the world runs outside the forest? But is it possible for her to part with him? Can she let him go and remain behind without him? Can she endure it, to lose him for ever? Him, who shuts out a whole world concerning which she has never before had a misgiving; him, the only being—her grandfather and Gertrude excepted—whom she knows; him, whose presence seems as necessary to her life as the air she breathes! Can she do it? Is it possible?

One instant longer she hesitates, then throws herself at his feet, and cries, imploringly:

"Take me with you; I will be yours! What do I care for a world that has never existed for me? What do I care for society and its laws? I love you, and you have said that you love me."

Kneeling before him, the beautiful vision clasps the feet of the knight. Suddenly, it may be, something has awakened in her that heretofore has slept.

"I will be happy," she says, passionately. "I can be so only with you. Take me with you, *geliebter*. Let me go with you. Lead me where you will, into the whirlpool of life, or to a wilderness lonely as this, it matters not. Only let me hear your voice, let me see your face, let me feel your presence, or I must die!"

The voice of conscience still rules him. He knows full well that she is but a blossom, powerless to hinder when the sirocco shall choose to sweep her away. A tender compassion moves his very soul, agitated as he is. He bends down to her, saying, softly:

"And your aged grandfather?"

"He will not need me. He is deaf and blind, and his spirit is largely absorbed in the past. He does not know whether I am with him or Gertrude."

The knight is silent. At this moment Jeanne-Marie is wonderfully beautiful! Lovelier than ever in this passion, this exaltation which has so transformed her gentle being.

He opens his arms; with a glad cry she throws herself into them.

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The same evening Jeanne-Marie visits all her favorite haunts in castle and wood. She goes to the stall of the brown cow and the black and white goat; to the yard where the fowls have been accustomed to feed from her hand. They already sleep, with heads tucked under their wings, sitting closely together on their perches. Jeanne-Marie strokes the feathers of her especial pet which gives her a cluck without awakening. Then she goes to the great chained dog, and buries her face in his shaggy mane. Last of all, her birds and flowers; a moment she stands perplexed. "Who will care for these? What will become of them?" An idea strikes her; she opens the door of the linnet's cage; but the rosebush, the mignonette, and the wall-flower, she carefully carries out into the moonlight, and plants them in the ground.

The next morning old Gertrude vainly calls Jeanne-Marie.

The castellan misses his grandchild then! He neither sees nor hears, but he feels. When he takes the bony fingers of the old housekeeper instead of the warm, soft little hand of the young girl, he arouses a moment from his stupor and querulously asks for the child. Gertrude fears his wrath, should she tell him the truth, and it is also doubtful as to whether he can understand: so she answers with her usual surly manner, that Jeanne-Marie is only in the forest, or that she is asleep, or that she must perform some work. But, although he seems to be contented with her reply, and presently falls into his old state, yet he murmurs awhile: "She too! she too!"

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The forest rustles; the ruins stand empty; the old castellan in dead, and the old Gertrude has drawn out her hoarded treasure and departed. The birds have lined the walls with innumerable nests, and they whirr about in flocks, while the deer come up boldly, gazing curiously about.

Some children from the neighboring village gathering strawberries have wandered thus far. The silent, abandoned house of which they have often heard, but have never before seen, gives them a dismal impression, but excites their curiosity. Timidly, one behind the other, they creep nearer. Suddenly the foremost sends out a shriek and beats a terrified retreat, followed by his companions. On the steps of the terrace, they have seen lying a great, white *something*, and rush homeward breathless to tell their elders.

The wood-blossom perished in the dust of the highway. That which has just frightened away the shrieking village-children is the form of a lovely woman lying white and stiff on the stone steps. The heart that longed so ardently for happiness—it beats no more. Broken and undone, it had brought itself thus far, hoping here, whence it had gone, here, where it had taken root, to find peace again. It was found!

The sloe blossoms toss their perfume, and the birds sing to the weary pilgrim a lullaby, while the swaying branches of the forest whisper ever of Jeanne-Marie, the castellan's granddaughter.

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From Austin to Battle Mountain, says the Eureka *Sentinel*, the people pay $50 per ton for freight, and passengers pay $18 for twenty-four hours of martyrdom in a mud-wagon. A railroad is to be built between these places, when freight will be reduced to less than $20 per ton, and passage to half the present price. All of this will be lovely for a while, and Austin would not swap places with any town on the coast. But there will come a time when Austin will forget the mud-wagon days, and demand to ride for $3, and to get her pork and beans for $7 per ton. Then the men who are now being boomed with anvil artillery, and bonfired from the mountain tops, will be viewed as public enemies. Possibly everybody in Austin may not think and talk this way, but it is the most likely thing in the world that every demagogue who has no other stock in trade will. In about three years the parties who have undertaken to build the Austin and Battle Mountain Railroad will begin themselves to doubt whether they are honorable gentlemen in the pursuit of legitimate business, or highwaymen whose chief object is to throttle and plunder the public. Every black-and-tan terrier of politics, every discharged railroad employee, every out-at-elbow nincompoop that will then be hanging around Battle Mountain and Austin for free gin, will be loud-mouthed over the tyranny of corporations and the oppression of capital. The Eureka *Sentinel* would not prophesy unless it knew.

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A gentleman, whom we have long known and in whose statements we have entire confidence, tells some queer things about the Internal Revenue Collector's office; some very queer things about Mr. Higby; gives a curious history about the tobacco seizure of Culp & Co., and how a merchant was seriously annoyed for the seemingly unimportant and technical error of putting two fifty-cent stamps upon a beer cask instead of a dollar stamp, as the law requires; of exactions and petty tyrannies; of unjust accusations, and the removal of efficient and tried officers; of blunders of all kinds, and of iniquities that demand investigation. He says that honest merchants and manufacturers are persecuted beyond endurance, and that in this branch of the public service there is softening of the brain and ossification of the heart, and evidence of a prehensile tendency to finger-clutching in other men's pockets. The matter will be called to the attention of Senator Booth, our member of Congress, Mr. Davis, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sherman, and the President, and we shall see if something can not be done about it. We know all about internal revenue collection business. We were once United States District Attorney. It is a nasty mess.

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Editor Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly*, draws this pen portrait of Gov. Tilden: "He is wholly without personal ascendancy. He has no kind of prestige as orator, or hero, or statesman. He is scarcely known out of New York, and here he is known merely as a politician. In New York he was not a leading or eminent citizen until he was Governor, and he was Governor by intrigue. He was not conspicuous in general public movements and interests. He was identified with no cause of reform or progress. He was a clever, money-making lawyer, and a methodical, life-long politician. The most nefarious political frauds were perpetrated under his name as Chairman of the State Committee of his party; and during all the Tweed saturnalia of crime, Mr. Tilden was the official head of the organization which Tweed controlled." Not a nice old man for President, if the picture be a true one.

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It has been said this world is what we make it. But we have been told that sometimes when a man has made it hearts, a world of black suits has robbed him of the game and gives him fits "alle samee."

## ARCHERY NOTES.

The question, what becomes of all the bows that are sold every week in this city, is as hard to answer as to the familiar inquiry into the fate of millions of pins that every year leave the manufactories, and yet the demand is inexhaustible. The number of solitary archers of both sexes must now be up in the hundreds, yet there are only four organized archery clubs—the Bow Club, the Merry Foresters, the Pacific Archery Club, and the Everglade Club. Since the tournament no effort has been made to bring the archers of this vicinity together, and within the last three months the ranks of the lovers of the noble pastime have been swelled by the addition of many recruits. It is only to be concluded that these late arrivals content themselves with back-yard practice, and in a solitary and unsocial manner hammer away at private practice, and inform their respective families, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, how often they have hit the gold. The Eastern archers have shown us a good example in regard to formation of clubs, which we should certainly follow. There should be a Nob Hill Club, and a Palace Hotel Club, and a Bank Club, and a Brokers' Club, and a Bachelors' Club, and a Benedict Club, and all sorts of archery clubs, to make the game interesting, invite competition, and have frequent meetings on the tented lawn. Each club should possess its own tent, and its own target, and then the whole country lies before them, and the question of hunting up a steady place falls out of discussion. There is no sport that gives so large a return for the investment as archery. Let us look at it in figures. A good Highfield bow costs $5, half a dozen best target arrows $4.50, an arm-bracer $1, a quiver $1.25; total $11.75. For this the investor gets the knowledge of a most enchanting and healthful exercise, an inducement to take to the fields and work off the effects of too much brain-work or over-indulgence in bodily comforts, an interest in all past events in which archery has played a part, a love for out-door life, and a disgust for time wasted in saloons and card rooms, a generous appetite for the meal spread under the greenwood tree, and the feeling that since he discovered this happy method of passing his leisure hours he has become in every respect a better man. To the ladies it imparts grace of movement, lightness of step, and quickness of sight, for the closer we ally ourselves to nature, the more liberal she is in the bestowal of her gifts. And, good Lord, all this for eleven dollars and seventy-five cents!

I have to record the adventures of another roving party of archers that started from Oakland across the cañon that leads to Col. Jack Hayes', and thence to the old reservoir. The outfit was simply perfection. The Captain of the party had arranged for the manufacture of a roomy knapsack, which, strapped on the shoulders of one of the gentlemen, contained the lunch—a generous one, for archer's appetites on these expeditions are to be measured by no ordinary standard. In another knapsack, of similar proportions, were packed the beer, the claret, drinking cups, and a wee drop of whisky—in case of exhaustion, snake bites, etc. Those knapsacks did not at all interfere with the archers shooting accoutrements, and the bearers declared that they were unconscious of any additional weight. Half a dozen of Wight's arrows replaced the more expensive target arrows in the quivers, and two pasteboard targets, eighteen inches in diameter, completed the outfit. I always feel diffident in recording any hunting exploits with the bow, because so few archers have tried shooting at live objects, and therefore believe it a terribly difficult thing to kill game with the arrow. Let any of these sceptics place a mark about the size of a squirrel 20, or even 30, yards off, on the ground, and shoot three arrows at it, and they will be astonished to find how much easier it is to hit it than to score a gold or even a red on the target. Then the archer's mind is so concentrated when shooting at a live object; his determination to hit it is so strong that his aim is fifty per cent. truer than when loosing at the target. Therefore it is safe to say that no one shoots *half* as well at the painted circles as when he draws on live objects; and the glory of stringing a "critter" on his arrow urges him to the very essence of endeavor. But to return to the roving party. The first squirrel scalp fell to the youngest archer of the band, and was the prettiest, though the easiest, shot made during the day. The archers had halted under a clump of oaks, in the centre of a stubble field, to cool off a bit and take a little liquid refreshment. The *fortunatus puer* detected a squirrel far out in the branches, but only about ten feet above his head. His arrow was notched in a moment, but in his excitement he missed him; and then the others dashed in to give the unlucky rodent a volley. But, before their beer glasses were dropped, and their bows strung, a second arrow was up to the feather in the luckless squirrel's body, and the delighted youth scored the first hit of the day. When tired of roving, a couple of cleft wands were stuck in the ground to hold the pasteboard targets, sides were drawn, and an exciting match was shot. At the reservoir the grand halt for lunch was called; and, after a good rest, the homeward tramp in the cool of the evening began. The bag amounted to four squirrels, two black birds, and a blue jay—the last killed by one of the ladies, who wore its wing triumphantly in her hat. No one can properly appreciate the fascination of these roving parties until they have taken part in those delightful excursions. The charms of target shooting diminish before these 'cross country tramps with bows and quivers.

The Sacramento tournament will have been shot by the time the "notes" reach your readers. I predict numerous honors for our Oakland and San Francisco archers.

Some of the leading members of the Pacific Archery Club have acquired the excellent custom of practicing long-range shooting at Adams' Point. On last Saturday Messrs. Ward, Darneal, Bush, A. Havens, and O'Connell had a practice match at the American round, 40, 50, and 60 yards. Though a high wind was blowing at the time—which is quite unusual to the locality—the scoring at the 42-inch target was good. Later in the afternoon Frank Havens appeared on the scene, and made 211 at 40 yards, the best score at a 42-inch target that has ever been recorded on the coast, and one, indeed, that would give those Eastern "cracks" no little bother to tie.

The next event talked of after the Sacramento tournament is a grand archery picnic, at which ladies' and gentlemen's prizes will be shot for. Every man, woman, and child that owns a bow and a set of arrows should chip in. QUIVER.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Toy Balloons.—An Oakland Sketch.

In walking out to-day
I happened on Broadway,
And while there quite a funny thing I saw:
While strolling leisurely
I observed ahead of me
A lady with a little boy of four.

She, judging by her dress,
If such things the truth express,
In wealth with Madame Crœsus would compare,
And her bewitching face,
Quite enhanced by mask of lace,
Appeared to me a *painting* rich and rare.

While gazing on the child,
Whose blue eyes were calm and mild
As wavelets of old ocean when at rest,
I thought what constant joys
Are such darling little boys,
And longed to clasp the cherub to my breast.

I watched that lady fair,
And her boy with golden hair,
With his cunning wee velvet pantaloons,
Till on a corner near
Of a sudden did appear
A peddler with a string of toy balloons.

"Oh, see those pretty balls!"
Loud the little darling calls,
And claps his tiny hands in childish glee.
I hoped she'd buy him one,
And thus make her pretty son
As happy as so sweet a boy should be.

I saw her draw her purse,
For her dear child to disburse
The dime the peddler wanted for the ball;
Imagine my surprise
To hear, 'mid angry cries,
The greedy little chap demand them all.

"I want a hundred moons,
All those pretty red balloons—
You stingy ma, to give me only one,"
The youngster fairly roared,
And with sobs and tears implored,
Then stamped his tiny feet upon the stone.

His mother, sorely vexed,
Now seemed really quite perplexed,
And vainly tried to soothe her angry son,
When, quick as lightning flash,
The young scoundrel made a dash,
And seized the toys he wanted, every one.

Ah, naughty, foolish boy,
For not long might he enjoy
Possession of the prize his greed had won;
In the next moment he
Held the strings so carelessly
That, slipping through his fingers, they were gone.

I sauntered up and down
Ere I turned to go up town,
While meditating thus upon my way:
Not only silly boys
Will insist on having toys,
For wiser people do it every day.

Some, leading lives of ease,
Seeking but themselves to please,
By temptation and excitement are borne
Through Folly's gay saloons,
Wildly grasping bright balloons,
Which vanish like the dew-drop in the morn.

That substance we call gold,
Bright, deceitful, hard, and cold,
The world has worshiped ever, and does yet,
And often all that's best,
All that's noble in the breast,
Is sacrificed the glitt'ring thing to get.

A man, so wondrous wise,
Often sees before his eyes
Balloons of gold just rising from the ground;
He grasps their dangling strings,
And to them he madly clings
As they carry him heavenward at a bound.

Ah, happy man is he
As he floats right merrily,
And careers with bright Fortune high in air,
Till lo! there comes a shock
Which bursts th' inflated stock,
And where is he? "Sad echo answers, Where?"

OAKLAND, September, 1879. MAGGIE W. HUGHAN.

### Cat Fight.

We sat us down by a flowing stream—
Nor knew we why we sat there—
And fell asleep in a troubled dream
Of seeing a Thomas-cat there.

His eyes were large as the eyes of an owl;
He hissed and scratched and spat there!
While now and again he'd let a howl—
That horrible Thomas-cat there.

And then there came another cat,
Crouched down so low and flat there;
And black he was as a silk plug hat—
But we couldn't see what he was at there.

This latter cat he wailed and wawled,
As though he had lost a rat there;
The other cat prowled round and squalled
Till we waked and screamed, "hiss-cat there!"

Then both together sprang and fought—
We couldn't tell what they did that for;
So we asked a boy who had come unsought,
And the answer he gave was, "Cat fur!"

Now dash those cats and blank that boy,
That dirty urchin torn and tattered—
They've driven away our peaceful joy,
And all our balmy sleep hiss-scat-tered.

But then we bow to Nature's law,
And ask of her no newer reason,
For that cat fight we sleeping saw,
Than cats—more cats—the coming season.

WATSONVILLE, September, 1879. SINGLELINE.

Those who think the least of others think the most of themselves.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

The most remarkable of recent opinions concerning divorce (by a woman, of course):

"Divorce is all very well in its way, but I prefer widowhood—it's surer!"

Paul proposes to his latest flame a little jaunt in Switzerland.

"What is there in Switzerland?" asks the ingenuous fair.

"What is there in Switzerland?" echoes her lover; "why there is the most wonderful scenery in the world—lofty mountain peaks tipped with rosy snow, and verdurous vales, and sleeping lakes, and"—

"Oh, shoot thy sleeping lakes *(Oh, fais fusiller tes lacs dormants)*—take me somewhere where there are shops to buy things at!"

R., who has been married two years, was telling his friends how his wife's father only consented to their marriage on receiving a promise that the husband would turn over a new leaf, and never set foot inside Mabille again.

"And you have never been there since your marriage?"

"Never—that is, never unless I had the old man with me!"

A coacher launches his horse on a passer who has not the time to warn himself, rolls beneath the vehicle, and rests flattened on the pavement.

Naturally this obstacle human imprints a violent shock to the vehicle.

The coacher descends from his seat, furious, the fists clenched, and after one avalanche of swears formidables:-

"The animal," he cries himself, "when I think he has failed to make me overturn!"

Dr. L. is cautiously treating a sick man, concerning the nature of whose disease he is quite in the dark.

"Well," he says to the nurse, on making his usual morning visit, "how do we find ourselves to-day? Did he sleep well? Did the medicine act?"

"Yes, sir, he slept; but I left the gas burning, turned down very low."

"Ah, he slept well, did he? I thought he would. And you left the gas burning—turned down low? Very good, very good; all is going very nicely." And he takes his hat.

"What, Doctor! Have you no instructions—no prescriptions—nothing?"

*The Doctor* (sagely, and after mature deliberation)—"Yes; keep the gas burning—turned down very low."

When France declared war Von Moltke was very sick. On learning the news at night King William drove to the General's house, and had him awakened.

"War is declared," said the King.

"With whom?" said the General, raising himself on his elbow and half opening one eye.

"With France."

"Look in the third portfolio on the left-hand shelf," said Von Moltke, and, turning over, went to sleep again.

"You are fond of novel reading," said Aurelian Scholl the other day, as he saw the coachman he had just engaged stow away a formidable volume of romances beneath the seat.

"Yes, sir; I have read a great many novels, and I am disgusted to observe the uniform ignorance of their authors as to the commonest affair of every day life. F'instance, here is one story in which I see: 'The Prince appeared agitated on hearing these words, and hailing a carriage flung himself into it, cast his purse to the driver, and cried: "Drive me to the Faubourg St. Honore!"' Then a few lines further on I see: 'Valentine resolved once for all to solve the mystery, and, hurrying to the stand, sprang into the first vehicle that presented itself, and, flinging her pocket-book to the coachman, said, "Follow yon carriage."' Now, sir, I have been driving a hack in Paris for forty years, and I've driven thousands of people—all sorts of people under every imaginable condition, eloping lovers, jealous wives, levanting cashiers, and so on—and, so help me, St. Fiacre! never in the course of my long professional career has a fare thrown me his or her purse or pocket-book. No, sir; they have just given me 35 sous—sometimes it was the round 2 francs, but very rarely."

This is how and why the tenor Roger left the Opéra Comique for the Opéra:

I. Roger had just created at the Comique the *rôle* of "Gibby" in *Bag Pipe;* Duprez at the Opéra was losing his famous *ut de poitrine*, but the prestige of his great talent of dramatic expression survived in spite of his failing organ.

II. Every Friday the two cooks of the two tenors met at the Halles and glared upon each other. Duprez's servant had occasional passes to the gallery to dispose of, and these she distributed among the fishwives so cunningly that the market to a woman was for Duprez. The freshest herring, the choicest salmon, the fairest turbots—all were kept for her, while Roger's cook's modest offer for any fish whatsoever was greeted with a sneer. The fishwives called her "The Comique," and her rival "The Grand."

III. One day Roger gave a big dinner, and Marguerite (for that was his cook's name) beheld a splendid turbot snatched from under her very beard (she had a beard) by—Furies and drawn butter!—by her rival, the cook of Duprez. It was more than she could stand, and she hastened home to her mistress to pour out, with gasps and tears, a recital of all the indignities to which she had been subjected.

IV. "But this is the last hair which has broken the turbot's back," said the cook, vehemently; "I can't stand it any longer, being humiliated every time I go to market, just because her mistress's husband sings in *William Tell.* Master has got to get into the Grand Opéra, or I've got to get out of this house."

V. "I wouldn't like to part with you, Marguerite," said Mme. Roger, "for you are a very good cook."

"Well, you know the only condition I'll stay on."

"Very well, since you insist upon it, M. Roger [illegible] the Comique and go to the Opéra."

And he did.

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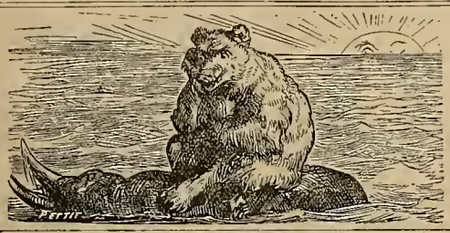

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.*

The recent election indicates the total destruction of the Democratic party in California. It has gone to the "demnition bow-wows." That gallant old ship has sunk from pure rottenness in the broad ocean. Officers, seamen, and rats that clung to it, are all drowned. Democratic leaders, there are none; Democratic party, there is none; and the Democratic future depends upon Kearney and his brigands of the sand-lot. Gov. Irwin, Johnson, Casserly, Hager, Hoge, Wilson, McCoppin, Bryant, Gwin, Farley, Wallace, Lake, Greathouse, and all the other magnates of the Democracy, are food for the crabs, bait for eels, not worth throwing back as they drift in from the sea. Not one of these men had the manliness and the courage to endeavor to stem the tide of sand-lotism. It is the most melancholy and contemptible "give away" and back down that has ever occurred in American politics. It is the most shameful and utterly disgraceful and cowardly instance of political demoralization that has ever been witnessed upon the American continent. An illiterate Irish drayman, aided by an unnaturalized and vicious English shoemaker, and with the most utterly contemptible following of unwashed foreigners and native-born tramps, have driven these men from public life—sent them into political and permanent seclusion. The lean kine have eaten up the fat ones. The Workingmen's party is now the only opponent that the Republican party has. The Democracy is not even respectable in its minority. It has not the strength to stand alone. It has not courage enough to assert its right to live. It has not gained the election of one single office in California except with an alliance of "Honorable Bilks," or with Workingmen, or by some contemptible fusion. Its orators have all given way, Gov. Irwin only making some feeble utterances in the interior. Kearney, Barbour, Wellock, Beerstecher, Freud, are the popular orators; they draw audiences; they have a following, and it is a Democratic following. They have elected a Chief Justice, and a Supreme Court of California. Chief Justice Morrison and his associates owe their election to the sand-lot and to Kearney, and they will be ungrateful if they do not acknowledge their obligation to this political power. Kalloch is the sand-lot candidate, and he will be ungrateful if he does not admit and recognize his allegiance to the mob that elected him to position. The Workingmen's party has a minority in the Legislature; it has a divided control of San Francisco. It has a party and party leaders; it has a future; it has courage; it has cheek, audacity—everything but intelligence and respectability; but the Democracy has nothing. Next year there comes a Presidential election. The contest in California ought to be between the Republican and Workingmen's party. But we will venture this prophecy: that Irwin, Johnson, Casserly, Hoge, Wilson, McCoppin, Bryant, Gwin, Farley, Wallace, Lake, Greathouse, and the other lately deceased leaders of the dead Democracy, will now begin to crawl out of their holes. They will begin to wiggle around Kearney and the Workingmen; they will seek to ingratiate themselves into their good graces; they will even have the presumptuous and cheeky audacity to ask the Workingmen to come over to the Democracy and help carry the State for a Democratic electoral ticket. Kearney is a fool if he does anything of the kind. He will prove himself an idiot if he does not copper-tip his brogans and kick each and every individual Democrat we have named, if they come sneaking around him for political favors. The Workingmen will probably run an electoral ticket in California, and if they do not beat the Republicans—as they probably will not—they will at least have the satisfaction of still further humiliating the old cowardly Democratic brood of dodos.

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The Workingmen's party of California, contemptible as is its leadership, and disgraceful as is its rank and file, is nevertheless the beginning of a great national party. If it has the sense and the courage to declare itself national, and to steadily adhere to an organization that shall look to an ultimate control of national affairs, it will exert a powerful, and perhaps not an unfavorable, influence upon the political destinies of the country. Its true policy is to destroy and absorb the Democracy. Its true policy is to form an independent party organization that shall eschew all alliances, all fusion, and all coalitions. The Democratic party can not survive the defection of its foreign element and its workingmen. The Workingmen's party will inevitably swallow it up, and with each defeat it will advance to ultimate victory. It will draw largely from the Republican ranks, and from the Democratic party many will go to the Republicans. It affords an opportunity for a political readjustment. It will draw new party lines. The Workingmen's party can afford to take this position next year in California if this shall be the only State where a Workingmen's party shall have a State organization. They might carry the State. The six electoral votes of California might determine a Presidential result.

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The inevitable outcome of all this business is such readjustment of parties as shall divide the country upon new issues. There are no distinctive issues now between Democrats and Republicans, except the ever existing one of spoils, but the workingmen of the nation are presenting issues that are new and important; that must be met, and can not be ignored; that will inevitably divide society into two great, earnest, contending political factions; issues that will have an importance far exceeding any that has ever disturbed American politics—except that of slavery; issues that may lead to as much feeling, and to more violent and direful conflict than that of the strife over the emancipation of slaves. The great questions will be as to the mode of distributing wealth; how to prevent the accumulation of colossal fortunes; how to prevent the acquirement, and provide for the division, of great landed estates; how to check the power and control the influence of great financial corporations; how to preserve American soil from the invasion of barbarians; how to provide labor for working people who depend upon daily labor for daily bread; how to protect property and the accumulations of men's industry from spoliation by the vicious and idle; how by tariffs or otherwise to protect our country and our laborers from being overrun by the skilled paupers from other lands; how to preserve republican liberty by modifying our naturalization and our electoral laws; how to organize our system of public common so chools sthat it shall not be abused by foreigners; and, finally, how to so manage and direct the legislation and laws of the country that America shall be American. There must, in the very nature of things, be great changes in the immediate future. The negro question is disappearing from our politics. One more shake of the bloody shirt, one more election, and this question will be disposed of, and the Southern States be ready to consider the questions we have suggested. The Chinese question presses, the labor question presses, the financial question, the question of military force in government, the question of central power at Washington, all urge to this party the readjustment that we have suggested, and we see no reason why it should not take place in California. It may be the grim irony of fate that Denis Kearney is destined to inaugurate the movement.

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We believe—and our wish is father to the thought—that the disintegration of the Democratic party in California may be but the beginning of its national destruction. It has become so utterly corrupt and so utterly unprincipled, that no intelligent and unselfish man who loves his country can find excuse or apology for its longer continuing existence. It has outlived its day and its usefulness. It was the party of slavery and national disgrace; it was the party of treason and civil war. It is the party of that irreconcilable Southern hate that will not permit the national wounds to heal; that keeps alive sectional jealousies, makes fraternal sentiment impossible, and local prejudices irreconcilable. It is the party that in our great cities panders to the passions of an ignorant and vengeful mob; that submits to native-born ignorance and encourages foreign-born insolence; that makes the tenure of legally acquired property unsafe, menaces the good order of society, and imperils republican liberty. The Democratic party is the party of ignorance, of poverty, of vicious discontent. Hence we hope to see it utterly wrecked, divided, and torn to pieces. We want the workingmen to destroy and disintegrate it, as preliminary to another great party organization, that shall embrace the worth, the intelligence, the wealth, the patriotism, and the morals of the country in one compact party organization on one side, and all the ignorance, vice, treason, poverty, and crime on the other. To these two parties men will drift according to their characters. To the one side, such reputable, intelligent, and honorable Democrats as are now entangled in an old alliance; to the other, such vile Republicans as are now with it for selfish purposes and spoils. The political questions of of the country would be considered by these parties according to their personal views; issues would be made to accommodate themselves. The party of intelligence, property, patriotism, and good morals would take our view, and that would be in the interest of society, property, and law. The party of ignorance, vice, and poverty, would be agrarian and communistic. Under these conditions the country would survive and republican government be maintained, just so long as decent men outnumber the disreputable; or just so long as the law could be maintained by an intelligent and virtuous majority at the ballot-box. It *could be*, and *ought to be*, maintained no longer. A republican form of government is impossible to a redundant population. When those who have nothing, and are both vicious and ignorant, outnumber those who have something, and are intelligent and law-abiding, then the country will go to the devil.

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We are anxious to see this party division which we suggest take place. It ought to have been brought about in San Francisco this time, and it is not at all creditable to the intelligence of what we please to call our best people that it was not accomplished. The party of discontent and disorder organized itself. All the vicious of the native and foreign-born rallied to it. Many good, ignorant, and well-meaning people also enlisted under the banner of the sand-lot. But the "Honorable Bilks," with a stupidity worthy of that most contemptible rump of the party, and the straight-out Democracy, determined to maintain their organizations, and, through a narrow prejudice, refused to coöperate with the Republican party. We see the result. In this city it is disastrous, and might have been worse. We will not particularize the unfit, unqualified, and dishonest men who for the next twelve months will have the opportunity to rob our city. We only point out the result of divided counsels and want of friendly coöperation among those people who style themselves the best people. We can illustrate our meaning better than by argument in mentioning the names and referring to the selfish and unjustifiable political course of Colin M. Boyd, E. W. Howe, and William P. Humphreys. These men ought to have had the sense and honesty to have withdrawn from a canvass that had only humiliation for themselves. We are anxious to see the party organization that we have outlined. When it comes, we shall be in position to make a grand contest. We shall then know our comrades and our allies in the fight. We shall put off the evil day of communism, socialism, and mob supremacy for a long time. National life is not easily killed; it has a strong, tenacious vital principle. It has an impregnable position under the law. It is intrenched behind the barricades and defenses of social order. It is walled in and defended by property. The fight is conducted by skilled warriors. Law, order, civilization, and liberty can die only one death, and be overcome by only one calamity. They may be enervated by luxuries, wealth, and idleness. They may be overwhelmed by numbers. We wish we could keep the ignorant and vicious of Asia and Europe away from us. We have read the history of the invasion of Goths and Vandals upon Rome; we have read the Biblical story of the locusts, frogs, and lice of Egypt; we have witnessed the grasshopper invasion of Kansas; we have seen an army of Norway rats at Sacramento; we have observed the sand-lots; and we wish we could change our immigration and naturalization laws to the end that Americans might rule America.

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The recent State election is, considering all things, a great Republican triumph. First, we score the election of a Republican Governor and all the State officers; second, a Republican Legislature that enables that party to interpret the new Constitution. Thus we have wrenched from the agrarian enemy a complete triumph over their devilish and malicious desires to confiscate property, to plunder the rich, and to destroy the rights of corporations. It is more than a party triumph; it is a triumph of intelligence, property, and good government. It secures the election of a United States Senator to succeed Governor Booth; probably himself, for to him more than to any other one man is attributed this victory. He made the right speech at the right time, and what might have been a popular tidal wave drifted back in an undertow that dragged out to a drowning depth the party of "Ancient and Honorable Bilks." This election prevented the political resurrection of David S. Terry, Volney E. Howard, Caleb Dorsey, ex-Governor Downey, Burch, Wozencraft, Bradford, and a host of antediluvian chivs. It gave the *coup de grace* of final political annihilation to Senator Sargent, and it sent little Black-and-Tan Gorham, and Carr, and Cohen, and Cole, and Lord Love to the place where the party worm dieth not, and the political fire is not quenched, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of disappointed teeth. If it is not a vindication of the railroad, and a declaration that the rates of fares and freights are not exorbitantly high, it is at least an assurance by the people that the policy of burning depots, tearing up rails, and confiscating railroad property by wrenching from its officers railroad management, will not be encouraged. It is a pointed and direct rebuke to the "foxes" with fire-brands of false figures tied to their tails. The people have said to Black-and-Tan, Cohen, Larkin of El Dorado, Sam Soule, and Sam Seabough, that they had better mind their own business, and keep civil tongues in their heads. The campaign has taken at least one of the lives of the caterwauling *Chronicle*, and pronounced upon it the unmistakable verdict of condemnation for its mendacious and indecent assault upon persons and

property, and it has admonished the "live journal" that it must live decently if it would continue to live among decent people. It has given us the members of Congress for California, so that in event of a Presidential election going to Congress the vote of California will be cast for a Republican President. The election gives to the Republican party of San Francisco a majority of its municipal officers; the Board of Supervisors, the Board of Education, the control of the school and street departments, and the power to put the city into harmonious working with the new Constitution, and to keep its control and government out of the hands of the ignorant barbarians of the sand-lot.

On the 17th of this month the steamship *Tokio* is due at our wharves, having on board Gen. Grant, his family and friends. It will be exceedingly appropriate that our citizens give him such welcome to his native land as may be agreeable to him. It will be very proper that our civic authorities extend to him the freedom of the city; that our military force give him the welcome of a demonstration, in which his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and our voluntary militia may all unite. It will be a graceful thing for our merchants to send out the good steamship *The State of California* to escort the *Tokio* and welcome its distinguished passengers through our Golden Gate to our city. It will be well for our wealthy citizens to throw open their mansions to his entertainment, and that the distinguished American should appear at the Pavilion where all may have the pleasure of seeing him. But it must be remembered that the best and most grateful of all hospitalities is that which best pleases the guest we would desire to honor; and that Gen. Grant does not delight in pageants. It must also be remembered that Gen. Grant is not a political character, and that any party demonstration, or any officiousness of committees, or the obtrusive attentions of political individuals will be in bad taste. We could not better please him than by letting him have the freedom of his individual liberty to go and come in our city as he pleases, after we have demonstrated to him by some formal reception our appreciation of his distinguished national service and our estimate of his personal worth.

After many threats of hemp and faggot, after all sorts of dire and dreadful menaces to classes and to individuals, all of which he has failed to even attempt to carry into effect, Mr. Denis Kearney now makes the specific declaration that he will burn General Grant in effigy upon the sand-lot when he arrives in San Francisco. Kearney is a cowardly braggart, and knows that in this threat he lies; he knows that he lacks the courage to attempt to do so base a thing, and that if he did he would be killed as a dog with the rabies is killed. General Grant is secure in the affections of all classes of the American people. It would be safe to entrust his reception to the welcome of Southern soldiers—those who fought under Lee, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, and Jo Johnston. General Grant will be protected from insult in the streets of this city by every gentlemen, Southern and Northern, foreign and native born. Kearney misrepresents even the sand-lot, and dishonors the Workingmen's party by this cowardly and blackguard threat. If he and the kindred miscreants who are base enough to wish to disgrace the city, and insult him whom all of intelligent Europe and Asia have delighted to honor, and to whom all of respectable America proposes to give welcome of return to his native land; if he (Kearney) and they (the foreign mob) shall light a fire upon the sand-lot for the purpose of burning General Grant in effigy, Kearney and his band will be burned in the fire they kindle. General Grant's comrades of the army and navy will attend to this part of the ceremony, and every good citizen will uphold the act. It is time that one of two things should occur—either Kearney and his Tenth Ward Rifles, Wellock and his hempen noose, Antone Fischer and his German Socialists, the W. P. C. military organization, the Italian, French, and Irish bandits who threaten to burn, hang, destroy, and disturb San Francisco, should begin to do something in that direction or cease their idle talk—if as we believe it is *but* idle talk. *Let them be silent or act.* We are weary of menaces, and we are quite willing that the ball should be opened, and now. If we are to have a riot, let us know it at once; if we are to have a fight, the sooner it begins the sooner it will over and done with. It is better to settle this controversy by some decisive and immediate action, and if there are enough impecunious and bloody-minded miscreants who think they have the force to take property that does not belong to them, let them begin by burning General Grant in effigy on the sand-lot.

Mr. Fred. Campbell and Mr. John W. Taylor are in positions to do great service to the State and city in the way of moulding our common-school system under the new Constitution, and the legislation that must follow, and the city charter that will in time be passed. These gentlemen have been placed in position at an important time. They may distinguish themselves by directing, and in a large degree controlling, educational affairs, or they may linger through their terms, drawing their salaries, and retire with little credit. We beg them to consider that the common free schools were originally intended to educate the children of poor people in the rudiments of an English education. Every departure from this position is in fraud of the original design. To educate the children of any save those who are too poor to educate them themselves, is to misappropriate the public funds. To educate the children of the poor in the fancy and ornamental branches of learning, is to steal money from the public treasury. There is no more sense in teaching Latin, Greek, higher mathematics, music, drawing, calisthenics, German, French, and Italian to the boys and girls of the poor than there is in providing champagne and *paté de foie gras* at the county almshouse, or to establish a dancing and posture class at the Industrial School or Magdalen Asylum. It is a crime to teach any other language than English in our free public schools, and every German or French parent who desires to have his children educated in French or German at the public expense is a public beggar. Cosmopolitan schools ought to be indicted as a public nuisance and abated as an evil. The common schools of San Francisco can be conducted in a manner to accomplish more good and less evil than under the present system, and make a saving of half a million dollars per annum. There are some evils existing in our public schools that we dare not write about. It is the duty of John W. Taylor and Fred. Campbell to bring about important reforms, and to do it in fearless disregard of the German vote.

Mr. George C. Gorham took his final departure from California on Friday. He will not return. This affords us an opportunity for ending an unpleasant controversy with an utterly unprincipled and contemptible person, who has for some years past thrust himself offensively into the politics of this State. No respectable person regrets his departure. His career has been characterized by personal malevolence toward all who rank him in social and political position. His enmity and his friendship have proven equally disastrous. To his friends he has been a money-borrowing leech. In politics he has been treacherous and insincere, always selfish, and always an applicant for place; disposed to arrogance and insolence when in position, a whining suppliant and beggar for official crumbs when out of office. Ungrateful and unprincipled, he attached no one to him, except as their plundering interests might happen at the time to be in common. Broken in fortune, ruined in reputation, and bankrupt in friendships, he returned to our State to recoup his fortunes by blackmailing the railroad company whose servant he had been. Failing in this, he struck blindly for revenge, and in his vanity, overestimating his political importance, he treasonably deserted the Republican party, and sold his tongue to the Honorable Bilks, allowed himself to be tied to the tail of Dr. Glenn, and went yelping over the State in personal abuse of Republican candidates and Republican gentlemen. If the devil had asked the writer of this article to supervise the digging of his political grave, he would have chosen its position, and dimensions, and conditions just as they now are. This political dog has had his day. Hurrah for the next that dies!

The report was very freely circulated during the past week that the Hon. William B. Carr contemplated the purchase of the *Chronicle*, and that it would be edited by little Black-and-Tan. We are of the opinion that this report is ill founded, for the following among other reasons: The *Chronicle* is not for sale. It intends to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, and is compelled to kill all the political preachers in the State. Mr. Carr is not sufficiently easy in his financial affairs to withdraw any of his large reserves now on deposit with Messrs. Haggin & Tevis for safe keeping. Black-and-Tan, having no ability as a writer, and having made two failures in running campaign papers, modestly depreciates his capacity to make the *Chronicle* any more sensational and indecent than under its present management. There will be no change.

We can not too often, nor too emphatically, pronounce our detestation of that loud-mouthed, vulgar, ignorant mob of vicious tramps and idlers that call themselves "Workingmen," but who never *work*, and we can not too often, nor too emphatically, announce our sympathy and respect for those men who *do* work. The political miscreants who talk and threaten, we would take by the throat and throttle them with the strong arm of the law. The laboring man who is willing to work, we would take by the hand of friendship and aid by every exertion in our power. It is now apparent to the entire working class that the stagnation of business resulting from political agitation has done it more harm than any other. It is already apparent that prosperous times are coming back to us, and even now we see a brisk movement dawning, and everything in San Francisco indicates a prosperous fall season. Labor will be abundant, wages remunerative. There is more idle money to-day in San Francisco than there has been at any time within the last thirty years. It will remain idle until confidence is restored, and confidence will never be fully restored till these foreign political agitators are silenced. The working class may, if it will take matters into its own hand, restore to our city its prosperity. We are quite willing that it should have political power, and its voice in political control. We are quite content to recognize the real workers by muscle and brain as entitled to a large share of municipal management. We believe them honest, and honesty coupled with an interest that runs parallel with that of the public welfare is better than that kind of intelligence that makes politics a pursuit. Men of property and wealth are the natural friends and allies of the industrious men who toil. They are of the same class in society, for the men of property and wealth have, as a rule, been men of industry and labor. Capital and labor are Siamese twins united by an umbilical cord, through which the vital currents run; cut it, and capital languishes, while labor dies. Capital, if idle, is useless; labor, if idle, starves. The real enemy of both capital and labor is the political vagabond, who agitates in order that he may shirk from labor and steal from capital. We are not at all unwilling to see a strong Workingman's party in San Francisco, but it must be under the direction and guidance of real workingmen, and not under the manipulation of foreign adventurers, whose only idea of American politics is that it affords an opportunity to steal.

Mr. John Kelly, in accepting the Tammany nomination for Governor, in opposition to Robinson, the regular nominee of the Tilden wing of the Democracy of New York, announced a great political truth when he said: "When the nincompoops undertake to lead the party, they lead it to defeat." This is a great political axiom, and one that lies at the foundation of all party organization. The application of this remark is to Samuel J. Tilden; he is the great American Democratic nincompoop. He undertook to lead the Democracy in the Presidential election of 1876, and he led it through an inglorious campaign to a disgraceful and humiliating defeat. Again he attempts to control the Democratic party of New York, and has had the ability and the coin to saddle Lucius Robinson upon its back for Governor. Against him Tammany—representing 70,000 voters in the city of New York—with Augustus Schell, Lieut.-Gov. Dorsheimer, Samuel G. Courtney, Gen. Slocum, David Dudley Field, and a host of others, have revolted. The revolt, or bolt, is one of unusual significance. It means that the Republican party will carry New York for Cornell, that Samuel J. Tilden will not be again the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and it makes Roscoe Conkling prominent for the Republican nomination. We have had a great deal of nincompoopery in California. The Republican party had a "nincompoop" obtain control of its organization, and it went to the bad in double quick; again he tied himself to its tail, and it ran wild. This year, thank God, he abandoned the party, tied himself to the tail of the "Honorable Bilks," and they will never survive the humiliation and mortification of being compelled to wag so contemptible and nasty a little tail. We had a deal of nincompoopery in our Municipal Convention. It lost us our Mayor, and subjected our city to the somewhat unpleasant shower of a Hard-shell Baptist sprinkling. We trust the time will come, and we hope long before the millennium, that San Francisco can have a Republican convention, a majority of whom do not want deputyships under the men to be nominated—a convention not run by "nincompoops" in the interest of "nincompoops."

M. de Lesseps has formally avowed the failure of the Panama canal subscription, and withdrawn it. It was a visionary and impracticable speculation of French stock jobbers, under the name of Lesseps, who had fairly earned an engineering reputation for his canal across the Isthmus of Suez, but who knew nothing of the practical difficulties of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. It is undoubtedly true that a Nicaraguan ship canal *is* practicable—that is, practicable as everything in the way of overcoming natural obstacles is practicable, if there be millions enough to grapple with it. The distance across Nicaragua, from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, is 180 miles, of which 57 is on Lake Nicaragua, 69 by slack water navigation upon the River San Juan, and 62 by Canal. There are some seven miles of swamp on the eastern side, and some sixteen miles of excavation through the solid rock on the Pacific side, with a harbor to construct. It is a gigantic undertaking, and will, in our judgment, never be entered upon. It would require a vast expenditure of money and life, and take many years of time for its consummation. It would fail as a money-making project, because there is not sufficient commerce that would avail itself of the short cut. And finally, it does not seem to us that the interest of San Francisco, or any part of the nation lying between us and New York, would be advanced by it. It would surely direct from our port the Asiatic trade, and our interior would lose all the advantages incident to a great trans-continental traffic. It can never be built except by the consent of the United States, and that consent will never be given so long as the legislators of the northwestern and interior States control the government.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction concerning affairs at the State University. The institution is not in a healthful condition, and does not give promise of immediate usefulness in the future. It needs a thorough reorganization. Several of its faculty ought to be removed. Its president is not a success. In the person of Daniel C. Gilman, the University had the right man. He was persecuted and driven out of the State by the small intrigues and persistent attacks of a swarm of small people, chiefest of whom were George and Sally Hart.

## SHORT SELECTED STORIES.

### The Immortal Soul.

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady; see how small it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon ——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost," was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The Superintendent put the shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing *Pull for the Shore.—New Haven Register.*

### The Sports of Boyhood.

Yesterday I watched the happy boys of Moncton, down on the river bank, sliding down the long mudding incline, ending with a plunge into water that was a little thicker than the banks they slid down. I remember the game with vivid distinctness. How often I have played it in my days of innocence. Coasting wasn't a circumstance to it. And the mud-bank sliding has been popular among boys in all ages.

The fun comes in when you slide over a clam shell.

One boy has just glided over a shell now. I can hear him clear here, and I think he is about two and a half miles away. I can not hear very distinctly what he is saying. But no matter. I know what it is. I remember the formula as perfectly as though I had only ceased to study it yesterday. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

### A Hugging Match.

Among the baggage coming down on the Flint and Père Marquette train the other day was a full-grown black bear. Bruin had been in captivity for two or three years, and was on his way East for a zoological garden. His owner was allowed to ride with him in the baggage-car, and he seemed to think his bear was the greatest animal on earth. He was ready to bet that bruin could out-hug and out-bite anything human, and was disappointed when the railroad men refused to dispute the point with him. He was indulging in his brag when an old man came into the car to see about his trunk. He saw the bear, of course, but the glance of contempt he bestowed on the animal instantly kindled the indignation of the owner, who called out:

"Mebbe you think I'm toting an old hyena around?"

"I guess it's a bear," slowly replied the other, "but I see nothing remarkable about him."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do! Mebbe you'd like to see him hug that trunk of yours? What he can't sliver when he gets his paws around it has got to have roots forty feet under the ground."

"I've got a son back in the car"—reflectively observed the old man, and then he stopped and looked at the bear.

"Your son? Egad! Will you match your son agin my bear?" chuckled the owner, as he danced with delight.

"I guess so."

"You do? Bring him in! I'll give him all the show he wants and bet five to one on the bear!"

The old man slowly took in a chew of tobacco, left the car, and when he returned he had his son Martin with him. Martin seemed to be about twenty-seven years of age and a little taller than a hitching-post. He was built on the ground, with a back like a writing-desk, and arms that seemed to have been sawed from railroad ties.

"Martin, this 'ere man wants to bet five to one that his bear can out-hug you," quietly explained the father, as the son sat down on a trunk.

"Yes, that's it—that's just it!" cackled the owner. "I'll muzzle him so he can't bite, and I'll bet five to one he'll make you holler in two minutes!"

"Muzzle your bar," was all that Martin said, as he pulled out a $5 bill and handed it to the baggage man. The bear man put $25 with it, grinning like a boy in a cherry-tree, and in a minute he had the bear ready. Martin removed his coat and paper collar, and carelessly inquired:

"Is this to be a squar' hug, with no gouging?"

"Jess so—jess!" replied the bear man. "You hug the bear and he will hug you, and the one that squeals first loses the cash. Now, then, all ready."

As Martin approached, the bear rose up with a sinful glare in his eye, and the two embraced. It was a sort of a back-hold, with no sell-out on the crowd.

"Go for him, Hunyado!" yelled the bear man, as they closed, and the bear responded. One could see by the set of his eyes that he meant to make jelly of that young man in a York minute, but he failed to do it. Some little trifles stood in the way. For instance, it wasn't ten seconds before he realized that two could play at hugging. Martin's hand sank down in the bear's coat, the shoulder muscles were called on for duty, and at the first hug the bear rolled his eyes in astonishment.

"Go in, Hunyado—go in—go in!" screamed the bear man, and bruin laid himself out as if he meant to pull a railroad water-tank down.

"You might squeeze a little harder, my son," carelessly suggested the father, as he spit from the open door, and Martin called out his reserve muscle.

Each had his best grip. There was no tumbling around to waste breath, but it was a stand-up, stand-still hugging match. Little by little the bear's eyes began to bulge and his mouth to open, and Martin's face slowly grew to the color of red paint.

"Hang to him, Hunyado—I've got my last dollar on your head!" shrieked the bear man, as he saw a further bulge to his pet's eyes.

But it was no use. All of a sudden the bear began to yell and cough and strangle. He was a goner. Martin knew it, but he wanted no dispute, and so he gave Hunyado a lift from the floor, a hug which rolled his eyes around like a pin wheel, and then dropped him in a heap on the floor.

"Well, may I be shot," gasped the bear man, as he stood over the half-lifeless heap of hair and claws.

"Martin," said the father, as he handed him the $30, "you'd better go back thar and watch our satchels!"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the son, as he shoved the bills in his vest pocket, and he retired without another word or look at the bear.

That was the bear they were feeding gruel in a saloon on Randolph Street two evenings ago—one man was feeding him gruel and another feeling alone his spine to find the fracture.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### The Signal-man Asleep.

How did I get this mark on my cheek,
And this long red burn on my brow?
Oh, never mind, it would take a week,
And you can't want to hear it now.
You do? Very well. You shall have it then—
All the same a bit rough in the style,
For you can't expect stories from railway men,
Nor poems from sons of toil.

You must know on our line there were tunnels a score,
And cross-lines all forming a net,
And points in one tunnel, where Jack Braddon swore
We should one day be in for it yet.
This Jack was my stoker. A "pitch in" he meant—
Yet he'd stoked for so many a year
That his mind had got sooty, his back rather bent,
And his eyes had a fiery leer.
He was a good mate and true, though, to me in those days,
And many's the mile we have run;
Poor Jack! he was out and out queer in his ways—
But there, I shall never be done.

There was up by this tunnel, and always had been,
By the side of the switches a hole,
With a lamp for a signal, a red and a green,
You know, on the top of a pole;
And there like a sentry the signal-man stayed,
Controlling each train that should run,
For the "up" when it came—then it made me afraid
To think what neglect might have done.

For you know if an "up" on the rail came full dash,
Were the red lamp of danger not shown
A "down" might come on, cross the metals, and, crash!
How the line would with murder be strown,
And this in a tunnel, 'mid darkness and death—
This crash in a place black as ink—
Great God! just to think there to give up your breath!
I tell you I shuddered to think.
And many's the time I have drawn a long sigh
As we rattled along past the box
I saw the signal-man right, going by,
In the place where the wires he blocks.

There came, though a day, when I don't know how 'twere,
Jack Braddon seemed down in the dumps,
And I caught him a-lookin' at me with a stare
As he stooped just to throw in the lumps.
"What's up, Jack?" I says, as we ran along trim.
"You'd look 'most as green as a leek
If that physiog. of yours as Wallsend warn't grim.
But come there—quick—screw down the brake!"

Jack screwed down the brake, and we came to a stop;
But before we had started once more
Jack says to me soft, as he let his voice drop:
"Dick Dallas, who's on at the Shore?"
We called that the Shore there—the tunnel, I mean—
Where the line crossed the "up" by the hole,
For 'twas as grim as any foul drain I had seen,
Or as black as our tender of coal.

"Who's on at the Shore, Jack," I says; "why, what odds?
There steady chaps, 'pointed a heap."
"Right, Dick, then," says Jack; "our lives they are God's,
*But suppose as that chap was asleep?*"

We were dashing along at a pretty good race
For the mouth of the tunnel ahead,
When Jack spoke, when if the "cutting" each place
Didn't spin round 's if I'd been bled.
"Confound you!" I says, in a voice full of spite,
As I whistled and put on more steam,
For there in the distance the "green" shone all right,
Though it did seem a sickening gleam.

"Here, shove on more coal there—quick, and don't talk;
Wait till out of this tunnel we get.
You're a nice sort of mate," I says, "by a long chalk,
Not that I at your gammon shall fret."
I scarcely had roared out these words to poor Jack
When we dashed by the box with a leap,
And there in a moment I saw, leaning back,
*The signal-man helpless asleep!*

The next glance ahead showed an engine's two lamps—
My God! I can't tell you my fears.
Turn steam off! turn on! why, look here, my face damps
As I tell you the tale after years.
"Screw down! Curse your screw!" He had done it before.
But what was the use of the brake?
The "points" they were clanging out loud as I swore,
And the tunnel was filled with a shriek
As the up engine's whistle rang out loud and shrill,
And then—can't you picture it well?
Two trains in a tunnel—a crash—then all still,
And then each loud agonized yell;
The cries of the frightened more loud than the crushed,
And then the loud hiss of the steam
As from out the bruised pipes it sullenly rushed,
And the wreck in the lamp's sickly gleam.

It's to me like a dream as I giddily rise
From the midst of a huge heap of coal,
My face and hands bleeding, all misty my eyes,
As I grope my way out of the hole.
And then I went back with the porters and guards,
And passengers trembling each man,
And endeavored to drag out the wounded, there barred
By each splintered up carriage and van.
Not any too soon, for before we had done
The furnaces fired the heap,
And racing and licking the walls as I run
They roared and rushed with a leap.

I remember, too, now, all the wounded and dead—
A score at the least when all told
As they lay in the station—and then the guard said:
"Where's Braddon?" and then I turned cold;
For it struck me at once in the "Shore" he must lie,
With the flames roaring hard at his side,
And of all who were present not one dared to try
To again tread that furnace-hole wild.
I thought of Jack's young 'uns, I thought of his wife,
And then, with a "God help me," ran
Down the great ruddy tunnel, now scared for my life
As I climbed on each corner to scan.
It was raging that heat, it was burning my skin,
And all baffled I felt I must fail,
When from under an axle that wedged him tight in
I heard my poor mate's helpless wail.
He called me by name; then through fire and steam,
With the flames even singeing my head,
I managed to free him, and out by the gleam
Of the fire I bore him—but dead.
For before I had stumbled o'er sleeper and rail
One-half of the distance, he sighed:
"O God, help my little ones!" then, with a wail,
"O Polly!" he whispered, and died.

You ask me about this old mark here, this seam,
And the scar of the burn on my brow?
It was all in that "pitch in," that seems like a dream,
A signal-man sleeping—that's how.

## ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

A female elephant is known by the size of her trunk.

The seriousness of a young girl is rarely so innocent as her fun.

There is nothing sadder than a sane woman with her hair banged.

One spoony girl in the deserted conservatory is worth two in the crowded ball-room.

A female writer asks: "What will your son be?" Why a boy, of course, you foolish woman.

"If it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband.

George Eliot says: "If the human race has a bad reputation, I perceive that I can not escape being compromised."

"You are my precious pearl," he said, as he drew her to his manly breast. "Oh, John," she sighed, "and you are my oyster."

Woman is the only sincere exponent of Christianity. "That is the reason why so many young men wish to embrace the faith."

The experience of the last few years has been that women of the stage who have married the oftenest have attracted the most public attention.

Some men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chances for squalls.

The one unsatisfactory thing about heaven to some women will be, when they get into their angel clothes they can't jaw the dressmaker about the fit, and say she kept all the scraps.

It is asserted that the young lady whose features garnish the standard silver dollar, is a Miss Williams, of Philadelphia. Now give us the name of the Philadelphian who sat for that eagle.

"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

It is said that Lucy Stone feels somewhat grieved because no one has named a trotting horse or a brand of cigars after her. It looks as if the work of twenty long years had been entirely thrown away.

That was a pretty compliment paid by a member of the Chinese embassy the other night to a young lady. Gazing down at her really pretty shoes, the Oriental remarked: "I love your English large feets."

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storms. She set her beauteous eye on me, and with her little lips said she, "An umbrella will do as well."

A lady, engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. She replied: "Oh, certainly, it is very easy to untie it now while it is only a beau knot."

Kissing the baby may result in deforming its nose, and bringing on near-sightedness. The safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the feminine gender until it attains the age of sixteen years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger then.

A great many of our modern young ladies resemble the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin; but they spend a pile of money, and lay around the house, and let their mothers do the work. That's the kind of hollyhocks they are.

A woman who will carry a twenty-pound baby around all day in a broiling sun, and never mutter a murmur of complaint, will make enough noise getting an eight-pound lump of ice from the front steps into the kitchen to run a freight train forty miles an hour.

The New England girl certainly carries off the palm for originality. A young woman of Wallingford, Connecticut, was married the other evening, and while the festivities that followed the ceremony were at their height, the bride eloped with one of her old admirers, who was among the guests.

A young girl of seventeen lately wrote to one of the great New York dailies, saying that she "would graduate in a month, and would like to secure a position as a managing editor of a political paper," but she received a letter in reply stating that educated persons were ineligible for such positions.

"I canna leave my mammy yet." "I like you," sighed a girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I'm a widow's only darling; no husband can ever equal my dear parent in kindness." "She is kind," pleaded the wooer, "but be my wife; we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

"I would like to know," queried a man, "why it is that when a woman carefully slides out of bed in the dead of night, and by the pale light of the moon goes through her husband's pockets, she always takes the small change and leaves the bills?" "Mine doesn't," was the laconic response of the other fellow.

A young lady writes from Saratoga to a friend who has been detained in town that "Gypsy's health is wonderfully improved by the change to Saratoga, and I am so well pleased with the improvement in him that I will keep him here till the summer closes. The poor, dear fellow can not endure the weather of the city in summer." Gypsy is her pet dog.

Mary said, as she turned the lamp down low and produced a soft, mellow starlight in the room, that it was not particularly owing to the expense of kerosene that prompted her to veto the illumination, but the fear of an explosion, and the furniture had just been insured. The only accident that occurred during the retrenchment of this household economy was the falling over of George's cane as she resumed her place on the sofa.

## JOE, THE WOLF.

A Tragic Episode of the Sage Brush.

Battle Mountain, nearly the centre of the desert State of Nevada, is not a particularly attractive village. A railroad office and a freight depot, a row of business houses and saloons, and a cluster of unpretentious dwellings comprise its extent. At the time of which I write, some five years ago, it was a lively burg, however, and a rough one. A small army of teamsters and miners, and a coterie of three-card monte men who made it their headquarters, kept the otherwise peaceful village in a ferment of wild excitement. The course of these reckless denizens was marked by periodical shooting scrapes, frequent fistic encounters, and continuous drunken bouts.

Half-dozing one day in a saloon, I was aroused by the remark most emphatically delivered: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!" The speaker, a large, magnificently proportioned ruffian, supplemented the peculiar description of himself with: "Pards, come an' drink?" With the exception of myself every man in the room gathered around the bar, addressing the powerful stander of treats as Joe. The glasses were filled and tipped, when he turned and noticed me. I saw the quick, wicked flash of anger in his eyes. After a momentary survey he broke silence, and this terse dialogue followed:

"Yer from the city, ain't yer?"

"I am."

"Yer don't know me, do yer?"

"I don't."

"Take a drink an' git acquainted then."

"Don't drink."

"Smoke then."

"Don't smoke."

"Do yer shoot?"

"Not worth a continental."

My years of assurance acquired as a correspondent, and my knowledge of aggressive characters, did not prevent me from feeling some uneasiness as I observed my interrogator's dextrous fingers slide to his belt and grasp the hilt of his "whistler." An unpleasant termination of the conversasation was avoided by the strange appearance of a woman who stepped from the overland train, just then arrived, and directed her steps toward the saloon. She was rather a comely looking female of thirty-eight or more, and evidently ill and suffering from the effects of an extended debauch. Joe stared at her, as one looks at the arisen dead, for a moment, and then walked quickly to the door, threw himself into the saddle and rode away. As he passed the woman she lifted her hands imploringly toward him and fell to the earth unconscious. She was borne to the hotel, and the kind women of the village did what they could for her. She spoke no word when recovered from her swoon, but lay quietly, unmindful of her life fast ebbing away.

During the day I inquired of Broken-nosed Charley, who knew everybody and everything about the farm, regarding the man Joe. Charley said that little was known of him except that he mined some, gambled some, drank like mad, and altogether was a bad lot. He had killed two or three men, and had been shot and cut himself several times. He invariably preceded an invitation to imbibe, or the shooting of a man, by the expression: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf." From this idiosyncrasy and his blood-thirsty disposition he was known and dreaded as "The Wolf." Prudent people, however, addressed him as Joe.

The Wolf returned to town the next day, and on entering the saloon from which he had made his hurried exit, quietly asked:

"Has that ar woman gone?"

He was told that she was sick and could live but a very short time. A great change came over his face; the hard furrows of dissipation and crime were transformed to the pitiable lines of sorrow. Not noticing the dram proffered by the bar-keeper, he hastened to the hotel and made his way to the bed-side of the dying woman. Abruptly he questioned:

"Was yer follering him?"

"No, Joe; I was hunting you."

"Sure?"

"So help me God!"

The poor, white face, scarred and deep seamed by excesses and sin, grew radiant with gladness as Joe kneeled down and kissed her. With the seal of forgiveness, with the pressure of his lips but half returned, she sank back dead.

Through the service at the simple burial the following day Joe stood with uncovered head, but his bronzed and immovable features betrayed no emotion, nor vouchsafed any clue to the mystery that enshrouded the coffined outcast and himself.

The evening of the funeral the Wolf called on me at my rooms. Seating himself, without preface, he said:

"As a man of sense an' no coward, yer kin look at a brave man's agony in the right way. The past I've hidden for twenty years, fur I ain't the kind to carry my heart on my sleeve fur daws to peck at. But thar's a feeling as though I'd choke if I didn't talk to some one. The woman buried today war my wife. Here's some letters the wimin folks found on her an' give to me. Yer look them over while I chin, fur I'm slow on the read. We war married in the States when she war sixteen an' I just come of age. A bit after it I got the gold fever an' went to California. In a couple of years I made quite a pile, an' went home fur her. She war changed, an' it warn't long before I heard the stories, an' found the truth, thet she had gone wrong. He war a fine-haired chap who had come into town while I war away. I war a likely young feller then, but the blow turned me into a devil. I went fur him, but he heard of it an' slid out fur California. I follered, an' fur twenty years I've bin hunting him all over this coast. A voice of hell has urged me on, an' I've killed men thet the taste of blood might keep fierce my hope of revenge. I've never found him. During these years I've heard about her once in a while, an' how she war drinking an' going to the dogs. I'd allus meant to see her when I'd settled with him. His name war Bill Armstrong."

The letters taken from the dead woman, which I had been looking over, were mostly answers to inquiries regarding the whereabouts of her husband. An unfinished letter of her own to some friend in the East, and dated a few days previous to her death, showed that to this poor, lost creature, with the grasp of death upon her, there had come back to her the glory of her first and only pure love, and the unconquerable desire to die at his feet, freed from the burden of his curse. Strangely enough, another letter gave information of Bill Armstrong, and stated that he was living near Boise City in Idaho. These two I read to the desperate man who sat before me, his burning eyes gleaming with pain and his lips mute with anguish. When I ceased, he grasped my hand with, "Thank yer, stranger," and left the room. I watched him mount his horse and ride out into the black night. The Wolf was again on the trail.

The circumstances I have related were vividly recalled to mind during my present visit to Battle Mountain by casually overhearing an account of a fatal shooting affair between Bill Armstrong, a mining speculator, and Joe the Wolf, at Boise City in 1878. The details of the rencontre I give in the words of the narrator, who was an eye-witness:

"Joe met Armstrong on the street, and with the single exclamation, "I'm Aggie's husband!" pulled and fired. From some unaccountable reason, he missed. Armstrong returned the fire, shooting Joe plumb through the heart. He fell on one knee, and, for a second, swayed like a reed before the storm. Grand in his physical strength, in the power of his hate, he recovered himself. As from his ashen lips rang out the old cry: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!" he fired, killing Armstrong instantly, and fell upon his face dead."

Thoughtfully, to-day, I sought the pauper's field, and stood before the rude pine headboard which bore the name of her whose weakness had destroyed three lives. It was almost hidden by clumps of sage-brush, which, unsightly and pallid green, were fitting growths of unhallowed ground.

The old story of shame and sorrow, common, in all the epochs of the world, as the grains of sand that drifted over her lonely, uncared-for grave. Yet rarely is the recompense for sin so terribly meted out as in the tragic end and wayward, bitter lives of Joe and Aggie Garland.

MARINER J. KENT.

BATTLE MOUNTAIN, NEV., September, 1879.

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A Conversation with the Beginning and the End Missing.

Two middle-aged men, well but not fashionably dressed, carrying respectable looking walking sticks, and having the appearance of well-to-do leather merchants, were strolling from Madison Square toward Sixth Avenue, in Twenty-third Street, at a rather late hour in the evening. They were evidently in good humor. They were walking arm in arm, and their tall hats leaned toward each other as though their wearers were on the best of terms. The men were talking so loud that their voices were echoed from the fronts of the buildings across the street. They appeared to be recalling the events of other days, before they wore tall hats or carried walking sticks.

"Just such nights as this," one of them said.

"Yes; with a little touch of chilliness in the air," the other added.

"So that the dew on the grass struck sort of cold through the knees of a fellow's pants."

"And the fence rails felt cool on the back of his neck when he crawled between them."

"Yes; and the soil stuck to the sides of the melons like damp mortar."

"And the thrilling uncertainty as to whether the old fellow had medicated one or two of the most conspicuous melons since we were last there!"

"Nights with clear atmosphere, so that you could hear the sniff of the dog across the field half a mile away."

"And the moonlight glistened in the dew drops on the ears of corn piled in your arms up to your chin."

"Field corn—not sweet corn—that you wouldn't eat if it was put before you on your father's dinner table."

"Over-ripe, and without salt or butter."

"Burned to a crisp, and covered with cinders."

"Yet sweeter than any fruit not stolen ever tasted. Do you know, I have a sort of theory that original sin—inborn depravity—"

The two men turned the corner and went up Sixth Avenue, and the theory regarding original sin was given in parts of sentences to the loiterers who were passed by two solid men, going arm in arm, with tall hats leaning toward each other —*N. Y. Telegram.*

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The Modern Society Young Man.

Scene: the billiard-room of a fashionable club-house. At nine o'clock enters Augustus, who removes his summer ulster and discloses a dress suit.

*One of the Players*—Hullo! Gus is rigged out under full sail and all the candles lighted. What is it, old fellow?

*Augustus*—Oh, I have been to make my party call on Miss Banker. She wasn't at home, so I left my pasteboard and came around here.

Thirteen young men drop their cues, seize their hats, remark "that's the racket for me," and slide off to Beacon Street. At eleven o'clock Miss Banker gets home, finds fourteen cards, and says: "How funny that all the boys should have called this evening." At the same hour Augustus receives three "smiles" and ten cigars, the grateful offering of thirteen young men who have made their party call without the trouble of dressing or the expense of a hack.

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XCVI.—Sunday, September 14.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Okra Soup.
Fried Catfish. Saratoga Potatoes.
Boiled Ham. Chicken Salad.
Lima Beans. Egg Plant.
Roast Beef.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Flummery. Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Figs, Gages, Apples, Plums, and Grapes.

TO MAKE FLUMMERY.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water; scald two cups of cream in a custard kettle; stir the gelatine into the hot cream; when dissolved take from the fire and pour into a bowl to cool. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; add one cup of sugar. Put half a cup of white wine into the cream, or you may flavor any other way you prefer. A little lemon juice added when cold improves it. After the cream is perfectly cold add it gradually to the whip of egg and sugar, and continue to whip until it becomes pure foam. Fill glasses, and eat before it hardens, or put it into a mould wet with cold water and let it harden.

## PONY GLASSES OF FRENCH BRANDY.

Les femmes ont le génie de la charité. Un homme qui donne ne donne que son or, la femme y joint son cœur. Un louis aux mains d'une femme honne soulage plus de pauvres que cent francs aux mains d'un homme; la charité féminine renouvelle chaque jour le miracle de la multiplication des pains.—*Ernest Legouvé.*

Pourquoi voit-on aujourd'hui tant de jeunes filles qui, les cheveux au vent, ressemblent à des chats en colère? C'est que la mode, cette souveraine des petites âmes, a tant d'empire sur les femmes qu'elles préfèrent s'enlaidir que manquer à ses lois.—*Adolphe Ricard.*

"Il est rare que les belles âmes ne s'accostent pas de leurs semblables," a dit Shakspeare. Je ne suis point de cet avis. Les bons cœurs ne se rencontrent pas. Un honnête homme se trompera vingt fois dans le choix d'une femme, tandis que ce qu'il y a de plus aimable et de plus parfait dans le beau sexe deviendra la proie d'un hypocrite ou d'un scélérat. —*Prévost.*

Rien n'est moins en notre pouvoir que notre cœur, et loin de lui commander, nous sommes forcés de lui obéir.—*Héloïse.*

Les colères des amants sont comme les orages d'été qui ne font que rendre la campagne plus verte et plus belle.—*Mme. Necker.*

Un mot de joueur. Deux messieurs se rencontrent dans une maison de jeu.

—Vous ici!

—J'arrive.

—Vous m'aviez dit au cercle que vous ne vouliez plus jouer!

—Je me sens en veine depuis quelque temps et je veux en profiter.

—Vous avez gagné au baccarat?

—Non; mais la semaine dernière, j'ai enterré ma belle-mère.

Un homme ne commence à jeter au feu les lettres d'une femme que le jour où elle ne met plus au bas, "brûle ma lettre."

On s'habitue plus aisément aux défauts des personnes qu'on aime qu'aux vertus mêmes des personnes qu'on n'aime pas.

Un homme éclate contre une femme qui ne l'aime plus et se console; une femme fait moins de bruit quand elle est quittée et demeure longtemps inconsolable.—*La Bruyère.*

La plupart des femmes, passent leur vie à dépouiller de ses fruits mûrs ou verts, le vieil arbre dont Eve eut la primeur; et tel est l'attrait du fruit défendu, que les honnêtes femmes même ne peuvent se résigner à mourir sans y avoir donné un coup de dent.—*Octave Feuillet.*

N'accorder rien et laisser tout espérer; causer sur le seuil de l'amour, mais la porte fermée; voilà toute la science d'un coquette.—*Charles de Bernard.*

Il n'y a point de passion qui nous excite plus à quelque chose de noble et généreux qu'un honnête amour. L'amour a une chaleur qui sert de courage à ceux qui n'en ont point. —*Saint-Evremond.*

A quinze ans la danse est un plaisir, à vingt cinq ans un prétexte, à quarante une fatigue.

Le seul secret qu'une femme garde inviolablement, c'est celui de son âge.

Trois médecins célèbres sont réunis en consultation au chevet d'un malade. Le cas est désespéré, la science est impuissante. Après avoir délibéré pendant une demi-heure les disciples d'Esculape se retirent gravement. Le malade inquiet sonne son domestique et lui dit "Joseph, tu as écouté la conversation de ces messieurs, ne me cache rien, raconte-moi tout, j'ai du courage."—Ils sont tous d'un avis différent pour le traitement, mais s'accordent unanimement sur le résultat prochain de votre maladie. Le grand médecin chauve a même dit que vous étiez un "cas magnifique" et qu'après l'autopsie il ferait une clinique spéciale à votre sujet.

Quiconque aima jamais porte une cicatrice;
Chacun l'a dans son sein, toujours prête à s'ouvrir;
Chacun la garde en soi, cher et secret supplice,
Et, mieux il est frappé, moins il en veut guérir.
—*Alfred de Musset.*

Tant qu'on aime une femme on lui parle beaucoup d'elle; quand on ne l'aime plus, on lui parle beaucoup de soi.—*Beauchêne.*

La vie est complète quand on a aimé une fois.—*Ch. Nodier.*

Les vieillards sont toujours jaloux; ils ressemblent à ces enfants gourmands qui veulent à toute force garder pour eux seuls jusqu'aux gâteaux qu'ils ne peuvent plus manger.—*Adolphe Ricard.*

Il en est des femmes comme des passions; on ne cesse de s'en plaindre et l'on y revient toujours.

L'allégresse du cœur s'augmente à la répandre
Et, goûtât-on cent fois un bonheur tout parfait,
On n'en est pas content, si quelqu'un ne le sait.
—*Molière.*

Le mari de la femme la plus belle, la plus sage et la plus vertueuse, est moins heureux que celui qui n'en a point.—*Salomon.*

Il y a si peu de différence entre l'amour et la douleur que l'un et l'autre s'expriment de même, c'est à dire par des larmes.—*Régnier Detourbet.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11, 1879.

When Messrs. Herne and Belasco collaborate and evolve a play out of something, it follows quite naturally that it is not out of their own inner consciousness. Perhaps these gentlemen labor under the unfortunate mental infirmity of not having any inner consciousness. At all events it is an article rusty from disuse, and their first-night audiences invariably indulge in a little amateur detective business to trace the new drama back to its original. *Chums* is not quite so bold a pilfer as the *Millionaire's Daughter* and its companions. Indeed, it is not another play revamped, but an assortment of the emotions experienced in long play-going, and it would appear that the authors had been mainly affected by *Rip Van Winkle* and *Enoch Arden*, more especially the latter, for the play opens with "a rough sailor's lad, made orphan by a winter shipwreck, playing among the waste and lumber of the shore, hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets, anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn." In point of fact it opens with two sailor lads, the "Chums," but why chums does not exactly appear, for "Ruby Darrell," the younger, has been a waif of the shore, picked up in childhood by "Terry Dennison," the elder, and adopted by him as a son. However, when it comes to chumming, it is much like marrying, and years, tastes and conditions have nothing whatever to do with it. In the second act "Terry" discards his lone fisherman costume, and, in the traditional white hat, is suddenly transformed into a miller. In the third act he is a fisherman again, but with a gigantic bit of *bric-a-brac* in the shape of a mill-wheel, which slowly revolves in the back wall of the parlor, and increases one's wonderment with every revolution as to how the heroic "Terry Dennison" really does earn his bread. I fancy the authors got "Enoch Arden" and "Philip Ray" most hopelessly mixed, or else "Terry Dennison" took a little turn at milling for a flyer, and his little experience was thrown in to make the scene. It was quite realistic, but there was such a big corner in flour in the establishment that there was no room for the actors. We are carried back to the beach again by and by, and, at last, in the seventeenth or eighteenth act, we are most appropriately taken to a quiet little country church-yard. Here at last we expect to find peace, but, in the language of the illustrious patriot, "Gentlemen may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace!" "Terry Dennison" scrambles around his own tombstone for half an hour or so, and then is carried off to die to slow music. Perhaps an explicit *resume* of the plot would make all this clearer. "Terry Dennison," who is a sort of small foundling hospital in his way, has adopted "Ruby Darrell," the before-mentioned, and "Chrystal," a pretty girl, as his own. In course of time the young people, like all young people who are thrown exclusively together, love each other and wish to marry—a not unappropriate conclusion to arrive at. "Terry," who finds time enough between the cares of milling and fishing to fall in love, wishes to marry "Chrystal." She becomes his wife out of gratitude, and "Ruby" unhesitatingly sacrifices her to his benefactor for the same reason. "Terry," of course, being quite innocent of the hopes and loves of his young *proteges*. "Ruby" goes to sea, where he would stay if he were a sensible man; but comes home again two years after to do the remaining acts. He finds "Terry" a happy miller—no fisherman with a mill wheel in the background—in a snug little home with his wife and baby. The estimable young person who plays the latter part displays a singular sweetness of disposition which promises well for the happiness of its future partner in life. It was passed from hand to hand in all possible ways. At one moment the poor child had rush of blood to the head, at another a rush of blood to the feet. It was chirped at, cooed at, in the wild insane fashion in which people attract the attention of indifferent babies. It was grabbed by the nurse, held on two fingers by Jennings, bunched up by Herne, straightened out by "Chrystal" with intuitive neatness, and staved round like a fine bit of cooperage by "Ruby's" unfamiliar fingers, until the baby must have for ever lost any instinctive discovery which it may have made with regard to its centre of gravity. Throughout all this the baby sent forth but one protesting wail. Whether the unfortunate creature was petrified with horror, or only feebly good-natured, it remains for its future career to determine. This seems a great deal of space to devote to the baby, but the act is called "The Baby," and it sticks to the text. In the next, "Ruby," like all other returned lovers, finds the existing state of affairs too much for his calm endurance; loves "Chrystal" more than ever, and, with very bad judgment, tells her so. "Chrystal" also has a burst of emotion, but bids her lover go far, far away—which he agrees to do. They exchange a virtuous, sad farewell, which is most appositely overheard by the husband. They are all such an awfully good band of people that "Terry" himself, not to be outdone in sacrifice, resolves to disappear and leave the field clear for them, bidding them marry if he has not returned at the end of five years. Whereupon he goes to the Arctic Ocean, as being the farthest place he can get. At the end of the six years he returns. As of "Annie" and "Philip," so of "Chrystal" and "Ruby,"

> "So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells;
> Merrily rang the bells, and these were wed."

Like "Rip Van Winkle," he comes home, old, and silvered, and tattered, to find himself dead and apparently forgotten, and learns the story of the fleeting years from the careless prattle of his own child. He seeks, not the front of timber-crost antiquity where "Miriam Lane," with daily dwindling profits, holds the house, but "Miriam's" companion picture, "Owen Garroway," an old salt, the best drawn and perhaps the best acted character in *Chums*. Not even the tiny curl which "Annie" from her baby's forehead clipped is forgotten in this almost clever transcription of "Enoch Arden." He dies as "Enoch" did—in the lowly cot where he had found refuge. Strange to say, although the curtain did not fall till twelve o'clock, every one sat the play out. Its melancholy became monotonous, even tedious, but it grasped with an interest which one could not resist. Beside, the stage pictures were well worth seeing. The first and second were best of all, and while waiting to see something more quite as good we all patiently sat it out. It transpired just at the last that the play was located in Marblehead. There was nothing but the fishery to suggest the quaint old village, which has passed into song and story. Has it not a dialect of its own, and a set of manners, almost a dress even, in this nineteenth century, when one would not be surprised to see a peasant girl of the Tyrol in a tie-back and a Gainsborough? Can you not remember the girl you went to school with who stood so high in the elocution class, and got all the good marks because she could pitch her voice to a fishwife's shrillness and cry:

> "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horr'd hort,
> Tarr'd and futheared, and corr'd in a cort,
> By the women of Marble'ead?"

Can you not recall the very look she studied it from of that odd picture which riveted itself to the memory of the hapless Floyd Ireson suffering vengeance at the hands of a band of women with inflamed countenances like communistic petroleuses? Rather an unpleasant class of persons I should say, and not at all like the gentle young "Chrystal" of Miss Corcoran, who made the part poetical. Perhaps they are advancing the young lady a shade too rapidly, but she always plays intelligently, and she is always pleasing to look at. *Chums* is evidently written with a remote starring intention on the part of Mr. Herne, who it is well known, plays "Rip Van Winkle" rather well. But Herne is somewhat disposed to make the text too elastic. He drawls till he wearies, and his pathos becomes drivel; and while he may be positively interesting through one, or two, or three acts, he becomes at last a frightful bore. Let Mr. Herne take the scissors and cut every scene, and *Chums* will be an interesting play. It was well cast, considering that the gist of the company was at Sacramento; but O'Neill was represented, for the young man who took the part of "Ruby" had most palpably selected the handsome Irishman for his model. It is rather a hard ordeal for a young man to be thus selected from the ranks and thrust at once into the prominence of a leading part. If we had never seen O'Neill, or Thompson either, I make no doubt we should all have given the young man warmest praise, for he really got over the situation excellently. But it is only fair to own that people are pre-prejudiced, and it did look odd to see him as leading man after having become used to him in other departments. In the minor characters there is nothing very defined, they simply fill in; but with Mr. Jennings, Miss Mollie Revels, and Miss Adams to fill in with, the *tout ensemble* was good. In fact, one never sees anything carelessly done by either one of these three. Mr. Jennings, indeed, is inclined to over-elaborate. Miss Adams' round of characters is limited. Miss Revels is versatile. If she had but the subtlety to conceal her art she would be delightful, and is delightful, as it is, now and then. In *Chums* she has nothing but a modified "Tilly Slowboy" part, which any *soubrette* could play. Mr. Jennings is called "Uncle Davy, a man with a peculiarity," and has no discoverable peculiarity of any kind whatever. As *Chums* has been mounted in such expensive fashion, it is doubtless intended for a run. Meantime the "ringing grooves of change" are not effecting anything remarkable in the other theatres. At the California a double bill has failed to attract crowds, for, if you will observe, there is nothing which so deeply enrages a Californian as to give him "too much for his money." He will submit to extortion with good grace, smile with genuine amusement if you get the better of him, but he regards getting "too much for the money" as a Chinese specialty, and rejects it with the magnificent disdain of a people who once scorned to take five cents change—a scorn from which, by the way, they rapidly convalesced. And next week we are to have what is boldly advertised as a dramatic absurdity, thus disarming criticism. It is called *A. D. 1000*. That is not such a very long time ahead, and we should all like to live to see if this new dramatic horoscope is right in its reckonings. Would we not?

BETSY B.

## "MULLIGAN GUARD" MUSIC.

"New York is the only city in the Union, and I have played in all of them," said Mr. Edward Harrigan to a *Sun* correspondent, "that has any local coloring; that is, any decided local coloring of its own. To the fact that it has this local coloring I attribute much of our success. Go before a New York audience with a sketch, however simple, in which it recognizes true local flavor, and you have got the audience; and so the sketches and songs that we have produced, portraying life among the poorer classes of New York, have been very popular. In them I always try to hit the popular heart and make it merry. When I say 'we,' I mean Harrigan & Hart; when I say 'I,' I mean myself, for all that we have done, from the days of the 'Mulligan Guards' to the present time, has been my own idea and my own work. I know that people say that I get these sketches and plays written for me and claim the credit. Well, that would be dangerous, wouldn't it? I think so, at all events. I have never done anything of the kind. The 'Mulligan Guards' was the first big success. It was a cartoon on the target companies of the city, and their name was legion; and its success was due, first, to the music, which just hit the people, and secondly, to the fact that many business men and politicians who had been bored and bored to give prizes for which the companies bearing their names contended, came, and were delighted to see the thing shown up in its true light. I was unlucky with that piece. I tried hard to get some respectable music publisher to publish the piano arrangement for me. I begged of William A. Pond to do it. He wouldn't; none of them would. I asked Pond to come and hear it. He wouldn't do that. Disgusted, I gave the piano arrangement to ex-Alderman Monahan, of the Fourteenth Ward, for his daughter. Finally Mr. Pond said to me one day that he would give me fifty dollars for it. I took up with his offer. He made almost enough out of it to pay his rent. Why, it went all over the world. Jim Robinson, the bareback rider, told me that he heard it played in India, and also by the famous Coldstream Guard's Band, in England. This success showed me that marches in six-eight and two-four time were very taking. This was the first in a series of fifteen or twenty-minute sketches that I wrote, in which a song was the main feature; and following the 'Mulligan Guards' came 'Patrick's Day,' 'The Sons of Temperance,' 'The Ginger Blues,' 'The Skidmore Guards,' and 'The Regular Army.' This last was set to a tune adapted from the old air of 'Bony Over the Alps.' Then I began preparing plays in which I introduced songs. The first was 'My Old Hat'—you remember the expression 'Shoot the hat'—and after that came 'Muldoon, the Solid Man.' These two songs were the stepping stones whereby the delineators of Irish character that now swarm on the variety stage reached that stage. To come into the business, all that was required was to learn a stiff, stilted walk, and then, with a mug that would stamp a pie, as the boys say, they went on and made money. One of the most popular of my songs is 'The Babies on Our Block.' It was originated in my mind, as most of my songs and sketches have been, by actual experience. I was born and raised in the lower part of the city. I have only tried to reproduce what I saw every day. Now, in going to my home, I wade through swarms of children on the block, and so the song, with its allusion to the children's plays, came to my mind, and I wrote the 'Babies.'

The writer had heard the tune whistled by scores, but had never heard the words distinctly, and said so.

"Then I'll try and repeat them for you. I have nearly forgotten them already, with so many other things to thing of. Let's see. The song begins in Irish brogue, you understand:

> 'If yez want fur information,
> Or in need uv merrimint,
> Come over wid me socially
> To Murphy's tinemint.
> He owns a row of houses
> In the Fursh Warrud, near the dock;
> Where Oireland's ripresinted
> By the babies on our block.
> There's the Phalens an' the Whalens
> From the Dunecudee—'

That's a river in the south of Ireland—

> 'Sittin' on the railins,
> Wid the children on their knee,
> Gossipin' an' talkin',
> Wid neighbors by the flock,
> Singin' Little Sallie Waters
> For the babies on our block.'

'Little Sallie Waters' is a play of the children that's been handed down to them from the old country, I suppose. They put the littlest baby in the middle, and all form a ring around it, and walk around, singing in a sort of chant:

> 'Little Sallie Waters, a-sittin in the sun,
> Crying and weeping for a young man.
> Rise Sallie, rise, wipe your eyes;
> Turn to the east, turn to the west,
> Turn to the one that you love best.'

I used this old play, changing it a little, and the chorus goes:

> 'Little Sallie Waters, a-sittin' in the sun,
> Crying and weeping for a young mon.
> Rise Sallie, rise, wipe your eye out wid yer frock;
> That's sung by all the babies a-living on our block.'

Let's see," continued Mr. Harrigan. "The second verse goes:

> 'Uv a warrum day in the summer,
> Whin the braze comes off the say,
> A hundred thousand children
> Lie on the Blatheray;
> They come from Murphy's building;
> Their noise wud sthop a clock;
> There's no perambulator
> Wid the babies on our block.
> There's the Clearys and the Learys
> From the sweet Baywater side,
> Dozin' on the Batheray,
> Gazin' at the tide;
> All royal blud an' noble,
> Uv Dan O'Connell sthock,
> Singing, "Gravel, Greeny Gravel,"
> Fur the babies on our block.'

That 'Gravel, Greeny Gravel,' is another children's play, much after the fashion of 'Little Sallie Waters.' I have forgotten all but the first two lines, which I introduce into the chorus for the second verse:

> "'Gravel, greeny gravel,' how green the grasses grow
> Fur all the purty fair young maidens I see;
> Green gravel green—wipe your eye out wid your frock,
> That's sung by the babies a-livin' in our block."

The last verse introduces the solid man of the block as he walks down street:

> 'It's "good marnin' to ye, landlord,
> An' how are ye to-day?"
> When Patrick Murphy, Es-quire,
> Walks down the alleyway;
> Wid his shinin' silken beaver—
> He's solid as a rock,
> The invy of the neighbor's byes
> A-livin' off our block.
> There's the Bannons and the Gannons,
> Far Downs and Connaught min.
> Aisy wid the shovel and quite handy wid the pin,
> Neighborly an' friendly, with relations by the flock.
> Singin' "Little Sallie Waters" for the babies on our block.'

The last chorus is like the first. It's the veriest trifle, but somehow it hits the people, and I hear it everywhere. The children themselves have adapted the air to their words instead of the old tune they sung. Down on my block my little boy goes in the middle when they play it, and they sing 'Little Eddy Harrigan' instead of 'Sallie Waters.' There's glory for you. Published? Yes, of course. Mr. Pond don't hesitate nowadays about publishing my songs. He jumps at them. You see, success is a good thing. Now, there is a song in the new piece that I presume will be popular. It's 'The Little Widow Dunn,' and describes the neat, tidy little widow who keeps a small shop, has a kind word for every one, feels it her duty to nod to every one who goes by, is in great demand at parties, where she sings a good song and tells a good story, and who invariably attends every funeral in the neighborhood. You've seen her, I'll be bound.

"I spoke of the local color of New York, and I will prove to you that Boston, at least, has none. After the great success of the 'Mulligan Guards' here, we went to Boston and played for Stetson in the Howard Athenæum. The 'Guards' was nearly a dead failure. We came back here, and the people were crazy over it again. Back we went to Boston, and then the people took it second-hand and laughed at it; but I don't believe they knew what they were laughing at. I thought a local sketch of Boston would be the thing. So I went down and took a trip with the North End Fishing Club. Had a good time, lots of fun, and I thought I had struck it. I worked up a sketch of a fishing club trip, set the stage for the deck of a schooner, worked in the seasick business, had the leather medal for the poorest fisherman, and introduced the 'N. E. F. C. song and march,' John Braham writing the music. We thought it good. The first night after it was done there wasn't a hand raised, not a sound of applause. It fell flat. I asked a gentleman if he knew anything about fishing club excursions. He said he believed there were such things, but the citizens didn't know much about them. Here it is quite different. Ladies and gentlemen from up town are familiar to a certain extent through the newspapers with this phase of life I depict, and they come to see and are amused. Then there are a few up-town folks who were once down-town folks and know all about it. Then the down-town people themselves come and see this, and go home and see the real thing, only more so. I've been very fortunate in having such a musician as Dave Braham to compose the music. He has ideas. He is quick. We sit down together. I give him my idea of the character of the song. He composes a melody. May be it's a foggy, wet day. The tune doesn't fit. I see it, so does he. But he never hurries. He waits till there is a nice, bright, clear day; then he goes to work. He generally gets just what I want. The 'Skidmore' songs have given him the most trouble, the idea being to get away from the original song as we had it first, and still retain the idea and the general features. I find the same trouble in writing the series we are playing now. The motive is the same, the idea being to run it in different grooves. My ambition is to make this a theatre something like the Folly of London—a place where pure fun without filth can be had, where bright, young American authors can have a show."

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Col. Andrews' Grand Carnival Ball, to be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion on the evening of September 19th, will be a success in every respect. It has all the conditions necessary to a success—a roomy and well-ventilated building, comfortable boxes, and seats for spectators, commodious dressing-rooms, magnificent prizes, and last, but not least, a sensible and reasonable rate of admission to both floor and dress circle. Coming as it does immediately after the close of the Mechanics' Fair, and during the time of the arrival and reception of General Grant, this *mardi gras* in miniature can not fail to be one of the most brilliant spectacles ever seen on the Pacific Coast. The valuable prizes, which have been on exhibition in the Pavilion, have alone advertised the affair immensely. They are of immense value, and are models of beauty and taste. Referring to the programme of proceedings for the evening, we find that the Grand March will signalize the opening at precisely nine o'clock. This will be one of the most gorgeous spectacles ever seen in this city. Mounted buglers will herald the imposing procession of animals, character representations, scenic effects, and comic personalities. The whole scene will be one of marvelous interest and grotesque beauty. The finest bands of music in the State will be in attendance; the players will be elegantly costumed, the immense auditorium brilliantly lighted, the using of calcium lights lending brilliancy to the illumination. The Pavilion will be lavishly decorated with flags, streamers, flowers, devices, and insignia of various kinds, fountains playing, the floor canvased for the dancers, and everything that can lend *eclat* to the occasion evoked. There will be ample provision made for the comfort of the ladies in every respect. Spectators will not be allowed on the floor, except in mask. There will be a room set apart for one of the best costumers in the city. Refreshments will be served whenever desired. Maskers can retain their masks the entire evening, if they prefer to do so, thus preserving their *incognito*. No person will receive more than one prize, and professionals will not be awarded prizes, thus affording all an equal chance, and promoting fair and honorable competition. These are a few of the features of this great carnival event. Secure your tickets.

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The production of Oscar Weil's comic opera, *Pyramus and Thisbe*, at the Bush Street Theatre, has been deferred to the 29th inst., in order to insure the most thorough rehearsal and preparation. The chorus, upon which the musical interest of the work largely devolves, is making rapid progress under the skillful training of Mr. S. W. Leach, and promises to be of unusual excellence. The opera will be given with entirely new scenery and costumes—from Rosenthal's designs—and is being prepared with a careful attention to detail and general *mise en scene* that reflects great credit upon the management of this theatre.

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At Platt's Hall the female pedestrians, La Chapelle and Von Berg, are well on their way for the six days' contest, which promises to be more than ordinarily exciting. La Chapelle is leading, with the sturdy German girl reserving herself for the home stretch, and the chances of an average.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Obituary.

"One more unfortunate,"
Sick of his gal,
Ended his foolishness
In the canal. —*Courier-Journal.*

### Consequeces.

"I'm sitting on this tile, Mary,"
He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass,
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured: "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat."
—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

### Oh, Why?

"Oh, youth, with smooth, sand-papered pate,
The night is dark, the hour is late,
Why do you linger on my gate?"
"I stay to help your daughter hold
This gate upon its hinges old;
Go in, old man, you're catching cold!"
The old man sought his little bed,
And on it laid his patient head
"I think my gare is safe," he said.
—*Cincinnati Star.*

### One is Sometimes Worth Two.

His optic was red as the sky in the west,
When the rubescent sun sinks slowly to rest;
And softly he murmured, while heaving a sigh:
"A sty on the farm is worth two in the eye."
His friend gazed upon him with wonder and fear,
And, raising his hand, smote him on his huge ear;
The fiend calmly took it, and smillingly said:
"A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the head."
His friend again raised his right hand up on high,
Resolving to cuff that arch-fiend on his sty,
But he suddenly dodged and bewitchingly said:
"A man-shun on earth is worth two overhead."
—*Hackensack Republican.*

### The Bangle Racket.

Alas, my little bangle!
One night I saw it dangle
Upon an arm as white as driven snow.
That night, a sighing wooer,
I gave the token to her—
And it was not so many weeks ago.
My heart was in a tangle,
With that confounded bangle,
And on the same I carved my monogram.
When next I saw the maiden,
Her wrist was amply laden
With other bangles scarcely worth a d—.
We had our little wrangles
About those other bangles.
I called her false—she swore that she was not.
Alas!—I hate to think it—
She melted down each trinket,
And all my hopes of marriage go to pot.
—*Virginia Chronicle.*

### Meloncolic.

Three melons went sailing out in the West,
Nutmeg, water, and musk;
Three little boys at evening dusk,
While nature brooded in damp suspense,
Climbed over a ten-rail eight-foot fence,
And stowed a melon beneath each vest.

Three little colics appeared that night
And tackled the cherubs three;
Oh, the groan, the pain, the misery,
The cramp, the gripe, and the inward hurt.
The fate that the doctors couldn't avert—
Three undertakers at morning's light.

Yet melons go sailing everywhere,
And women are born to weep;
And boys will forage while farmers sleep,
And colics will come where melons go,
And so will doctors and every woe
That points the way to the golden stair.
—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

### Molasses.

The boy that to his mother says,
As he the pantry passes,
And sights the tempting syrup-cup,
"Oh, gimme some molasses!"
Advanced to riper years, still cries,
When wean-ed from his classes,
And lounging at some wat'ring place,
"Oh, give me summer lasses!"

### What Answer?

She held within her delicate hand,
A sumptuous bouquet,
And holding it unto George,
She murmured: "Ain't it gay?
What do you say?"

### Imposition.

The breezes softly blow along the mead
Whereon the cow doth indolently feed,
They blow the rose scent to Medora fair,
And idly wanton in her sunny hair,
And linger fond about her ivory neck,
And seems to say Medora beats the deck,
In which the breezes agree with the young man who pays for ice cream.

### The Patch on the Pants.

Political chances and changes
Bring one and another on top,
And sometimes the upper dog quickly
Is changed to the undermost pup
And one of the great alterations
The fortune of politics grants,
Is broadcloth galore of a fellow
Who once wore a patch on his pants.

### "The Corn Acknowledged."

I sat in church the other night,
And—bad for me—instead
Of listening to the preacher's words,
I watched a girl ahead.
*Perhaps* my long continued gaze
Caused her to glance behind;
*Perhaps* 'twas caused by something else—
It was! but never mind.
I *thought* she looked at me, you know,
And awful was the shock
When later it turned out that she
Was gazing on the clock.
She wore tight shoes, for soon a sound,
Made by her moving feet,
Came to my ears as she limped out:
So much for man's conceit.
LYNN C. DOYLE.

### Maltreated.

Upon the mall they slowly walked,
And swapped their soulful notions;
And while he saccharinely talked,
In paying his devotions,
Confections rich he did outpour.
And she, thus being sweetened,
Remarked: "I never was before
So courteously maltreated."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*


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Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels have been doing such a fine business at the Bush Street Theatre that their stay is prolonged another week. It is an artistic and novel show of minstrelsy, and everybody should see the Mastodons.

Mr. Herold's Orchestral Matinées are definitely announced to begin on Wednesday, October 1st, at Baldwin's Theatre. Subscription lists are now open, and rehearsals are to commence shortly.

In the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden *Pinafore* is played on a real ship floating on a real lake. The characters are rowed to the vessel in small boats at the proper moment, and the effect is remarkably realistic.

My little sickly, puny baby was changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed, by using Hop Bitters a short time.—A young mother. See other column.

### PHOTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Photographers patronized by the theatrical profession are sure to be the best, for these people actually make a study of appearances, and have a more than ordinary appreciation of a photographic portrait. They pose for days in order to get the correct or desired effect, and naturally go to the most efficient artist to have this effect interpreted. So, then, the mere fact that Bradley & Rulofson do the greater part of professional work is the best evidence in the world that they do the best work at the most satisfactory prices. As straws sometimes show which way the wind blows, so the patronage of a people who make handsome and effective pictures part of their stock in trade points to the best photographers.

"How happy he whose cloak and cincture can hold out this tempest." Woman's weakness is for the possession of pretty things, partly for her own pleasure, but also that she may outshine her sisters. Dear to the feminine heart are silks and laces, rare jewels and rich furs, but nothing is of such universal interest, or so full of danger to the lining of purses, as "a love of a bonnet." Confessing to all the weaknesses of the sex, we could not resist an invitation to attend the annual fall opening of Mme. Skidmore, at No. 1114 Market Street, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. We found a most bewildering variety of the latest and most fashionable styles in millinery goods, and no sooner discovered what we thought we desired than something more ravishing caught the eye, and we were fain at last to take what we were assured was just the rage. We found some very handsome broad-brimmed hats, trimmed in the new shades, amaranth red, gendarme, beige, and Rembrandt, with birds of beautiful plumage. Also some lovely imported bonnets, and, in fact, all the latest styles and shades, and at prices within the reach of the most modest purse. We left with regret, but possessing what our souls delight in—"a darling bonnet."

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Until further notice, after Monday, the 15th inst., the 7:10 A. M. train via San Quentin and San Rafael will be discontinued.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

An elegant assortment of Gold Watches and Chains at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

### BEAUTIFUL FOREVER!

FRECKLES, MOLES, SALLOWNESS, BLACK WORMS, POCKMARKS, WARTS, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, instantly and permanently removed by MONS. A. MOREL, with FEISTEL & GERRARD, Chiropodists, who remove skillfully and without pain CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, etc. Finger-nails made almond shape and rose-tinted. Sole Agents for the Genuine Sozopado, for disinfecting and modifying excessive perspiration. Highest testimonials. Specifics sent to any part of the world, on application at our office, 838 Market Street, opposite Fourth. Parlors 2, 3, and 4.

*BALDWIN'S THEATRE.*

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

This (Saturday) Evening, Sept. 13, and every evening until further notice, Herne & Belasco's latest success,

**CHUMS! CHUMS! CHUMS!**

Grand CHUMS Matinee to-day, at 2 P. M.

Sunday Evening, Sept. 14, special performance of

**CHUMS.**

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

**FOURTH WEEK!**

TRIUMPHANT AND OVERWHELMING SUCCESS!

The Acknowledged

FOUNTAIN HEAD OF REFINED MINSTRELSY.

BRILLIANT RECEPTIONS
BY CROWDED HOUSES.

Fourth Week of the remarkable engagement of

**HAVERLY'S**
**UNITED MASTODON MINSTRELS.**
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**40 FAMOUS PERFORMERS. 40**

A FLOOD OF FRESH FEATURES.

*CALIFORNIA THEATRE.*

W. B. BARTON.....MANAGERS
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

LAST WEEK OF THE COMEDIANS.

"Should we not laugh, my masters?"—SHAKSPEARE.

Monday, Sept. 15th, and every evening during the week and Saturday matinee, the Comedians,

**ROBSON AND CRANE,**

Will present for the first time on any stage an original dramatic absurdity, by Joseph Bradford, called

**A. D. 1900,**

OR, WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Trainor.....Mr. Stuart Robson
Appleby.....Mr. Wm. H. Crane
Returning to Boston, after fifteen years' absence in Siam.

Act I.—Railway Station near Boston. Act II.—Drawing-room in the house of Judge Julia Perkins. Act III.—The County Jail. Act IV.—The County Court.

*PLATT'S HALL.*

Overwhelming and enthusiastic audiences greet the favorites on their

**Grand Six-day Challenge Walk,**

Pursuant to a challenge issued by

**MME. LA CHAPELLE,**

And accepted by

**BERTHA VON BERG.**

The ladies are now walking for a wager of $1,000 each and the gate receipts, the winner to receive three-quarters and the losing party one-quarter of the same.

Great extra attraction to-night—

**STEPHEN BRODIE,**

The New York Newsboy, will commence to walk 250 miles in seventy-five hours.

All for one price of admission, 50 cents. Hall open at all hours day and night.


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*A FRENCH AND ITALIAN AU*thor, of high standing and refined manners, wishes to enter an American family, where the learning and practice of foreign languages would be appreciated. Write, stating price, to Captain X. X., ARGONAUT Office.

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....AT....

*MADAME GAY-CREISSEIL, No. 57* BOULEVARD BINEAU.

Education with Parisian young ladies of rank. Fine Arts and Deportment. Comfortable house, gardens, liberal board. Reference, COLONEL H. HENRI, ARGONAUT Office.

## A SINGING CLASS,

*FOR THE PURPOSE OF LEARN*ing to read music at sight, and gaining a correct knowledge of Singing Glees, Choruses, and Church Music, will meet in the parlors of Plymouth Church (Rev. T. K. Noble, pastor), Taylor Street, near Geary, on Thursday evening, September 18th, 1879 at 7:15 P. M.
J. W. YARNDLEY, Director.

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Send stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST. San Francisco.

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*ARTISTIC ARTICLES FOR HOME* Decoration or Personal Use. New designs in Mantel and Table Drapes. Art Needle-work, as developed by the English School. FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TABLES, SCREENS, etc. Paintings and Etchings upon China, Silk, and Wood, etc. R. F. BLOOMER.

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*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

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Anvils, Vices, Files, Rasps, Nuts, Washers, Bellows.
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*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE HAS* completed arrangements for opening in Dresden a School for American Girls. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1007 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Bank of Dresden, Dresden, Saxony.

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TRADE MARK,

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**Round the World Tickets.**

*THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP* COMPANY will issue Round the World Tickets, giving first class accommodations for the entire route, at the low price of $650.

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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*OFFICE FLOWERY MINING COM*pany, San Francisco, September 1, 1879.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Flowery Mining Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of September, 1879, at 11 o'clock A. M. Transfer Books will be closed on Saturday, September 6th, at 12 o'clock M., until after the meeting.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO*ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

**Does in every case.**

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IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumalism,
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Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
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Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

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**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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NOOK FARM.

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

The "Farm" embraces about 50 acres vineyard, now ripening, affording an opportunity to those who wish to try the "grape cure."

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH,
Rutherford, Napa County.

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*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirtieth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 59) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second (22d) day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 15) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the second (2d) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-fourth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, 293 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first (1st) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*NORTH BONANZA COMPANY.*—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 13th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 3) of Twenty-five (25) Cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the Corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of September, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the 7th day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors. W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office—Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*OFFICE NORTH BONANZA MIN*ing Company, San Francisco, September 1, 1879.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the North Bonanza Mining Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., on TUESDAY, the sixteenth day of September, 1879, at 11 o'clock A. M. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, September 6th, at 12 o'clock M., until after the meeting. W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

NORTHERN DIVISION

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $2 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

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RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

# COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ..... | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers: connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTNUR HUGNES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


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|---|---|---|
| December ..... 6 | September ....13 | October.....25 |
| February.....28 | | January.....17 |
| | | April.....10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. OCEANIC, sailing from San Francisco Saturday, September 13th, will continue on from Hongkong to Liverpool, offering superior accommodations for tourists en route AROUND THE WORLD.

Freight will be taken for London and Liverpool. For through bills of lading and rates, apply at 218 California Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE* INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 76.—The monthly dividend for August, 1879, will be paid on Sept. 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, September 6, 1879.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of September, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of one dollar and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S

**FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH**

INSTITUTE

*FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHIL*dren, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term on MONDAY, July 21, 1879. MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

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Eastbampton, Mass., fits boys for our best Colleges and Scientific Schools. Tuition, $60 per year. Free tuition to needy and deserving students. Good board at Seminary Boarding-house, $3 per week. Fall term begins Sept. 11, 1879. For catalogue, containing full information, address

**J. W. FAIRBANKS, Principal.**

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| Pants, | $4 to $15 |
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| Overcoats, | 15 to 50 |
| Ulsters, | 15 to 35 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 to 40 |
| Genuine 6 X | |

**TO ORDER:**

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| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 to $15 |
| White Vests, | 3 to 5 |
| Fancy Vests, | 6 to 15 |
| Beaver Suits, | $55. |

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ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

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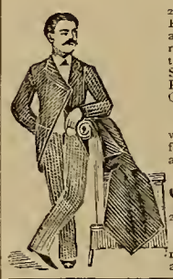

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 7, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, September 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 12. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## SOCIETY TRAMPS.

A Burst of Indignation from One who has Suffered.

Penelope came into the library one morning, with a letter in her hand and a deep wrinkle in her forehead. I was writing a "Sonnet to a Bumblebee" (*à la* Edgar Fawcett), and the interruption was untimely. Nevertheless, I dropped my pencil and prepared to listen. There's no harm in being amiable to one's wife, although most men seem to think otherwise.

"Isn't it dreadful?" said Penelope; "Mrs. Thistletop wants to come next week to make me a visit."

"Well," said I, calmly, "let her come."

Penelope looked at me with an inscrutable expression, which was not pity, nor contempt, nor anger, but a mixture, perhaps, of all three; and then, seeming to see how hopeless was the task of explaining to an imbecile like myself, said abruptly: "I don't want her."

"Ah!" I murmured, vacantly, "then don't have her."

"My dear Ulysses," said my wife, as sweetly as though she were not aching to box my ears, "you don't understand. It is not pleasant to offend Mrs. Thistletop, and I have really no excuse for not receiving her."

"And why, O wisest of women, do you object to Mrs. Thistletop?" I faltered.

"Because," said Penelope, with an emphasis which made me jump, "she is a *tramp*."

"A what?"

"A society tramp," reiterated Penelope, firmly; "and I am tired of such people. They bore me; they take up my precious time; they cling like the old man of the sea, and—life is too short for unnecessary burdens."

I could not help admiring Penelope while she spoke. She looked as heroic as did her classical namesake when repelling her Ithacan suitors. But I only said, with a *soupçon* of sarcasm in my tone: "Suppose, my love, that you unroll your views on this subject, and present them to the public. You would be laying the foundation of a literary reputation; you would give a warning to unwary householders, and a lesson to the charming vagabonds of the *beau monde* whom you repudiate so bitterly."

Penelope only smiled, and industriously contemplated the toes of her ten-dollar sandals.

I went on. "I must say that you are a trifle prejudiced. Mrs. Thistletop is a delightful person—lively, accomplished, pretty, well-bred; in short, the ideal guest, if you want a guest at all."

My wife withdrew her gaze from her sandals and bestowed it upon my face for the space of at least two minutes; then, just as I was growing embarrassed, she rose and rustled out of the room, turning back at the door to show her white teeth in a curious laugh and mutter something that sounded like "Amiable, old, but—;" but of course it couldn't have been, for I pride myself on my discernment, and there are few persons whose foibles are hidden from *my* eyes. But Penelope is a very peculiar woman, and I confess she baffles me sometimes, even *me*. We agree to disagree, so we never have any serious trouble. But, as I reason out my deductions, and Penelope arrives at hers by instinct, it is not strange that we occasionally play at cross-purposes; and it is a melancholy fact that where my wife's theories are most illogical she clings to them the longest and strongest. However, her natural indolence and her lack of reasoning powers prevent her from arguing long; and if it is somewhat aggravating to think that she is silenced and not convinced, it is correspondingly agreeable to know that mine is the superior mind, and that I have tradition and the bulk of masculine and feminine conclusion with which to prove it.

After my wife had left the room, on the occasion of the conversation just recorded, I turned to my neglected sonnet; but inspiration was gone, and the last line only sang itself over in my brain, without producing any reflection—

"Conglomerate essence of the sweets of spring,
That flittest—"

It was no use. I threw down my pencil again, and took up Froude's *Cæsar*, and, after a few minutes, Penelope and Mrs. Thistletop and the perverse spirit of song floated out of my mind together.

I didn't suppose Penelope would take my sarcasm seriously, for she never takes anything seriously—that is one of her widest faults—and I was both amazed and perplexed when she walked into the study one morning with a package of manuscript, and laid it before me without a word. While I admire her boldness, and while I can not well withhold her MS. from publication, I still maintain that she is prejudiced and somewhat too stern in her denunciations of her sex.

I don't have any fear of Penelope growing strongminded—this is only a little feminine outburst—but I want it distinctly understood that I am not responsible for the following *brochure*, audaciously headed:

### SOCIETY TRAMPS.

It is a curious fact, but it *is* a fact, that while the newspapers teem with anecdotes of tramps, with recipes for the regeneration, the prevention, or the suppression of tramps; while housekeepers shudder at the name and travelers at the sight of the obnoxious individuals, there is one corridor of this Bohemian labyrinth which has never been explored or exposed; there is one class which is comparatively unheralded, uncelebrated; it is the class cleverly named by my friend Aglalia, "Society Tramps." They only differ from their brethren of the road inasmuch as they are bolder, more tenacious, more dangerous. While the burly, tipsy adorer of Denis comes to my back door and requests a "bite of something," thanks Jane for the cold meat and bread, and walks off with it under his arm, my society tramp drives to my front door, in a borrowed carriage possibly, trips up my front steps, and comes in with an assured air of ownership which is positively staggering to a modest person. She (I say *she* because the society tramp is preponderately, though not exclusively, feminine), she says glibly: "Oh, I'm sure Mrs. —— will see *me*," and when the martyr appears, "Oh, you dear little woman! [dab, dab, dab—which may stand for society kisses], I just happened to come over to town for the day to do some shopping, and I knew you would never forgive me if I went back without seeing you, so I thought I'd run up and take dinner with you, and stay all night, and finish my shopping to-morrow." What is there left for the unhappy hostess to say but "I'm delighted to have you, I'm sure," give up her own promised evening's amusement, and devote herself to her guest? And then, perhaps, the visit runs late into the next day, and the tramp says: "Now don't let me disturb you at all; just go on as if I were not here; and if you go down town, I'll go with you and we can visit in the carriage;" which results in the tramp spending the afternoon and her hostess' horseflesh in "doing" the shops, and finally being driven to her boat or train, while Mrs. ——'s errands have to be relegated to some future point of time. Now this is all very amusing once in a while, but it becomes monotonous when it is a daily, or even a weekly, occurrence.

My friend Aglalia, before mentioned, has a lovely house and an enviable place among "our best people," but she is not a society woman for many reasons. She and her husband are hospitable with an old-fashioned Southern hospitality, which gives *carte blanche* and hold-over tickets of invitation. When they first came to Sand City they said to everybody, in the innocence of their hearts, "Come to see us often—come and take dinner with us any day," and their generous spirit was met by evident appreciation. They had more company than they could well accomodate; but it was a droll fact that the persons they liked least came oftenest.

As they waxed more and more prosperous their nomadic friends waxed more plentiful, until Aglalia was completely worn out with entertaining—tramps.

She it too good-natured to offend them by the cut direct, and they are too good-natured to be offended by anything less; so the game goes on, with the advantage all on one side.

Aglalia and I have talked together concerning this matter, and have determined to start a movement for the suppression of "Society Tramps." We are weak, I know, but we mean well, and we shall do our best to make the movement a success.

It is due the "Society Tramp" to say that she is usually of good family, and of agreeable presence and manners. She has a slender purse, an abnormal conscience, and the equivocal position which a conjunction of poverty and good birth always bring. Her stock in trade is an ostensible home of a humble sort, an income sufficient to provide her with clothes, and a list of rich relatives, or "old friends," whom she uses as a kind of pass to get a free ride into society and luxurious surroundings. She says to one: "Won't you go with me to call on Mrs. So-and-so to-morrow?"—which, being interpreted, means, "Won't you call for me in your carriage, and so give me a chaperon and the comfort of a ride?" She says to another: "Sister Fanny is going away next week, and I'm coming to stay with you while she's gone. I know you are so lonely now, and you want cheering up," and she comes, orders the servants, gets up late for breakfast, and comes in late for dinner; intrudes her advice conceroing all the routine of the house, and makes more trouble than the whole family put together.

Her humble home is only a *dernier ressort*. She really lives her life out as a visitor. She travels so much that she has no home-love left. The Lares and Penates are strange gods to her. She is a bird of passage—a civilized Bedouin; and it is a question in my mind, what will become of her in case my movement for the S. of S. T. succeeds, and her occupation's gone. She is not fit for a wife, although she is always atilt for matrimonial prey, and not only expects me to entertain her when my turn comes on her list, but also desires me to furnish her with a husband.

Lorella comes to me with a smile and downcast eyelids. She is so unhappily situated; she is sick, and sad, and friendless—and she weeps. "If I only had a place to stay," says the wily female Micawber, "until something turns up," etc. Now, I have a generous income and a big house. What can I do? Turn this poor destitute orphan away? You know and *she* knows that I can't do it, so she is installed in my house and becomes as much of a fixture as my cornices and curtains. She flirts with my husband, who is as near-sighted as the rest of his sex; she audaciously overturns my cherished traditions, she hinders by pretending to help me in my housekeeping, lives like a princess without a mouthful of care, and for the future piously pins her faith on my good nature. In the very humblest spirit, I ask, "How am I to get rid of her?" I don't like her; she doesn't like me. I know that she is an artful little hypocrite who is too proud or too lazy to work, but not too lazy to dance all night, or too proud to accept presents and hospitality for which she can never make the slightest return. She is not grateful for my courtesies and will, doubtless, abuse me when she goes away—if she ever *does* go. When I suggest to my husband the propriety of her testing somebody else's friendship he demurs. "Poor little thing, she doesn't know what to do, and she is no trouble to you. We have plenty of room. Let her stay. You women are so unjust to each other."

Retort is useless, so I only smile and shrug my shoulders, and—endure Lorella. When she goes away somebody else will come. I am rapidly falling into a state of apathy. It might as well be Lorella as any one else. It had better be Lorella than Eris, for instance, who "gushes" so immoderately that I am drowned in gush, as it were, and only come to the surface gasping occasionally. I am helpless in her hands. She weaves imaginary conversations of which I am the star. She praises my china, my dresses, my manners, and my carriage dog with the utmost impartiality; yet there is always a tiny thorn under each rose-leaf, an insinuation too faint to resent; you could not positively swear it had pricked you at all, it is too tiny to get hold of, but oh, how it smarts! Now, with what weapons can I fight Eris? She comes to me often—Ulysses knew her family in "early days," dandled Eris on his knee, and all that—and she always leaves me feeling uncomfortable and distrustful of my friends. Shall I tell her to go away and come no more? No, for I am afraid of her tongue, and I must take in this dangerous tramp and minister to her for no better reason than that. My friend of the road, the legitimate tramp, has one thing in common with my friend of the front door, the society tramp. He is not content with the hospitality which is meted out to him, but he must bring *his* friends to enjoy it also; so while Jane is doubling her rations of bread and meat for her boarders at the kitchen steps, I am inviting to dinner Dosia's friend, for whom I don't care a rap, and who is a complete stranger to me. I am doing all this, I say, for Dosia's sake. Dosia is a tramp of the good-natured order, who refuses to be snubbed, who knows perfectly well that I am always glad to see her, and that there is nothing in the world I desire so much as to make her friends *my* friends. She spends her life cooking up these affinity dishes. "I know you would like the Derby family," she says, "they are all so devoted to each other, so intelligent; I'm going to bring Lottie round to see you," and she brings Lottie at some inconvenient time, having probably told the girl that I was dying to koow her, and then she "nags" me until I go to call with her on Lottie's mamma. I do not withhold from the Derbys anything that Dosia claims for them, but I have acquaintance enough already, I don't propose to be bullied into enthusiasm, and—I like to choose my own guests.

Dosia is always bringing immature young men to call or take dinner on Sunday afternoons, sounding their praises, making them "show off." I suppose it is very selfish and inconsistent of me, but I take no interest in these adolescent youths—indeed they bore me just a trifle—and they, in turn, seem to regard my humble house as a sort of caravansery for people in search of amusement, of which Dosia and not myself is doorkeeper. But that is not strange, for Dosia herself, and Lorella, and all the rest, look upon me simply as a convenience. I am skeptical of their regard. They unite in assuring me that it is no trouble for me to have company, and that I am the most charming hostess in the world—for the only coin of this Bohemian realm is "taffy"—and each newcomer constitutes himself a sort of social adviser, so that if I were disposed to shrink responsibility I could not easily do so.

If I go into the country somebody is always at hand to accompany me, or to propose keeping house for me in my absence. I go away for rest and solitude, and come home jaded and worn out. Indeed, my "summer boarders" are more trouble to me than any others. I am besieged with tramps who want the name of going out of the city without the expense of a season at White Sulphur or Santa Cruz. They care about as much for nature pure and simple as I care for *them*, but they would not miss their conventional summer jaunt for the world, and they come down upon me like Kansas grasshoppers, bringing their invalid mothers or sisters for my servants to wait upon, driving my horses to death, borrowing what they lack from my wardrobe, and drinking my wines with the utmost *sang-froid*. They love, so they declare, "to go into the country to 'rough it.' It is so jolly."

But I notice that these hardened campaigners want the softest of mattresses, the finest of sheets. They look melancholy if the ice is out, or the mutton tough; and they must have their toast and coffee in bed, and their breakfast at noon *à la* Française. The country cook, or the imported city cook, rebels at such nonsense, and then there is utter demoralization in the country household. I should like to ask some of my friends for a week or two, but there is really no place for them. The room is all taken up by tramps.

I am informed that this evil exists in all grades of society, and I suppose my pretty little neighbor, Mrs. Martins, whom I see every morning doing her prim kitchen work, and every afternoon rocking her blue-eyed baby to sleep, suffers from the same trials which I bewail. She had some visitors last week, who, I am sure, were tramps, and I pitied her from the bottom of my heart.

I look with wistful eye at my shabby seamstress, and wonder if she, too, has tramps, and if she has to entertain them in her shabby little rooms—feast them out of her [illegible] earnings, and cook for them on her kerosene stove.

almost sure she does; but her tramps are more honest, more sincere than mine, for there is not so much to tempt them.

The communistic spirit which pervades the sand-lot is not a new thing. It has existed for years among the society tramps. "You are rich and we are poor," they say; "that is not fair. Divide with us. We shall not wait to have your hospitality bestowed upon us; we shall take it. Let us in; let us in!"

Since turning away Mrs. Thistletop I have received a perfumed *billet-doux* from another widowed-tramp of the most persuasive order:

"DEAREST PENELOPE:—I am coming to Sand City on the 14th prox., and want to make you a good long visit while I am there. It has been ages since I saw your sweet face, and I have so many things to tell you, and so many things to ask your advice about. A little friend of mine is going down with me—Fannie R.—of whom you have often heard me speak. She is new to the metropolis, and I am to show her the lions. Can't you help me? I know you love to make your friends happy, and if you will call at 13 Knox Avenue, any time next week, and say when we can come to you for a few days, you will make *two* people happy, and be the most charming benefactress of your humble and ever-loving FAN."

Now that's the sort of thing I have to contend with. Of course, it is no consequence that I have a sewing-woman in the house, that I am in the midst of a hegira of trial cooks, and that Johnny has the mumps. My "ever-loving Fan" could not be convinced that it would be inconvenient for me to have her and her young friend for an indefinite length of time. She will be very much hurt when I write to her (as I assuredly shall) to postpone her visit; but she will, with true Christian charity, overcome her resentment, and "come again another day."

I want to be alone. I want "a lodge in some vast wilderness;" or if I must remain within the pale of civilization, I should like a castle with moat and drawbridge. Nothing else will keep out Fan and her fellow-tramps.

I have a good many pensioners besides these already mentioned, but I shall spare my readers further enumeration. It is a subject on which I feel deeply; a subject so extensive in its ramifications that, like Captain Corcoran,

"Though I'm anything but clever,
I could talk like *this* for ever."

The worm will turn at last. If something is not done, and that right speedily, my identity will be merged into that of my persistent visitors. I shall, in self-defense, have to turn tramp myself.

No one has more sympathy with poor young girls, with struggling, grief-stricken widows, with needy, helpless women of my sort than I, for I have known the stabs of poverty myself; but for the daughters on society's skirts, the genteel poor who are ashamed of their poverty, the shabby relations who "tag" those that can or will help them to an easier life, I have not one grain of pity or respect.

The woman who has no abiding-place, who is not sensitive about "wearing her welcome out," who basks in the sunshine of eagerly sought and stingily granted favors, must lose or lack something of womanliness.

The tramp who sits at my table day after day balancing his moral see-saw with an aristocratic family, or a rich uncle, or his own abundant graces, or any one of a dozen hobbies born of false pride, may be a good subject for speculative study, but he is not a desirable companion.

Perhaps you will say I have exaggerated this evil, but I have not. I am not a very brilliant woman, but I am a truthful one; even Ulysses acknowledges that.

I love my home and I love my friends, but I protest against the invasion of the one by the imitation of the other. I am fond of society, but I reject the society tramps.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. PENELOPE S.

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**Pony Glasses of French Brandy.**

Malgré les outrages du temps, on se souvient toujours avec plaisir des amourettes de son jeune âge: c'est le parfum de l'innocence qui nous suit jusqu'un tombeau.—*Adolphe Ricard.*

Etre aimé n'est qu'un bonheur humain; le charme d'aimer est la volupté des anges.—*Charles Pougens.*

Aimez, aimez qui vous adore;
Ne craignez point de vous laisser charmer.
Que de plaisirs un insensible ignore!
C'est l'amour seul qui peut nous les donner;
Avant d'aimer on ne vit point encore,
On ne vit plu dès qu'on cesse d'aimer. —*Quinault.*

La jeune et jolie Madame de P. prétend qu'à quinze ans la toilette dépare, qu'elle pare à trente ans et qu'elle répare à quarante.

Epitaphe copiée au cimetière du Père la Chaise:

Ci-gît et chacun s'en étonne
Une femme qui fut très bonne.
On fit pour la sauver des efforts superflus.
Son époux a raison d'être inconsolable.
Cette perte est irreparable,
A présent on n'en trouve plus.

Quand, après une longue absence, on revoit la personne qu'on aime, l'effort qu'on se fait est si violent, qu'on a l'air froid. L'amour se cache par son excès.—*Stendhal.*

Il y a beaucoup de femmes qui seraient fort agréables et fort aimables, si elles pouvaient oublier qu'elles sont jolies. —*Marivaux.*

On n'aime pas par un commandement:

Prière, ordre, conseils, n'y peuvent rien; personne
Ne sait pourquoi le cœur se refuse ou se donne,
Et qui voudrait aimer, contre son bon plaisir
Ne pourrait point vraiment jamais y réussir. —*Ponsard.*

Deux jeunes gens se disputaient la conquête d'une femme qu'on citait partout pour sa maigreur. Comme on parlait de leur rivalité devant Champfort: Ce sont, dit-il, deux chiens qui se disputent un os.

## THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

**Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.**

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

### XIX.

This hard work on the part of Thérèse and Laurent, however, was not without its result. Thérèse had fallen into a weary and despairing attitude that troubled Mme. Raquin, who desired to know what saddened her niece. Then the young woman played the *rôle* of disconsolate widow with exquisite skill; she complained in a general way of *ennui*, depression, and nervousness. When her aunt pressed her with questions she replied that she was well, that she did not know what thus oppressed her, and that she cried without knowing why. At last Mme. Raquin became seriously alarmed at seeing her apparently dying slowly of some unknown ill; this niece was all that remained to her, and she prayed every evening that this child might be spared to close her eyes. A little selfishness was mingled with this last love of her old age; and the weak consolations which aided her to live still were shaken as it came to his mind that she might lose Thérèse and die alone in the gloom of the damp shop in the Passage. From that time her eyes never left her niece; she studied with terror the young widow's grief, and she asked herself what she could do to cure her of her mute despair.

Under such important circumstances she felt justified in asking the advice of her old friend Michaud; so one Thursday evening she detained him in the shop and told him her fears.

"Oh, yes," answered the old man, with the abrupt frankness belonging to his occupation; "I have seen for some time that Thérèse was cross, and I know why her face is so yellow and sulky."

"You know why?" said the shop-woman. "Tell me quick. If you could only cure her!"

"Oh, the treatment is easy," returned Michaud, laughing. "Your niece is bored because she has been lonely now for two years. She wants to marry; you can see it in her eyes."

The brutal frankness of the old policeman grated on Mme. Raquin; she thought that the wound which in her had always bled since the frightful accident at Saint-Ouen, was as fresh and as painful in the heart of the young widow. Since her son was dead, it seemed to her no other husband for her niece could exist. And here Michaud affirmed that Thérèse was ill because she wanted to marry.

"Marry her as soon as possible," he said, as he left, "if you would not have her fade away entirely. That is my advice, my good woman, and, believe me, it is good."

Mme. Raquin could not immediately accustom herself to the idea that her son was already forgotten. Old Michaud had not even pronounced Camille's name, and had joked in speaking of Thérèse pretended illness. The poor mother learned that she alone in the depths of her heart kept alive the memory of her dear son. She wept, for it seemed to her that Camille had just died for the second time. Then after she had dried her eyes, and was exhausted with regrets, she thought, in spite of herself, of Michaud's words, and schooled herself to the idea of purchasing a little happiness at the price of a marriage which, to her sensitive memory, killed her son anew. She grew cowardly when she was alone with Thérèse, gloomy and depressed in the icy silence of the shop. She was not one of those stiff, dry souls who take a bitter delight in living in an eternal despair; she was full of flexibility, devotion, impulse; she was a good-natured, fat, easy-going woman, and she sought to live in active tenderness. Since her niece spoke no more and sat there pale and feeble, existence became intolerable to her, and the shop seemed like a tomb. She needed warm affection around her; life, caresses, something sweet and gay, that would help her to wait peacefully for death. These unconscious wishes made her accept the project of remarrying Thérèse; she even forgot her son a little, for in the lifeless existence that she led the scheme furnished new desires and occupations for her mind, especially in the matter of selecting a husband for her niece. This choice of a husband was an important affair; for the poor old woman thought more about herself than about Thérèse; she wished her to marry so that she herself should be happy, for she greatly feared that her niece's new husband would disturb the last hours of her old age. The thought that she was about to introduce a stranger into her everyday existence terrified her; and this alone prevented her from openly broaching the subject to Thérèse.

While, with the perfect hypocrisy that her education had given her, Thérèse was playing her *rôle* of *ennui* and depression, Laurent had assumed the part of a feeling and helpful man. He was devoted to both women, particularly to Mme. Raquin, whom he overwhelmed with delicate attentions. Little by little he made himself indispensable in the shop, and he was the only one who could enliven the dismal place. When he was not there in the evening, the old shop-woman would look about her uneasily, as if she missed something, almost afraid to find herself alone with Thérèse and her despair. Laurent kept away occasionally the more firmly to establish his power; but nearly every day on leaving his office he came to the shop and stayed until it was closed. He made sales, and to Mme. Raquin, who walked with difficulty, he gave the slightest object of which she stood in need. He had cultivated a sweet voice, and an affectionate manner, which he used to flatter the ear and the breast of the good old woman. Above all he seemed very anxious about Thérèse's health, but only as a friend, as a tender-hearted man who suffers on seeing the sufferings of others. On several occasions he took Mme. Raquin aside and terrified her by appearing frightened at the change that he saw in the face of the young widow.

"We shall lose her soon," he would murmur, in a choking voice. "We can not hide from ourselves that she is very ill. Ah, what will become of our happiness, and our pleasant, quiet evenings!"

Mme. Raquin listened with anguish, and Laurent became sufficiently audacious to speak of Camille.

"You see," he continued, "the death of my poor friend was a terrible blow to her. She has been dying now these two years, ever since the fatal day that she lost Camille. Nothing will console her, nothing will cure her, and we must be resigned."

These impudent falsehoods made the old woman weep bitterly. Whenever the name of Camille was pronounced she burst into tears, abandoned herself to grief, and would fain embrace the person who named her poor child. Laurent had noticed the effect that this name had produced upon her. He could make her weep at will, and overwhelm her with an emotion that deprived her of a clear view of things; thus he abused his power that he might keep her pliant and grief-stricken under his rule. Every evening, in spite of the revolt of his innermost soul, he turned the conversation upon Camille's rare qualities, his tender heart, and his intellect; praising his victim with the coolest impudence. Occasionally, however, when he met Thérèse's eyes fixed strangely on him, he shivered, and was silent, suddenly possessed by frightful jealousy, fearing that the widow might learn to love the man he had consigned to death, and whom he now praised. During the conversation Mme. Raquin sat bathed in tears, seeing nothing around her. As she wept she thought of Laurent's loving and generous heart; he alone remembered her son, he alone spoke of him still in a trembling and agitated voice. She dried her tears and looked at the young man with infinite tenderness, for she loved him like her own son.

One Thursday evening, when Michaud and Grivet were already in the dining-room, Laurent entered, and approaching Thérèse asked her about her health with gentle solicitude. He sat beside her for a moment, playing his part of affectionate and anxious friend for the edification of those present. As the two conversed Michaud, who was watching them, leaned forward and said in a low voice to the old shop-woman, as he pointed to Laurent:

"See; there is the proper husband for you niece. Arrange the marriage as soon as possible, and we will help you if necessary."

Michaud smiled in his villainous way; to his mind Thérèse needed a strong husband. Madame Raquin grasped the suggestion eagerly, for she saw at once all the advantages that would accrue to her personally from a marriage between Thérèse and Laurent. This marriage would bind closer the ties which already united her and her neice to her son's friend, the excellent man who amused them in the evening. In this way she would not introduce a stranger into her home, and she would not run the risk of being unhappy. On the contrary, in giving Thérèse a support she would add one more joy to her own old age, and find a second son in the boy who for more than three years had professed for her a filial affection. It seemed to her, too, that in marrying Laurent Thérèse would be less faithless to the memory of Camille than if she wedded another. Madame Raquin, who would have wept at seeing Thérèse in the arms of a stranger, felt no repugnance at the thought of giving her to her son's old friend. She thought, as they say, that Thérèse would not go out of the family.

All the evening, while her guests were playing dominoes, the old woman looked at the couple with an emotion that made them guess that their comedy had succeeded, and that the *dénoûment* was near at hand. Michaud, before he left, had a short conversation in an undertone with Mme. Raquin; then he demonstratively seized Laurent's arm and announced his intention of accompanying him to the end of the Rue Saint Victor. Laurent, as he went out, exchanged a rapid glance with Thérèse—a glance warning her to be on her guard.

Michaud had taken upon himself to break the ground. He found Laurent devoted to the ladies, but very much surprised at the project of a marriage between Thérèse and himself. In a voice full of emotion he declared that he loved his poor friend's widow as a sister, and that it seemed to him almost sacrilege to marry her. The old commissary insisted, giving a hundred good reasons why the other should consent; he even spoke of devotion, telling the young man that his duty required him to give Mme. Raquin a son and Thérèse a husband. Little by little Laurent allowed himself to be convinced; he pretended to yield to his emotion, and to accept the idea of marriage as if it came from heaven, inspired by devotion and duty, as old Michaud had said. When the latter had obtained a formal consent he left his companion, rubbing his hands, for he thought he had won a great victory, and applauded himself for being the first to think of this marriage that would restore to the Thursday evenings all their former charm.

While Michaud was thus talking with Laurent, as they paced slowly along the wharves, Mme. Raquin was holding a similar conversation with Thérèse. As her niece, pale and uncertain of step, as usual, was about to retire, the old woman detained her for a second. She questioned her tenderly, and begged her to frankly acknowledge the cause of the illness that was breaking her down. Then, as she only obtained vague replies, she spoke of the loneliness of widowhood, and little by little she talked definitely of a second marriage, finally asking Thérèse distinctly if she did not secretly wish to marry again. Thérèse protested that she never dreamed of it, and that she would remain faithful to Camille. Mme. Raquin began to shed tears; she argued against her own heart, saying that sorrow could not last for ever, and at last, in answer to a cry from the widow that Camille never could be replaced, she abruptly named Laurent. Then she poured out a flood of words on the propriety and the advantages of such a union; she laid bare her soul, and repeated aloud what she had thought during the evening; she painted with naïve egotism the picture of her last happiness with her two dear children. Thérèse listened with a drooping head.

"I love Laurent like a brother," she said sorrowfully, when her aunt at last ended; "since you wish it I will try to love him as a husband. I hoped that you would let me weep in peace, but I will dry my tears since your happiness is concerned."

She embraced the old lady, who was surprised and terrified at thus apparently having been the first to forget her son. As she went to bed she sobbed bitterly, and accused herself of being weaker than Thérèse, and of wishing through selfishness a marriage that the young widow accepted through simple self-abnegation.

The next morning Michaud and his old friend had a short conversation in the Passage, before the shop door. They communicated to each other the result of their endeavors, and agreed to force the young people to a betrothal that very evening.

Accordingly, at five o'clock Michaud was already in the

shop when Laurent entered. As soon as the young man was seated the ex-commissary whispered in his ear :

"She accepts."

This coarse announcement was heard by Thérèse, who turned pale and fixed her eyes on Laurent. The two lovers looked at each other for a few seconds, as if in consultation.

They both understood that they must accept the situation without hesitancy, and decide the matter at once. Laurent, rising, went toward Mme. Raquin, who struggled vainly to repress her tears, and took her hand.

"Dear mother," said he, smiling, "I talked last evening about your welfare with M. Michaud. Your children will make you happy."

The poor woman, on hearing herself called "mother," let her tears flow faster than ever. Seizing Thérèse's hand she placed it in Laurent's without speaking.

The lovers shuddered at the contact, and their bot, clenched fingers closed with a nervous pressure. The young man resumed, in a hesitating voice :

"Thérèse, shall we make your aunt's life bright and happy?"

"Yes," replied the young woman ; "we have a duty to fulfill."

Then Laurent, very pale, turned to Mme. Raquin and said :

"When Camille fell into the water he cried to me : 'Save my wife ; I trust her to you.' I believe that I comply with his last wishes in marrying Thérèse."

Thérèse dropped Laurent's hand on hearing these words as if she had received a blow. The audacity of her lover overwhelmed her. She looked at him with startled eyes, while Mme. Raquin, whose sobs stifled her, said in a broken voice :

"Yes, my friend, marry her ; make her happy. My son will thank you from his grave."

Laurent staggered ; he supported himself by the back of a chair. Michaud, who had also been moved to tears, pushed him toward Thérèse, saying :

"Kiss her. This is your betrothal."

Laurent was seized with a strange emotion as he touched the young widow's cheek with his lips, and she recoiled as if scorched by his kiss. These were the first caresses he had ever offered her before witnesses ; all the blood rushed to her face ; she felt flushed and agitated—she, to whom modesty was unknown, and who had never blushed for the infamy of her amours.

After this scene the murderers breathed again. Their marriage was decided. They were nearing the goal they had pursued so long. All was arranged that very evening. On the following Thursday the marriage was announced to Grivet, and to Olivier and his wife. Michaud was delighted to tell the news. He rubbed his hands and said, chucklingly :

"It was I who thought of that. I made the match. You will see a happy couple."

Suzanne kissed Thérèse silently. This poor, half dead creature had taken a fancy to the dark, cold young widow. She loved her like a child, with a sort of respectful awe. Olivier congratulated the aunt and niece. Grivet ventured some coarse pleasantries, which had small success. In short, the guests were enchanted, charmed, and declared that all was for the best. To tell the truth, they already imagined themselves at the wedding.

The conduct of Thérèse and Laurent was very clever. They treated each other with tender and considerate friendship merely. They appeared to be discharging an act of supreme devotion. Nothing in their countenances aroused one suspicion of the true state of their minds.

Mme. Raquin watched them with sad smiles and grateful kindness. There were some formalities to comply with. Laurent had to write to his father to ask his consent. The old peasant of Jeufosse, who had almost forgotten that he had a son in Paris, replied in four lines, that Laurent might marry and be hanged, if he liked ; he made him understand that, being resolved never to give him a sou, he made him entirely master of himself, and authorized him to commit all the follies in the world. A consent thus accorded was very annoying to Laurent.

Mme. Raquin, having read the letter of this unnatural father, had a fit of good nature, which induced her to commit a great folly. She endowed her niece with the forty and odd thousand francs which she possessed. She stripped herself of everything for the benefit of the young couple, trusting herself to their generosity, and wishing to derive from them all her happiness. Laurent brought nothing to the common stock ; it was even rumored that he would not always keep his situation, but would perhaps return to painting. In any case, the future of the little family was secure. The income of forty thousand francs, added to the profits of the shop, would provide comfortably for three people. They would have quite enough to make them happy.

The preparations for the marriage were hastened. They abridged the formalities as much as possible. At last the looked-for day arrived.

## XX.

That morning Thérèse and Laurent each awakened with the same feeling of profound joy ; both said to themselves that their last night of terror was ended. They would no longer live apart. They would defend themselves mutually against the drowned man. Thérèse looked around her with a strange smile, then rose, dressed slowly, and awaited Suzanne, who was to assist her in her bridal toilet. Laurent sat up, and remained thus a few minutes, bidding farewell to his attic, which he found more contemptible than ever now that he was to quit the kennel for good and have a wife.

Mme. Raquin, knowing how poor he was, had slipped into his hand a week before a purse containing five hundred francs, all her savings. The young man had accepted it coolly, and purchased himself some new clothes. The poor old woman's money enabled him, besides, to make Thérèse the usual presents. The black trowsers and coat, the white waistcoat, the shirt and cravat of fine linen, were spread out on two chairs. Laurent bathed, perfumed himself with cologne, and then proceeded minutely with his toilet. He wished to appear handsome. As he put on his high, stiff collar, he felt a sharp pain in his neck ; the button slipped through his fingers ; he grew impatient ; it seemed to him that the starched linen cut into his flesh. He raised his chin to see, and there perceived Camille's bite, quite red ; the collar had scratched the wound. Laurent clenched his teeth and turned pale ; the sight of the scar which disfigured his neck terrified and irritated him. He crumpled the collar, and selected another, which he put on with a thousand precautions. Then he finished dressing. As he went down stairs his new clothes were a constraint to him ; he could not turn his head, with his neck imprisoned in those starched folds. At every move he made, the linen chafed the wound furrowed in his flesh by the teeth of the drowned man. At last he got into his carriage in which he was to take Thérèse to the church. In passing his office he took in a fellow clerk, and afterward old Michaud, who were to be his witnesses. When they reached the shop, every one was ready. There were Grivet and Olivier, Thérèse's witnesses, and Suzanne, who looked at the bride as little girls contemplate the dolls they have just dressed. Mme. Raquin, although she could not walk, wished to accompany her children everywhere. They lifted her into a carriage, and set out.

All went on smoothly during the ceremony. The calm, modest demeanor of the bride and groom was noticed and approved. They pronounced the "yes" with an emotion which touched Grivet himself. They seemed to be dreaming. While they sat or knelt quietly side by side furious thoughts crossed their minds, and made them tremble. They avoided looking each other in the face. When they returned to their carriage it seemed as if they were stranger to each other than before.

It had been decided that the supper should be entirely a family affair, at a little restaurant on the heights of Belleville. The Michauds and Grivet were the only guests. While waiting for six o'clock the bridal party drove on the boulevards ; then they went to an eating-house, where a table was set for seven, in a little room painted yellow, that reeked with the odor of food and wine. The repast was not gay. The young couple were grave and thoughtful. They had experienced singular sensations since morning which they themselves could not account for. They had been stunned by the rapidity of the ceremony which joined them for ever. Then the long drive on the boulevards had soothed and lulled them ; it seemed to them as if this drive had lasted for months. They had endured without impatience the monotony of the streets, looking at the shops and the passers-by with weary eyes, overcome by a lethargy which benumbed them and which they tried to shake off by shouts of laughter. When they went into the restaurant an overpowering fatigue weighted them down ; an increasing stupor mastered them.

Placed opposite each other at the table, they smiled constrainedly, and relapsed into sombre reveries. They ate, they spoke, they moved their limbs like machines. In the midst of the sluggish lassitude of their minds one series of flying thoughts ceaselessly returned. They were married, and they had no consciousness of their new condition ; that astonished them profoundly. They imagined that an abyss separated them still ; at times they asked themselves how they could ever bridge that abyss. They seemed to be living before the murder, when a material obstacle separated them. Then, suddenly, they remembered that they should be together that evening in a few hours, and they looked at each other, astonished, not understanding how this was possible. They did not feel their union ; they imagined, on the contrary, that they had just been violently separated from each other.

In their expectancy their desires were entirely exhausted ; all the past had disappeared. They lost their violent appetites ; they forgot even their joy of the morning—that profound joy which had told them that henceforth they had nothing to fear. They were simply weary with all that was going on ; the events of the day revolved in their brains as something monstrous and incomprehensible. They sat there silent, smiling, expecting nothing, hoping nothing. In the depths of their depression floated a vague and painful anxiety. Laurent, at every movement of his neck, felt a burning smart which gnawed his flesh as his collar cut and pinched the bite of Camille. At every movement of this long day he had felt the teeth of the drowning man. There were times when he imagined a sleeder stream of blood was flowing over his breast and staining red the whiteness of his waistcoat.

Mme. Raquin was inwardly grateful to the two for their seriousness ; a noisy joy would have wounded the poor mother. To her, her dead son was present, invisible, placing Thérèse's hand in that of Laurent. Grivet had not the same ideas. He found the wedding dull, and strove in vain to enliven it, in spite of the looks of Michaud and Olivier, which fixed him in his seat whenever he tried to rise to say something stupid. He succeeded in getting up once, and proposed a toast :

"I drink to the children of monsieur and madame," said he, in a hilarious tone.

They were obliged to drink, but Thérèse and Laurent became excessively pale in hearing Grivet's remark. They had never thought that they could have children. The thought came over them with an icy shudder as they touched their glasses nervously. They rose early from the table, and it was scarcely nine o'clock when the wedding party returned to the shop.

Thérèse withdrew almost immediately, with Mme. Raquin and Suzanne. The men meanwhile remained in the dining-room, where Laurent, weak and nerveless, listened indulgently to the coarse jokes of old Michaud and Grivet. When Suzanne and Mme. Raquin left the bridal chamber, and the latter, with a voice trembling from emotion, told the young man that his wife was waiting to receive him, he shuddered and stood irresolute a moment ; then he grasped feverishly the hands held out to him and entered the room, supporting himself by the door, like a drunken man.

## XXI.

Laurent carefully closed the door behind him, and remained an instant leaning against it, looking about the room with an uneasy, embarrassed glance. A bright fire burned on the hearth, casting great yellow reflections that danced upon the ceiling and walls. Thus the room was full of bright, fitful light ; the lamp upon the table looked dim by comparison. Mme. Raquin had wished to arrange the chamber daintily, and had made it as pure and sweet as any nest for fair young love. She had added rosettes of lace to the quilt, and filled the vases on the mantelpiece with big bouquets of roses. Faint odors floated on the soft, warm atmosphere, which seemed lulled in a luxurious swoon. The quivering silence was broken only by the snapping of the wood on the hearth. In short, the room was a snug and cosy nook, shut in from all the noises of the world, a very paradise for a honeymoon.

Thérèse was seated on a low chair at the right of the fireplace. With her chin resting on her hand she gazed steadfastly into the dancing flames, and did not even turn her head when Laurent entered.

He advanced several steps without speaking ; then, struck by the beauty of his wife, heightened by the glowing firelight, he stooped and kissed her. She shrunk from the caress instinctively, and fixed upon him a look so full of repugnance and fright that he recoiled as if himself seized with terror and disgust.

Then Laurent seated himself opposite Thérèse, on the other side of the fireplace, and thus they remained, silent and motionless, for full five minutes. At intervals jets of flame escaped from the wood, and cast blood-red reflections on the faces of the murderers.

It was now nearly two years since they had first met as lovers in this chamber ; and since the time when Thérèse had gone out alone to meet Laurent, and had first put the idea of murder into his head, they had had no opportunity of meeting at all. A furtive kiss or pressure of the hand had been the limit of their license. After the murder of Camille, when their passion had revived, they had restrained themselves for the sake of the opportunity which was now before them. Behold ! they were at last man and wife, and they sat gazing coldly at each other, filled with loathing and dread.

In vain they sought to ignite the ashes of their love. They seemed to be without muscles or nerves. Their embarrassment and uneasiness grew upon them ; they were ashamed to be thus silent and gloomy together. They would have given everything to be able to act naturally. What ! did they not belong to each other ! Had they not slain a man to attain the very end now reached ! And still they sat there looking at each other as two graven images might ! Such an ending seemed both ridiculous and horrible.

Finally, Laurent tried to speak of love—sought in his imagination memories of former dalliance. Then, leaning toward Thérèse, he whispered : "We are free. We may love each other in peace."

Still she looked dreamily into the fire, and heard him not.

"Thérèse," he continued, "do you not remember the dreams I have told you of? I would realize them now."

Thérèse stirred suddenly, as if surprised to hear some one speaking to her, and looked Laurent in the face. At the same moment the fire blazed redly in his face, and as she looked she shuddered.

More troubled and uneasy than ever, the young man continued : "We have succeeded, Thérèse. We have overcome all difficulties, and we belong to each other. The future is our own, is it not? A future of quiet happiness, of satisfied love. Camille is no longer in our way—"

Laurent ceased ; half suffocated, he could say no more. At the name of Camille, Thérèse had nearly fainted. The two murderers contemplated each other, pale and trembling. The fire still cast uncertain shadows on the ceiling and walls, the odor of roses floated through the room, and the crackling of burning wood still broke the silence.

The spectre of Camille sat before the fire between bride and bridegroom. They felt and smelt the cold, damp corose in the very air they breathed. Each seemed to feel that the body was there, but neither dared to move. Then it was that the terrible story of their crime was unrolled before them. The uttered name of their victim filled them with memories of the past, and compelled them to live over again all the anguish of the murder. They did not open their lips, but both saw the same hideous vision, and both reviewed the the same cruel tragedy. This exchange of terrified looks brought them near to fainting, and to break the spell Laurent, by a violent exertion, arose and paced the room ; then he changed his boots for slippers, and, again seating himself by the fire, tried to talk of other matters.

Thérèse understood him, and forced herself to answer his questions. They talked about the rain and fine weather, and tried hard to chat indifferently. Laurent thought the room was warm, and made remarks about the fire and everything he saw about him. Thérèse, in monosyllables, endeavored to sustain the conversation ; but in spite of all the ghost of Camille and the horrors of the past were ever before them. Their incoherent gossip availed not to exorcise the frightful vision. When Laurent spoke of some trifle or other, Thérèse doubted not that he referred to the struggle in the boat ; and when Thérèse answered absently "yes" or "no," Laurent believed that she acknowledged or denied recollecting some detail of the crime. It was with difficulty that they kept from uttering the name of Camille aloud, and so terrified were they at the idea of doing this that at last they closed their lips resolutely, and refused to utter a word. But for all that the phantom would never leave them.

But though their lips were sealed their minds were active, and most fearful among the visions that haunted them was that of Camille's body at the Morgue. They appeared to divine one another's thoughts. Fingers of steel seemed to force Thérèse's set lips apart, and she said, in a loud voice, affecting boldness :

"You saw him at the Morgue, then?"

Laurent had expected the question.

"Yes," he answered, in a suffocating voice.

The murderers shivered and drew close to the fire, stretching their hands over the flames as if a whiff of icy air had suddenly swept through the warm chamber. For an instant they were silent ; then Thérèse said, in a low voice :

"Did he seem to have suffered?"

Laurent could not answer, but made a gesture of fright, as if to repel a dreadful vision. He rose, walked across the room, and then strode swiftly back to Thérèse, his arms stretched out.

"Embrace me," he cried.

Thérèse rose and turned toward him, her arm resting on the mantelpiece. She looked at Laurent, and on his throat saw the sanguine scar left by Camille's teeth.

"Embrace me ! embrace me !" again cried Laurent, his face and neck on fire.

She averted her head to avoid the kiss, and placing the point of her finger on the wound, asked :

"What is that? I never saw that scar before."

Her finger seemed to sear the flesh. "That—," he stammered, "that—"

He hesitated, but could not lie. The truth came out in spite of him.

"That is where Camille bit me in the boat, you know. It is nothing; it has healed. Embrace me, embrace me!"

And the wretch stretched out his burning throat. He wished Thérèse to kiss the scar, thinking that her lips would take it away. With his chin raised he offered his neck; but she, supporting herself on the mantelpiece, cried supplicatingly, in a voice of supreme disgust:

"Oh! not there. It is bloody!"

She fell back into her low chair, burying her ashen face in her hands. Laurent lowered his chin, and stood staring stupidly at her. Then, with the ferocity of a wild beast, he suddenly seized her head between his great hands, and forcibly pressed her lips to the scar. In spite of her struggles and stifled groans he held her there for some seconds. When he let her go she sucked her lips and spat into the fire, but she uttered not a word.

Ashamed of his brutality, Laurent paced slowly between the bed and the window. The cold lips of his wife had made the wound burn still more fiercely. For the world he would not have repeated the act. As he looked at the woman with whom he had henceforth to live, crouching before the fire with her back turned toward him, he felt that all love was dead between them. They had killed their passion when they killed Camille.

Suddenly Laurent saw an apparition. In a dark corner, between the fireplace and the closet, he saw Camille, his face green and convulsed, as he had seen it on the slab at the Morgue. He stood nailed to the spot, supporting himself on the back of a chair. At the low moan which he uttered Thérèse lifted her head.

"There! there!" cried Laurent in a terrified voice, pointing to the corner.

Yielding to her terror, Thérèse glided to his side.

"It is his portrait," she whispered, as if the painted face of her former husband was listening.

"His portrait!" repeated Laurent, his hair on end.

"Yes. Don't you remember the portrait you painted?"

Laurent still hesitated; but gradually recognized his own miserable work, and grew calmer.

They encouraged each other to remove the picture, or turn its face to the wall, but neither dared to do it, and Laurent resumed his walk. But ever and anon, in spite of all his efforts, his glance stole toward the face in the shadow, and the thought that Camille was watching him on his wedding night filled him with horror and despair. Once he heard a slight noise, and turned white as a sheet, believing that Camille was about to step out of his frame.

In this manner was their night passed. When morning came Laurent regained his courage.

"Well," he said, abruptly, "I hope we shall sleep better to-night. This foolishness can not go on forever."

Thérèse looked at him gravely.

"You understand," he continued, "I have not married for this sort of thing. We must not be so childish. It is you who have troubled me with your supernatural airs. This evening you must try to be gay and not frighten me."

He attempted to smile, without knowing why.

"I will try," she answered, in the same tone.

Such was the wedding night of Laurent and Thérèse.

## XXII.

The succeeding night was still more torturing. The murderers had wished to be together at night, so as to defend each other against the drowned man, but curiously enough, now that they were together they suffered even more from terror. They grew excited, their nerves were on edge, they felt horrible pangs of pain and dread, if they exchanged a glance or a simple word. If the slightest conversation arose between them, in the shortest *tête-à-tête*, a red cloud floated before their eyes, delirium seized them.

The eager, nervous nature of Thérèse had acted strangely upon the heavy, robust nature of Laurent. Formerly, in the early days of their love, the difference in their temperaments had made a powerful bond between this man and woman, had established a kind of balance in completing their organism, so to speak. The man supplied brute force, the woman delicately strung nerves, and each lived by the other, needing the companionship to regulate the mechanism of their being. Now the equilibrium was destroyed; the overstrained nerves of Thérèse had prevailed. Laurent suddenly found that under the magnetic influence of the young woman his temperament had little by little become that of a morbid girl. It is interesting to study the changes which are sometimes wrought in certain organizations, the result of given circumstances. These changes, beginning in the body, soon reach the mind, and take possession of the whole creature. Before knowing Thérèse Laurent had all the heaviness, the prudent coolness, the healthy poise of a peasant's son. He slept, ate, and drank like a brute beast. Once in a while, perhaps, something like spiritual essence struggled under the heavy flesh. These slight struggles Thérèse had developed into Titanic upheavals. She had called into being a whole nervous system of great sensitiveness in this great flabby, fat body. Laurent, who formerly had enjoyed life more through his muscles than his nerves, began to have keener senses. A new sort of nervous existence was abruptly revealed to him by Thérèse. This life increased his enjoyments tenfold, and soon a noticeable effect resulted: his nerves developed, prevailed over the muscular element, and his whole nature was thereby modified. He lost his stolidity, he no longer led a dead-and-alive existence. For a moment nerves and muscles were in perfect balance; it was a moment of profound enjoyment, it was completed life. Then the nerves conquered, and he suffered the agonies that rack disordered bodies and minds.

So it was that Laurent trembled at a shadow like a frightened child. The quivering, wretched being, that new creature which had awakened in the dull peasant, suffered the dread and uneasiness of nervous temperaments. Sleeplessness, with hallucinations in its train, seized fatally on him, and from that time Laurent was beset with an eternal dread against which he fought.

His remorse was entirely physical. His body, his excited nerves and trembling flesh only, were afraid of the drowned man. His conscience had nothing to do with his terrors; he did not in the least regret that he had killed Camille. When he was calm, when the ghost was not haunting him, he would have committed the murder over again if he had thought his interest required it. In the daytime he ridiculed his own cowardice, promised himself to be stronger, and scolded Thérèse, whom he accused of agitating him. According to him it was she who quaked; it was she alone who brought frightful visions to the room at night. Yet, from the hour of nightfall, when he had retired with his wife, a cold sweat covered his skin, childish fright vanquished him. Thus he suffered periodic fits, which returned every evening, deranging his senses by showing him the green face of his victim. It seemed like the attacks of a distressing disease, a sort of nervous hysteria. The body suffered acutely; soul there was none.

Thérèse was also a prey to overwhelming shocks; but, with her, it was only the original nature strained to its highest pitch. Since she was ten years old the woman had been disturbed by the quivering of her nerves, partly due to her having been brought up in the lifeless, sickening atmosphere of the room where little Camille gasped. Storms were gathering within her—fearful currents of electricity which later were to burst in an overwhelming tempest. Laurent had been to her what she had been to Laurent. From the moment she first knew him she had lived for passion only. Indulging to the utmost the fever which consumed her, she had reached a kind of diseased stupor. The results had crushed her; everything combined to madden her. In her terrors she showed herself more womanish than her husband; she had vague twinges of remorse, unavowed regrets. A desire seized her to kneel down and implore the ghost of Camille, asking him to forgive her, and swearing to appease him by repentance. Perhaps Laurent was aware of this disloyalty in Thérèse. When their common dread agitated them, he threw the blame on her, and treated her brutally.

The first few nights they could not go to bed, but waited for dawn, seated before the fire or walking up and down as they had done on their wedding day, and, by a tacit agreement, avoiding the least caress. When weariness overcame them they slept an hour or two in their arm-chairs, only to awake with a start from some hideous nightmare. At this awakening, with stiffened limbs and livid faces, their teeth chattering with cold, they gazed at each other stupidly and with shame at showing their abject terror.

They struggled against sleep as much as they could. They sat on each side of the fire-place, talking about insignificant things, and taking great care not to let the conversation drop. They had the wide space in front of the fire between them. When they turned their heads they fancied Camille had brought a chair and occupied that intervening space, warming his feet contentedly. This apparition, which they had seen on their wedding night, came back every evening. This dumb, ironic corpse which was present at their conversations, this disfigured body always near by, oppressed them with continual uneasiness. They dared not move; they dazzled their eyes with gazing into the fire; and when they cast an irresistible glance to one side, their eyes, irritated by the glowing coals, created the spectre.

Laurent finally would no longer sit down, but he would not acknowledge the reason to Thérèse. She understood, however, that he must see Camille just as she did. She said that the warmth was disagreeable to her, and that she would feel better a little distance from the fire-place. She pushed her chair to the foot of the bed, and remained there while her husband continued his walking up and down. At times he opened the window, and let the cold January nights fill the room with their icy breath. It cooled his fever.

For a week the two passed their whole nights in this way. They dozed and rested a little during the day, Thérèse behind the counter, Laurent at his desk. At night they were the prey of fear and pain. And the strangest circumstance of all was their position toward each other. They never pronounced a word of love; they affected to have forgotten the past; they appeared to accept and tolerate each other, as invalids feel a secret pity for their common sufferings. Both hoped to conceal their emotions, and neither seemed to think of the strangeness of the nights they passed, and which must of necessity reveal to them mutually the true state of their minds.

Weariness soon oppressed them to such an extent that they determined one evening to lie on the bed. They threw themselves, fully dressed, upon the quilt, fearing to touch each other. It seemed to them that they received a painful shock at the least contact. In the space between them slept the corpse of Camille! When the two murderers closed their eyes they seemed to feel the damp, moist body of their victim lying in the middle of the bed, and freezing their blood.

Sometimes they tried to exchange a timid kiss, to see what would come of it. Laurent jeered at his wife, and ordered her to kiss him. But their lips were so cold that death seemed to be between their mouths. Thérèse shivered with horror, and Laurent, hearing her teeth chatter, grew angry.

"Why do you tremble?" he cried. "Are you afraid of Camille? Confound it; come, I say, you know the poor man's bones have crumbled by this time. Do you think your first husband will harm you because you have married me? You know he can't tell that we pushed him into the water."

Thérèse, her head muffled in the bed clothes, uttered smothered groans.

"We threw him into the water because he was in our way," her husband went on. "We would throw him in again, wouldn't we? Don't be such a baby. Cheer up. It's absurd to spoil our happiness. Don't you see, when we are dead we shall be neither better nor worse off for having shoved an old fool into the Seine, and we shall have heartily enjoyed our love, which is a gain. Come, kiss me."

His wife obeyed. Frozen, and wildly excited, he trembled as much as she.

Laurent, for more than a fortnight, sought in his mind for a means of killing Camille more completely. He had thrown him into the water, and now he was not dead enough to keep him from coming back every night to mount guard over Thérèse. When the murderers thought they had completed the assassination, and that they might enjoy each other's society undisturbed, their victim resuscitated to warn them off. Thérèse was not a widow. Laurent found himself yoked to the wife of a drowned man.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

## HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Thursday, September 18, 1879.

DEAR ———: Society of all kinds is agitated over the arrival in our midst of General Grant. We shall all gush over the distinguished guest; and it will be excusable, for the man whom we propose to honor is our only living ex-President, a soldier of great renown, and yet a modest citizen, whose name is embosomed in the hearts of his countrymen. I have watched General Grant's career from Vicksburg to Appomattox, and certainly he was always generous to a fallen foe. If there were some seeming, or real, defects in his political administration of eight years, he himself never proved recreant to the trusts imposed upon him. No single act of his own ever transpired of a character tending to tarnish his good reputation. In his tour around the world he has been the "observed of all observers;" he has enjoyed in a becoming manner the royal and ceremonial honors and displays of the monarchies and aristocracies of the civilized world. But at all times and in all places—before the crowned heads of many countries, and in the *salons* of the gilded aristocracy, made resplendent with glittering ornamentation and display—he has ever been the modest and unostentatious American citizen that he was at the surrender of Appomattox, or when the mantle of the Presidency fell upon him on the fourth of March, 1869. With the possible exception of Andrew Johnson, accessibility to Grant while President was easier and pleasanter than that of any other occupant of the White House, at least since I was a girl in Washington, during Pierce's administration. President Grant was cordial, even to the most ordinary visitor; he always met such with "Good morning," as the caller approached him, and listened attentively as he stated his case. Then he answered, generally in monosyllables, and dismissed him with a pleasant "Good-day." Senators, and Congressmen, and other distinguished gentlemen, and especially if he knew them, Grant met half way, and giving them a good, hearty shake of the hand, would say warmly: "I'm very glad to see you." Even these, however, he would listen to patiently, and answer briefly, and get through his business with them as quicky as possible. With his army companions, and civilians who had gained his confidence, like General Sherman and Senator Jones, and hundreds of others, he was on terms of cordiality and familiarity; such were generally saluted by their surnames, as "How are you, Sherman?" "Halloo, Jones! Glad to see you," and so on. When such familiars called, no etiquette whatever was followed; cigars were usually produced at once, and then followed a free and easy gossiping, story-telling, conversation—and as the smoke became thick, and the familiarity attained its height, President Grant became the most pleasant and pliable person imaginable; all reticence and stolidity were laid aside; and the sphinx, as he was called by Geo. Wilkes, talked as freely, told as good a story, and laughed and loudly as your own exuberant J. P. Jones. Mrs. Grant, too, although she, as I stated in a former letter, always addressed her husband as "Mr. President," and referred to him as "the President," was very popular. She maintained her place as "first lady of the land" with a simple dignity—if I may make use of such an expression—charming to witness. She was never in the least airy or affected, and assumed nothing as Mrs. President which she did not as Mrs. Grant; she dressed richly, but always in good taste, and never abjured a becoming dress because she had worn it before; and what was characteristically pleasant about Mrs. Grant's administration was her mode of sharing the honors of her position with other ladies in official life, for she generally invited ten or twelve ladies to lunch with her, and then had them assist her in receiving and entertaining. During his stay in California and especially in San Francisco, the General will be universally entertained, wined, and dined, and fêted, but I sincerely hope and trust that socially his welcome will not not be overdone—and there is danger if the visitor will submit. It will be a graceful and proper thing for General McDowell and Senator Sharon, and a few other notables, to entertain, but there I think the lionizing should stop, both for our own credit and the comfort of the guest. This indiscriminate bidding for Grant's presence all the way from a concert company up to the State Fair of Oregon is not in good taste or form, and should be thoroughly and severely discountenanced. Mr. B. Paxton, son of Mr. J. Paxton, the well known banker, is engaged to Miss Kittie Sunderland, and the wedding-day is fixed in December next. Mrs. Col. W. H. L. Barnes and son Willie depart for the East next week. Gen. Geo. Stoneman, who has been spending a few days in this city, left for his beautiful home at San Gabriel on Wednesday last. Mrs. R. H. Sinton entertained Mrs. Beverly Tucker, and a number of other ladies, at the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland, on Monday, the 15th inst. Charlie Felton went East on Saturday, the 13th inst. U. S. Grant, Jr., arrived here on Saturday evening last, and has been the guest of the Floods since his arrival. On Tuesday evening next, the 23d inst., Mr. J. Henley Stone and Miss Marion H. Plume will be united in marriage at Grace Church. Mr. A. N. Towne, Supt. Central Pacific Railroad, and Mrs. Towne, and a party of fourteen ladies and gentlemen, are rusticating at the Yosemite. Miss Lambert, sister of Mrs. Major Webb, who has been on a visit to Mare Island for several months, went East last week. Mrs. Tewksbury, a lady well known in naval circles, has returned to the Palace. Commodore Colhoun, it is understood, will shortly give a grand reception at the Navy Yard at Mare Island. The Lieutenant Wise who is to wed Miss Marion McAllister is a kinsman of the late famous Henry A. Wise, of Virginia; his mother is the daughter of the late Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. Senator Newton Booth arrived from Sacramento yesterday to take part in the demonstration of the day; the Senator is at the Grand. Hon. H. F. Page and Mrs. Page have taken rooms at the Palace, where they will remain until they take their departure for Washington. Representative Money and family, of Mississippi, left San Francisco for the East yesterday. Mr. Lucien Herman gave an elegant dinner to a number of his friends at the Palace Hotel last evening, the occasion being his 58th birthday; among those present were Col. Peyton, of San José; Hon. Beverly Tucker and Mrs. Tucker, of Virginia; Capt. James Tucker, of Lake County, and Mr. Neeley Thompson, Mr. B. C. Truman, Mr. and Miss Truman, and Mrs. Burling of this city.

HEBE.

## A POSTAL REVELATION.

Down where the city currents meet,
Where Jackson crosses Battery Street,
And all day long to the din of wheels
The busy multitude restless reels,
Is a building old as the ancient town;
Its walls are rusty and patched and brown,
And here and there on its battered face
The Earthquake's finger has left its trace
In bricks denuded of mother clay,
And cracks which splinter and run away.
Pile historic! the lonely bear,
Looking down from his railroad lair
On the sombre building across the street,
Turns his gaze that it may not meet
Thy battered cornice and crumbling front.
And yet they say that this bear was wont,
In days when the *Overland* was young,
To turn him sideways and wag his tongue,
And look straight in at the open door.
Alas, he wiggles and wags no more!
This, however, with your consent,
Is altogether irrelevant.
Our song relates to another matter,
And if the singing stirs up a clatter,
Pardon the bubble of beardless youth;
Poets, like editors, tell the truth.
Fair or foul be its outer view,
This old brown hall is the rendezvous
Of just as merry a postal crew
As e'er struck hand to a letter-rack.
From dawn's gray shimmer till day grows black—
With click of caser and rattling stamp,
With call and bustle, and ceaseless tramp
Of countless throngs in the central-way—
No mother's son of this galaxy
But smiles serenely, and smiles all day.
E'en Coey smiles in his own sweet way,
And all is merry when winds are fair.
One thing, however, is hardly square:
The window-boxes from A to Z,
The Money-Order and Registry,
Are given over to handsome men;
And now the ladies are doubtful when
They come on business just where to go,
For Miller's voice is soft and low,
And Jackson smiles such a smile, you know,
And Sawyer's beard is so blonde and fair,
That the darling creatures are in despair!
It seems, however, in days gone by,
That a cloud blew over the postal sky
Of this fair city, and mirth and glee
Gave place to doubt and uncertainty.
This was the year—so the records state—
When White and Perkins and Glenn of late,
With rattlesnakes, Gorham, and Calabass,
Set out to capture the State. Alas,
The days were dark, and a fierce demand
Went out from Boruck to tax the land.
Now here is a point which I must impress:
The postal clerk, in his normal state,
Is impecunious more or less;
And hence this order to consecrate
His dimes and dollars to Boruck's till
Brought consternation and some ill-will.
In hall and passage, and in the air
The vexed question was everywhere;
And men grew sober and ceased to smile,
And Booney's liver got worse meanwhile,
And Wilson counted his stamps awry,
Whilst Father Dougherty's eagle eye
With care and trouble grew overcast.
The boys decided to call, at last,
A caucus meeting, in private way,
And get their bearings, as sailors say.
The time selected, there seems no doubt,
Was August seventh, or thereabout;
And midnight, sharp, was the hour set.
The night was dark, and the streets were wet
With a cold, gray mist which settled down
Like a winding sheet o'er the sleeping town;
And all was silent save where away
The fog-horn bellowed along the bay,
And stealthy steps through the murky gloom
Stole in and out from the mailing room.
Midnight sharp—and a rattling call
From Herrick's stamp on the caser wall,
Told the trouble must now begin.
This the question as handed in:

"*Be it resolved, by the great Horn Spoon,*
*That Boruck's a blister beneath the moon,*
*And can't embargo the postal vote.*
*McGrath and Palmer,*
*Their + ÷ marks.*"

This note
Was the signal-blast of the coming gale.
Hoin turned purple and Page turned pale,
And all expectant each anxious eye
Sought McArthur, who rose near by.
"Fellow sinners," he fiercely cried,
Shedding his tie and his paper collar,
"This conundrum we must decide,
Or sink the steamer. I'll bet a dollar,
And eat my beaver, if I don't knock
Some daylight into this poppy-cock!
Why does the postal skinflint vote?
[Here the gentleman shed his coat.]
*Why*, I say? Can be hope to be
Fed for ever, and still go free?
Gents, the Eagle unfurls his tail,
Blood and thunder are on the gale!
Times are urgent—the day grows late—
Kearney barks at the city gate,
And the boys in the wards are getting dry;
Ha! I fathom each meaning eye—
Dimes for Boruck, is now my cry;
Plank them down like a little lamb;
Vote for Perkins, and save your ham!"
Thus he argued, and moments sped;
What the gentleman would have said
Beats conjecture, for, sad to state,
High in heat of the wild debate,
Just as the gentleman shed his vest,
The stamp came down, and we lost the rest.
Straightway lifting his portly frame,
Sutton forth to the conflict came.
"Sweet pea-blossoms," he mildly said,
"Pause a moment ere you are led
Forth from the realms of common-sense
Under the spell of this eloquence.
I am old, and my smile, 'tis true,
Fails to charm as it used to do;
Still I manage a thing or two.
Mind your eye when the old men speak;
Age is wisdom, but youth is cheek.
Tell me this: If a fellow pay
Boruck's bills on election day,
How, by Jove! will a fellow act
When charming ladies, with wond'rous tact,
Ask him over to take a swim?
Here is Goodrich—appeal to him.
How can Goodrich provide each day
Lunch for three, if his meagre pay
Is undermined in this beastly way?
No, my brethren, the thing to me
Savors of foul conspiracy!
Stand for manhood and fair renown—
Brave the devil and Boruck's frown!
Them's *my* sentiments—chalk 'em down."
Back he sank, and a murmur ran
Through the circle from man to man:
"Them's the documents!" "Fire him out!"
"Bully for Broadsides!" "Hang the clout!"
Such the comments, and angry eyes
Glared and glittered like fire-flies
Through the mist of tobacco smoke.
"Come to order," the Chairman spoke.
"Soltz, remove from the Chairman's table
Owens' pedals, if you are able.
Silence there in the passage door.
Mr. Leonard, you have the floor."
These firm measures a moment stayed
Open mutiny. All obeyed.
"Fellow *cognati*," Leonard said,
"Impulse subsecutes Boston bread.
Hence deep usufruct in distress
Seems to indicate, more or less,
Why we manage to wag the jaw.
This is logical human law.
Tell me then, if my point you note,
How *Rex* Boruck can tax the vote?
Views dogmatical seldom smother
Metaphysics or any other
Mother-in-law. Hence away.
Don't you see it? 'Tis clear as day."
Here a gentleman rose to say
*He'd* not seen it; and furthermore
Thought the speaker upon the floor
Out of order for having sprung
On the circle an unknown tongue.
"Point well taken," the Chairman cried;
"Mr. Leonard will please subside."
Whereupon, with an angry roar,
Brown, the barrister, took the floor;
Tossed the mane from his noble brow—
Darkly shaded with anger now—
Paused a moment, and thus began:
"Base-born cannibals! Any man,
Be he idiot, fool, or knave,
God's proud freeman, or postal slave,
Has a right to his maiden tongue.
Yes, and more—for of whelps unhung
He is meanest who stoops to prate
'Unknown tongues' in a free debate.
Fellow-countrymen, I maintain
This decision will blot and stain
All our future. So base a dodge
Smacks of Tammany's shameless lodge.
Foul dishonor—"
'Twas never said.
At this instant a loaf of bread
Flickered close to the speaker's head,
Smashed a lamp in the chandelier,
And wounded Finnegan, sitting near.
Wild confusion and angry din
Followed fast on this act of sin;
Vain the timid ones yelled and pounded,
No one heeded their pleadings deft,
Finnegan over a table bounded,
Scattering documents right and left,
Bent on placing a patent head
On the rebel who threw the bread.
All took part, and a lively scene
Waked the echoes of night, I ween.
Valor lent to the doughty fray
Points dramatical, stern and gay.
Scott alone, as the records say,
Stood aloof from the small affair
Vainly striving to say a prayer—
Difficult business when the air
Howls and hisses with postal ware!
Thus the battle—but here I pause;
Strange perversion of mundane laws—
While this effort to bring about
Postal union was still in doubt,
On a sudden a fearful clatter
Changed remark to another matter.
Springing in through the open door
Came a creature, with ten or more
Kindred creatures in close pursuit,
Howling terrors along the night.
In the shadows it seemed to shoot
Like a demon from left to right,
Scatt'ring ever, where'er it flew,
Postage stamps till the air was blue—
Followed close by its pals meanwhile.
Consternation? Well, I should smile!
No one lingered to see it out.
Wild with terror and mad with doubt,
Each man sprang through the nearest hole—
Sprang and fled like a haunted soul;
Doubting not, as he plowed the gloom,
That Beelzebub held the mailing-room!
Thus the story: A friend, they say,
Caught Brown's dog in the alley-way,
And fastened fast to his slender tail
A coal-oil can or a water pail,
And let him go for a little cruise.
The dogs adjacent soon got the news,
And altogether, with yelp and roar,
They charged the caucus and took the floor—
Time three seconds. My tale is o'er.
If authentic I can not state;
This is certain at any rate:
Herrick was captured, still running, next day.
On a road near San Bruno, some twelve miles away.

Chapter *One* of the Postal crew;
Some fine morning look out for *Two*.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1879. CORNELIUS.

### Proposal and Disposal.

"Permit me on my bended knee
My heart's sweet passion to exhale,
A passion that for years has throbbed
Within my bosom's secret pale.

"I love you with a love that's blind,
I love you with a love that sees,
I love you with a love that's deaf—
In short, with any love you please."

"With any love I please, you say?
Well, then, my pleasure I'll avow:
With that which little brothers feel
For older sisters. Twiggest thou?"

D. IKE DEXTER.

Kind oyster, I've important information,
Sing hey, the bully bivalve that you are;
You will make a succulent collation,
Sing hey, the merry oyster and the R.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

**Discussing the Recent Elections and Various Other Matters.**

NEXT DOOR TO A WASHHOUSE, Sept. 7, 1879.

OLD SON:—I'm ashamed o' ye, blamed ef I ain't. I never felt so puckered afore in the hull blessed course o' my mortal existence. Ef anybody'd a tol' me of it, I'd a hit him one for luck anyhow. What've you roosters bin a doin' in ol' Tuolumne? What're ye thinkin' of? Ain't it enough fur the hull State to git up an' buck 'ithout hevin' the banner county o' the Dimmycratic party slingin' herself loose an' kickin' like a hay steer in a clover patch? Nigh onto two hundred majority for Perkins! Lord, how I did cuss w'en I read it in the papers. Talk about the mule whacker's prayer, I reckon I discounted his checks an' sold em' at a big premium. Whar in the name o' Gen'ral Jackson an Jim Coffroth was the ol' stan'-bys? Whar was Ned Parsons? Whar was Charlie Randall? Whar was Jim Burns? Whar was Tom Leonard? Whar was the war hosses? Whar was you, Bill? I was loafin' in the *Zaminer* shop w'en the cussed news come in, an' you oughter to a seen them *Zaminer* fellers git up an' snort. It was painful to see 'em, they took it to heart so hard. I thought the head slasher'd hev a conniption right thar, he was so mad. Ez it was, nothin' but three fingers 'ith a drop o' peppermint saved his bacon. You hev no idee how confident them *Zaminer* fellers was thet Tuolumne'd stan' in an' save Glenn on the home stretch. But ye fell down, an' we didn't hev nothin' ter do but cuss ye. It was wuss'n ef we'd busted in stocks, derned ef it wasn't. W'at d'ye think Jim Mandeville's ghost thought o' the break? Ef ghosts is on the weep I'll bet it rained tears in the Dimmycratic wards an' precincts o' the sperrit world. Jest think of it, Bill—think of angels weepin' fur the Dimmycratic party—think o' the ol' war hosses o' Dimocracy thet hev gone to the big caucus over yon a-weepin' an' a-cussin' at the way ol' Tuolumne hez played herself out on the Jeffersonian principle lay. But mebbe it's all right, mebbe it's the "fiat o' doom," ez thet slasher o' the *Zaminer* says in his heavy crushers. Mebbe the Dimmycratic party's comin' down to cases afore it peters, an' mebbe the "fiat o' doom's" lettin' us down easy by fust snatchin' California out of our grasp. But it's a mean racket fur "fiat" to hit us whar we live—in ol' Tuolumne. I'm gettin' powerfully resigned, Bill, ter bein' licked by Republicans. I'd ruther take castor oil'n compound cathartics, an' I'd ruther swaller Republican doctrines, nigger an' all, 'n I would Kearney an' his Tar Flat Brigade. We're comin' to it, Bill; it 's got ter be Kearney or us, an' I'm in favor of it's bein' Kearney ef we hev to smash the Resolutions o' '98 an' bug our political enemies to our buzzums to cinch the sand-lot an' make the riffle fur a white man's party. Them's my sentiments, Bill. What's yourn? How'd Jackass go? But w'at's the use o' askin'! 'Tain't no two ter one bet thet the solid ol' precinct didn't slide into the ditch along o' the rest o' them. I tell ye w'at it is, Bill, we're all up on the moutner's bench; we're prayin' mighty stiff fur salvation, but I'm afeard they've got us whar the hair's short an' 'll yank us clean out of our boots. We're singin', "Don't git Weary, Brother," but it don't seem to be no kinder use at all, fur the brothers is a droppin' by the wayside like summer squashes out of a prairie schooner 'ith the tail board down. I'm resigned, Bill, I'm resigned. It's the "fiat o' doom," an' thet's the long an' the short of it. Ez you'll observe by the top o' this yer letter, I'm browsin' round the saluberous wash-house—the place whar the big bugs an' the little bugs comes to clean up in hot weather. I'm lingerin' round the bath houses o' Alameda, ez it were. It 'd do ye good, Bill, to come down here an' sluice off yer upper crust. The doctors say it's healthy ter be clean, an' some poetry sharp remarks thet it's next to godliness. W'at a godly crowd we must be ef the poetry cuss hez got the rights o' the bizness. We're plungin' round in the big tanks ev'ry day, dressed in striped tights an' a cross barred shirt. They're the wust fittin' duds I ever got into. They fit like a sock on a man's nose, an' they're ez onsartin ez a mule's heel in fly time; ye can't tell the leg holes from the place whar yer arms go through. But ye've got to wear the blamed thing 'cause it's fash'nable. They won't hev no Adam an' Eve bizness in these yer wash-houses, much. I ain't so stuck arter them society ducks sence I seen 'em washin' 'emselves—too much scrawn fur the wimmen an' a mighty sight o' spavin fur the purty roosters thet parts ther heir in the middle an' guys the young gals comin' out o' the theayters. The first high toned son of a gun I see comin' up out o' the water made me sick to look at him. He looked like a starved out famine thet 'd jest bin tackled by a healthy fever. His legs wouldn't a made decent pick handles, an' his arms wouldn't a cast shadders in a blast furnace. Ez fur the wimmen folks, Bill, I don't want to slander 'em or hurt ther feelin's seein' I'm a ladies' man now, but I'll say this much: w'en I conclude to slide into matrimony I'm goin' ter treat the gal I've got my eye on to a wash-house check, an' watch fur pints w'en she comes out o' the tank. Most fellers goes it blind, but thet aio't my gait, an' I've found out how to stack up my chips on the winnin' keerd. I ain't seen no winnin' keerds 'round this locality yet, an' I've bin prospectin' purty lively fur the las' three weeks. I'd give a thousand dollars down to see the widder play Venus in a wash-house tank, an' rise up out o' the water 'ith a sky-blue jumper an' a pair o' bloomers on. Of a Saturday afternoon the little kids comes here to be plunged, an' w'en the wash is in full swing it looks fur all the world like a country Sunday-school at a baptizin' bee. The ol' folks brings the kids o' Saturday so's to clean 'em fur Sunday—saves soap an' a powerful sight o' scrubbin'. My ol' pard, Gen'ral Grant, is goin' ter arrive sometime nex' week, an' we're goin' ter give him a tremendous reception. It'll be a bigger thing 'n a Bodie fireman's fun'ral. It'll beat all the Fo'th o' July percessions you ever see. We're goin' ter fire off guns, an' ring bells, an' make speeches, an' spread free lunches, an' hev a high ol' time gen'rally. 'Tain't goin' ter be no bogus turnout, you ken bet yer sweet life on thet, Bill. Mebbe ye think I don't know Grant. Well, thet's all right; jest you mention Jim Snaggleby's name to him, 'longside o' Knight's Ferry, an' Red Mountain Bar, an' see how quick he'll drop the nobs an' cotton to ye. Know him! Why I know him by the back. I was mentionin' the fac' thet I'd run 'ith Grant w'en he was out yere, an' I hedn't hardly got the words out o' my mouth afore one of the reporter chaps tackled me fur "pussonal reminiscences o' the Gen'ral." He drawed a notebook on me ez long's yer arm, an' w'en I asked him w'at he wanted to draw his sights on Grant fur he smiles a sickly kind o' grin an' allows thet the public 'd be pleased to hear somethin' fresh about his early California career. So I gives the public a dose o' lively lies relatin' to Grant's "early California career," an' the noospaper feller trots off jest ez happy ez ef he struck hundred dollar rock in a low grade camp whar millin' was too cheap to pay. You watch the noospapers, an' w'en you strike anythin' in the "pussonal reminiscence" line about Grant thet's powerful steep, thet's me. I didn't think to ask the chap w'at noospaper he was cappin' fur, so you'll hev ter tackle 'em all 'til ye tumble unto somethin' about Grant swimmin' the North Fork on a buckin' bronco in the middle o' winter 'ith the river washin' the chaparral under the rim rock. W'en ye strike thet kind of a yarn thet's the paper, an' I'm the "pussonal" reminiscencer. I ain't a Grant man ez Grant men pan out now days, but I'm a Grant man on the ol' pard lay, an' I'm goin' ter git one shake an' a chin or two 'ith the ol' man ef I bust tryin' ter git through the crowd. An', Bill, don't you trust no noospaper yarns about this blow out 'til ye hear from yer

Ol' pard, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

To WILLIAM BELCHER, Tuttletown,
Tuolumne County, *via* Copperopolis.

Onion parties are popular in Tuscarora. Six young ladies take an onion with them into a room and one of the number takes a bite of it. Then a young gentleman is admitted and after kissing all of them, if he fails to tell which one of them bit the "ingun," then the girls are all of them compelled to kiss him, or he is compelled to kiss all of them, the chronicler forgets which.

Our old friend Briggs is of a poetical turn of mind, and as he sauntered down K. Street, enjoying the "after-supper cigar," the sign Taswell & Co. caught his eye, and he immediately murmured the following:

"Taswell and Co. it is, they all can see,
But 'twould be jus-Taswell without the T."

The Washington *Capital* says: "Dixon was shot out of the sheriffalty; Kalloch was shot into the mayoralty. The pistol is mightier than the ballot. We care not who casts the votes of the nation if [illegible] distribute the bullets.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### The Swimmer's Song.

A fallen star in a field of blue,
A woven song in the way thereto,
And this is the way, the way!

A silver shield and a magic spell,
The eager call of a fairy shell,
And this is the way, the way!

A mystic morn on a marble shore,
Under its heart is a guarded door,
And this is the way, the way!

The sunny waters they laugh and leap,
The fairy isle it is all asleep,
And this is the way, the way!

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. CHARLES H. SHINN.

### Disguise.

Dear one, my heart for fitting speech has made
A fruitless quest.
If I could put it for a little while
Into the breast
Of (for my own voice has no power to win)
Some singing bird,
I'd sing such song for you as mortal ear
Has never heard.

If I could put this heart of mine within
The rose's breast—
The rose that haply on your bosom sweet
Will some time rest—
I'd make its trembling petals burn and glow
With wondrous hue;
Such sweetness from its conscious depths should rise
As rose ne'er knew.

And then the sweetness and the song would thrill
In such strange wise
Your waking soul, that it would read and heed
My fond disguise;
For love would be the burden of the song,
The rose's breath
Would be love's perfect incense, sweet as life
And strong as death.

Because I know not how to woo but in
A man's plain way,
I humbly ask all fair things for their aid——
What did you say?
You think a man's plain way all other ways
Must still eclipse?
Then take the story, darling, so—and so—
From my own lips.

MILWAUKEE, September, 1879. CARLOTTA PERRY.

### My Dog, "Hero."

Dead! And you bid me not to mourn
For the faithfulest heart that ever beat!
Only a dog—let the days pass on—
There are dogs to be had since he is gone,
And newer friends are sweet.

Oh, but the brave, brown eyes are shut,
And the silken coat of black is rough,
And the smooth, soft head that sought my hand
With a quick obedience to command
Is silent and still enough.

Truer friend no one ever had,
Fonder, more faithful, guardant, or wise—
Hero, my dog with proud head and white breast,
Following far on my steps' unrest
With fond, unquestioning eyes.

Dead! by an enemy's cruel hand—
Slain for defending the one he loved.
O faithfulest friend! his life was more
Than the human life which triumphed o'er
His dumb strength, bravely proved.

Nay, hush! These are heartfelt tears I shed—
There is never a dog can take his place.
I have no room for less worthy friends,
And only the years can make amends
For the loss of his constant grace.

NORTH COLUMBIA, September, 1879. MAY N. HAWLEY.

## THE STORY OF A LOST FORTUNE.

I have always had a lingering feeling of resentment toward my father because he was not a millionaire, and did not leave me the inheritance of a great estate. This feeling was intensified by the knowledge of a custom prevalent in his neighborhood and in his time that would have enabled him to have become the largest woolgrower of this or any other land. I feel stronger upon this subject because the opportunity was offered to him and he wantooly, perhaps I should say thoughtlessly, threw it away; and because it would have cost him neither time, thought, care, nor labor, to have produced the magnificent result which I will set out in this paper. My father was born in central New York in the year 1787; he is still living, a hale, hearty man, at the age of ninety-two. The custom to which I refer prevailed at the time of his birth, and he received the benefit of it. When he came into the world his father presented him with a sheep, and by the custom among the farmers of the neighborhood, any of them were glad of the opportunity of taking sheep to double once in four years. It was understood that the quality of wool and the character of the animal was to be preserved and not allowed to deteriorate. The farmer guaranteed against all loss, accident, or casualty. To illustrate: One fine-wooled Merino sheep entitled the owner to have returned to him in four years two merchantable, fine-wooled Merinos, of proper age, good health, and equal in all respects to the sheep originally received. Four sheep in eight years, eight sheep in twelve years, sixteen sheep in sixteen years, and thirty-two sheep in twenty years, and so on in geometrical progression. My grandfather having then just emigrated from Connecticut to Oneida County in New York—the Valley of the Mohawk then being the far West—gave to my father upon his birthday, and for his birth-day present, a Merino fine-wooled sheep. This sheep was taken by Judge Roderick Morrison, a well-to-do farmer of the county, upon the terms to double once in four years. At the age of twenty my father had thirty-two fine Merinos, and there the accumulation ended. I am familiar with the Bible narrative of Jacob and Laban; how Jacob was fooled by the old man, and had the elder daughter played upon him; how patiently he toiled another seven years for the girl he loved, and how he played the old gentleman with the ring-streaked and speckled business, but I never knew exactly how Judge Morrison got my father's sheep; that is, I never knew the particulars in detail. I only knew that the cunning old Scotch gentleman did get my father's thirty-two sheep, and gave him in exchange for them his daughter, Charlotte, aged sixteen, and a silver Lepine watch with cylinder escapement and combined lever movement, running on jewels. You can see the ruby now under one of the main pivots, for the watch is still in the family, a much-prized relic of the olden time. I have never regarded my mother as a part of the transaction, nor looked upon her as a part consideration for the sheep. I have looked upon the wooing and the marriage of my parents as one of the natural incidents of the position, and have believed that they would have married, and that I would have been born, altogether independent of the sheep transaction. Perhaps if my father had not married, and had not made a wedding excursion to Utica, he might not have needed a Lepine watch with a cylinder escapement, running on rubies, and might not have been induced to part with his sheep. I have always looked upon the trading of the sheep for the watch as an independent transaction standing upon its own merits, and have blamed my maternal grandfather for having taken an undue advantage of my father at a period when he was susceptible to influences other than mercenary. I have blamed my father that at this time he was not more upon his guard, and that he had not the prudence to better protect the investment made for him by his father, in view of the possibilities that in time he might himself become a father, and have a child, to whom a large and multiplying herd of fine wooled Merino sheep would be a very desirable inheritance. I have carried on the calculation and figured the flock of fine wooled Merinos that would now be awaiting me if my father had not changed his flock for the silver watch which is now so invaluable and uninteresting, and indeed a painful heirloom in our family. At twenty-four years of age my father would have had sixty-four sheep; at twenty-eight years, one hundred and twenty-eight. The following table shows the extent of the woolly inheritance I would now enjoy had my father been content to have forgone the luxury of a silver watch:

| *Years.* | *Sheep.* |
|---|---|
| 28 | 128 |
| 32 | 256 |
| 36 | 512 |
| 40 | 1,024 |
| 44 | 2,048 |
| 48 | 4,096 |
| 52 | 8,192 |
| 56 | 16,384 |
| 60 | 33,768 |
| 64 | 67,536 |
| 68 | 135,072 |
| 72 | 270,144 |
| 76 | 540,288 |
| 80 | 1,080,576 |
| 84 | 2,161,152 |
| 88 | 4,322,304 |
| 92 | 8,644,608 |

I have myself arrived at the age when I can appreciate wool and know the value of sheep. I am now fifty-one, very nearly fifty-two, years old. Let us carry on the computation to the age of ninety-two, to which there is, of course, every reasonable presumption that I shall attain, and it will be observed that, not disturbing my father's investment, and presuming that my cousins, the Morrisons, would still find it to their advantage to allow our sheep to remain upon their estates, we shall see that our herds will, when I shall have attained my father's age, have increased largely. I continue the table, starting with my present age, fifty-two years, and, with 8,644,608 Merino fine-wooled sheep, it makes the following showing when I shall have reached ninety years of age. In four years from now I would have seventeen millions two hundred and eighty-eight thousand two hundred and sixteen sheep:

| *Years.* | *Sheep.* |
|---|---|
| 54 | 17,288,216 |
| 58 | 34,576,432 |
| 62 | 69,152,864 |
| 66 | 128,305,728 |
| 70 | 256,611,456 |
| 74 | 513,222,912 |
| 78 | 1,026,445,824 |
| 82 | 2,052,891,648 |
| 86 | 4,105,783,296 |
| 90 | 8,211,566,592 |

Now I respectfully submit that it demands from me a degree of filial regard to overlook this most serious mistake of my parent; and if, in view of the crosses he has been compelled to bear through a long life from the fact of being my father, I might be disposed to not treasure against him a personal resentment, I am certainly authorized to contemplate the transaction of my grandparent, in selling us a silver Lepine watch, with cylinder escapement running on jewels, for eight thousand two hundred and eleven millions five hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and ninety-two fine-wooled and merchantable Merino sheep, as a very questionable transaction. Although blood is thicker than water, I do not forget this over-sharp transaction of my Scotch ancestor, and if I should ever have a child, and he should be a boy, I shall name him Laban, after my maternal grandfather. ROCHESTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879.

### XCVII.—Sunday, September 21.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup a la Colbert.
Cantaleup.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Shrimp Salad.
Asparagus. Summer Squash.
Roast Lamb, Currant Jelly. Sweet Potatoes.
Cress Salad.
Neapolitan Cream. Strawberries. Fancy Cakes.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Figs, Apples, Plums, and Grapes.

TO MAKE SOUP A LA COLBERT.—Scrape two carrots and two turnips, and cut into small dice, or with a vegetable spoon; add a handful of peas and string beans cut small. Set them on the fire in a panful of cold water and salt; boil gently till done, then drain. Put them back on the fire, add one quart of warm stock, salt and pepper to taste, boil gently about five minutes, and turn into the soup-dish, in which you have placed six poached eggs. An egg is served to each person.

"Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly; I do not even know what my own may be in a year from now."

## ARCHERY NOTES.

The State Fair Archery Tournament has been a grand archery success. The Sacramento archers made such excellent arrangements, and the contest was conducted so smoothly and systematically, that the bowmen from this quarter have been loud in their praises of the tournament and the manner in which they were received. Frank C. Havens, in his score of 527 points at the American round has done both himself and the State some honor, and has kindled the hope that ere long California will be able to "trot out" a team of bowmen who will not be afraid to challenge the best of the Eastern archers to speed a shaft for the fame of their homes and hamlets.

The Sacramento archers treated their guests in royal style, and when the shadows of evening fell, and the bow and quiver were put away, dined them in good style at a celebrated French restaurant, where lots of speeches were made, lots of wine drunk, stories told, and many good wishes for the success of archery, and enthusiastic anticipations of its future indulged in. The Pacific Archery Club carried away the "mug," an elegant silver cup, with a total score of 1,438. Frank Havens won a silver medal—score 492; H. Darneal, a bow and arrow—score 299. Following is the record of the second day's contest: The first prize, a silver service, presented by the Sacramento *Record-Union* to the Sacramento Archery Club, was won by the Capital Bow Club (teams of five)—score 950; second prize, silver cup, was won by the Eureka Club—score 933. At the individual shooting by Sacramento gentlemen, thirty arrows at forty, fifty, and sixty yards, the first prize was a silver medal, for which J. W. Leftwick and R. J. Dolan tied on a score of 206. They were also a tie on hits, but Leftwick had nine golds to Dolan's six, which gave the former the medal. W. E. White won the third prize, a bow, with a score of 203, and J. H. Collins, the fourth prize, score 182. The ladies' first prize, thirty arrows, at twenty, thirty, and forty yards, was won by Mrs. Inwall—score 376; second prize, Mrs. Rogers—score 306; third prize, Mrs. Leftwick—score 296; fourth prize, Mrs. Cravens—score 293. The ladies of the Capital Bow Club then shot thirty arrows at thirty yards for a special premium of a silver cup, which was won by Mrs. Leftwick—score 105. The hand looking-glass for the lady making the largest number of golds, fell to Miss Boyne. Mrs. Inwall won a silver butter dish—score 136.

The muster of Oakland and San Francisco bowmen at the Adams' Point range on Sunday was unusually strong. Frank Havens, Albert Havens, Charles Havens, Henry Havens, Frank Ward, E. Macfarland, George W. Kinney, H. Darneal, D. O'Connell, and Major Otey shot the American round, and all the scores showed a respectable average. Major Otey is an example of how quickly one can learn proficiency in the long bow, when a taste for the weapon with a natural talent for marksmanship are combined. He has been shooting only one week, has had no experience in the twenty and thirty-yard ranges, through which all beginners struggle; yet his score at the American round is now better than many who commenced the practice of archery last season. Mr. Ward's score at sixty yards, using Wight's oak-footed target arrows, lacked but a few points of one hundred. The target used was forty-five inches, three inches less in diameter than the regulation size.

A meeting of archers was held on Saturday in reference to the archery picnic. The plan was outlined as follows, though no definite action has been taken as yet. Adams' Point, where there are shade trees in abundance, and the range can not be excelled, will be the rendezvous. Archers wishing to compete for the prizes, which will be numerous but inexpensive—honor being regarded as higher than personal emolument—will each contribute $1 toward the lunch, which, like the prizes, will aim rather at a great plenty than any particular elaboration in the cooking line. The ladies, whose appetites are supposed to be (sometimes erroneously) more delicate than gentlemen's, will have nothing to pay except their ferriage.

The graceful manner in which Mrs. Inwall, of Sacramento, handled her bow and loosed her arrows has been much commented on by our archers, who declare that none of the San Francisco or Oakland ladies have yet acquired the art of handling their weapons so easily and effectively.

The man that used to kill birds, rabbits, etc., with a bow and arrow when he was a boy (and we meet one of that class every day) put in an appearance at the Adams' Point range last Saturday. It is hardly necessary to say that he could not shoot within a rod of a four-foot target at thirty yards.

QUIVER.

About a week ago some young ladies got up a party to go on a moonlight excursion. The night finally arrived, and the moon flooded field and river with a glow of pearly richness. When the party was ready to leave the house which had been appointed as a rendezvous, it was noticed that one of the most charming young ladies of the coterie had her shawl on. "What's the matter, Lucy?" inquired one young lady. "Are you afraid of taking cold?" "No, no," she replied. "The thermometer is up at 86. You'll roast if you wear that shawl." "I'm willing to roast," said she, rather pettishly. "Don't you know why she wears that shawl?" laughed her little brother, as he wiped some taffy off his mouth with his jacket sleeve. "You keep still, you John Henry," screamed the dear angel, as she turned a trifle red. The boy then got out of reach and yelled, "I'll tell you why she wears that shawl. When she gets out on the river Bob puts his arm under it and hugs her, and nobody can see through the game."

An individual in striped clothes demands of his keeper if he is not going to be taken back to France with the communists.

"Ah, but your situation is not the same," the keeper replies. "The man you killed didn't have anything to do with politics, did he?"

"Didn't he? I assure you I have learned since the affair that the fellow was a clerical!"

"Prisoner, you have committed a frightful murder—at seventeen you have perpetrated an atrocious crime which ranks you with the Troppmanns, the Billoirs"—

*The Prisoner* (modestly)—"Sorr, ye flather me!"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—IV.

DEAR ——: My letter this week will still further deal with old landmarks. In my last I remember speaking of being one of the Mission boys without telling you where I lived, and as you may hereafter be misled as to my whereabouts, I will locate myself. In the fall of 1850 we moved out to an isolated valley, where my father had procured a tract of land. There were no streets then for boundary lines, and but very unreliable surveys, but it was finally settled that my father owned a piece of land running westerly from a stake loated midway between the summits of two sand-hills to a blaze on a blighted oak tree; thence northwesterly to a stake driven at the intersection of two other hills; thence southeasterly along the base of a hill; thence to the place of beginning. A strangely shapen, or rather misshapen, piece of ground truly, but it was the best way of finding out what one owned in those days. When surveys were made we found that we lived on a block surrounded by Mission, Market, Wood, and Potter Streets, and outside of this square were left pieces of all shapes and sizes. Our house was one of two shipped from China, in numbered pieces, and it was necessary to hire a Chinese carpenter to put them together. We were alone, there in that little valley—an oasis in the midst of a desert of sand-hills—for as far as the eye could reach there was no sign of a single human habitation, and we were invisible save from the hill-tops. No one living in our neighborhood was considered a resident of San Francisco, for their names were not in the *Directory* for several years. But when there were two or three avenues of access to the Mission, and competition in the passenger carrying trade, when it was found practicable to carry rod and chain over the dreary vastness of sand-hill, when it was finally placed beyond dispute that everybody lived somewhere, even if the street on which they resided only appeared on paper, all the Mission folk duly appeared in the *Directory*, and became part and parcel of the population of San Francisco. The first really "navigable route" to the Mission was known as the Mission Plank Road, and it was considered quite a superhuman task to build it, so great were the difficulties to be overcome. I will follow the line of the road from its beginning, and you will readily understand the enormity of the work. Market Street was pretty well opened as far as Third, and where the Nucleus Hotel now stands was the usual sand-hill. A cut was made here which opened the way to Mission Street, and then the work was comparatively easy out as far as Fifth Street, when another range of hills were successfully surmounted. Arriving at a point somewhere between Sixth and Seventh Streets, a very serious obstacle was met in the shape of a vast morass. But there must be a road to the Mission, so a bridge about five hundred feet long was built from hill to hill. The road ran from here up hill and down dale out as far as Twelfth Street, when its course was almost uninterrupted with the exception of one or two swamps, which were filled in with sand from cuts made in the hills. At Centre Street (now Sixteenth) the road turned westerly to the Old Mission Church—its terminus. The engineers who so successfully carried out this work did not seem to think of the vast amount of excellent road-bed material which lay in the hills beyond the Mission, so it was planked throughout its entire length. I can scarcely credit my senses, and my memory seems almost to be chaffing me, when it tells me that the smoothly-paved Mission Street of to-day, with its handsome buildings and comfortable street cars, is the long, lonely, uninteresting old plank road of a quarter of a century ago, with its few cottages and taverns and rattling omnibuses—fare, fifty cents. Now, having described the building of the road, let me take you with me for an imaginary omnibus ride, such as took the pioneers of twenty-five years ago. We will loiter by the wayside occasionally, and conjure up such scenes and memories as the youthful mind could be expected to grasp and retain. We take the 'bus at the stage office on Kearny Street, where Van Schaack's store now is—I really believe that it is the same building—the driver snaps his whip, and we are off. Rattling along Kearny Street, we see but one block of buildings—that between Clay and Commercial Streets—which will be standing when this letter is published. It was not then a favorite thoroughfare, and was lined principally with the most primitive class of dwellings, with here and there a few small stores. Arriving at and crossing Market to the Third Street cut, we pass a toll house, a neat little cottage with green blinds and a wealth of nasturtium vines climbing over the porch. How droll to think that once it was necessary to pay toll in order to pass down Third Street! Turning into Mission Street, we pass "The Howard Cottages," four in number—at that time handsome villas, exactly alike, with gardens to match. Two of these have been taken away to make room for the Grand Opera House, one has been remodeled, and one remains—barring improvements—just as it was then. Leaving the Howard cottages, we pass several weather-begrimed cottages and a vegetable garden, and come to Fifth Street, where there is now erected an imposing monument—the United States Branch Mint—commemorative of an important event in my career—my first rough and tumble fight. There was a little shanty here, almost buried in a mass of rose geraniums and Castillian roses, in which there lived a youth of about my own age, but, as I afterward discovered to my sorrow, possessed of twice as much pugnacity. Behind this house was a small pond, and this boy's sole occupation seemed to be to keep a few ducks from wandering away from it. Now, I held myself dozens of pegs above this plebeian, and I always received his "Hallo, bub!" with silent contempt. There used to be pollywogs in this pond. One day, on my way home from school, I stopped to stock a bottle with some of these embryo frogs, when the ragged and dirty custodian of the ducks ordered me away; this pond was his, and everything in it was his; I didn't like him "no how," and he didn't like me "no how," and if I didn't get away he'd punch my head and throw me in. This astounding announcement, backed up by no small amount of expletives, and an appalling display of two large and very dirty fists, was sufficient to convince me that no young gentleman who wore boots and "dickeys," and had a silk tassel on his cap, could descend to a personal conflict with a half-dressed upstart who tended ducks. So I told him that sometime when I had my old clothes on I'd "lick him all to pieces," and then ran up the road closely followed by several well projected stones and similar missiles. The next morning I put out my tongue at him from the top of the omnibus. In the afternoon I repeated the insult. The next day I shook my fist at him; and the next, emboldened by my success, held my thumb to my nose. This was too much for him, and he threw a stone at me. It shattered a window in the omnibus, and the driver thrashed him for it. In response to an invitation to come down and have it out, I replied that I would some day when I was not in a hurry. The day came before very long. I was walking home, and passing the house I saw my *bête noir* in his accustomed place, and he set his dog upon me. The canine didn't seem to be very dangerous, but he was a cur, with his tail pointing downward, so I kicked him. This opened hostilities. The dog howled, and his master and myself were soon tossing and rolling in the sand, punching, and scratching, and rapidly becoming dirtier and dirtier. I was getting decidedly the worst of it, and while wondering where it was going to end the boy's mother appeared upon the scene and thrashed both of us. In addition to this, I have an indistinct recollection of sitting upon the marks of ten or a dozen strokes of a strap that evening, the usual penalty for spoiling a new suit of clothes. I am now, however, happy in the consciousness that he hasn't the best of me in a worldly sense; for while I enjoy a life of elegant, but unproductive leisure, he is slaving and toiling at the forge and anvil. His may be the more remunerative occupation of the two, but it is ever so much nastier, and doubly as enervating. Strange, isn't it, that the immediate neighborhood of this memorable encounter was selected as a suitable locality for the coupéing of Kalloch. Passing the shanty, and the boy, and the ducks, we find a short distance further on the tavern of the redoubtable "Woolly" Kearney, of whom I told you in a former letter. It used to be a hard sort of a place, in every way worthy of the reputation of its proprietor. Crossing the line of Sixth Street, and approaching Seventh, we come to the toll gate at the end of the big bridge over the swamp. Here one of the most wonderful changes in the city has taken place, and it is almost beyond belief that this closely settled neighborhood was once a vast, impassable bog, reaching almost from Market Street to the bay, and varying from two to five blocks in width. I make bold to venture the assertion that there is not a boy who lived in San Francisco at that time who has not caught bull-frogs and sticklebacks in the ditches and pools of this place, and got thrashed for carrying home spoiled trowsers and muddy boots. And when a long and rainy winter came, how many of them did not navigate the vast lake on rafts, and engage in exciting naval battles? Only those, I think, who had not the hardihood to venture beyond the forbidden limits of their front gates. I could disfigure whole reams of paper in describing these battles. How many times myself and companions were attacked by a fleet whose rafts outnumbered ours, stabbed by boarding pikes of lath, dumped unceremoniously into the water, and left to flounder our way to the shore as best we could. How, under cover of darkness, we destroyed the fleet of the enemy with an axe, and dumped the crews into the lake whenever we could outnumber them. But it is my intention to traverse the length of the old Mission plank road in this letter. At the Mission end of the bridge, on the left, we find the residence of Steve Massett—called by its proprietor Pipesville; a tiny yellow cottage, with a dearth of window and door, and a prodigious profusion of flagstaff. Here Steve was wont to entertain right royally in his magnificently small way, and if years afterward, when Pipesville was no longer his, he hunted for entertainment, it was merely getting a Roland for a Oliver. I am one of the few who are very fond of old Steve, and I recall very many delightful chats at my dinner-table, where he was always more welcome, than unwelcome at the tables of others whom I could name. Here also for a long time Edwin Booth and Dave Anderson kept bachelors' hall together, and I wish I had the space to tell you of the wild orgies that dear old Uncle Dave has told me about. Every one knows where "Ted" Booth is, and I am happy to record that his old-time companion and bosom friend is still among us, and in an elegant little cottage on Nob Hill enjoys, with the happy bride of his old age, the luxuries he struggled to obtain during the many arduous years of an actor's life. I saw both of them together in New York not very long ago, and it was pleasing to know that time and success only served to more firmly seal the long-existing bond of friendship between the now great actor and his chum of years ago. We now ascend the longest and steepest of the many grades of the road, and find fewer signs of humanity as we widen the space between us and the city. There are only two or three small cottages, with, of course, the usual number of wayside taverns, which are largely in excess of all other buildings. We go up and down two or three hills, and I shall ask you to tarry with me awhile on the spot where I have passed the greater part of my life, and where I hope to pass the majority of the years to come—my home. It is not now the home of my childhood, there is not one vestige remaining of the first home I can remember. The hillsides with their shady oaks, the valley with its vegetable gardens, and willows, and windmills, have given place to flower-gardens, and graded lots, and dwellings. The old house has long ago been sold for the miserable pittance of $35, and broken up for firewood, and everything has an exasperatingly modern and altogether unromantic appearance. Still I can sit in my window and ponder over the wonderful transformation that time has brought forth. In the place of uninhabited and barren sand-hills, I can see roofs and spires, and the new City Hall, in all its unfinished ugliness, looms up before me, all forming a truthful exemplification of the proverb: "Time works wonders." Between this and the Mission there is little of interest save at the place where Woodward's Garden now stands, where, in a grove of willows, was a house of considerable magnitude for the period, afterward the residence of Colonel J. C. Fremont, for several years. The same building, which, of course, was rebuilt, now serves as the museum of the Gardens. Proceeding toward the Mission as far as Sixteenth Street, we stop at the "Nightingale," a large tavern kept by old Billy Shear, the famous turfman. This was long a famous resort, in fact the most popular of all the out of town stopping places. Adjoining this building on the west was the residence of W. C. Hoff, Esq., which is still standing, being occupied by one of his daughters, who is now a prominent leader of society. A few minutes brings us to the old Mission Church, where our journey ends, and we irrigate the inner man at the old Mansion House. CLAY M. GREENE.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Stop ze moozeek!" shouted Prince Perrino, rushing frantically through the hall of his villa. "Ze partie he is break up—one of ze guests insolt my vife!" But before the ladies could get their shawls the Prince came running back, saying: "Never mind; you danse plentee more. Eet is all right—ze genteelman say he did not know it was my vife."

---

A dame Mexican strongly rich commands at her pianist very in vogue.

"Mister, I have Saturday a large soirée, and I should be happy to make listen my inviteds an artist of your reputation."

"Ah, madame."

"Whats would be your conditions?"

"Seven bundred francs, madame."

"Very well. To Saturday, then. Oh, one last word; I will pray you to play very softly—very softly, for to not impede the conversations."

---

Edmond Gondinet, the dramatist, was once a clerk in the finance department.

One day one of the messengers came to him and asked if M. Gondinet could and would get seats for him and his family at the theatre.

"Certainly," said the dramatist, and wrote the messenger a letter to the manager of the Palais-Royal. John returned promptly with an order for seven seats.

"Did you get them?" said the author.

"Oh, yes, sir; he gave me seven front seats—the best in the house. I am ever so much obliged to you. Oh, by the way, M. Gondinet, will I tell the hackman to charge the trip to the theatre and back to you? I took a coupé so as to save time."

Gondinet was for an instant paralyzed, but recovered himself sufficiently to gasp blandly, "Certainly, by all means—tell him I'll settle with him."

---

In a cassino at a seaside resort where the play is notoriously high a smug and cleanly shaven bourgeois enters and sits down at the *écarté* table, pronouncing the solemn words:

"I'm going to risk five francs."

Seeing a smile upon the countenances of the assembled gamblers, the old gentleman continues vehemently:

"I mean business—I shall play as earnestly as if, instead of five francs, I had risked six."

---

A short-sighted lover passes the object of his affections upon the street without saluting her, wherefore she takes him to task at their next meeting.

"What weight should I attach to your professions?" she says severely; "yesterday I met you on the street, and you passed on without ever looking at me."

"Madame," replies the offender gallantly, "if I had stopped to look at you I should never have passed on."

---

M. X. and his spouse dine together. The meal is almost over when he takes the bottle of Bordeaux in which is left a scant half glass of liquor, and prepares to empty it into his own tumbler.

"Don't, darling, don't," cries his wife, who is superstitious; "if you drink the last drop of that wine you will be married again before the year is out, and I love you too much for that."

And she empties the wine into her own glass and tosses it off.

---

Nestor Roqueplan was one of the few men who could overcome and appall a *concierge*. When he had taken his rooms and made all the arrangements, he would turn to that social tyrant in a matter-of-fact manner and say:

"Of course you talk scandal about the lodgers?"

"I, sir—?" (indignantly).

"Do not deny it—I know you do. It is better to have a frank and full understanding on this subject. Wherever I lodge I always allow the *concierge* to blackguard me and publish my affairs to the neighbors daily between the hours of four and six P. M. If I catch you poaching on my character outside of those hours I'll break your neck. Enough!"

---

Robert Houdin, the conjurer, happened to be passing through a watering-place, and visiting the cassino found a manifest but unsuspected Greek at the *écarté* table busily and profitably employed in plucking the unwary guests. He said nothing, but waited till there was a vacant seat at the table, and took his place silently opposite the swindler.

The descendant of Agamemnon dealt and turned a king from the bottom of the pack with neatness and dispatch.

Houdin betrayed no emotion, but when it came to his turn to deal said, affably, to his opponent: "When I turn kings from the bottom of the pack I always do it with one hand instead of two—it is quite as easy and much more showy. See—here comes his majesty of diamonds!"

And the conjurer calmly produced the card.

The gambler stared at him for an instant, and then bounding from his chair rushed out of the room without going through the formality of waiting for his hat, coat, and stakes.

---

When Buloz was director of the Comédie Française the actor Darcourt's father died very suddenly.

The manager went immediately to his chief with the suggestion that the bill had better be changed for the night's performance.

"Oh, bosh!" exclaimed Buloz. "Darcourt is all right; that needn't make any difference. "Theseus," the part he plays to-night, isn't a comic *rôle*."

Likewise, when Roqueplan managed the Opéra, one of his artists lost her husband. She obtained leave to give up her part that night; but a couple of days afterward Roqueplan sent for the manager.

"Why isn't Mme. Soandsoni's name on the bills?"

"Why, you know her husband's dead."

"And does she think she's going to be excused from singing all the time her husband is dead?"

And she had to appear as usual.

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.*

The return of General Grant to his native land will renew the discussion over the probabilities of his third candidacy for the Presidential office. In the presence of a man who is truly great, who has attained the highest honors within the gift of his countrymen, who has honorably discharged all the duties of his high positions, and to whom further office can only bring burdens and responsibilities, instead of added honors, we need feel no delicacy in freely discussing the questions involved in his candidacy. We dismiss, therefore, from our mind any consideration of the personal wishes or personal feelings of General Grant by the single remark, that we gratefully remember his distinguished service to the country in both his military and civil capacities, and without reserve declare our entire confidence in his patriotism, his intelligence, and his unselfish desire to serve the nation. It is the nation, its interests, and its welfare, that we consider, looking upon General Grant as cutting no figure in the premises, except as he may be used, or sacrificed, for the good of the country. Is it for the best interest of the American people that he should be a third time the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidential office? This involves considerations of policy, as well as of principle; and unless there are weighty and unanswerable objections to the ignoring of the questions of party policy, then the consideration of the questions of principle should alone have weight. If the triumph of the Republican party at the coming Presidential election is indispensable to the welfare of the country, and if no other Republican candidate can be chosen for the Presidential office, then it follows that General Grant should again be nominated. We are not prepared to admit either of these propositions; we are not prepared to think that the welfare of the nation hangs upon the success of the Republican party. We do not believe that its defeat involves the destruction of the American commonwealth, nor that the life of the nation hangs upon the result of the next Presidential election; nor do we believe that the nomination of General Grant is indispensable to Republican party success. We shall be very unwilling to concede that the service or the life of any one man, or the success of any party, is necessary to the prosperity of the government. The American Republic is young, full of life and vital energy. It has passed through one great national crisis, upon which seemed to hang its destiny, and, thanks to General Grant, and the other distinguished statesmen and military chieftains that piloted the ship of State through the dark and perilous night and storm of the rebellion, it survived. It will meet and encounter other dangers; it will overcome and survive other perils; it will outride and triumph over other storms; night and the tempest may close around it, but the light and the day will follow, and our Union will be perpetuated for other and later generations, to whom the name and service of General Grant, and the brave men who periled and lost their lives in the slave-holders' rebellion, will be but a dim yet grateful memory. While we do not claim, and do not think, that the destinies of the Republic hang upon the action of the Republican party, we do believe that it is of the first importance that this party should still continue to administer its affairs. If the Democratic party were more patriotic; were composed of abler, purer, and better men; if its rank and file did not, in our judgment, embrace nearly all that is bad and dangerous of our foreign and discontented element; if the South were not solid in its adhesion to the Democracy, thus indicating that it is still solid and sullen in its discontent; if Democratic bodies could rise above disgraceful squabbles and personal contentions for the loot of office and spoils of place; if the Democratic party could rise to the level of statesmanship, and plant itself, as in the older and better time, upon the plane of patriotism, we should not be unwilling to see it for a time take the position that the Republican party does not, in some respects, properly fill. The Republican party has abused its power. Power is always dangerous. The long continuance of power is liable to beget abuse. It has been abused, and the twenty continuous years of national administration is suggestive of the necessity of change. If the Democracy were as pure, as honest, as unselfish, as patriotic as after twenty years of exclusion from office it ought to be, we should most willingly witness a change. But it is not. In the past it has been the party of treason, and to-day it gives only promise of sectional strife, and greedy hunger for the loaves, and fishes, and loot, and plunder, of official positions. Hence we declare that in our judgment the interest of the Government and the welfare of its people demand the continuance of the Republican party in power, and the election of a Republican to be President of the United States.

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Ought General Grant to be the candidate of the party for reelection? We think not, save in one grave contingency, which we do not think will occur. We mention, and pass it. Mention it, because politicians are—and we think for a selfish purpose—suggesting it; pass it lightly, because we think it unworthy of serious consideration. If the discontented classes can, by the agitation of demagogues, be incited to any serious demonstrations, demanding a strong government, and one in which the military arm must be invoked for the protection of civil administration, then we recognize the existence of a revolution; then we say, a strong government; then we say, General Grant and a standing army; then we say, anything to crush out, and trample down into the bloody dust if necessary, all insurrection against the law, whether it comes from Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania, from Pittsburg rioters, the vulgar mob of New York, German Socialists at Chicago, the low Irish of the sand-lots at San Francisco, communism, or agrarianism, or foreign discontent from any quarter whatsoever. This growing disposition of the low, vicious, and discontented foreign element to disturb the repose of society, and to make the tenure of property insecure, we would stamp out; and if it comes to a conflict—which it will not—we should be most content to see General Grant President of the Republic and commander-in-chief of its military forces. As we believe that this contingency is most improbable, and at least remote, we would not allow it to weigh a hair's breadth in choosing a Presidential candidate. One of the things to be avoided in a republican government is hero worship. The most dangerous of all heroes to worship—and to whom except in dire extremity no altar should be erected—is the military hero. General Grant is to-day in position to become a dangerous man to the liberties of our people. He is regarded to-day as no man has ever been regarded in our republic. Washington was not so honored. Lincoln died to become the idol of the nation's affections. Grant, clothed with military honors, crowned with civic distinctions, his mistakes forgotten, his offenses condoned, honored by foreign princes and foreign peoples, commending himself to our approval by the modesty and Americanism of his demeanor, stands to-day so strongly intrenched in the popular affection that he is in position to become dangerous to the liberties of the nation. It is not Grant, it is ourselves we fear. Should General Grant seek the office of President, he would fail to attain it. We fear our national disposition to enthuse; we fear him because he does not seek a renomination. We remember how Cæsar thrice denied the crown upon the Lupercal. We fear General Grant's modesty; we fear his fatal luck; we fear that he will allow us to thrust this honor upon him; we fear the chapter of blunders, accidents, and possibilities, that in national convention might acclaim him a Presidential candidate; we fear the machinations of politicians, the miscarriage of secret plans, the plottings of Sherman, Blaine, and Conkling; we fear the reaction that will thrust this third time honor upon General Grant. We fear this third term business, because it is in violation of all our national traditions. We fear it is but the beginning of the end, and that, if General Grant stands upon the marble steps of our nation's capital to take for the third time his oath of office, we shall virtually have proclaimed Augustus, and that Ulysses S. Grant will then be the last President of the Republic.

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While we do not desire to make General Grant king, we wish he would make himself Warwick, and aid to make for us a Presidential candidate. We commend to him the name of one of his best, most faithful, and most serviceable of friends. We wish that he would say to the American people: "I have long known the Honorable E. B. Washburne. "We were friends in early life. He is a broad-minded, patriotic statesman. He was, when we were in humble village "life together, an honest man. He was in Congress a serviceable representative. He served me and I am grateful to "him. He was a sincere and earnest patriot during the war. "When I became President I made him the Premier of my "Cabinet with the portfolio of State. I sent him to the Court "of France as embassador of our nation. During that trying "period of war and strife, he upheld most loyally our honored flag. He became the representative of all the German States by consent of France. He shielded, and protected, and fed, and clothed German non-belligerents—"men, women, and children. He is in no political intrigues "for political advancement. He is a clean, pure, honest, "honorable, gifted American gentleman. He is my friend. "He would honor the Presidential office, and I shall be both "glad and grateful if I can direct the affection and love you "express toward me to my friend, Honorable E. B. Washburne, and ask you Republicans to make him your candidate, and you, my fellow Americans, to make him President of the United States." This would be making a President the right way and of the right material. It would be a triumph over the politicians at Washington. It would be a triumph over John Sherman and the intrigues of the Treasury department. It would be a personal triumph over Carl Schurz. It would be a triumph of honest men over all sorts of party rogues. It would be turning a flood of clear, pure, sparkling water through the dirty official stables at the national capital. It would give the party machine a turnback. It would do the nation a power of good. In order to make Mr. Washburne's election entirely certain, we would persuade the Honorable Newton Booth to allow his name to be used as Vice-President upon the same ticket.

*For President of the United States.*
ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.....OF ILLINOIS.

*For Vice-President of the United States.*
NEWTON BOOTH.....OF CALIFORNIA.

We announce the ticket as above written, subject to the approval of Grant and the Republican National Convention.

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Whether General Grant is a candidate for nomination will be known very soon after he lands upon our coast. If he does not say—and with an emphasis that carries with it a determination to be understood—that he is *not* a candidate, then he *is*. Any doubtful utterance, any reservation of denial, any silence in reference to this matter, will have, and will be entitled to have, but one interpretation. More than this, if General Grant is not himself a candidate, he will have one. He is not the man to float down the stream of politics without decided opinions and expressed preferences for some candidate. His political and party opinions are pronounced, his personal preferences are intense, his resentments are strong. If he withholds his opinions, hides his preferences, and restrains an expression of his resentments, favors no friend, and opposes no enemy, then it is because low down in his own breast there lurks the ambition and the hope that he will himself be the candidate of the Republican party. The personal or political friend through whom he might desire to announce his determination may not be in California, and he may deem it prudent to defer any authoritative announcement until he has had time more fully to command the political position than he can do upon first landing upon American soil. But he knows that the most important question which his party is now considering is that of its nominee for President; he knows the intrigues that are now, and for two years have been, going on; he knows the ambition of Sherman; he knows the plot entered into by President Hayes, Sherman, and the man without a country, to destroy his friend, Conkling. He will be rejoiced upon his arrival with the information that Senator Conkling has triumphed in New York; beaten Evarts, Curtis, and the other magazine politicians, presided over its State convention, and dictated the Republican nominee for Governor. We are confident that we shall not long remain in ignorance of General Grant's political designs and party opinions, and that we shall have them in some more direct communication than through a Chinese imperial mandarin by way of the New York *Herald*.

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Mr. Justice Deady, of the United States Court, sitting for the circuit of Oregon, interpreting a provision of the State Constitution prohibiting municipal corporations from employing Chinese, decides that the clause of the Burlingame treaty authorizing Chinese to come to America for purpose of curiosity, trade, or as permanent residents, carries with it the right to live and the right to labor, and that a State has no right to limit this privilege. We do not believe that this is sound law. It strikes a blow at State sovereignty that affects the very existence of the people upon this coast. It recognizes a central power that carries with it control over the lives, property, and welfare of our Pacific States, and makes us in fact an outlying colony, that must take its municipal ordinances and local laws from the central Government at Washington. It was the intention of the founders and the framers of our dual form of goverment to give certain powers to the General Government, and to retain certain powers for the State governments. The character of the country, the extent of its domain, its climate, its diverse interests, its varied kinds of people, all forbid the idea of each locality being governed by the same local regulations. Ordinances that would be proper for Maine would not be the exact thing for Florida or Texas. There must be certain things over which the General Government must have the exclusive control. For instance, the organization of the army and navy; diplomatic intercourse with foreign governments; carrying of the mails upon a general system; the control of foreign commerce; the collection of revenue; the national defense, as well to resist foreign invasion as to put down domestic insurrection. But it was never intended to interfere with local rights in reference to a thousand matters of detail involving

the welfare of the people of different localities—the right of taxation, of health, police, of the management of municipal governments, and we say also the right to determine the people whom the State will invite to become dwellers within it, and their rights and privileges therein. A State has the right to prevent diseased persons and paupers from becoming domiciled in its midst; it has a right to exclude idlers and criminals from becoming dwellers within its borders; but, according to Mr. Justice Deady, it has not the right to declare that a municipal corporation shall, in giving out its contracts for labor, discriminate in favor of its own citizens, as against a class of adventurers who come from a foreign land for a temporary purpose—a class of foreigners who, under the laws of Congress, can not become citizens, and whose whole course, and conduct, and manner of living, are declarations that they come to the country for a temporary stay, for a specific purpose, and with no intention or desire to become a part of the people of the State—a class from whom no public duty can be exacted, civil or military, upon whom can devolve none of the duties or responsibilities of citizenship. We do not believe this is good law; and if it is, so far as California is concerned, it must be changed. Our Constitution contains a similar provision to the one judicially passed upon by Mr. Justice Deady. Our people have unanimously declared that Chinese shall not come to our coast in unlimited numbers to enjoy the unrestricted privileges appertaining to citizens. Public opinion, so unanimous and decided, must make the law of California upon this question; and if it is one that involves the existence of our people, the value of our property, and the welfare and progress of our State, then we must be allowed to have our way in the matter. We must strive to have this way a peaceful and legal one, *but we must have our way.* We must be patient and long enduring; we must exhaust every honorable effort to bring about this change of laws. But when we have endured long enough, when we find our peaceful, and legal, and honorable efforts in vain, then we must invoke the right of revolution. When we are driven to the wall, in self defense we must fight to preserve our lives, our properties, our honor. We are but one million against forty, but our one million of lives is of more importance to us than the forty millions beyond our borders. Our property is small as compared with the vast aggregate of Eastern wealth, but it is ours, and it is all we have. Our State is but a patch upon the great broad empire of our national domain, but it is our home, and we have none other, and we had better fight for it, even on the battle field, with our Christian countrymen, than with the barbarians from across the sea. If we are subdued and conquered by our Christian fellow men, we may look for generous treatment; from the Mongol and the Tartar we can hope for no mercy. We had better fight a civil war, with all its shame and all its horrors; we had better be rebels against the authority of the United States, and meet its invincible armies on hopeless, bloody battle fields, than to attempt the more unequal conflict with four hundred millions of starving, desperate Asiatics. We had better tear up the rails of our transcontinental roads, barricade our mountain passes, and in our cañons find Thermopylæs for our sons, than to endeavor to guard our twelve hundred miles of ocean coast against the innumerable hordes that China may spare to invade us.

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Of one thing we are convinced: we shall find some way to get the best of Federal judges. So far, they have worried us, and beaten us, and got the better of us. All our municipal and State legislation, all our work of constitution-makers, all the efforts of our people expressed in public conventions, journals, political parties, pulpit, press, and sand-lot, have all been set at contemptuous and quibbling defiance. But the people, after all, make law, and make the judges, and in the long, final conflict between courts and people the judges always lose, and the people always win. We shall win, for upon this Chinese question we are the people; we are all the people. With this question the East has no right to interfere. It is ignorant upon this subject. It can never be educated upon it, for it does not come home to its people. They are led away by false sentiment, by false and lying preachers, by demagogues, by sham morality. Eastern pietists never determined the Indian policy, but the frontiersman and pioneer did. The Quaker and the Sunday-school teacher, the goody-goody sort, had their peculiar ideas about the noble red man and his rights, and how he was imposed upon—and so he was; but when in his fiendish resentment he sent his bloody tomahawk crushing into the brains of women and children, and murdered the wives and babies of immigrants, then came a war, and the savage was wiped away. It was so in good New England in good Puritan days; it was so in chivalrous Virginia in chivalrous days; it was so in New York; and the same policy of self-defense grew and ran along its bloody track all the way from that consecrated Puritan stone, that pilgrim rock, to the lava beds, where Modoc Jack and Shacknasty Jim murdered the last Methodist preacher who was sent out to coax the red devils to be good. We shall have our way and our policy in this Chinese business in spite of all the preachers, and sentimentalists, and theorists east of the Rocky Mountains; in spite of Mr. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes, and the Federal judges, and all the bishops, and deacons, and colporteurs, and lecturers, and theological tramps that can be dead-headed over the continent. This question belongs to us, and it is for us upon this side of the continent to decide. To the people of the East Chinese immigration is a sentiment. They talk of evangelizing the heathen, converting the souls of barbarians, of a common fatherhood of God and a common brotherhood of man, of America being the asylum of the oppressed and refuge of all nations, of our banner being the flag around which all kindred may rally. Splendid orthodox sentiments for Sunday-school festivals and Wednesday evening prayer-meetings, and for Fourth of July orations, but with us upon this coast it is an issue involving such real and practical questions as the preservation of our land from the incursion of barbarians, of preserving our civilization, our laws, our lives, and our properties. It is to us what the yellow fever is to Memphis, what the phylloxera is to the owner of a vineyard, what the grasshopper invasion is to Kansas, what the Colorado beetle is to the Eastern potato-grower. The Chinese are to us what boils were to Job, what lice were to the Egyptians, what the itch is to the Scotch. They are our army-worm, and we are unanimously and resolutely determined to resist and prevent Chinese immigration, in spite of all the poetry and prayers of New England, the cant and snivel of priest and parson, the demagogy of politicians, the vetoes of Presidents, the existence of treaties, and the decisions of Federal courts in California, Oregon, and Washington.

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In the very south of Ireland, and upon the bleak and rocky coast of St. George's Channel, about midway between Clanakilty Bay and the Head of Kinsale, and not far away from Skibbareen, in the County Cork, is a dirty little Irish fishing village, with a population, not counting the pigs, of 393. This village upon the ocean shore is a rocky spit of land covered with cabins. The principal occupation of its meaner inhabitants is wrecking, and it is said that the device of putting out false lights to decoy ships on shore was not an uncommon practice in the early times. It was at this miserable little spot of God's neglected earth that Kearney was born. Born in poverty, reared in ignorance, nursed in the lap of destitution, accustomed to eat potatoes in the skin. A kind Providence, disguised in hard times and famine, drove Denis forth from Timoleague to prey upon a broader world. An unkind fate shipwrecked this adventurer upon our shores. Step by step he advanced, till he proudly trod the deck of a one-horse dray in San Francisco. Thanks to our generous system of the elective franchise, and to the dirty use that the Democratic party has for turbulent and ignorant Irish, he developed into a piece club patriot, abandoned his dray, laid down his curry-comb and brush, turned statesman, and kindly volunteered to direct American politics in California. His qualifications for this *rôle* were audacity—the growth of ignorance and mendacity arising from his vulgar and shameless obscurity—and an utter disregard of the proprieties and decencies of life. He has one quality of superiority: he is a superior blackguard, and commands the use of vulgar and blasphemous epithets. "Honorable Bilks," "Mouldy headed vampires of hell," "Lecherous bondholders," and such like conundrums of speech, instance the versatility of his language, and the depth, breadth, and thickness of his political comprehension. That the "Chinese must go" was his first idea of popular agitation, his first slogan to arouse the passions and the prejudices of the vulgar and the ignorant. In this he voiced, but with raven croakings, a real evil. It reverberated through the empty heads of his unwashed and dirty followers, and found echo from their brazen throats. He was a rough political John the Baptist, crying aloud in the wilderness of official corruption. In language rude with blasphemy and coarse with brutal invective he denounced in vulgar diction all kinds of men and all classes of society, all orders, and all institutions not down in the dirty levels where he was crawling. This kind of insulting ribaldry was a novel sensation to the idle, the vicious, the criminal; for curiosity they gathered around him. He was their devil bird, their prophet of evil omen; he was of their own order. They gathered around him as the jackal follows the lion, as the tule hawk hovers around the fowler. They scented the possibility of plunder in the possibility of disorder, riot, and violence. They hoped for a burning town, because they did did not know that Kearney was an arrant coward, a mere noisy and blatant demagogue, a boastful, blustering craven, an ass masquerading in the lion's skin. It is a curious fact that the thieves, tramps, and criminals were the first to observe what a mere talking idiot he was; the first to detect the cowardly sham, and to know that his leadership was not of the material that would justify them in hopes of plunder, and so the thieves, and tramps, and criminals were the first to abandon him. A class of workingmen more honest, but less intelligent, more serious and sincere in their desire for relief from the burden of Chinese immigration, were still duped by his vulgar harangues, and still beguiled by his lying promise that "the Chinese must go." Kearney would have been sunk beneath the slum by his own weight of vileness if the cupidity, greed, and questionable enterprise of the *Call* and *Chronicle* had not lifted him into notice. It has been a curious history. Like a polecat from the barn-yard dung-hill, the drayman started for chickens. The hounds of the press got upon his track, and yawped him into such wide notoriety that half the community have forgotten his character and his origin, and have magnified him into a false importance. It is, however, only the importance of a bad smell, and it is only the clamor of the yawping pack. A polecat is as harmless and sweet smelling as a cotton-tail rabbit of the meadow till he is stirred to emit his malodorous secretions in self-defense; the porcupine throws not his quills till he is disturbed; the rattlesnake sleeps quiet enough till aroused; the inkfish does not blacken the waters till attacked; and so on, through beast, and bird, and reptile, the foulest, worst, most dangerous, and nastiest of them all are not disagreeable till noticed. We draw a moral from this fact in natural history. If the press would let this man Kearney and his caravansary of unkempt beasts alone, he and they would do no harm. If their vile utterances were not printed, none would know of them but the mob of sympathizers who gather on the sand-lot. Blasphemous words do not hurt God; treasonable utterances do not imperil the State; vulgar language does not hurt those who do not hear it; and threats of cowards alarm no one. If this mumbling idiot were not reported and not printed, he would not last to the Christmas holidays, and the sensation of the sand-lot would give way to some newer sensation. Even now the reptile is crawling, for in the *Call* of Wednesday we see it announced that "Denis Kearney will leave the city this morning for a rest "of two weeks at Kellogg's, near Calistoga." Ho-ho! ha-ha! Then the little Irish creeper will not burn Grant in effigy as announced! He will keep off the sand-lot to escape being blown from the mouths of Union and Confederate guns; he will leave the city; he wants a rest; he needs a rest; he will take a rest. Oh, if the blackguard would only get an eternal one!

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The *Chronicle* is also taking a rest, and is giving this community a needed one. How meek and lovely it is in its enforced respectability!—how virtuous and retiring in its slumbering disposition! Not a word regarding Glenn; not a whimper concerning the late defeat; not a tear dropped over the long and lonely Bilk coffin; not "a smile for those who love," nor "a curse for those who hate." Perkins will make a good Governor; the stock gamblers are not as bad as they used to be; the bonanza kings are let severely alone; virtue is found in the Republican party; there is a God in Israel. Nothing said about the artesian well and the new building; no head lines concerning the move into new and magnificent quarters; attention given to local and general news. Instead of double-leaded broadsides, and columns loaded with italic shrapnel to annihilate its foes, the convalescent sheet is now discussing in its fighting section such thrilling subjects as "The Revival of Archery," "The *Bric-à-brac* Display," "The Clerk of the Weather," "The Homes of San Fran-"cisco," "The Situation in New York," "The Business "Outlook," "The Coming Woman," "Was the Ameer an "Accomplice." The sight is enough to make the Angel of Mercy weep: the lion laid low and the lamb in view, the picture of resignation and of peace with the new Magdalen in bold prospective. Kearney, the child, rusticating at Calistoga, and the *Chronicle*, the parent, out on bail at home. Verily, conditions have changed. The mighty have fallen. The serpent of the sand-lot has wounded the breast that warmed and nurtured it into life. "The Arab chickens" have come home to roost. "The hell-born villian" has planted his parent beneath his native heath, and there is a preacher's blood on the face of "the live journal's" moon, with the grand jury yet to hear from. And thus endeth the first lesson. It has been a good one.

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One of the agreeable features of the Grant reception is the universal disposition manifested by all classes of society to give him a hearty and generous welcome. Democrats vie with Republicans, Southern with Northern people, all classes and all countries. Those who fought upon the corn-pone side of the civil war under the gray march beside the hard-tack boys who fought under the blue. Local prejudices, party passions, and all political feeling seems by a sort of universal consent to be laid aside in honor of the hero who conquered Lee, and the gentleman who refused to take the other hero's sword. This most proper feeling as indicated in San Francisco ought to be the beginning of the end of all the nonsense that divides the people into contending factions, and the nation into arenas of local hate. Half a generation has passed away since the war; half of those who imperiled their lives upon battle-fields have carried their contentions up to the great white throne; and it would be evidence of the fact that we are not barbarous, but Christian people, and citizens of a Christian nation, if we could begin to bury the passions and resentments that have survived the war. These resentments ought to have ended when the war ended, and would have done so had it not been in the interest of politicians at the North and at the South to keep them alive. We know of no better place than California where this fraternal sentiment should find its first lodgment. We know of no better time than now to let this sentiment go abroad. We know of no more fitting person than General Grant to become the central figure around which all who love the whole country may rally, forgetful of the differences of

## THE SWEET GUITAR.

Starry flowers on moonlit meadows
Softy drip their silver dew,
While the moon through creamy billows
Drifts across the sea of blue.

Where the moonbeams fleck the water,
Stretching like a bar of pearl,
One white sail, like angel pinion,
Seeks the eastern gates of beryl.

List! a sound of mystic music,
Silken pinioned, floats afar;
List! ah, 'tis the witching music
Of the mellow, sweet guitar.

Far through yonder leafy lattice
Catch I gleam of silken dress,
Flash of jeweled hand, and quiver
Of the rose upon her breast.

Ah, that music! Holy mother,
'Tis the music of the heart;
How it leaves the door wide open
To the wiles of Cupid's darts!

Soft it trembles, low 'tis grieving;
List its strains of hope and fear,
Telling now of withered roses,
Whispering now that love is near.

See! a shadow 'neath the casement—
Throb the strings with love on fire;
One wild sweep—one wild heart-beating—
Then with passion they expire.

No more sounds its tender pleading,
Vowing by the moon and star;
Love hath won her willing captive
By the strains of sweet guitar.

PETALUMA, September, 1879. CLARENCE T. URMY.

## THE LONGEST STORY ON RECORD.

If you can only spare the time to read this through, you will be satisfied that the head line is not a lie:

There was once a certain king, who, like many Eastern kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time, but yet he was never satisfied. The exertions of his courtiers were in vain. He at last made a proclamation that if any man should tell him a story that should last for ever, he would certainly make him his heir and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend he had such a story and should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head cut off.

For such a price as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared, and dreadful long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, and some six months. Poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, but all came to an end, one after another, and the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off. At last came a man who said he had a story that would last for ever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. He was warned of his danger. They told him how many others had tried and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of very composed and deliberate way of speaking, and, after making all necessary stipulations for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began:

"O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant; and, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon the corn in his kingdom and put it in an immense granary, which was built on purpose, as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, until the granary was quite full to the top. He then stopped doors and windows on all sides. But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a small hole near the top of the granary, and there came a flight of locusts and tried to get at the corn, but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time. So one locust went in and carried off one grain of corn, and another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn, and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

He had gone thus from morning till night (except when he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king began to be rather tired with his locusts, and interrupted his story with:

"Well, well, we have heard enough of the locusts, we will suppose they helped themselves to all the corn they wanted, so tell us what happened afterward."

To which the story-teller answered deliberately: "If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell what happened afterward before I tell what happened first."

And then he went on again: "And then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

"Oh, friend, let up, I am weary of your locusts. How soon do you think they will get away with the corn?"

To which the story-teller made answer:

"Oh, king, who can tell? At the time to which my story has come the locusts have cleared a small space; it may be a cubit each way round the hole, and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But let the king have patience, and no doubt we shall have come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another year, the story-teller going still as before:

"And another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn; and then another locust went in and carried off another grain of corn."

At last the king could stand it no longer, and cried out:

"Oh, man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything, only let me hear no more of the abominable locusts."

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne, and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of the story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts.

## THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

As Told by the Norristown Herald.

The object of this expedition was to fetch the golden fleece which hung in the temple of Mars, at Kolchis. The expedition was not fitted out by James Gordon Bennett; he prefers the North Pole. It was undertaken by Jason, son of Æson, the rightful king of Iolkos, in Thessaly. Æson was driven from the throne by Pelias, his bull-dozing stepbrother, at whose hands all his relatives suffered cruel persecution. The boy Jason was saved from harm by some of his father's friends, and adopted by a Centaur. At the age of twenty a fortune-teller told him he was the genuine heir to the throne of Iolkos, and urged him to present himself to Pelias and claim his father's kingdom. Jason presented himself; but Pelias was running the country on the Yazoo plan, and was not disposed to abdicate. However, the Jason "boom" accumulated strength, and Pelias at last consented that if he would do something heroic he—Pelias—would step down and out. Jason said he was willing to undertake any hazardous adventure, save traveling through Greece with a *Pinafore* company, or to argue with a New York policeman. Then Pelias proposed that he fetch the golden fleece. This was a difficult feat, and Pelias regarded its acceptance as equivalent to fleecing him out of the throne. Jason at once set about building the largest ship that had as yet sailed from Greece. He called her the *Argo*, and invited Hercules, Gen. Butler, Orpheus, Private Dalzell, Theseus, Dr. Mary Walker, Pollux, Hanlon, the sons of Boreas, Edward Payson Weston, Castor, Gen. Henry Watterson, and other heroes of the day to accompany him. Butler declined. He said if they got up an expedition to capture a greenback fleece, they might count him in.

Before proceeding farther, it is necessary to give a brief history of the golden fleece. Jason's grandfather Ælos had a son, named Athamas, who married Nephele, and had two children, Phrixos and Helle. On the death of his wife, Athamas married Ino, you know—or perhaps you don't know—and she made it very lively for her stepchildren. She made several attempts on their lives, and the boys threatened to run away from home and disgrace the family by joining a polo club. To prevent this disgrace, and save them from farther harm, the spirit of Mrs. Athamas No. 1 appeared to Phrixos, accompanied by a large ram with golden fleece. She proposed that Phrixos and his brother Helle should mount this auriferous animal and escape over the sea. Without interposing any "whys" or "buts," the boys mounted the golden butter (no pun intended) and started on the journey. Phrixos safely reached the opposite shore, but Helle fell from the ram's back and was drowned. His mother's spirit neglected to put a ball of shoemaker's wax under him. The name of Hellespont was in consequence given to the strait which they had to cross. Phrixos proceeded to Kolchis, sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and hung the golden fleece in the temple of Mars—which was a very foolish thing to do. He might have realized something handsome on the fleece, and for the remainder of his life do nothing but wear diamond pins, own yachts, and spend his summers at Newport and Long Branch.

After receiving a favorable omen from Jupiter, the expedition left Iolkus, and proceeded first to Lemnos, where the heroes went ashore. The inhabitants mistook the expedition for the New York Tile Club, and gave them such a kindly reception that the crew remained there long enough to become the fathers of a new race of heroes. The women of Lemnos thoughtfully slew their husbands to prevent a Sprague-Conkling scandal. All of a sudden Jason remembered that he started out to seek the golden fleece, so he weighed anchor and again set sail. They next landed at Kyzikos, and remained there long enough to get acquainted with the people and thoroughly understand their politics. As they were about leaving, Hercules broke an oar, and left the ship, accompanied by Hylas, to cut a new one in the wood. Hylas was a comely young man. He eschewed tobacco, didn't wear a straw hat with a blue band, nor display his watch chain on the outside of his coat, never waxed his moustache, and was not addicted to a diamond bosom pin as large as a clam. Some nymphs, admiring his style, fell in love with him and carried him off. It must be a terrible thing to be carried off by pretty nymphs—but we don't suppose Hylas kicked and struggled much to get free. He just threw each arm around a nymph's neck and clung fast for fear they would let him drop where the ground was hard. Hercules refused to leave the country without Hylas, so the *Argo* sailed without them.

After leaving the island of Lemnos, where Hercules and Hylas remained, owing to circumstances over which the latter had no control, the Argonauts next landed in the neighborhood of Scutari, whose king, Amykos, was noted for his cruelty to strangers. He was also a prize-fighter. He had a standing challenge in the Scutari *Clipper* to fight any man in the country for $1000 a side and the championship of the world. Seeing the Argonauts land for fresh water, he sent them, as was his custom, a challenge to match him with a boxer. Pollux, one of the Argonauts, accepted the challenge. Pollux did not boast of his pugilistic abilities, but the manner in which he "walked over" the arrogant king was very refreshing to witness. The *Police Gazette* printed a full report of the battle, from which we make an extract: "Round 1.—Pollux and Amykos entered the ring with a smile and a bound, and, after shaking hands, proceeded to business. Pollux made a feint with his left mauler and got in a sockdologer with his right on Amykos' frontispiece. Amykos responded with a rib-tickler that made Pollux look sort o' indisposed. Round 2.—Pollux sent in a crusher on Amykos' bugle and drew the claret. First blood claimed for Pollux. Amykos tapped Pol. on the left peeper, and was rewarded with a terrific chin rattler. Round 3.—Pollux came up smiling, while Amykos appeared rather shaky on his pins. A wind exhauster from Pollux's right doubled up the king in the shape of a croquet wicket, and he retired to his corner looking mighty pale."

This journal is intended for the family circle, and an extended report of a prize-fight is out of place in its columns. We shall therefore skip rounds 4 to 147, and come to "Round 148, and last.—The King came up groggy with both peepers closed, his nose resembling a prize tomato going to seed, and his chin split open. Pollux was as fresh as when he jumped into the ring, and infusing the power of a pile-driver into his left arm, he planted a sledge-hammer blow under Amykos' right auricular, and knocked him over a five-rail fence into a seven-acre corn-field." The Astley belt was awarded to Pollux, and the King said the Argonauts might have all the fresh water they could carry. All he desired was a piece of fresh beef for each eye. He would have used a raw oyster, but this happened in a month that didn't contain an "r."

Proceeding on their journey, the Argonauts passed the perilous entrance to the Black Sea in safety, Phineas, for favors received, communicating a plan for a safe passage through the Symplegades. The Symplegades were two cliffs that moved upon their bases and crushed everything that passed between. It was considered about as hazardous to sail between them as it was to run for a political office on an independent ticket in Yazoo. All efforts to induce wheelbarrow fiends, pedestrian nuisances, and swimming bores to attempt the passage, signally failed. Phineas' plan, submitted to the captain of the *Argo*, was first to fly a pigeon through the Symplegades, and then the moment the cliffs, having closed upon the bird, began to retire to each side, to row the vessel swiftly through the passage. The *Argo* got safely through—all but her rudder, which prompted an exparagrapher on board to remark that he would rudder lose that than to be converted into a human jam. When the Lord Admiral heard this pre-Adamite pun, he asked the captain if he had such a thing as a dungeon aboard, and the offender was immediately loaded with chains and obloquy. The President of the S. P. C. A. strongly protested against the cruel use made of the pigeon, and vainly urged the Argonauts to dig a Suez canal across the fields and sail around the Symplegades. After the passage of the *Argo*, the rocks became welded into one, and thus ended their "open and shut" game.

After several other startling adventures the expedition at last reached Kolchis, where they found Ætes, a reputed son of Helios and Perseus, reigning as king. Ætes refused to give up the golden fleece, except to the man who should acquit himself to the king's satisfaction in certain undertakings which he proposed. The first was to yoke to a plow the king's infuriated bulls, which snorted fire and had hoofs of brass, and to plow the fields of Ares with them. That done, the field was to be sown with dragon's teeth, from which armed men were to spring in the furrows. He was then at liberty to fetch, if he could, the golden fleece, which hung on an oak in a grove and was watched continually by a monstrous dragon. Jason didn't know much about farming, but he hitched up the fiery bulls without using as lurid and picturesque language as he did when the plow struck a stump and caused the handles to plunge into his abdomen. The yield of armed men from the dragon's teeth was about four bushels to a tooth—more than an average crop, according to the report issued by the Agriculture Department at Washington. Jason next overcame the dragon and secured the fleece by means of a witch's mixture, which made him fire and sword-proof. This mixture was concocted by Medea, the daughter of King Ætes, who had become "mashed" on our hero. When the Argonauts commenced their homeward voyage, Jason took Medea with him. It was an elopement in high life, and next morning twenty-seven newspaper men called at the palace of the king and intimated that if he didn't give them all the particulars they would forge two columns of gushing letters from the lovers and print 'em in an extra. The king kicked the ghouls right and left, and started in pursuit of his daughter. Medea, to divert her parent's course, dismembered her young brother, whom she had taken with her, and cast the limbs about in the sea. Medea was a bad woman. While the father was collecting the pieces of his son his daughter and Jason escaped. When hailed by a passing vessel, and asked the wherefore of such reckless speed, Jason explained that there was a crazy man and a shot gun about two miles in his wake, looking for a German tutor.

When Jason reached home he assumed the throne, and ten years of peace followed. Then there came trouble. A woman, as the New York *Herald* predicted, was at the bottom of it. Jason fell in love with a belle named Kreusa, and made her his wife. This gave birth to a demon of jealousy in the heart of Medea. Texas hath no fury like a jilted female, as the poet aptly observes; and Medea steeped a dress and a costly wreath in poison, and sent them to her rival. Kreusa exclaimed, "O how awfully lovely," and put them on. The relatives and friends of the family were respectfully invited to attend her funeral from her late residence, to take place three days later. Medea's appetite for vengeance was not yet appeased. She set fire to the palace of the father of Kreusa. Finding Jason enraged at what she had done, she put to death the children she had borne him, and fled to Athens. Jason, depressed by his troubles, repaired to the sanctuary on the Isthmus of Corinth, Miss., where the stern realities of his life were ended by the stern of the *Argo* falling upon him. The newspapers reveled in sensations in those days, and the reporter always wore a cheerful countenance.

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General Grant is fond of a good horse; so is Senator Conkling. A butcher in Washington had a fast stepper. The President had often seen the butcher's boy swooping down Pennsylvania avenue and out upon the Georgetown road in good style, and had set his heart upon the nag. After some dickering he bought him, price $500. Conkling, hearing of the purchase, called upon the President, when the following colloquy ensued:

*Senator*—Good morning, Mr. President.

*President*—Good morning, Senator.

*Senator*—Bought a horse?

*President*—Yes.

*Senator*—Good one?

*President*—Will you see him?

Adjournment with friends to the White House stables. Groom brings out the horse. The Senator views him with the eye of a connoisseur—looks in his mouth, lifts his tail, shuts one eye, puts his chin upon his withers, and looks wise—walks around him.

*Senator*—What did you pay for him, Mr. President?

*President*—Five hundred dollars.

The Senator walks around him again, again looks in his mouth, lifts his tail, chins his withers, looks wise, and shuts both eyes.

*Senator*—Well, Mr. President, I should rather $500 than the horse.

*President*—Yes? That's just what the butcher thought.

## INTAGLIOS.

### An Old Play.

I.—IN THE STREET.

Like a breeze from a garden,
Made sweet with the scent
O' the fresh blooming roses,
She came and she went.

Pure spirit and vision,
Felt rather than known,
Fain would I have held her
And made her my own;

But as the unconscious
Breeze blesses and goes,
So went she, more blessing
And blest than she knows.

II.—IN THE GARDEN.

When lilacs were in blossom,
And all the air was sweet,
I saw her standing tip-toe
Upon a garden-seat.

One hand drew down the clusters,
The other bent a spray,
Held it a little minute
And let it slip away.

Lilacs, your life is lengthened,
But you've missed the very best,
The best brief life of lying
And dying on her breast.

III.—TILL SUNRISE.

Away to her, fresh morning breeze!
Uplift and blow aside
Her cloudy curtain and with ease
Approach her undenied,

And lightly kiss her mouth and eyes,
And lightly lift her hair,
And blow about her where she lies
The scent that fills the air

Of apple blossoms sweet, that she
May, waking, long to know
What newly flowering shrub or tree
Sweetens the morning so;

And past the cloudy curtain there
Lean forth perhaps to see,
Sweet, fresh, and fair, and unaware
Be seen herself by me.

IV.—TILL MOONRISE.

'Tis long, long after sunset,
And cloudless is the sky,
Yet strangely faint the stars are,
And strangely faint am I.

Behind the hiding mountain
They know the moon is near,
And shining at her window
Soon will my Love appear.

V.—BY THE LIGHT O' THE MOON.

The boughs that bend over,
The vines that aspire
To be close to your window,
Prevent my desire.

Come forth from them, darling,
Enough 'tis to bear
That between us be even
Impalpable air! —*R. R. Weeks.*

### A Climber.

To climb and climb for hours and hours
O'er rocks and ice and snow,
To see at last the flower of flowers,
Long sought, unseen till now;

Bruised, bleeding, breathless, to attain
At last the final ledge,
Lean over, look, and see it plain,
Just under the rough edge

Of that ice-worn, frost-splintered rock,
In that keen upper air,
Where never shepherd seeks his flock,
A lovely wonder there;

To gaze at it, and love it more
And more the more 'tis seen—
Star-like, but blood-red at the core,
With cool green leaves serene;

To feel its fragrance like a kiss
Awake and take the heart,
Its motion like a smile dismiss
And keep despair apart;

To love it, long for it, to lean
Far and yet farther still,
With trembling fingers touch the green
And trembling leaves, and thrill,

And thrilling reach again and fall,
Whirling to where the slow
Cold mockery glaciers rivers crawl
And waste away below.

This was his life, this was his fate,
A hard, long, lonely climb—
A failure; but he stood elate
Once in the air sublime!

### A Wild Rose in September.

O wild red Rose, what spell has stayed
Till now thy summer of delights?
Where hid the South Wind when he laid
His heart on thine these summer nights?

O wild red Rose, two faces glow
At sight of thee, and two hearts share
All thou and thy South Wind can know
Of sunshine in this autumn air.

O sweet wild Rose! O strong South Wind!
The sunny roadside asks no reasons
Why we such secret summer find,
Forgetting calendars and seasons.

Alas, red Rose! thy petals wilt;
Our loving hands tend thee in vain;
Our thoughtless touch seems like a guilt—
Ah, could we make thee live again!

Yet joy, sweet Rose! Be glad, South Wind!
Immortal Wind! Immortal Rose!
Ye shall live on, in two hearts shrined,
With secrets which no words disclose. —*H. H.*

## THAT YANKEE WHALER.

One of the most striking headlands on the South African coast is the Bluff of Natal. Its majestic position, standing boldly out from the mainland and rising straight up from the deep blue ocean to a height of several hundred feet; the brilliant hues of the thousand and one varieties of tropical foliage which cover its steep sides from top to bottom; the clear sky above, and the bright plumage of the birds flashing in the sun—all contribute to make the spot picturesque in the extreme. In the maze of the gigantic underwood on the Bluff, at the time of which I am writing, leopards, tigercats, monkeys, serpents, and other beasts and reptiles roamed at will; the precipitous sides and wild entanglement insuring protection from the attacks of the hunter. Within the last few years a road has been made up the Bluff, and a lighthouse now crowns the summit. The inner or northern side of the Bluff forms one side of the Bay of Natal, while low sandhills enclose it on the north. The northern coast is irregular, and a sandhill projecting far out into the bay almost cuts it into two parts, so forming a double harbor. From this point the harbor-bar stretches across, and the water there being very shallow, vessels of large size are prevented from passing into the inner harbor. Fortunately, however, the bluff protects them on the south, and, except when north or east winds are blowing, a tolerable good anchorage is obtainable. On account of the impossibility of emigrant ships sailing over the bar, the early emigrants were transported from the ships to the beach in the inner harbor in large surf-boats, and frequently had to be carried through the surf to the shore by Kaffirs. On the sandhill that divides the bay there stands a lookout and the Port Captain or Harbormaster's house, and about two miles up the south shore is situated the town of Durban, tho only road to which, at the date of the story, was through the bushpath.

Early in the afternoon of one of the hottest days of the summer of 185–, the thermometer registering something like 110 degrees in the shade, the bay as calm as glass, and the beach quite deserted, the men in the lookout were surprised to see a long, rakish schooner sail round the bluff and drop anchor in the outer bay. No sooner had she brought to than a whale boat was lowered and put off from her side. The Harbormaster hurried down, followed by half a dozen men, to the beach, and before the boat had reached the shore, a small crowd of white men and Kaffirs had gathered round. As the boat ran on to the shingle, a tall sallow man, whose bony frame, sharp eyes and features proclaimed him an American before he spoke, jumped ashore and asked in a sharp, nasal tone: "Who's boss here?"

"I am the Port Captain," said that functionary, stepping forward. "Do you want me?"

"Wal, yes I do—some. I'm Cap'n of the *Southern Cross* schooner—thar she is. She's sprung a bad leak, and I want to beach her here and examine her timbers. My lads is a'most done up with pumpin'. She's fillin' most awful quick, and I want some men to come off and take a hand at the pumps. My crew can't keep on much longer, I guess."

"Where are you from, and where bound, Captain?" asked the Harbormaster.

"I've bin cruisin' after whales, and thar's a pile of ile aboard. But, sir, if we stop palav'ring here I shan't git my ship beached. What men can you git me, now, quick?"

"There's plenty of Kaffirs about," said the Harbormaster; "but you must get permission before you can take any of them off to your ship."

"Permission!" echoed the stranger. "Wal, I never! Who's got charge of this lot? Who do they belong to?"

"They don't belong to anybody. This is a British colony, Captain. But you must get leave to take 'em aboard, or else you can't have 'em," replied the Harbormaster, emphatically.

"Who'll give me permission—you?" asked the Captain.

"No, I cao't; you must go and get a magistrate's order."

"Whar's he to be found? Jest show me the way. Look sharp, boss, 'cos I'm in a mortal hurry, you know."

The Harbormaster turned away, saying: "Up in Durban, and—"

"How fur's that?" broke in the Yankee.

"A good two miles through the bush path. You'll have to get a horse."

"Whar'll I git one?" asked the Captain.

At this moment Mr. McKay, the Government Land Agent, who, full of officious curiosity, had come down from the Custom House, pushed through the crowd and said: "I'll lend you a horse, Captain. Just come this way."

"You're very obligin', sir," said the Captain, turning and following the agent. "I'll accept your offer, and feel honored."

In a few minutes the horse was produced, and a nigger engaged to run ahead and show the way. As the Captain mounted the horse he turned to the Harbormaster and said: "You'll be able to find boats enough to take fifty niggers off at once, eh?"

"Oh, yes, we can do that."

"Wal, now," said the stranger, as a parting observation, "ain't it a plaguey shame that a man can't save his ship without all this palaver? Here's the *Southern Cross*—as smart a schooner as ever sailed under stars and stripes—a-makin' water like mad, and I've got to go through all this here performance before I ken git a few darned niggers to pump." And away he rode toward Durban.

The magistrate not only gave the American Captain the necessary order, but opened a bottle of wine, and, drinking to his success, promised any further assistance that might lie in his power; and in two hours after leaving the harbor the stranger was half way back again.

During his absence, all had been bustle at the harbor. More Kaffirs had come down in the hope of being hired, and great was the amount of speculation as to the terms likely to be offered. These Natal Kaffirs are runaway Zulus, who, having once deserted, are barred from returning to Zululand under penalty of death. They are both brave and intelligent, and are a much finer set of men than the negroes of the west coast. From the lookout the crew of the schooner could be seen pumping incessantly, a continous stream pouring from her side; and Mr. McKay, whose proffer of the horse was instigated more by the hope of profit than by disinterested kindness—for he was the owner of the surf boats—was waiting with great impatience for the stranger's return, and calculating the amount he would realize by the business.

Sooner than could have been expected, the Captain came riding up at a rattling pace; and, jumping from the horse, said: "Here's the permission, boss, all correct and complete. And now, how many niggers ken I hev?"

"Just as many as you like," said the Harbormaster; "there they are waiting to be hired."

"Now, sir, tell me what time in the mornin' ken I git over the bar. I draw ten feet of water."

"Tide flows at six o'clock, and you could come over by eight, I should say," responded the Harbormaster.

"Good. Wal, now, you boys, I'll give you seven and sixpence apiece to come and take turns all night. There's a powerful lot o' water in the hold by this time, and you'll have to work, I tell you."

The pay was high, and a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd; those among the Kaffirs who did not understand English having it explained to them by those who did. The terms were good enough for many a white man standing around to jump at, but to work side by side with niggers was too degrading, and they were obliged to let the chance pass.

"Wal, boys, what say?" asked the Yankee.

Several voices eagerly accepted the terms, and the Harbormaster asked how many he would engage.

"Just you stand in a row, boys, and I'll pick out the likely ones. Be smart; the sun'll be down before we git aboard, if you don't be slick."

The Kaffirs were soon in line. The Captain walked up and down, surveying them, and carefully picking out the biggest and strongest, until he had selected about sixty. This was a large number for the work, but it was put down by Mr. McKay and the Harbormaster to Yankee enterprise, and in a few minutes the surf-boat with the niggers on board was afloat.

"I will come off to you in the morning, Captain, and bring you a pilot," said the Harbormaster.

"Wal, now, that's friendly of you, boss. Really, if you would, I should take it kind," responded the Yankee.

"I will," said the Harbormaster; "I'll come off when the tides makes."

"Thank you, sir," said the Cap'ain, as he stepped into the whale-boat. "You won't forget to come?"

"Certainly not," replied the Harbormaster. "Good night."

"Good night," said the stranger, with a grim smile, waving his hand as the boat pulled away.

When the surf-boats returned the men with them reported the *Southern Cross* to be just as smart and trim a craft as the Captain said she was. They also reported the safe transfer of the dingy volunteers. The sun went down, and in ten minutes the scorching hot day had given place to a beautiful tropical night.

Before the sun had risen on the following morning, the Port Captain, Mr. McKay, and the look-out men were already assembled on the sand-point; and as the first flush of daylight came rapidly spreading over land and sea, they strained their eyes across the bay, eager to catch an early glimpse of the schooner whose arrival and condition had caused such unusual excitement the day before. Well might they start and stare in speechless astonishment. There was the bay all right, and there was the bluff beyond it, but nothing else. No *Southern Cross!* No ship at all! Nothing to mark where she had lain at anchor the previous night. What could it mean? Could she have foundered with all hands? No; for there was not depth of water sufficient to cover her mast if she had. Could she have broken away and gone ashore? Impossible, for the wind, a mere capful, was off the land.

"She's gone!" was the first exclamation which broke the silence, "clean gone!"

"What can it mean?" asked Mr. McKay.

"Mean?" said the Harbormaster, "mean? that we're all born fools—that's what it means."

"Why, how?" gasped the bewildered agent.

"How?" responded the Harbormaster. "Why was he so particular about the sort of Kaffirs he engaged? Wouldn't any kind of Kaffirs do for working pumps? Of course they would. I can see it all now. She was no whaler; she had sprung no leak. She was a Yankee slaver, that's what she was; and we ought all to be shot for not seeing it before."

A thrill of horror passed through the group. It was as clear as daylight now.

"But we saw them pumping the water out of her," said the agent, after a pause.

"Of course you did. But you didn't see the other side of her, did you, Mr. McKay?"

"Well, no," responded the agent.

"No; but if you had, you'd have seen 'em pumping the water in! That's what it was, Mr. McKay; the rascals were pumping it in on the starboard side, and out again on the port; don't you see?"

"Yes, I see now," sighed the agent.

"Sixty niggers kidnapped before our very eyes!" continued the Harbormaster. "A pretty thing, upon my word! No wonder he was so very particular, the rascal! Why, every one of those Kaffirs will fetch five hundred dollars in America. He's done a very fair day's work, and no mistake, Mr. McKay."

"Yes; and never paid me for the hire of my boats," dolefully responded the agent; "and I lent the scoundrel my horse, too!"

"Well, it's no use now. But where our senses were, Mr. McKay, to be outwitted like that, I can't think. I shall hear of this again. If only the Admiral would cruise around here, we might catch 'em now; but we shan't see him for months, maybe. It's about the deepest move that I ever heard of."

By this time the boat was out and manned, and a hearty pull took them to the Bluff head in half an hour; but no sign of the slaver was to be seen.

The next day a southern-bound brig dropped anchor in the outer bay, and sent ashore for some fresh meat. The Harbormaster went off to her, and gave the captain a letter to deliver to the Admiral if he fell in with him, or to leave at the Cape if he did not. Although the letter reached the Admiral within a week, and he put off to sea on the chance of falling in with some news of the *Southern Cross*, no more was ever heard of that Yankee whaler.

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It is always the smoke from the other man's [illegible] offensive to the young lady on the California St.

San Francisco, Sept. 19, 1879.

How much farther off does 1900 appear than 1899? It gives one a singularly uncomfortable thrill to think of dropping a whole century out of one's dates, and it certainly looks like nothing less. Yet it is but a short twenty-one years to 1900, and Robson and Crane have been attempting to make us think all the week that in the little time it takes a baby to grow up, vote, and enter upon his fortune, the world will be turned upside down at the very Hub — Boston itself. Has every one been to see *A. D. 1900?* Do not smile. I have seen the sanest people dip a finger into boiling water to ascertain whether it was hot, and if people really like to know the height and depth of imbecility to which the human intellect can attain, there is nothing to prevent their seeing *A. D. 1900.* People laugh immoderately and are infuriated with themselves for laughing. But then there is nothing really comical in good sense, is there? If one must laugh one must laugh at nonsense, an article which is as abundant in *A. D. 1900* as bread and fish were after the miracle. You know the play, doubtless. How Robson and Crane — they have other names in the play, but it is not the sort of drama in which they sink their identity in heroes' names—return to Boston after an absence of fifteen years in Siam. Siam is doubtless chosen as being a country in which even the *Call* and *Chronicle* absolutely could not claim a circulation list, and which, therefore, does not admit of their being posted as to the wondrous change in affairs. Landed at home in Boston they have scarce begun to look around, and find from the newspapers that men are being hanged for breach of promise, and women running for Sheriff, when they are beset by "Barbara Bulldoze," a dizzy maiden of fifty summers or so, who is a matrimonial agent. In point of fact Robson and Crane have landed in an unidealized Vril-ya. As in that queer subterranean land where the women attain to loftier stature and rounder proportions, and where, in consequence, their greater physical strength makes them the natural protectors, women are the wooers and the men are the wooed. "Barbara Bulldoze" and "Miss Susan Sculpin" are simply the ardent Bee and the soft-eyed Tête, coarsened, roughened, vulgarized. Think of Fanny Young and Mrs. Saunders, both gotten up in the most outrageous style their separate imaginations could conjure. Fancy them making ardent woman's-rights love to a couple of gay young bachelors, who will not respond because of a strong penchant for "Bella" and "Lilly," champion oarsman of Harvard and pitcher of the base ball nine, respectively, and who first dawn upon the vision of the returned bachelors in a couple of athlete costumes, which would make a man stare who did not come from Siam. A most amusing series of complications and contretemps follows, and their troubles end in a trial for breach of promise before a court presided over by "Judge Julia Perkins," otherwise Kate Denin, who, in a gown and wig fashioned after the Lord Chancellor's, is as handsome a picture to look on as one would wish to see. There is but one touch of nature in the entire "absurdity," unless one except the fact that the jury to a woman refuse to brand the young men guilty because they are well dressed and good-looking. Perhaps, indeed, a '79 jury is sometimes not totally unbiased by these considerations. Yet this is not the touch of nature. One only finds out that Mr. Joe Bradford—I believe that is the name of the individual who dared to present this farcical extravaganza as a play—knows something of the nature of womankind, for the Chancellor's wig itself stood on end, and jurywomen, plaintiffs, and spectators ran howling from the court-room at the cry of "Rats!" Even this was a mistake, for the frightful monster should have been a mouse! There is something singularly unpleasant about rats. They have odious habits, as witness Southey's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," whose music bewitched the rats—

> "That fought the dogs and killed the cats,
> And bit the babies in the cradles;
> And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
> And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles;
> Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
> Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
> And even spoiled the women's chats,
> By drowning their speaking,
> With shrieking and squeaking
> In fifty different sharps and flats."

And yet, although all rats are like these, how much more terrifying is a mouse! Reams have been written upon the subject, but for its most exhaustive treatises see Burlington *Hawkeye*, Detroit *Free Press*, and Danbury *News*. As for the acting in *A. D. 1900*, there is very little of it to do. The dialogue is commonplace but rattling, and the situations extravagantly funny. It may add to Robson's and Crane's *repertoire*, but not to their reputation. Where are we drifting to in theatrical affairs, when even these two popular and clever comedians can not draw well? Their plays have been handsomely mounted and thoroughly rehearsed, Monday's performance has been as smooth as Saturday's, and they have actually given us something new. Something new! Do you not sometimes stop to think that we seem to have come to the end of our novelty tether? We seem to have had the drama in every phase which it is capable of assuming. The legitimate, exhausted in its purity, became spectacular, and we have had spectacular till we are sated with calcium lights, and spangles, and anatomical assortments. Every phase of domestic life, tragico-comical, and serio-comical have been presented. Burlesque is dead, and opera bouffe is tottering. Heroic, emotional, idyllic? We have had them all. What is to become of the stage? Gilbert is really the only original of the stage, and even he failed when he forsook fantasy, for *Daniel Druce* does not draw, and *Gretchen* was a complete fiasco. *Pinafore*, light and sparkling and pleasing as it is, is but a temporary affair, whose charm will wear out. What are we to do? A long and appalling stagnation is the vista which the immediate future offers to the play lover. Then some fine day a new manager will spring, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of bankrupt theatres, and begin the list which has commenced to weary. Dust is gathering thick on the shelves of the old English dramatists, and Calderon and Goldoni are irreverently tattooed as stilted, stiff, and unnatural. I saw a couple of volumes of Mrs. Centlivre's plays on a bookseller's shelf the other day. They were defaced by time, and worn as if by reading, but who of us in these days know anything of her woman kind but *Donna Violante*, and even then it requires nothing less than a Barry Sullivan to keep that person before the world. The demand is for the modern drawing-room dramas. I heard a dozen people ask if *Chums* represented the lofty or lowly side of life, and resolve not to see it because it pictured the latter. Truth to tell, the world's head is turned with novel-reading, and it is so much easier to put a hero in a book than to put him on the stage. About the heroines there is less trouble. Give any reasonably well looking actress a box or two of complexion, and a coiffure, and a dry goods order, and she will transform herself into a heroine who will pass current. She may not have the genius of a Morris, or the cultured charm of a Rose Coghlan, but she can make herself sufficiently interesting to cause that gushing exclamation to go around the dress circle, "Ain't she sweet!" But a leading man is quite another affair, and leading men are what our stage needs. Any stage-struck gallery boy may learn in time to mouth "Marc Antony," or rant "Laertes," or roar "Macduff," but it is not so easy to play so simple a part even as "Julian Gray," or "Henri de Sartory," or either of the "Beauclercs" in *Diplomacy*. I read not long ago in a theatrical journal that there were but three leading men in the United States—Charles Thorne, Charles Coghlan, and James O'Neill. The assertion is too sweeping to be true, although no doubt they are the leaders, and yet while Charles Thorne's "Ossip" in the *Danicheffs* is a superb performance and beyond cavil, when he plays in *Forbidden Fruit* he is a cad. What the leading man wants more than genius, more than a handsome presence, is good breeding. The leading man is to have his day next. His time has come. But it is not probable that the supply will exceed the demand. Not only are there schools for everything but deportment, but it is rarely that a well bred gentleman takes to the stage. The desire, nay the capacity, to play a part is not intuitive with man as with woman, however blue her blood or slack her training.

Betsy B.

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The Society for Christian Charities connected with Rev. Dr. Stebbins' church give their annual concert on Sunday evening for the benefit of the Society's funds. The concert, arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who have secured the aid of their many musical associates, will possess all the most attractive features of their previous concerts. The old church music of the last century will be introduced without accompaniment, showing the use of the tuning fork. Then the innovation of fifty years ago, and the quartet accompaniment of violin, bass viol, etc.; also, the choral hymn, with organ accompaniment—the beautiful anthem, "Jerusalem, my Glorious Home." The second part introduces the most brilliant selections of modern church music, with solos by Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. Pierce, and the exquisite tenor solo from "The Prodigal Son" by Mr. Ben Clark. Such a rare musical treat certainly ought to secure for the good cause an overflowing house.

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A private letter from New York says: "The Union Square company will have some new faces this year. Ellie Wilton takes Miss Jewett's place as leading lady. She has been playing "Lilian," in the *Banker's Daughter*, through the country. Harry Courtaine takes Joe Polk's place, and opinions are much divided as to how he will fill it. Joe goes out starring with a new piece, called *Christopher Columbus Gall*, by G. H. Jessop, in which he has a part somewhat similar to that of 'Phipps,' in which he made the most pronounced hit of the *Banker's Daughter's* phenomenally successful season. All who have heard it speak in the highest terms of the play, and Polk is sanguine of success. I see Frank Lawlor is in town. He may generally be seen in Morris Simmonds' office, where he sits a large part of the day, looking plethoric and prosperous. I suppose he comes on here to give, by his well-to-do appearance, the lie direct to the rumors which have reached New York of a long series of reverses of the California Theatre management. So far, I have not heard of any startling attractions he has secured. Archie Gunther has just returned from a visit to California. His play, *Two Nights at Rome*, will see the light at Wallack's some time this month."

## THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL.

[For the information and direction of those intending to participate in the Authors' Carnival we herewith print extracts from the reports of the Boston *Advertiser*, describing the very elaborate and successful carnival held in that city.]

Music Hall in two days has undergone a wonderful transformation, and those who entered it last evening for the first time since the change were very cordial and unanimous in their expressions of surprise and pleasure. The platform was made into a stage with scenery and curtains, the organ was hidden, and the statue of Beethoven was no longer visible. All around the hall under the galleries, which were draped very simply and artistically in white and blue, were miniature theatres, each with curtains and footlights, and all the accessories of a well appointed stage, and each one in its exterior characteristic of the scene represented. The booth nearest the stage on the left was in representation of a simple German interior, with wainscoted walls in brown and gray. It was furnished simply in the German style; over the front at the top of the booth hung a laurel wreath tied with blue ribbon, in which were inclosed the names of Goethe and Schiller; laurel wreaths tied with pink are in each corner. Next this was a booth representing an Eastern scene, with blue and white draperies at the top, from which depended a yellow flag marked "Moore." All the interior furnishings were Oriental, in accordance with the poem represented. A space was left for the entrance, and there on the left hand corner, under the front balcony, was the little story-and-a-half New England cottage, with snow piled on the roof and icicles hanging to the eaves. The interior revealed the old-fashioned "living-room," with its broad fireplace and immense iron andirons on which logs of wood were piled; the swinging kettle hung on the crane, the apples hissed as they roasted before the fire, the jug of foaming cider stood by the side of the apples. A braided mat was spread on the floor; old-fashioned chairs and tables stood around, and the Quaker family with their guests, the mysterious stranger and the school-master, made up a most quaintly effective picture. In contrast to the homeliness of this was the Eastern palace with minarets and towers, from which hung gay flags floating the crescent, which stood beside it, separated only by a tiny tableau booth, and in which the romantic characters of the *Arabian Nights* found a temporary home. It was Oriental to the last degree; rugs, divans, everything suggested the home of luxury and indolence. Next this again was a small tableau booth, to be used to show the pictures which for lack of time can not be shown at the other booths, and occupying the same place on the right which the *Snow-bound Cottage* did on the left; and contrasting with it was Longfellow's *Wayside Inn*, its porch and low roof covered with climbing roses. One represented the heart of winter, the other the glow and passion of summer. The interior showed an old-fashioned room, furnished with quaint old wooden furniture more notable for carving than for comfort. Another space for entrance, and then came a Scotch castle, with ivy-grown walls and narrow windows; this was for Scott and Tennyson both, although Tennyson monopolized it last evening. The interior was blue, with brown festoons. One had no difficulty in recognizing Peggoty's Ark on the Yarmouth Sands, with its queer boat shape and unmistakable interior; this was the Dickens booth, and, standing opposite the Goethe and Schiller booth, was the last of the booths on the floor. Up stairs, in the front balcony, was the Mother Goose house, with its well and garden, under the shadow of the Old South steeple. It was occupied by Mother Goose and her happy family, and here the happy children danced around the May pole, played Little Sally Waters, All Around the Mulberry Bush, and London Bridge is Breaking, singing pretty rhymes. Here Jack and Jill went after the famous pail of water; Jack Horner ate his pie, first picking out the plum, and Miss Muffet was frighted from her bench of curds and whey by the horrible black spider.

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THE OPENING OF THE CARNIVAL.

The attendance was very large, and it was next to impossible to move about on the floor, so dense was the crowd. Most of the ladies present were in walking-dresses, with bonnets; a few appeared in opera cloaks, with the hair dressed. People came more to see than to be seen. By half past seven the hall was filled. At eight o'clock the bugle sounded the signal for the procession to appear. The curtain of the stage was raised, and simultaneously the procession entered the hall on the Tremont Street side, passed through, and crossed the stage, proceeding at once to their booths. There were about two hundred in the procession, and they came in the order of the booths. First came the characters in the *Dream of Fair Women*; then the ladies and gentlemen who were to dance the minuet, followed by the Goethe characters, representing *Faust* and *Hermann and Dorothea*; *Lalla Rookh*, the Quaker family from the Snow-bound Cottage, the actors in the Arabian Nights, Myles Standish and his friends, the members of the Tennyson booth, Mother Goose and her family and guests, including Simple Simon and the Pieman, Jack Spratt and his wife, Peter the Pumpkin-eater and the wife he couldn't keep, and Old King Cole, attended by his "pipe and bowl and his fiddlers three." Then Dickens appeared, attended by Mr. Pickwick and the characters in the following order: From *Pickwick*, Sam Weller, Snodgrass, Winkle, Tupman, the Fat Boy, Mrs. Bardell, and Rachel Wardell; from *Oliver Twist*, Oliver, Fagin, Artful Dodger, Charley Bates, Bill and Nancy Sykes, Mr. Bumble, and Mrs. Corney. From *Nicholas Nickleby*, the Cheeryble Brothers, Newman Noggs, Nicholas, Mrs. Nickleby, Smike, Squeers, Fanny, Wackford, and Miss La Creevy. From *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Little Nell and her Grandfather, Dick Swiveler, the Marchioness, Quilp, and Sally Brass. From *Barnaby Rudge*, Barnaby, Dolly Varden, Sim Tappertit, Miggs, and Hugh. From *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Martin, Mark Tapley, Mr. Pecksniff, Merry and Cherry, Jonas, and Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prigg. From *Cricket on the Hearth*, Dot, Caleb Plummer, May Fielding, Bertha, Tackleton, John Peerybingle, and Tilly Slowboy. From *Dombey and Son*, Mr. Dombey, Edith, Mrs. Pipchin, Little Paul, Florence, Susan Nipper, Walter Gay, Sol Gills, Capt. Cuttle, and Jack Bunsby. From *David Copperfield*, David and Dora, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, Mr. Peggotty and Little Em'ly, Clara Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, and Betsy Trotwood and Mr. Dick. From *Bleak House*, Guppy, Esther Summerson, Lady Dedlock, Horteose, Poor Joe, Inspector Bucket, Mr. Tulkinghorn, and little Miss Flite. From *Little Dorrit*, the "Father of the Marshalsea," Dorrit, Fanny, Edmund Sparkler, Maggie, Arthur Clennam, Pancks, Flora and "Mr. F.'s Aunt." From *Great Expectations*, "Pip," Joe Gargery, Mrs. Gargery, Miss Haversham, the Convict, and Estella. From *Our Mutual Friend*, Mrs. Wilfer, Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, Bella, Jenny Wren, the "Cherub." For *Edwin Drood*, a tall figure masked in black and wearing a black domino. Each character saluted Dickens, then took a place on the stage, until the last one was heralded, when the curtain fell.

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Directly after this there were tableaux in the various booths; and in a few minutes the curtain rose again on "Mistress Mary, quite contrary." Mistress Mary in a quaint, old-fashioned gown, short of waist and scant of skirt, a broad-brimmed hat and mitts, held a watering-pot in her hand, while from the rows of stalks peeped out pretty children's faces, framed in gold petals. It was a wonderfully pretty picture. The next representation on the stage was the *Wax Works*, with Miss Louise Alcott as Mrs. Jarley. In dress and appearance she was the typical show-woman. She wore a short, green-stuff gown with a narrow ruffle around it, pink stockings, laced slippers, a red shawl worn mantlewise, a collar almost wide enough to be a cape, and a bonnet which was enough to throw a modern milliner into convulsions. It was of green silk lined with pink, a feather stood assertively upright, and nodding emphasis to all her words. Her hair was arranged in puffs on the side of her face, and she wore silver-bowed spectacles. Her costume was correct, as nearly as possible from the Cruikshank illustrations; her manner was that of the show-woman; but the descriptions were her own. They were funny and original in the extreme, and kept the audience in shouts of laughter. The figures represented were Little Nell and Grandfather, personated by Miss Davis and Mr. Theodore Weld; Mrs. Leo Hunter, by Mrs. Maria S. Porter; Jasper Packlemerton, Mr. Edward Spring; Sairy Gamp, Captain Kidd, Lady Boadicea Fitz Battle-Axe, Shakspeare, personated by Mr. John Spencer Clarke; Lord Byron, Miss Pipchin, in whom nobody would have recognized Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, and Paul Dombey. The most gorgeous dress was worn by Mrs. Leo Hunter, who appeared dressed as Minerva, in a scarlet satin brocade over a pink quilted satin petticoat, elaborately trimmed with lace—an ornament of jewelry utterly unknown to the goddess of wisdom—and a helmet set atop of a head from which drooped the most sentimental black ringlets. Lady Boadicea, a very pretty blonde, was dressed in white satin, and made quite a touching spectacle as she knelt to the lurid and bloodthirsty Captain Kidd. Sairey Gamp, in black for Miss 'Arris, cherished her gingham umbrella and devoted herself to the bottle, which had been transferred from the mantelpiece to her pocket. Shakspeare wielded a pen larger than himself. Lord Byron mused over the heart which the Maid of Athens had returned to him, having no further use for it, and wondered what he should do with it, and Mrs. Pipchin worried little Dombey, who took refuge in stroking the kitten. The *Dream of Fair Women* was one of the most exquisitely artistic things of the evening. The dreamer lay upon a couch, and there passed in vision Helen of Troy, regal in her glowing beauty, dressed in white robes, gold embroidered, followed by dark-browed Iphigenia, in floating black draperies; Cleopatra, seated on the throne of Egypt, gorgeous in raiment and queenly in bearing, surrounded by her attendants; Jephtha's daughter, in Oriental dress, dancing gayly to her tambourine as she goes to meet her victorious father, unconscious of her doom; Rosamond the Fair, in simple white, and Angered Eleanor, in queenly robes; Margaret Roper, in sombre black velvet, her fair hair tied with a black ribbon, and, last of all, Joan of Arc, the maiden soldier of France. After the characters had passed in review, they were ranged on the stage, and shown with red and blue lights. The minuet, "the stately dance of old romance," was danced by four couples dressed in the style of Louis XIV.; the ladies, with long trains over quilted satin petticoats, and hair dressed high, powdered and decorated with plumes; the gentlemen were in silver-laced coats, satin knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, lace ruffles, and powdered wigs. The minuet was followed by the "fan drill," given by twelve young ladies dressed in short brocade gowns, hair dressed high and powdered, with tiny fans stuck jauntily in place of combs. They went through the manual with order and then without. It was very gracefully and prettily done, and no one would imagine that they have had less than half a dozen rehearsals, they went through it with such ease and accuracy. This concluded the entertainment on the stage.

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During the intervals of the stage pictures the different booths showed tableaux and pantomimes. At the Goethe booth were given five tableaux from *Faust*, illustrating the poem with the following characters: Faust, Marguerite, Mephistopheles, Martha, and Wagner. At the Moore booth were three pictures from *Lalla Rookh*, representing, first, the parting of the Princess Lalla Rookh from her father, King Aurunzebe; she is attended by her maids of honor and the chamberlain of her harem; second, the interior of the Princess' palace; Lalla Rookh reclines, surrounded by her attendants, and listens to the recitals of the poet Feramorz, with whom the Princess is speedily becoming enamored; third, room in the palace; two thrones, from one of which the young King has descended to meet his bride, who is as yet unconscious that the King she is to wed and the poet she loves are one and the same. In the Whittier booth were the quiet Quaker family, knitting and spinning—one making fishing rods, while the handsome, mysterious stranger, in silk, and laces, and uprolled hair, made a strong contrast to the plain garb of the Friends she found herself among. This was a most attractive picture, from its very homeliness and quiet; there was something wonderfully restful about it. *Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp* formed a prolific subject for most artistic tableaux at the Arabian Nights' booth. The story was represented in five scenes: First, the Sultan listening to the Princess' story; second, Aladdin receiving the wonderful lamp; third, Princess going to the bath, Aladdin sees her and falls in love with her; fourth, the Magician buys the magic lamp from one of the maids of the Princess; fifth, the Sultan and Sultana receive Aladdin and the Princess. A set of quaint pictures representing *The Courtship of Myles Standish*, was given at the Longfellow booth; they included the message given to John Alden, the delivery of the message to Priscilla, the return of Alden with Priscilla's answer, the council and the entrance of the Indian messenger carrying the rattlesnake filled with arrows, John Alden and Priscilla receiving news of Myles Standish's death, wedding scene and return of Standish; reconciliation. At the Tennyson booth were scenes from *Dora*: William announcing his marriage, and farmer Allen turning William and Mary out of doors; these pictures were made more effective by the singing of carrols by a male quartet. There were also pictures from *The Lady of Shalott*. At the Dickens booth there were scenes from *Pick-*

*wick*, illustrating the Mrs. Bardell episode; the courtship of Mr. Tupman and Rachel, interrupted by the Fat Boy; and the visit of the Peerybingles to Caleb Plummer, from *Cricket on the Hearth*; Oliver asking for more, Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, Fagin playing with the boys, and their reception of Oliver, from *Oliver Twist*. The dresses in all the booths were remarkable for their correctness; but the most showy and beautiful were those worn in the Arabian Nights and Moore tableaux. After the grand procession, the characters who were not in the tableaux mingled freely with the visitors on the floor and in the balconies.

The programme for this evening is as follows:

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| 8 | o'clock | Procession |
| 8:10 | " | Dickens Reception |
| 8:20 | " | Booth Receptions |
| 8:30 | " | Little Bo Peep Tableaux |
| 8:40 | " | Booths open for Tableaux |
| 9 | " | Hermann and Dorothea Tableaux |
| 9:30 | " | Minuet |
| 10 | " | Fan Drill |

At the booths will be tableaux and scenes during the intervals of the scenes on the stage;

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|---|---|---|
| Booth No. 1. | Goethe | Hermann and Dorothea |
| Booth No. 2. | Moore | Paradise and Peri |
| Booth No. 3. | Whittier | Snow-Bound Cottage Scenes |
| Booth No. 4. | Arabian Nights | The Fair Persian |
| Booth No. 5. | Longfellow | Evangeline |
| Booth No. 6. | Scott | Kenilworth and Legend of Montrose |
| Booth No. 7. | Dickens | David Copperfield, Our Mutual Friend, and Bleak House. |
| Booth No. 8. | Mother Goose | Bo Peep and Goose Family |

SECOND DAY.

The scene of Wednesday was repeated at Music Hall last evening. The governor arrived a little after eight, and, as soon as the party were seated, the procession of characters entered the hall, crossed the stage, and entered their respective booths. The Dickens reception differed from that of Wednesday by having each person announced by the master of ceremonies, instead of having them called merely by the books which they represented. The costuming of the Dickens characters was very accurate, following quite closely the old Cruikshank illustrations. One of the best dressed, or rather most characteristically dressed, was Barnaby Rudge, who had every little detail, even to the broken peacock's plumes and gay-colored ribbons. The Pecksniff sisters were also very well gotten up; Cherry, the younger, in the white dress and ringlets which were supposed to be typical of the giddy youth and simple innocence; and Merry, in the greenest of green dresses, guiltless of draperies and angular beyond description, with her "back hair" ornamented by a huge pink rosette. Little Miss Flite was well made up, and acted remarkably well. Indeed, all the characters were well taken. The reception well over, the stage was prepared for the tableaux. The first of these was "Little Bo-peep," from Mother Goose, showing a pretty shepherdess in great distress at the loss of her sheep. She sleeps and dreams about her straying flock, and awakens to find "Little Boy Blue" come to bring her news of them. A choir of children sing the little nursery rhyme behind the scenes, adding greatly to the effectiveness of the pictures. This was followed by a May-pole dance, by all the children of the Mother Goose booth. Next came a series of most exquisitely artistic pictures from Hermann and Dorothea, under the supervision of Prof. Kraus of the Goethe booth. They were given in the following order:

1—*a*. At the Golden Lion.
*b*. Story of the Exiles.
2—*a*. Hermann's Story.
*b*. The Father's Wrath.
3—*a*. Hermann's Sorrow.
*b*. Mother's Consolation.
4—*a*. At the Spring.
*b*. The Draught.
6—*a*. Bringing Dorothea Home.
*b*. The Reconciliation.

At the booths the time between the stage representations was occupied by the tableaux and scenes. At the Goethe booth the characters in *Hermann and Dorothea* were arranged. At the Moore booth *Paradise and the Peri* was represented in series of lovely tableaux. In the first the Peri stands disconsolate at the entrance of Paradise, refused admission until she brings the gift that Heaven wishes. The second discloses the Peri bending over a dying warrior, waiting for the last drop of blood shed for liberty to carry to heaven, but which fails to gain an entrance for her. In the third a child kneels at prayer, while a "man of crime" listening is moved to repentance, and sheds a tear, which the Peri takes to bear to heaven. The last represents her kneeling with the penitent's tear, while the angel opens the crystal bar to let her through. At the Snow-bound Cottage, the scene was a repetition of Wednesday evening. *The Fair Persian* was given in a succession of tableaux at the Arabian Nights. The first tableau reveals a room in the palace and the Sultan listening to the Princess's stories. The second shows the Vizier's wife and her slave in her *boudoir*; the son of the Vizier sees the slave, and is amazed at her beauty. In the third, the Vizier gives the slave to his son as a wife. The fourth shows the woman sold as a slave, her husband having become poor. In the last, fortune has changed again, and the Vizier's son and the slave are made Sultan and Sultana. The costuming of the characters was magnificent—costly silks, heavy with embroidery, India robes and mantles, and a profusion of costly jewelry. For magnificence and luxury this booth certainly stands beyond all the rest. It is Oriental in every feature. *Evangeline* was chosen for representation in the Longfellow booth. It opened with the Signing of the Contract in pantomime, followed, in succession, by the parting of Evangeline and Gabriel, the death of Benedict, the Mission among the Indians, departure of Gabriel, arrival of Evangeline and Basil, the meeting of Evangeline and Gabriel, and the death of Gabriel. This exquisite story was most pathetically told in these representations. In the "picture booth" were four tableaux from Tennyson—Maud coming to the Garden to meet her Lover, the Beggar Girl before King Cophetua, Lady Clare and Lord Ronald, and scenes from *The Sisters*. In the Tennyson booth, which was given over to Scott last evening, were tableaux from *The Legend of Montrose* and *Kenilworth*. The pictures were taken from the Waverley Novels published by Houghton & Osgood, which have the original plates. *The Legend of Montrose* was illustrated by three pictures—which represented Annot Lyle singing *The Orphan Maid* to Lord Menteith and Sir Duncan Campbell. In the first scene she proposes to sing, while Sir Duncan gazes with interest at her; in the second he is deeply moved by the music; and in the third he tries to suppress his emotion so as to speak to Annot. The scenes from *Kenilworth* represent Leicester confessing his marriage to Amy Robsart to Queen Elizabeth. The first scene shows the Queen reproaching her favorite with extreme bitterness; in the second she is ashamed and mortified at her outburst of anger; and in the third she recovers her dignity and commands an explanation. The costuming of the characters in this booth was exceptionally fine, and besides the beauty of the dresses, there was historic interest attached to some of them. The quilted blue satin petticoat which Annot Lyle wore was once owned by the lady who presented the first chandelier to the Old South Church, and is ever so much over a hundred years old. The dress worn by Sir Duncan Campbell belongs to a member of the Caledonian Club, and is a veritable Highland dress; the claymore was picked up on the field of Culloden. Queen Elizabeth wore a magnificent dress of buff satin and dark green velvet. One of the maids of honor wore a lilac moiré antique; the other, rose brocade. Leicester had an elegant suit of gray and purple and velvet. Very great pains had been taken with the preparation of these tableaux, and they were remarkably fine, ranking with the *Arabian Nights* and *Paradise and the Peri*. David Copperfield's arrival at his Aunt's, the Micawber Family, David and Steerforth at Peggotty's cottage, the news of Emily's flight, Copperfield and Dora, Micawber denouncing Heep, and Micawber exposing Heep, were represented in the Dickens booth.

By far the largest audience of the carnival was gathered at Music Hall last evening. The procession was much larger and more brilliant than on the previous evening, and was followed by the Dickens Reception. The reading of Mr. Whittier's poem, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, was the first new feature of the evening. As the poem is to appear in the forthcoming number of the *Atlantic*, no report of it is made. Old King Cole made merry with his pipe and bowl and fiddlers three, and the young ladies went through the "fan drill." The event of the evening was the *Masque of Comus*, the description being read by Mr. Howard M. Ticknor. The curtain arose on the attendant spirit, who explains the character of Comus. As he retires, Comus and his crew enter; all except Comus masked in animals' heads. The Lady approaches; Comus sends away his crew and hides to watch her. He then retires, and reappears in disguise as a shepherd, offering to conduct the Lady to her brothers, from whom she was separated. She follows him, and the brothers enter, looking for their sister; they encounter Thyrsis, the quondam shepherd, who tells them of Comus and his magic cup, which changes the head of each who partakes of it into the head of an animal. The scene changes to the banquet hall of a palace, where the crew is feasting. The Lady is seated on an enchanted chair, while Comus presents his cup to the Lady, which she refuses. The brothers rush to the rescue of their sister, and Thyrsis invokes Sabrina, the nymph of the Thames, who appears and breaks the enchantment which holds the Lady to her chair. The presenting of the banner to Pulaski by the Moravian nuns was made most effective by the singing of the hymn by a concealed choir of twenty ladies. Great credit is due the Longfellow booth, who had this tableau in charge. The *Dream of Fair Women*, the Jarley Wax Works, the Minuet, tableaux from *Faust*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Elaine* made up the entertainments on the stage.

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Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirteenth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 59) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second (22d) day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 15) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the second (2d) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-fourth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, 293 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place o business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first (1st) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of September, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of one dollar and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Sept. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 47) of two dollars per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, September 20, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

## NORTHERN DIVISION — SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. ☞ Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00
On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted).

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, *5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

# COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Colfax with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 5.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

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JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | October | 25 |
| February | 28 | January | 17 |
| | | April | 10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

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*Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.*

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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

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OF CALIFORNIA.

☞ Office, 400 California Street. ☜

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PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

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MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Grates on hand and made to order at the lowest rates.

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**We have just received a choice assortment of REPOUSSE and DECORATED SILVER. Also, a collection of NOVELTIES in JEWEBRY, at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.**

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# SCHWAB & BREESE,

*WAX AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS, FREE ART GALLERY, OIL PAINTings, Engravings, etc., No. 624 Market St., opposite Palace Hotel, San Francisco.*

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# THE TAILOR!

BRANCH OF NEW YORK.

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INSPECT OUR IMMENSE STOCK.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE

## THE ELECTRIC LIGHT!

Call and see the ELECTRIC LIGHT at NICOLL'S, by which colors and quality may be seen as clear at NIGHT as at NOONDAY.

**TO ORDER:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Pants, | $4 to $15 |
| Suits, | 15 to 65 |
| Overcoats, | 15 to 50 |
| Ulsters, | 15 to 35 |
| Dress Coats, | 20 to 40 |
| Gennine 6 X | |

**TO ORDER:**

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|---|---|
| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 to $15 |
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| Beaver Suits, | $55. |

ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

**Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.**

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SALE PRICES—Pants from $3; Suits from $12; Overcoats from $12; Ulsters from $15; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

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FRED. M. SOMERS, } ..... EDITORS.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 13. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## SPACE.

Written for the Argonaut.

No mortal thought's divinest flight
Has pierced the mystery of your might.

Incalculably you transgress
The boundaries of all consciousness.

I watch in calm no tremor mars,
Creation storm you with her stars.

Armies of shining worlds in vain
With tireless courage dare your reign.

Defiance unaltering they bring
The aerial challenges you fling.

Still obdurate, they seek to o'erwhelm
Your hollow, indomitable realm.

They feel not, by their pride upborne,
Your cold profundities of scorn.

While reachlessly aloof from them,
They can not see that, like a gem,

You wear, with sovereign soul at rest.
The Universe upon your breast!

NEW YORK CITY, September 10, 1879. EDGAR FAWCETT.

## A CIGARETTE STORY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

They met in a Pullman car, and were alike bound on a tour of exploration in the wild West. Thrown together night and day by the incessant jostling of their flying palace, an acquaintance soon blossomed into friendship, and friendship ripened into an intimacy that drew from each involuntary vows of eternal fidelity.

Who has not succumbed to the witchery of fellowship on the wing? Who has not protested too much between the beginning and the end of a journey, forgetful, for the time being, that so soon as one returns to the bosom of his family and the select circle of his admiring friends, all else is forgotten; he greets with artificial enthusiasm his late bosom companion, but shortly ends by passing him unrecognized in a fit of forced abstraction.

The breaks in the journey only served to deepen the attachment of these fellow voyagers. The inexcusable changes and delays which are only tolerated because a monstrous monopoly is too indifferent to the comfort and convenience of the guests to do away with them, the vexatious transportation from one end of Chicago to the other, the long agony at Omaha, the final demoralization at Ogden, while in each and every case it deprives them of their primal right to a through berth and a couch of luxury on the first floor, these efficial impositions invariably drove the comrades to the smoking-room, where they sought relief in profanity, philosophy, and cigarettes, and, I am happy to state, found it.

Having arrived safely in San Francisco, the Dromios were driven to the Palace Hotel, where they registered as follow:

*John Henry, Boston, Mass.*
*S. Sturtivant Sturtivant, New York City.*

They were then assigned to adjoining apartments, on the New Montgomery Street side, and forthwith sent heavenward in the elevator.

It was Monday evening, the first Monday in Frisco. The young men repaired to the dinner hall, dined longitudinally and with noble forbearance, under the insufferable glare of the pyrotechnical globes that shut off their lurid lights at uncertain intervals. Waiters seemed to waver in the dim distance as if fearful of disturbing the meditations of the diners; but this was a first night. Thereafter, caring more for comfortable service than for uncomfortable display, the two friends repaired to the elegant seclusion of the restaurant in the corner of the building.

On this evening, after dinner, they were glad to sit under a banana tree in the court and listen to the music. The strains of a *gavotte* resounded well among the high white galleries; people paused and listened until the echoes had died away, then strolled to and fro like spectres under the colorless corridors, or stood in groups under the two globes of fire that shot a ghastly light over the sepulchral court.

"Beastly!" exclaimed John Henry, as he looked about him at the slender pillars supporting the monotonous repetition of the galleries—J. H., being a Bostonian, indulged in a choice selection of English slang.

"Well, a little bleak!" added the Dromio of New York, who saw in his decorative imagination the gaunt interior of the building transformed into a paradise; its gilded columns were draped with scarlet, and half obscured by the luxurious vines that trailed from the hanging gardens, one upon another, even to the dome of tinted glass. From the hammocks in the galleries, the dreamful Sturtivant cast his mind's eye upon the great fountain playing musically among lilies in the artificial lake below, and, in spirit, he at once secured the adjacent apartment for the term of his natural life. A few extra millions judicially invested would have done the business for him.

So passed the first evening in a town whose premature, unexpected, and abnormal development is sufficient apology for all its short-comings.

The day following they exhausted the resources of the Queen City—Kearny Street, the Chinese quarter, a tour over one of the cable roads, a turn through the boulevard (Market Street, with its ridiculous architectural incongruities), Woodward's Gardens, and a drive through the Park to the Cliff House.

"What is there left to be seen?" they exclaimed, in the same breath. What, indeed?

Now, there was one point upon which these comrades could never agree. There is in every friendship at least one point of difference. It is all that saves it from stagnation.

These gentlemen were great smokers; they invariably smoked cigarettes, and the manufactured cigarettes, each being too indolent or too awkward to roll his own. John Henry advocated the exclusive use of Old Judge tobacco. Sturtivant fought valiantly for Vanity Fair. It was war to the death.

When the Bostonian burned his weed, the New Yorker objected to the effluvium on the ground that he could detect in it a slight flavor of opium. John Henry repudiated the aspersion with some warmth, claiming that the *divine afflatus* of the poet and the inspiration of the philosopher were sealed in those rapturous *rouleaux* of tobacco.

On the other hand, John Henry scoffed at Vanity Fair, claiming that in a test case it would be found that while Old Judge, if freely inhaled, was conducive to visions of delight, and that "the last whiff is *sweeter by far* than the first," Vanity Fair parched the throat and convulsed the larynx, and that one might see with half an eye that nothing but the increasing mania for decorative art had brought the brand into favor. The pseudo-Japanese business or a pink background had evidently deluded the New Yorker.

Thus they bickered until the atmosphere, empurpled with the commingling incense of the rival cigarettes, drove the smokers in desperation to their windows on New Montgomery Street. Here, with the narrow prejudices of the average tourist from the East, they criticised unsparingly every object within visual range.

It was not enough that they laughed to scorn the ungainly, colossean caravansary under whose all-sheltering roof they were domiciled, they must needs disparage the modest elegance of the Grand Hotel, whose grandeur has been dwarfed into insignificance by the broadside bay-windows that stare for ever over its ineffectual towers, and sneer at that certainly harmless, though comparatively useless, innovation, the vacant chasm that yawned beneath.

At this moment their ill-conditioned minds were turned into a healthier direction by John Henry, who shouted, with animation, "There she blows!"

The agreeable discovery calmed in a moment their troubled spirits. In a deep window of the Grand Hotel stood a comely young lady, who betrayed unmistakable evidences of French origin.

Again and again they had watched her as she sat, but party concealed by the blinds, holding in her fingers a delicate cigarette, which she smoked with all the abandon peculiar to her race and sex.

The vexed question of the brand she burned was food for much speculation in the chambers of the Palace Hotel. John Henry was satisfied that Old Judge was her preference; Sturtivant credited her with better taste and Vanity Fair. Money would have been put up at once had it been easy or even possible to ascertain the truth; as it was they watched and waited, hoping that at no distant day a revelation would establish the reputation of one or the other of the smokers for prophecy, and sweeten the flavor of his cigarette with dreams of the mysterious co-smoker over the way.

There was a mother in the case, a portly matron, who evidently did not smoke or countenance the nefarious habit in her daughter, for the young lady was seen to indulge furtively, and to turn nervously at intervals as if she feared the approach of the enemy. Anon she would throw the half-consumed cigarette into the street—for the window was partly raised—and the next moment mother and daughter, locked in one another's arms, would gaze placidly into space to the intense amusement of the young gentlemen from the Eastern States.

Of course a distant acquaintanceship was the natural consequence; a slight bow, a smile, an occasional flirt of the handkerchief—nothing more, save the regular cigarette business at frequent intervals when the three smokers met at the windows by chance or instinct and offered a burnt sacrifice in common.

On the day of which I write the young lady had been seen to smoke with unusual diligence. It is possible the mamma was absent, for the fair vestal took little heed of the consequences, but smoked, as it were, defiantly.

John Henry's exclamation, "There she blows!"—pardon his inelegance—referred to the pale clouds that were floating from a pair of particularly charming lips. The charmer was no novice, for when the young fellows were smoking as if for the championship of New Montgomery Street, they indulged in all the arts of confirmed smokers, and found that the lady of the Grand could fairly discount them. It was quite a treat to see her throw out her little chin, uncurl her saucy lip, and emit a volume of incense that curled gracefully toward her nose and disappeared up that alabaster chimney.

While they were still watching her from the Palace, she withdrew into her chamber and reappeared in hat and ulster. She seemed agitated; she apparently was desirous of communicating with some one—but who? Could it be the pilgrims from Boston and New York?

They were deeply interested; they politely signaled their *vis-à-vis*. She responded with unmistakable emotion. John Henry and Sturtivant Sturtivant were electrified. She waved a little note before their gaze. They seized their hats and canes; without delay they repaired to the street below. She was still at the window; she had raised it, and with an expressive gesture beckoned them to approach so that they might catch the missive as it fell.

It is fortunate that New Montgomery Street is like a back alley; it is well that in the comparative serenity of that unpopular avenue one may give way to one's feelings without much danger of detection. The promiscuous, and, I regret to state, not always clever, shooting which is the pastime of this peculiar people, might be indulged in with impunity if the sportsmen would confine their field practice to the serene seclusion of New Montgomery Street.

They crossed the street. Three coaches were glued to the pavement; three coachmen slept the deep sleep of peace within their respective coaches. The great tide of traffic and travel swept to and fro in Market Street; no eye beheld them; no one suspected; they were as safe from detection as if they were in some wild gorge of the Sierra, under the shadow of the multitudinous bay windows.

They approached. She intrusted her message to the winds; it fluttered like a snow-white butterfly; it wheeled, and turned, and was caught in an eddy of bracing sea-air, and swung like a swallow under the eaves of an awning, where it lodged, out of reach.

Oh, horror!—or, rather let me say, agony, desperation, despair! She wrung her hands, she disappeared with undisguised impatience. She rewrote her message, and again set it free. Saved! It shot like an arrow into the hat of John Henry. It was opened on the instant; it was read in hot haste; it ran as follows:

"*Mon Dieu!* I am locked up. Fly at once to No. — (?) California Street. Give him this. Ask for the Caporal! MARIE."

Merciful heavens! Here was a monomaniac out of tobacco, who would have a particular brand, and have it from a particular tobacconist. Why did she not summon a servant? Why was she a prisoner?

Your French mamma is careful of her child; your French daughter remains a child until she is transported from the maternal arms to the bosom of the *blasé* groom. Mamma keeps Marie under lock and key; Marie can not trust the servants—they will betray her; she relies on the chivalry of New York and Boston. She is out of tobacco; she is a connoisseur; she must have her cigarettes, and at once, and from a tobacconist who doubtless has only the best. *Bravo*, Marie!

With a smile the Dromios bent their steps toward California Street. It is needless to say they were chagrined, and that they didn't care to acknowledge that Marie's taste was superior to their own. She, being French, was probably unaware that Caporal is not to be mentioned in the same day with Old Judge and Vanity Fair.

On California Street they began searching for the number. She was mistaken in the address; the tobacconist's was two door's further up.

They entered the establishment; it was kept by a Frenchman—many mysteries were dissolving like smoke; they asked for *Caporal!* He was entirely out. Would he get some instantly? Certainly not; they might look elsewhere. To look elsewhere was out of the question; they appealed to him. Marie was a prisoner; Marie must have her Caporal or she is lost! Deep scarlet suffused his face; he affected astonishment, but indignation seized him, and he exploded in a shower of French invective, which is as grotesque and amusing as it is harmless.

They returned to the Grand Hotel. Marie awaited them at the window. They wrote a brief note, conveying to her the sad intelligence that *Le Caporal* was exhausted, and to get it elsewhere without her sanction would be indelicacy and deceit of a depth to which they could not possibly descend. Would she, therefore, graciously accept at their hands a package of Vanity Fair and one of Old Judge, and, after a fair trial, give her final verdict as to the respective merits of each?

John Henry—whom I neglected to mention was the pitcher of the celebrated Boston Nine, the "Yellow Jackets," on a three months' leave of absence—J. H. lightly tossed this missile into Marie's window, and then the two retreated to the court entrance of the Palace, confidently awaiting the smiles of the grateful young lady.

Imagine their surprise when, instead of gratitude, and a bewitching glance, and a fraternal smoke, Mlle. Marie returned to the window furious with passion, her shoulders up to her ears in agony, and then, before their very eyes, she tore their lines and their cigarettes into a thousand fragments, and showered them from the window upon a solitary passer-by.

It is needless to add that they repaired to their apartments in the utmost perplexity. Either they had entirely misunderstood her, or her disposition was such that her very

mable mamma was fully justified in keeping her under lock and key a portion of the time. It was with no little curiosity that the young gentlemen awaited further developments. These followed in due season.

Marie, still in street costume, was seen at the window, eagerly watching for some one or some thing. She had probably dispatched a messenger. You know what the poet says of a woman's will; you probably know from experience —which may be either bitter or sweet—something of her ingenuity. Of her tact we will say nothing, for most men have more of that very desirable article than most women.

The crisis approached.

It came in two coupés, and at almost the same moment. From the first alighted a young gentleman of preposessing appearance, who gave some orders to the driver, and at once entered the hotel; the coupé was driven under the Bridge of Sighs that spans the dark passage between the two halves of the building. A portmanteau was on the driver's seat. Marie, who had seen the occupant of the coupé approach, sprang with delight from the window, and was apparently at her door in three skips. From the second coupé, which followed upon the heels of the first, descended the Parisian mamma. She also entered the hotel, followed by a police officer, who apparently had sprung into existence on the instant.

The next few moments seemed like hours to the spectators in the Palace chambers. They were dumb with expectation; they listened for the familiar crack of the pistol, the whiz of the ill-directed ball. But no; this was merely an elopement nipped in the bud. No call for blood here, no cause for the uprising of the masses. The former occupant of coupé No. 1 reappeared in company with the officer of justice, and the two drove rapidly away.

Marie was seen in a moment, in the bay window, in tears. The storm had blown over; she was saved to be the idolized companion of her mamma on the overland train of the day following.

John Henry, who was from Boston, went over the way to discover if possible the key to this charade—the New Yorker is never curious. It transpired that the Corporal—a complimentary title, probably, *Le Caporal*—who was about to brave the seas with Marie and the ducats of his partner in the game of speculation, was detected in the very moment when success seemed surest. He will answer anon at another court than Love's. The maternal element at the Grand had been more or less suspicious, hence the precautions that saved a daughter's honor.

Had John Henry and Sturtivant followed Mlle. Marie's directions to the letter, some time would have been gained, and the wishes of the lovers in all probability consummated. The chambermaid could have opened that door with a golden key, and mamma would never have been the wiser. The truth is, her salvation lay in a cigarette; but for it, she might have repented at leisure.

This coupling and mating should give us pause—but it doesn't. When you say you will take him "for better, for worse," it doesn't mean that you will take him as an experiment, to be abandoned as soon as he becomes a bore. It means you will take him for good and all, or for evil and for ever. In the latter case let me recommend as an antidote the soothing cigarette.

In the twilight, in the gloaming, when the wind has fallen, and the city is transfigured in the soft radiance of the after glow, have you ever looked up into the clear sky, which is more Italian than any other feature in this very fresh country? Have you seen the pale nebula that floats in mid air —a filmy canopy, finer than glass, brightened with the sheen of veiled silver, something akin to palpable moonlight—have you seen it? Well, that is cigarette smoke.

If you watch closely, and with unprejudiced eyes, you will discover here and there slender threads of pale blue smoke stealing silently into space. If there is no wind stirring, these threads will float upward as straight as columns; or perhaps they begin to tremble after a little, and throw out fan-like fios, with which they flutter to the zenith.

These threads of smoke ascend from every block, from every house, until ten thousand times ten thousand of them soar upward in ghostly spirals; and finally they mingle in that airy sea, and the young stars crown them with glory, and it matters not if it be Old Judge, or Caporal, or Vanity Fair, or any other of the numberless branches of the family weed, for there is the redemption of them all.

What if your tongue is raw, and your throat parched, and your lungs like leather? What if you are saturated with nicotine, and your sweat nicotian fluids? Is not one long draught of the smoke drunk into the lungs after a fast like a resurrection? Your blood tingles to the tip of your toes, you aspire to heaven,-you forgive your enemies; and then, when you may truthfully say all flesh is tobacco, you of course swear off.

That is what John Henry, of Boston, and S. Sturtivant Sturtivant, of New York, late of the Palace Hotel, did. Having exhausted their spleen, they returned to their efforts East, by special car—clean through without change, as it should be in all cases.

It cost them fabulous moneys, and could not have been effected without influence; but they spared no expense, for they have fought their last fight, they have together won the chase, this was their triumphant return. They have sworn never again to touch Old Judge or Vanity Fair. It is settled once and forever, in memory of the old days in "Frisco," they both smoke Caporal.

*Vive le Caporal!*

---

Three princes of science meet in consultation to pass upon the puzzling case of their distinguished patient, General X.

"Well, Thomas," says the General to his faithful valet, when the doctors have gone, "what did they decide upon? Tell me the truth now."

"Well, General, each one of them had a different opinion, and that stout, good-humored gentleman with the ribbon in his button-hole said they must have patience a little while longer; the autopsy, whoever he is, would be able to set them all right."

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A "Wisconsin Author's Club" was in session at Madison last week. It was composed entirely, says the Milwaukee *Sun*, of female poets, who reside in the State. As a hen party it was considered a success.

# THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

## XXIII.

As old Michaud had hoped when he brought about the marriage of Thérèse and Laurent, the Thursday evenings reassumed their former charm after the wedding. Since the death of Camille these reunions had been in great danger of ceasing altogether; and though they had still been kept up after a doleful fashion, yet the guests could never take the same comfort as of old. Michaud and Grivet had been greatly troubled by this state of things, for they clung to their habits with the stubborn instinct of brutes, and the thought that their selfish enjoyment might be brought to an end had been agony to them.

But on the Thursday after the marriage, Grivet and Michaud entered the shop with an air of triumph. They had conquered; the dining-room was theirs once more; they need no longer apprehend their dismissal. Being in a happy mood, they now made themselves quite at home again, and chatted at their ease, as of yore. The spectre of Camille, which had cast such a chill over their spirits, was no longer present; the dead husband's place was filled by the living one; their laughter was not now out of place; indeed, it was their duty to be merry, for the entertainment of their hosts. Grivet and Michaud, who for eighteen months had visited the house under the pretext of consoling Mme. Raquin, could now throw their tiresome disguise aside, and freely enjoy their drowsy game of dominoes.

So every week brought an evening when the same grotesquely corpse-like faces which had irritated Thérèse in former days were gathered about the table, and the guests, confident that their comfort was not to be disturbed, were content. Thérèse, it is true, suggested to her husband that they should rid themselves of such uncongenial company, but yielded her point when Laurent said that he thought it prudent to keep the present as much like the past as possible, and desired above all things to retain the friendship of the police, as a protection against suspicion.

It was about this time that the lives of the husband and wife began to divide.

When morning chased away the fears of Laurent, he dressed hastily, and at once partook of the breakfast which Thérèse prepared for him. But it was not until his appetite was satisfied, and he had finished the repast with a glass of cognac, that the terrors of the night completely vanished. Then he said good-bye to Mme. Raquin and Thérèse, but never by any chance kissed either of them, and went to his office. He spent the day in dawdling over his work and wishing the time for going home again would come, for in the day he felt very brave. But in spite of all his resolutions, he went back to the shop reluctantly, and was overtaken by all his old fears the moment he entered. His only consolation was in looking forward to the time when he could leave his present employment and return to his artist life.

In the same way that Laurent felt easier when away from his wife and the shop, so Thérèse was glad that he should be away. She passed her days partly in activity and partly in repose. Until noon she busied herself about the house, for she felt a need of employment to distract her mind; the afternoon she spent in the shop, dozing and dreaming with her eyes half shut, undisturbed by the phantom of Camille, enjoying tranquilly the repose which her sleepless nights made necessary. The gloom of the shop and the alley made it seem as if she was buried alive, and this grim idea conveyed a sense of security which comforted her. With the same feeling she had made a great friend of Olivier's wife, Suzanne, whose meek, insipid air and corpse-like appearance soothed and solaced her.

Thérèse reposed thus for four hours, and then went to work again, and prepared Laurent's dinner with feverish haste. As soon as her husband appeared on the threshold her heart leaped to her throat, and all her mental tortures returned.

And thus it was every day. While the husband and wife were separated they rested and were at peace, but the moment they met they became miserable.

Trembling at the thought of retiring to their room, the wretched couple made the evenings last as long as possible. Mme. Raquin, reclining on a sofa between them, conversed in a gentle voice of the old days at Vernon. Her son was never absent from her thoughts, but she never ventured to mention his name. The lamp threw its pale rays on her white face, and her voice sounded singularly soft in the dead silence of the room. The murderers on each side of her sat still and motionless, glad to have her voice break the stillness and divert their thoughts, but not heeding at all the sense of what she said. They dared not look at each other, but fixed their gaze on the old woman. They never spoke of going to bed, but would gladly have sat there all night had not Mme. Raquin herself grown weary. When at last they withdrew it was as if they were going to a horrible death. Even the hated Thursday evenings were better than those spent like this, and Thérèse herself soon came to look forward anxiously to the weekly reunions.

And now another care was added to their troubles. Mme. Raquin was fast becoming a helpless paralytic. Her voice was disappearing, and her limbs were growing useless. What were they to do when she, the only human being that saved them from each other, should become a speechless and a motionless imbecile? Surely, when their horrible nights began at six instead of at midnight, they would go mad. So greatly did they dread losing the old woman's company that they did everything they could think of to preserve her health, much to the joy of the patient, who thought it was all done out of pure love for her.

## XXIV.

When four months had elapsed since his marriage, Laurent resolved to reap the advantages which he had long dreamed about. He would have abandoned his wife and have fled before the spectre of Camille three days after the wedding if his interests had not nailed him to the Passage du Pont-Neuf. He submitted to his misery in order not to lose the profits of his crime. If he left Thérèse he would have to fall back into his old habits, and work for a living for the rest of his days; if he stayed with her he could live in comfort and laziness upon Mme. Raquin's money. No doubt he would have absconded with the forty thousand francs if he could have realized the sum; but the old lady, by Michaud's advice, had prudently placed the sum in her niece's name. Laurent, therefore, found himself bound to his wife by the strongest of ties. To recompense him for the horrors he endured at night he was at least well fed and clothed, and could live without work if he chose. For this he consented to sleep with the drowned man's ghost.

One evening he announced to Mme. Raquin and his wife that he had sent in his resignation and should leave his office at the end of a fortnight. Thérèse looked uneasy at the news, and Laurent hastened to add that he was going to rent a little studio and take to painting again. He expatiated upon the monotony of his present employment and on the large field which art opened; now that he had a little money, he said, he wished to see whether he was not capable of great things.

Thérèse compressed her lips and answered nothing; his argument was thrown away upon her; all she cared to know was that Laurent proposed to waste the little fortune which assured her independence. When her husband pressed her with questions, in order to obtain her consent, she drily gave gave him to understand that in leaving his office he would make nothing, and would be entirely dependent upon her. As she spoke Laurent fixed upon her a gaze which arrested in her throat the flat refusal which she was about to make. In the eyes of her accomplice she could plainly read the threat: "Consent, or I will tell everything." She hesitated, and when Mme. Raquin, who spoiled Laurent as she had spoiled Camille, interceded for her favorite, she yielded.

It was therefore settled that the artist should rent a studio, and be allowed one hundred francs a month for his expenses, and Thérèse made him swear never to exceed that amount. After this arrangement had been made she felt easier, for she knew that Laurent could never touch their capital without her signature, and she promised herself never to give him that.

Shortly afterward Laurent engaged a little room in the Rue Mazarine, and at the end of the fortnight established himself there.

The studio was a garret some five or six metres square, lighted from its sloping ceiling by a solitary window. The noises of the street did not rise as high as this, and from the silent and dismal room one seemed to look up against the sky as from a hole or cavern in the earth. Two straw chairs, a rickety table, and a somewhat elaborate lounge which had cost Laurent about thirty francs—at second-hand —completed the furniture of the chamber.

For a fortnight Laurent enjoyed his new life without thinking of touching his brushes. He reached his studio between eight and nine in the morning, smoked, lay down on the sofa and awaited noon, happy that it was still morning, and that he had the long day before him. At noon he went to breakfast, and then hastened back again in order that he might be alone and away from the pallid face of Thérèse. Then he took a nap, and thus dawdled away his time till evening. His studio was a peaceful nook where he did not suffer from fear. One day his wife asked permission to visit this retreat. He refused, and when in spite of this she knocked at the door, he would not open it, but told her in the evening that he had passed the day at the Louvre Museum.

When at length extreme laziness began to pall upon him he took his brushes and colors and set to work. Not having money enough to pay for models, he resolved to paint from his imagination, without troubling himself about nature, and undertook to paint a man's head on this system. At the same time he ceased to confine himself altogether to his studio, but worked for two or three hours in the forenoon, and in the afternoon strolled about the city. It was during one of these promenades that he one day met before the *Institut* his old college friend, who had met with a success at the last Salon.

"Hullo! Is that you?" cried the artist. "Why, my poor Laurent, I should never have known you. How thin you have grown!"

"I have married lately," answered Laurent, with embarrassment.

"*You* married! Then I am not surprised you look so strange. And what are you doing now?"

"I have rented a little studio, and paint a little in the morning."

Laurent related the particulars of his marriage, and explained his plans for the future in a restless manner. His friend gazed at him with an air of astonishment which troubled him. The truth was that the painter did not recognize in the husband of Thérèse the coarse and common fellow whom he had formerly known. It seemed to him that Laurent had grown more refined both physically and mentally.

"Why, you have grown into quite a dignified personage," the artist could not help explaining. "You have the air of an ambassador. What school are you from?"

His scrutinizing manner annoyed Laurent, who, however, dared not take his leave too abruptly.

"Will you go up to my studio for a moment?" he asked his friend.

"With pleasure," answered the other, who not being able to account for the change which he observed was anxious to know something further. Certainly he would not have gone up five flights of stairs to see Laurent's paintings, which disgusted him; he simply wanted to satisfy his curiosity.

When he had entered the room and cast a glance at the canvases hanging on the walls his surprise was redoubled. There were five studies, two heads of women and three of men, painted with unmistakable vigor and skill. The artist was stupefied, and did not attempt to conceal his astonishment.

"Did you paint these?" he asked Laurent.

"Yes," answered the other. They are sketches in a great picture which I am about to paint."

"Come, now; no nonsense; are you really the author of these?"

"Of course. Why should I not be?"

The painter did not dare to reply: "Because these are the work of an artist, and you have never been anything but a miserable dauber." He stood for some time in silence be-

fore the studies. They were awkward, certainly, but there was a strange and powerful character about them which announced a highly developed artistic sense. The painted faces looked as if they lived. Laurent's friend had never seen crude studies so full of high promise. When he had closely examined them he turned to Laurent.

"Well, frankly," he said, "I would not have believed that you were capable of such work as this. Where the devil did you find your talent?" And as he spoke he examined Laurent narrowly. He could not divine how it was that this once coarse and brutal fellow had suddenly become comparatively refined and delicate. And, without doubt, a strange effect had indeed been worked in the organism of Camille's murderer by his relation with Thérèse and the events of the past three years. The reader has seen how this change came about, but Laurent's friend knew nothing of the circumstances, and did not attempt to account for the singular phenomenon. Before leaving he again looked at the pictures: "I have only one fault to find," he said, "and that is that all your studies bear a sort of family resemblance to each other. The five heads are all alike; even the women have the air of being men in disguise. You understand that if you are to compose a picture from them you must have some variety in the faces."

Laurent saw him to the door, and then reëntered the room much troubled in mind. When his friend had spoken of all the faces being alike, he had been obliged to turn away quickly to hide his paleness, for he had already noticed this resemblance himself. Standing in front of the pictures he now contemplated them steadily, and as he did so he felt a cold sweat breaking out through the pores of his skin.

"He was right," he murmured, "they do resemble each other; and they all resemble Camille."

He recoiled and sank upon the sofa without being able to take his eyes off the pictures. The first was the face of an old man, with a long white beard; under this beard the artist could detect the sharp chin of Camille. The second represented a young girl, and she had the blue eyes of his victim. The three other faces each had some feature of the drowned man. Whatever the disguise, the general character of each face was that of Camille's. Moreover, there was a look of suffering and terror upon each, which made the likeness all the more horrible and striking.

Laurent saw that he had looked too long at Camille when he lay in the Morgue. The expression of the corpse had been engraven ineffaceably upon his mind, and now his hand unconsciously traced the lineaments which he tried in vain to drive from his memory. Gradually the faces seemed to take life, and he saw before him five Camilles, which his own hand had created, of all ages and both sexes. He rose and tore the pictures from the wall, fearing lest he should die of fright if the studio was peopled with portraits of his victim.

In order to see whether it was actually true that he could not draw a face without making it like Camille, he placed a new canvas on his easel and sketched a face in charcoal. It was Camille's. Hastily rubbing it out, he tried again and again for fully an hour, but the result was always the same. Whether he sketched rapidly or drew slowly made no difference, Camille was always there. One after another he designed the heads of angels, of virgins, of helmeted warriors, of rosy-faced children, but in each the features of the drowned man appeared. He tried caricature and drew monstrous profiles, but only succeeded in making the likeness still more horrible. Finally he drew animals—dogs and cats—but even these bore a shadowy resemblance to Camille.

Filled with rage, terror, and despair, Laurent drove his fist through the canvas. His great picture was out of the question. On the shoulders of every figure in it would be the face of Camille. The bare idea of such a spectacle was intolerable. He felt that he could work no more—that his own hand did not belong to him.

## XXV.

The attack of paralysis with which Mme. Raquin had been threatened came at last, in spite of all the efforts of her niece and son-in-law. The old lady suddenly and entirely lost the use of her limbs and tongue—was transformed, as it were, into an image of stone which could neither move nor speak.

Thérèse and Laurent were horror-stricken by this blow, which fell in a space of five seconds. When the sufferer fixed upon them her imploring eyes they besieged her with questions as to how they could help her. Not a sign could she make, but continued to gaze at them with an expression of profound anguish. They saw that they had nothing more than a corpse before them—a breathing corpse which could see and hear, but could not utter a thought nor make a gesture.

From that day the life of the guilty pair became intolerable. The evenings which they passed together in the presence of the old woman were inconceivably awful. She sat heaped up in an arm-chair like a bundle or any other insensate object, while they sat silent at each end of the table. She was no longer any company for them; by degrees they came to regard her as a piece of furniture. The horror of their nights was not now confined to their bed-room, but began as soon as they met in the dining-room, so that their daily suffering was prolonged by four or five hours.

Mme. Raquin could still move her eyes, and in them all the expression of speech and gesture was now added to that of sight. From this they strove to draw some solace, and always placed the poor old woman between them in the light of the lamp so that they might not feel utterly alone together. The old woman's face was like that of a corpse, in the midst of which were placed two living eyes. All the muscles of her face were petrified, and maintained a frightful immobility, but her eyes moved rapidly and followed every word spoken. When she grew sleepy and dropped her eye-lids no one would have dreamed that she was alive; but on such occasions Laurent and Thérèse roused her with a noise, and compelled her to keep awake whether she would or not. But what little was left of her they would not have lost for the world, and they took greater care of the poor old wreck now than ever before. They felt that she was necessary to their very existence. Laurent carried her to and from her chair. Thérèse attended assiduously to all her other wants. They never permitted her to be absent from them during the evening. If she showed a desire to go to her room, they pretended not to understand her. Of what use was she, except to prevent their being alone together? What right had she, then, to be by herself? At eight o'clock Laurent went to his studio, and Thérèse went down into the shop. The paralytic remained alone in the dining-room up-stairs till noon. After the midday meal she was again alone till evening. Thérèse ascended at intervals to see that she did not want for anything. The friends of the family were enraptured by the dutiful conduct of the two young people.

The Thursday evening receptions continued as usual. At first Grivet and Michaud were embarrassed by their old friend's condition; but by degrees they became used to it, and then their conduct was singular. To continually condole with her, and be gloomy because of her misfortune, would spoil their pleasure; so they treated her exactly as if nothing had happened to her. In speaking to her they asked questions and answered them themselves; they laughed when she might be expected to laugh. It was a strange spectacle, these men conversing rationally with a statue, as a little girl with her doll.

Grivet had a mania of his own. He professed to be able to understand Mme. Raquin's thoughts perfectly by the expression of her eyes. Unfortunately, however, Grivet never failed to misinterpret that expression, as it turned out. But this did not discourage him at all; he only said, when his error was exposed: "There, didn't I tell you so?" and five minutes later made another blunder. "I can read her eyes like a book," he would say. "Am I not right, Mme. Raquin? Yes, yes; certainly."

In reality, Thérèse was the only person that could understand Mme. Raquin's dumb speech, and she divined its meaning intuitively, and with a facility that was marvelous.

Laurent believed that the old lady must be dreadfully unhappy. But he was mistaken. She was happy and contented because her children were so devoted. It is true, she would have liked to be able to thank them in words, but she accepted her fate with calm resignation, and, in truth, did not feel its hardship very poignantly. Her life had been so quiet and retired that her present condition was hardly more so; and, besides that, her mind had fallen into second childhood.

She lived thus for several weeks, daily expecting death, and believing that since she had had her share of suffering no more could be in store for her. She was mistaken. A dreadful blow was to fall upon her.

One evening when she was seated between them in the full light of the lamp as usual, the spectre of Camille appeared to Thérèse and Laurent. So terrified were they, and so utterly oblivious of the old woman's presence, that they said enough to reveal the whole truth to her. Laurent had a kind of fit, and raved in his delirium. In an instant the mother understood the fate of her son.

A frightful contraction swept over her features, and so fierce was the shock that Thérèse thought she was about to leap up and cry out. Then she fell back, every muscle as rigid as iron. In that moment the expression in her eyes vanished; they became black and hard like two pieces of metal.

Never did despair fall more crushingly upon a human being. The dreadful truth, like a flash of lightning, scorched her eyes and froze her soul. If she could have cried out her suffering would have been less intense. But though her mind was alive in all its agony, her body was as dead and useless as a stone.

Her whole life was desolated; all her affection and devotion had been to no purpose. She had lived a good and gentle life, and now on the brink of the tomb she came to know that the world was made up of lies and wickedness. The veil was torn from her eyes; the mist of love and friendship was lifted; in its place was a spectacle of blood and shame. She would have sinned to cry out in blasphemy; yet God had deceived her these many years.

What! Camille slain by Thérèse and Laurent, and the crime conceived in the midst of adulteries! Surely, surely, this was more than mortal heart could endure!

At times she tried to convince herself that she had imagined the revelation; but circumstances which she had paid no attention to before arrayed themselves in full force now, and she knew in spite of herself that the girl whom she had reared so tenderly, and the man whom she had treated as a son, were the murderers of Camille. Who can wonder that her nature was transformed; that a pitiless hate took the place of her former love?

Great tears streamed from her eyes as she sat there silent and motionless. Nothing could be more terrible to behold than her speechless despair. The tears rolling one by one down that pallid and rigid face were a spectacle not to be forgotten.

Thérèse was filled with intense compassion.

"We must put her to bed," she said to Laurent.

Laurent hastened to roll her chair into her chamber. Then he stooped to lift her in his arms. The poor creature made a supreme effort to gain her feet. God surely would not permit Laurent to press her to his breast, but would strike the daring murderer dead in the attempt. But no effort could save her from the embrace, and God withheld his lightning. Like a bundle of linen she was lifted in the murderer's arms; her head rolled over on his shoulder, and she gazed up at him with eyes dilated with horror.

"That's right; look at me as much as you like," he murmured; "your eyes can't eat me."

He threw her with brutal violence upon the bed, and there she fell into a swoon. Her last thought was one of terror and disgust. Henceforward, morning and evening, she must submit to the embrace of her son's assassin.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

### XCVIII.—Sunday, September 28.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Madras Mullagatawny.
Melon.
Fried Chams.
Beefsteak a la Bordelaise.
Broiled Tomatoes. Lima Beans.
Roast Canvas-back Duck. Currant Jelly.
Celery and Beet Salad.
Apple Meringue.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Peaches, Nectarines, Figs, Plums, Grapes, and Pears.

TO MAKE APPLE MERINGUE.—Boil tart apples after they are pared and cored; when well cooked rub the pulp through a colander and sweeten to taste. To a pint of the pulp add lightly the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with grated rind and juice of lemon. Serve with cream. This may be put into a pudding-dish and covered with the beaten whites of two eggs, sweetened and flavored. Color in the oven, and serve with cream custard.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Helmets and Violets.

I sat one radiant morning
Within a favorite nook—
Unmindful of its glory,
And buried in a book.

I read, with eyes that kindled,
About the old Crusades,
Till I heard the clashing armor,
And saw the quivering blades.

I followed in their journeys
The heroes of the past,
To see them proudly enter
Within the walls at last.

As with sound of martial music
My inmost soul was stirred,
When, through the open casement,
My Effie's voice I heard.

Then a sound of stealing footseps,
And playful fingers shook
A shower of early violets
Upon the open book.

Among the glittering helmets
I felt their sweetness fall;
Then vanished, in a moment,
Crusaders, knights, and all!

—*St. Nicholas, for September.*

### In September.

Feathery clouds are free and fair,
Thistledown is in the air,
Rippling sunshine on the lake,
Wild grapes scent the sunny brake,
Wild bees' murmuring take the ear,
Crickets make the silence dear,
Butterflies float in a dream,
Over all the swallows gleam.
Here and yonder, high and low,
Golden-rod and sunflowers glow;
Here and there a maple flushes.
Sumach reddens, woodbine blushes,
Purple asters bloom and thrive—
I am glad to be alive!

—*R. K. Weeks.*

### False Cupid by a Cottage Porch.

False Cupid passed my road one day,
Clamouring for an hour;
I led him to my cottage porch,
Where roses blushed in flower.

Then pleading hands he wrung and said,
In tone half sad, half play:
"Give to me but one blossom, dear,
And I shall stay alway."

My heart I laid within his palm,
My true heart full—and free;
I lifted loyal lips to his,
For love meant love—to me.

Devoid was I of all Love's art;
I only knew to love and give.
Alas! he taught me—my sweetheart—
Love's common sequel: grieve and—live

Oh, love poured out like vineyard wine,
Oh, kisses wanting wile or guile,
I gave my past, my all to come;
He—mocks smiles for a little while.
* * * * * *

I can not change my wounded youth,
Nor hour of bleak hereafter,
For love to me proved tears and ruth;
For him 'twas lies and laughter.

—*F.*

### The Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day;
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home has made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small;
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay;
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin lid.

I know that a mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I know that her lip, and cheek, and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away—
The crimson frock and wrappings gay,
The little sock and half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plume and tassels blue;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of her guileless dead.

"'Tis a little grave; but oh! have a care,
For many world-wide hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with my only boy.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Unhoped Delight.

I chose the fairest nook of garden soil,
And covered warm within its natal bed
The seed, wherefrom, with dew and sunlight fed,
I hoped should rise the offspring of my toil,
My promised flower, my golden cinquefoil.
But when the soft, green leaflets upward spread,
The shoot that should have born the queenly head
Shrank, nipped and brown, the frost's untimely spoil.
Long hours I wept, and made my passionate moan,
Till morn came trembling through the tearful night,
And lo! a peerless lily, rosy white,
A flower of God, by some bird-angel sown,
Beside my perished dream of joy had grown,
To give for hope foregone unhoped delight.

They asked a crier in one of the courts if he did not find it difficult to while away the time during the hearing of cases. "Oh, no," was the prompt reply; "I just lean head back and sleep the sleep of the judge."

## SOCIAL HONORS TO GEN. AND MRS. GRANT.

The social events of the week have clustered around General and Mrs. Grant. Their reception has been as heartfelt and generous by all society people as by the masses at large, who were so anxious to meet and honor them. Mayor and Mrs. Bryant have been constant in their attentions, mingling civic and municipal honors with social entertainments. All the gentlemen of the Board of Supervisors have, without any party distinctions, given their aid to make the stay of our distinguished guests agreeable. His Excellency, Governor Irwin, and Mrs. Irwin, Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Johnson, assisted by all the leading society people, have vied with each other in generous rivalry to make General and Mrs. Grant feel that their welcome was something deeper and heartier than merely formal official attention. General and Mrs. McDowell gave to the Presidential party a most elegant garden and daylight reception at Black Point, the government steamer *McPherson* conveying and bringing them away. Relieved from the pressing curiosity of the multitude, at ease among friends and acquaintance, General Grant seemed to especially enjoy his day at Black Point; he could smoke his cigar in the open air. The guests of General and Mrs McDowell would, more nearly than any other social gathering that has occurred in our city, give a census of the *élite* of San Francisco society. In the presence of General Grant, in the hope of meeting him, and in desire to do honor to him, all that there is or has been of social distinctions disappeared. New England, and the North, and the great Northwest, met the South upon the social plane, not remembering the civil war, or, if so, only remembering that the great captain was as generous as he was brave. Of all political parties, of all classes of political opinions, of all sections of society, General McDowell's guests represented the best. A list of his guests on Wednesday would be a blue book of *élite* society. Tuesday evening General and Mrs. Grant honored the wedding festival given by Mr. and Mrs. John V. Plume to their daughter, at the Occidental Hotel, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Bryant. The same evening they also visited, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, a dance and banquet given for the widows and orphans of the police. Thursday he was entertained at Oakland, and in the evening attended the Russell Young banquet at the Palace, and the same evening the brilliant masquerade ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion, occupying a very elegant and spacious private box furnished for the occasion. On Friday General Grant visited San José. On Monday General and Mrs. Grant become the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, at Milbrae. During next week it is understood he will go to Oregon, anxious to revisit scenes familar to him in his earlier military service. Upon his return the General and his wife will be allowed to devote themselves to receiving the attentions of personal and social friends. On the 9th of next month Senator Sharon will give one of his grand entertainments at Belmont. Until the completion of Mr. James C. Flood's residence at Menlo, there is no one of our suburban mansions so well calculated for generous entertainment. The house is spacious, and the grounds, under Senator Sharon's mode of lighting them, are made especially brilliant. Mr. and Mrs. Flood will give a matinée entertainment at their country residence at Menlo, something after the style of the garden parties so successful in England, and first introduced, we believe, at Windsor, by her majesty, the Queen. Governor Stanford will give a day among the horses at "Palo Alto," his country seat at Menlo, and we venture the prediction that General Grant, who is exceedingly fond of horses, will here find his most pleasurable day. Governor Stanford can show a stable and field that has no superior upon the continent, and we believe his drove of young colts and brood mares can not be equaled in the world. Mr. Charles Crocker will give an elegant evening entertainment for ladies and gentlemen upon the return of Mrs. Crocker, who is now on her way home from Europe.

### Hebe's Letter.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, September 26, 1879.

DEAR ——: This has been an eventful week in society, in which all have taken a part. The central figure has been General Grant, who arrived in the city on Saturday evening last amid a blaze of enthusiasm and excitement. No American, except perhaps Washington, ever received such general and heartfelt honors as were showered upon our distinguished ex-President, from the moment he was saluted in the harbor until he passed through the crowd of two hundred thousand admirers, and was safely landed at the Palace Hotel. Since that time the daily papers have kept society so well and minutely informed of the distinguished visitor's every movement that a recapitulation from me is entirely unnecessary. So here goes for my usual memoranda and record of the doings of people not so tremendously and overshadowingly distinguished as the Galena guests. Col. Rufus Saxton, Deputy Q. M. Gen. U. S. A., has been ordered to duty as chief Q. M. of the Division of the Pacific, and will arrive here next week. The rumor connecting the names of young Grant and Miss Flood may prove to have been anything but false—my opinion is that it is good guessing, at all events. There has been of late quite an unusual clanging of marriage bells, and much flying about of conventional slippers. The French Church, on Bush Street, was crowded on Tuesday morning, the 23d iostant, the occasion being the wedding of Mr. Eugene Murphy and Miss Marie Byrne, daughter of Mr. J. M. Byrne, of the firm of Miller & Lux. The wedding party, in addition to the above, was composed of the parents and brother of the bride, and Miss Flora Sharon, bridesmaid. Bishop Alemany performed the ceremony, the parties kneeling during the service. The church was beautifully decorated, the bride was dressed in white silk *en train*. Miss Sharon was dressed in white silk, with white grenadine ruffles and sprays of flowers. Cards are out for the wedding on the 30th inst. of Mr. John B. Wright and Miss Annie Hanchett. The marriage reception will be given by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, at their residence. Mrs. Charles Crocker, son and daughter, will arrive home on Sunday. Mr. Crocker goes to Sacramento to meet them. The wedding of Mr. J. Henley Stone and Miss Marian Plume took place at Grace Church on Tuesday evening, the 23d instant, at eight o'clock, Rev. Platt officiating. The bride was dressed in white satin, with square train; it reminded me of a dress I saw at the Centennial, in the English exhibit, and was very handsome; she wore a point lace veil and the customary blossoms. The floral decorations were a marvel, and exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw. At nine Mr. and Mrs. Stone gave a reception at the Grand Hotel, which was attended by about sixty persons, among whom were General and Mrs. Grant, Governor Stanford, Charles Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, J. B. Haggin, Mr. James Flood and Miss Jennie Flood, Fred Crocker, Mr. E. Martin and Mrs. Martin, Governor Downey and Mrs. Downey, Mr. Lucien Herman and Mrs. Herman, Mayor Bryant and Mrs. Bryant, Governor Irwin and Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Clement and daughter. There was a collation without wine. General Grant escorted Mrs. Plume to the supper table; the bride and bridegroom were very exclusive, and enjoyed their supper by themselves. Lieutenant-Colonel Fred Grant, who came from China with his father and mother, left for Chicago on Tuesday morning last; he was handsomely entertained at the Poodle Dog by Major O. Livermore, on Sunday evening last, and had for a traveling companion the genial Colonel Schaeffer. Fred is a good fellow, and has a lovely wife in Chicago; I think him by far the best looking of the young Grants, but I believe Ulysses, Jr., is liked the best by the men; they are both becoming boys, and show good bringing up; they greatly resemble their illustrious sire in one respect—their heads are not turned. Mrs. J. Paxton arrived here from Europe on Monday evening last; and I may add that Mrs. P. has lost none of her *embonpoint*. Mr. Hazeltine, M. C., from Wisconsin, and Mrs. Hazeltine are at the Palace; Mrs. H. is a pleasant, handsome woman. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and Mrs. Morgan, and Representative McKenzie, of Kentucky, and Mrs. McKenzie, are in Arizona; they spent several days in Los Angeles, and will return to San Francisco next week. Among the transient guests at the Palace are Governor Irwin and family and Mrs. Lieutenant-Governor Johnson and daughter. Mrs. Johnson has spent several winters in Washington, and on several occasions received with Mrs. Grant; and she was one of the first ladies received by Mrs. Grant on Monday last; Mrs. Johnson used to be one of the great favorites in Washington society; so, too, was Mrs. Senator Cole, who was regarded as one of the most gracious, and certainly one of the pleasantest, ladies in Washington; everybody liked Mrs. Cole. Another attractive lady from the Pacific slope was Mrs. Senator Williams, of Oregon; you may remember that she became very dashing as the wife of the Attorney-General; at one time she became the envy of the women, while the men went pretty nearly crazy over her; no lady who has lived in Washington during the past fifteen years infatuated society so completely as Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Secretary Belknap attracted by her rare beauty, Mrs. Creswell by her grace and accomplishments, Mrs. Secretary Cox by her sweet artlessness of manner, and Mrs. Fish by her queenly ways—Mrs. Williams seemed the embodiment of all, to which was added a zest of manner and a system of hospitality that made her the most magnificent manipulator of men and maneuverer of women I ever saw; indeed, Mrs. W. became such a pronounced society success that a dead set was made against her; but she fought it out on that line, and it didn't take half the season; and the surrender was so complete, that no lady in Washington would thereafter dream of giving a reception on the night that cards were out for Mrs. Williams'. One of the pleasantest parties that went out to meet General Grant was that on board the *St. Paul*; there were about four hundred people on the vessel, some forty or fifty of whom were ladies; Miss Emma Cole was a centre of attraction; I could hardly get a glimpse of her, surrounded as she was by plug hats and ulsters; a sister of Miss Cole was also on board; also Miss Bradford, only daughter of the artist of that name; also Miss Dora Miller, only daughter of Gen. John F. Miller, the hero of many a well-contested field; also, Mrs. Frank Page, Mrs. Hazeltine, and others whom I only knew by sight and whose names I have forgotten. Among the gentlemen whom I knew by sight were Messrs. Pacheco, Estee, Louis Sloss, Fred Castle, Fred Crocker, Judges Hoffman and Sawyer. The above-named and all others on board were guests of Messrs. Sloss and Miller, who lunched and champagned their friends *ad libitum*. Mrs. Ware, widow of the late Dr. Ware, of the navy, will arrive here from the East this evening; Mrs. Ware is the daughter of Mrs. Tewksbury, the latter also a charming widow. The partner of Mr. Hall McAllister being partly engaged at present in erecting a mansion in our midst, gives rise to a rumor that Miss Edith McAllister may possibly be the fair flower which is to be transplanted there. I only present this as a pretty rumor, however. Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedel have lately returned from Paris, and have taken up their residence at the Palace. There are quite a number of superb dressers at the Palace at present, but I think of none of those who dress in elegant and costly suits just now who have the figure to match the lady above mentioned. There are better figures and poorer dressers, and there are better dressers and poorer figures. There are three elegant dressers at the hotel who have no figures, so to speak, whatever. One of the prettiest dressers at the Palace is a Miss Wood. She is *petite*, but perfect in figure, and she is considered by many the most beautiful young lady in the house. One of the new acquisitions at this hotel is Mrs. Col. Eddy and daugher. C. A. Williams, U. S. A., and wife, B. D. Boswell, U. S. A., and wife, and Gen. Benét, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., and wife, are at the Palace; Capt. Dickinson, U. S. A., is at the Baldwin. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward Hutchinson and daughters, of Washington, arrived here on Tuesday evening last, and are at the Palace. Capt. William Kohl's family arrived in New York from Europe on the 25th inst., and leave for San Francisco in a few days. Justice Field gave a dinner to Hon. Beverly Tucker and wife last Tuesday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. T. departed for Washington the following morning. Lieut. Parke, U. S. A., arrived from Washington Wednesday. Francis P. Frémont, a son of Governor Frémont of Arizona, having passed an examination before the Arizona Board of Officers, has been appointed a lieutenant in the army. Gen. Fred. Beale and family, who left California a few weeks ago, are at Newport. One of the sweetest little ladies at the Palace is the wife of Lieutenant-Governor Adams of Nevada. Mr. and Mrs. Lankershim, and Miss Lankershim, of Los Angeles, have taken quarters at the Palace for a few weeks. Mrs. L. and her daughter have been spending the summer at Skaggs' Springs. Miss Annie Rose, daughter of I. J. Rose, of San Gabriel, is engaged to Mr. George Sanderson, a young merchant of San Francisco, and the wedding-day fixed in December. HEBE.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

### The Secret Relations Between Chemistry and Political Economy.

There are but few problems left for the investigation of the modern scientist.

One of the most interesting problems is the still insufficiently explained relation between politics and alcohol.

We have spent much of our own valuable time in the study of this problem; we have distorted Darwinism into the most impossible shapes; we have invented long series of evolutions; we have experimented on our own system by exposing it to alcohol heated up to the production of vapor, and then again brought it in contact with a glacial period sucked through a straw.

Then we have searched history, ancient and modern, sacred, but mostly profane. The result of these investigations was an enormous accumulation of collateral facts, and in regard to explanation a new hypothesis.

Homer, in his *Iliad*, is one of the first authors offering instances of the mystic relation between patriotism and drink. Wherever that reliable historian describes a meeting of the enlightened nation of the Greeks, he never forgets to mention the *aithopa oinon*, the fiery wine.

He minutely describes the *depas amphikypellon*, the cups with two handles, used by the venerable Nestor when engaged in State affairs.

Learned philologists explain the two handles, so expressly mentioned by Homer, as the means to handle more easily a cup of proportions unusual even in the heroic age; for the inspired poet and historian states on the same occasion that ten mortal men, as they are nowadays, could not have emptied it. Alas, the world degenerates, and the cups of our days are small and have very thick bottoms!

Homer also notes down that before any decisive step in politics was taken the heroes took a quantity of wine in proportion to the importance of the case: *Autar epei posios kai edetyos ex eron hento.*

A similar custom must have prevailed among the Romans. We are not quite certain, but we think it was Cicero or somebody else who first pronounced the great axiom: "*Vox populi, vox whisky.*"

We now recollect distinctly the passage is to be found in Cicero's book *De Officiis, or, The Surest Way to Get into an Office.*

Julius Cæsar also, when about to cross the Rubicon, spoke the historical words, "*Jacta alea esto,*" let us shake for drinks.

Now, the same phenomenon related by the ancients is witnessed, and, let us say, is religiously observed, by our contemporaneous generation.

But you will see a very material change in the system of administering the alcohol. With Homer it is always the kings and the heroes that do the drinking and the people the playing. But during the Republican government of ancient Rome the people do the drinking, and exactly as it is in our own country, the wealthy or those that want to become so, pay the drinks.

You will observe that all political meetings, may their principles be as divergent as possible, agree in one point: after having saved their country, they adjourn into adjacent barrooms, where they mix their public spirits with kindred spirits.

You will say our Academy of Sciences acts differently, but you forget, firstly, our Academy is a scientific, not a political body; and, secondly, there is no decent bar-room in the vicinity.

Now, this intimate relation between patriotism and alcohol has even entered our English language, in the expression, "A man of public spirit;" by which expression we infer that this worthy man takes his spirits publicly with boon companions, whom he treats—but not in the solitude of his domesticity.

This is all very clear and intelligible, even to the unsophisticated mind of a San Francisco City Father. But now comes in the question, how to account for this phenomenon.

As we have stated before, we have experimented and investigated, and have come rather near the solution of the problem, which is a chemical one. Here is our explanation:

Political questions have no affinity for water; this is a conclusion *a priori*, for we have not tried the water. Neither are they soluble in fixed oils; we have tried castor oil. Now, it requires very little chemical knowledge to see that alcohol, cold or heated up to a reasonable degree, is the only menstruum in which political questions are soluble; and there is no doubt that there are men in our midst, who, by applying a certain algebraic formula, are enabled to calculate to a nicety the amount of patriotism solved and made active by a given number of drinks. A CLASSICAL BOHEMIAN.

The *Grand Bal Masqué* given at the Mechanics' Pavilion by Col. Andrews was honored by the presence of General and Mrs. Grant. An elegant and spacious box was centrally located for the Presidential party. His Honor the Mayor, with Mrs. Bryant and Mrs. Holloway; Governor and Mrs. Irwin, with their young daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Lieut.-Gov. Johnson and daughter; Mr. Justice Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Mrs. Field; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, Miss Mary Van Reynegom, Senator and Mrs. Cole and daughters, Senator Jones, Major Harney, Mr. Henley Smith, Mr. Brickwedell, and several military gentlemen whose names we did not ascertain, accepted seats in the President's box at his invitation. The spectacle was a pleasing one. Masks, and quaint, fastastic devices, abounded. The music was good, and altogether the affair was brilliant and successful, equaling many of the famous carnival balls of Europe, and altogether a unique affair for San Francisco.

The lovers of botany will learn with pleasure that Edward Bosqui & Co. will shortly have in press a magnificently colored work descriptive of that splendid flower, the *Victoria Regia*, which is at present blooming in the Park conservatory. The book will contain four or five splendid life-size colored plates, showing the flower in all its stages, and will be perhaps the most beautifully executed work of its kind in the world. R. E. Brydges, the son of the naturalist who first sent the flower seeds to England, has the matter in charge. Subscription lists can be found at the conservatory, the Bohemian Club, and the Mercantile Library.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Takes up his Abode at the Palace with General Grant.

THE PALACE TAVERN, September 21, 1879.

OLD SON:—I'm puttin' up in the biggest shebang in the world. I'm bunkin' in the high-tonedest tavern in California—up seven stops of a slidin' machine they calls an elevator. The fust time I slid up in this yer elevator it nearly took my breath away. I didn't know we was on the rise 'til we'd started, an' afore I got over my skeer we'd landed on the top story. Them elevators is a big thing, Bill. Then there's the niggers, Bill, thet hands ye round through the tavern. Ef yer chewin' terbacker, an' want ter git rid o' yer cud, ther's a nigger right alongside 'ith a spittoon. W'en ye want a cocktail, all ye've got ter do is ter w'istle fur a nigger, an' he fetches it to ye on a tin plate. Ef it's grub time, an' ye don't know the way to the hashery, ther's a nigger er two ter pilot ye an' another darkey ter shove a cheer at ye. Ez soon's yer fairly planted a nigger fetches on the soup, an' afore ye've hed a chance ter wink twice arter ye've got away 'ith the soup another nigger shoves fish at ye; then ye wait a minute, an' along comes the beef, or some other kind o' meat, and so on 'til ye wind up 'ith coffee, an' cakes, an' nuts, an' fruit, an' gimcracks. I tell ye w'at it is, Bill, I'm stuck arter them nigs; they're the perlitest roosters I ever see. I b'lieve they'd eat fur ye ef ye'd ask 'em. I tell ye w'at it is, Bill, they're heavy on style round this yer house an' no mistake. Wash bowls to wash yer hands in brought to the table by niggers, an' little towels to wipe yer fingers on stuck round at ev'ry plate. I never see sech high tone in all my born days. Even Phil Raglin's place ain't a patchin' to it fur genooine up an' up dog. An' the wimmin, Bill! None o' the wash-house Venuses in this yer tavern, much. Reg'lar out an' out thoroughbreds, Bill, sech ez ye read about. Silks, an' satins, an' diamon's 'til ye can't rest; and purty!—Bill, purty ain't no name fur the gorgeousness o' these yer females. I wish the widder could git acquainted 'ith some of 'em an' lay fur a few pints—I b'lieve I'd perpose matterimony to her ef she'd gear up like these yer fillies. Me an' Grant's boardin' in this yer tavern together. Grant's more distinguished 'n I am, an' more niggers waits on him, but he don't git away 'ith more grub 'n I do, an' I reckon he don't sleep no sounder. I've managed ter git in a word or two edgways 'ith the ol' man 'bout ol' times, an' I guess he'll take a run up your way purty soon. He's goin' to Yosemite, an' he'll mos' likely take in Knight's Ferry an' Sonora on the way. You fellers oughter give him a reception like we did down here. Couldn't ye git Dan Sewell to come up an' give ye a lift on the decoration an' percession bizness? Dan used ter be heavy on the parade bizness, ye know. Talk about the high ol' turnouts, the hurrah we give Grant las' Saturday night beat Fo'th o' July complete, an' came ez near discountin' St. Patrick's Day ez anythin' Amerika ever does. W'en the fust gun fired an' the w'istles begun ter blow, ye'd a thought the town was afire, the people was so excited. The counter-jumpers left ther calicoes, an' the barkeepers furgot to pass over the cocktails. The wimmen acted ez ef they was crazy, an' ev'rybody rushed around huntin' fur a good place to see the conquerin' hero come. I was on board the *China* steamboat, an' ez we run on a mud bank w'en we tried to tie up at the w'arf I didn't see much o' the percession—only the light o' the Roman candles an' sich a flamin' on the fog. Me an' about three thousan' other folks saw the percession from a distance—an' a mighty long distance, too—a cussin' our luck an' a shoutin' fur gang-planks, an' hen-coops, an' balloons. We wasn't very mad, but we was awfully aggravated. We didn't talk very loud, but we cussed mighty emphatic, an' our remarks on mud banks an' *China* steamboats was about az sarcastic ez they make 'em. W'en me an' them three thousan' friends o' mine got down to Market Street ther wasn't nothin' left o' the percesh but a steam thrashin'-machine a bellowin' out "W'en Johnny Comes Marchin' Home," so ye'll hev ter use yer own judgment a siftin' the lies out o' the noospaper yarns, w'ich I'm mighty sorry fur, ez I wanted ter give ye the true bizeness. We're heavy on excitements down here, an' w'en we don't hev nothin' else to occypy our time we git up a little flurry in stocks. Grant comin' ez he did was mighty lucky fur some o' the small fry sardines o' Pine Street an' Poverty Alley, 'cause ye see nigh three weeks hed gone by sence the 'lection, an' three weeks is a dog's age in Frisco; so ez ther wasn't likely to be anythin' more excitin' 'n a skippin' rope match atween two school gals, or a limp an' go fetch it walkio' match, the insides was jest on the pint o' givin' the chambermaids and milliners a chance to unload the'r half dollars into the sharks' mouths. Grant comin' ez he did knocked thet little game galley west an' crooked, 'cause ye see Frisco can't ride two horses at once, an' it hez got so thet stocks ain't deuce high w'en ther's anythio' else in the wind. I reckon Phil Raglin was purty mad thet Grant stepped in an' beat the stock deal racket. He'd made up his mind to raise enough out o' Ophir to make the gran' *passear* to Europe. Bill, w'en ye come down to the Bay you jest put up at the Palace Tavern. Them niggers 'll make ye feel puffecly at home ez long ez ye ken stan' the high pressure prices they charges fur boardin' and lodgin'. Why, ol' son, the City Hotel in Sonora wouldn't make a decent clothes closet fur one o' the bedrooms in this yer house, an' I b'lieve they'd hist yer Court House up to the top story in the cage o' the slidin' machine. I'm goin' ter stay 'round here some time, an ef any o' the boys wants anythin' jest tell 'em ter chip, an' I'll ante. Ask the widder ter send aloog a sample o' the kind o' cloth thet suits her complexion best, an' I'll see thet some o' the wimmen folks stoppin' in the tavern matches it fur her. Tell her expense ain't no object ez long's it'll spruce her up a bit, and make her look a little like these Frisco nobs. Don't furgit ter send yer letters to the Palace Tavern, so they'll be brought to me by a nigger on a tin plate. Yer ol' pard,

JIM SNAGGLEBY.

N. B.—Ther's more dips, spurs, an' angles in this yer tavern 'n ther' is to the mother lode of Tuolumne. It's notbin' but shutes, stopes, an' cross cuts, from the top levels to the bed rock. I've made a map o' the place, so's I won't git lost, 'cause ye see I don't want to trouble those niggers all the time.

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No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### September Fifteenth.

The Law's appointed season run,
Once more the sportsman's bosom thrills—
With eager dog and trusty gun
Again to climb the sunny hills.

Far from the busy city's moil
What happy days in sport are spent—
How dear the joys of manly toil,
Full rich in health and sweet content!

How swift the quail on whirring wings
To 'scape the hurtling missiles fly;
Here, from the close, a covey springs,
There, in the open, scattered lie.

Old "Dash" has caught the streaming scent;
Mark how he stiffens every joint!
Fore foot in air, neck sidewise bent,
He settles staunchly to his point.

Well done, good friend; 'twas fairly shot;
And when we each have bagged our score,
Snug in some cool and shady spot
We'll smoke and view the landscape o'er.

September's sun in brown and gold
Has painted all the circling hills,
And purple shadows manifold
Each deep ravine with beauty fills.

'Tis passing fair, the face of earth,
From where yon mountain cleaves the sky;
Like dimples in the cheek of mirth
Below the smiling valleys lie.

Ye who in search of riches haste
May hold such simple pleasures vain;
Ye see not well who see but waste
In following St. Hubert's train.

To him who seeks her ample store,
Old Mother Nature bares her breast:
And while he cons her bounties o'er
She yields him comfort, peace, and rest.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. GEO. CHISMORE.

### To Louise S——.

Amid a bank of glowing flowers
I spied a gem of wondrous grace;
But yet, perverse, I plucked the buds,
And lost the gleaming jewel's trace.

And now the flowers faded lie;
And now the jewel's light, so rare,
Gleams out within your misty eyes,
And shines upon your lips so fair.

I pray thee, love, to once forgive,
And share thy gem, so sweet, with me;
Then lover ne'er shall prove so true
As will this truant heart to thee!

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. SIGNA.

### A Picture.

A little maid, with sweet brown eyes,
Upraised to mine in sad surprise;
I held two tiny hands in mine,
I kissed the little maid farewell.
Her cheeks to deeper crimson flushed,
The sweet shy glances downward fell;
From rosy lips came—ah! so low—
"I love you—do not go!"

I see it through the lapse of years—
This picture, oftimes blurred with tears.
No tiny hands in mine are held,
No sweet brown eyes my pulses wake—
Only in memory a voice
E'er bids me stay for love's sweet sake.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. MADGE MORRIS.

### To ——.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar
Into the deep blue night,
On the sweet radiance of some special star
That shines supremely bright
My thoughts concentre—all the rest, unrecked,
Their glowing courses run;
Though by a myriad gems the heavens are decked,
To me there is but one.
So I look up into a glorious face,
Into a dark mild eye
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
Clear as a cloudless sky—
Not bright as brooks that o'er the shallows run,
But oh! so pure and deep,
With fathomless serenity of soul,
Like ocean in a sleep.
There may be faces fifty times more fair,
O dear loved friend of mine!
But if there be I neither know nor care—
I am blind to all but thine.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. A. G.

### My Children.

I have no child to lisp "mamma" with infant tongue,
No baby lambs so many, many flocks among,
That I may gather in my empty arms, and take
Within my loving heart for love's dear sake.
But sometimes when the falling darkness veils the light
Fair forms are visioned to my longing mother-sight,
And soft sweet voices whisper, shadowy arms my neck entwine—
They are spirits of the children that on earth should have been mine.

They never wayward are, nor vex with naughty ways,
As earthly children sometimes do with rude and noisy plays,
But round my chair they cluster, to my yearning knees they cling,
With spirit feet that patter, and hands that sweet tears bring.
Their clinging fingers press my brow, my trembling lips, my cheek,
As though the mother-love they sure must miss they fain on earth would seek;
And then I close my mortal eyes, and with my soul I see
The shining, shadowy children that come trooping unto me.

And one there is, a noble boy, with bright, yet grave, dark eyes,
Whose presence ever fills me with a new and glad surprise.
And could I but have called him from the home in which he lives
He would have been to my old age the son that comfort gives.
A little fair-haired daughter lays her head upon my breast,
And I sing a songless lullaby till she droops to shadowy rest.
Then the host of dear heart-children bid me one by one good-night,
As I take my mortal vision and shut them out of sight.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. KATE HEATH.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Balaudet, than whom there is nobody more close-fisted, has to fight a duel, and begs one of his friends to act as his second.

"Certainly," replies his friend; "but before we go out you'll have to deposit the money to foot the breakfast bill. It would be just like you to get killed so as to avoid paying it."

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"What is the matter, Alfred? What do you find so interesting in the river that you stare at it so fixedly?"

"My wife is in bathing, and took a dive from that boat out there; and she has been under such a time that I'm getting uneasy."

"How long has she been under?"

"About two hours—it wasn't quite three o'clock when she went in."

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An Italian and a Greek are discussing the glories of their respective fatherlands.

"Greece is the boss-country," exclaims the Grecian; "it was from Greece that all the sages and philosophers came—wasn't it?"

"It was; all the sages and philosophers came from Greece, and so you haven't had any since."

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Pressed by a pitiless creditor, into whose hands a note for 2,000 francs has fallen, a hapless debtor goes to a friend and tries to borrow the sum.

"What is this Shylock's first name?" says the friend.

"I don't know him from Adam, except by his dress; he's some stranger who has bought my note."

"And you would, to fill the pockets of a bloated and total stranger, rob a friend you have known since boyhood! Ah, Pierre, I never thought that you would stoop to such a thing."

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They were talking of Mme. X., a brilliant and dashing woman.

"She is going the pace," said Jules Sandeau. "I'd like to know at whose expense all this is."

"At the expense of her own reputation," said Emile Angier.

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A veteran who fought at Austerlitz gazes from his military medal of St. Helena to the portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte that hangs above his chimney-piece, and says, with tears in his eyes:

"Alas, my emperor, that thou shouldst have died a captive in a distant island too soon to have an opportunity of wearing this decoration! For, truly, if ever a man had a right to the St. Helena medal, thou wert that man."

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The young artist's actuals:

A youth most genteel presents himself at one of our great painters, a canvas in the hand, demanding him the honor to be admitted in his workshop.

"Well," says the master, "behold there a sample I suppose of that which you know to make in this moment?"

"Yes, master."

"I do not see not well that which that is—would—you me it explain?"

"It is—a rough draft of an idea for a sketch."

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A tradesman of the Naturalistic school has added to the customary signs "Ici on parle Français," "English spoken," "Se habla Español," etc., the following "On jaspine argot:"

SLANG SLUNG.

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Once upon a time when Dumas *père* was short of cash he wrote to a certain millionaire asking for the loan of some money for a few months. The letter was an extremely characteristic one, and ended with a charming little *rondeau*, half jest, half seriousness. Indeed it was such a clever production that the banker sagely concluded that its author was not to be trusted with money, and promptly and curtly declined to make the proposed investment.

At dinner that night several of the banker's guests happened to be discussing a recent sale of autographs, and mentioned the almost fabulous prices brought by familiar notes of Hugo, Lamartine, Guizot, and Gautier.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the millionnaire, "that things of that sort have any value—money value?"

"Certainly they have," replied one of his guests, who was a collector; "a good autograph such as I have mentioned is worth its weight in bank bills any day."

"How much is this worth?" said the banker, taking Dumas' letter from his pocket.

"I'll give you a hundred francs for it this instant," said the collector, with enthusiasm, after reading it.

"Done!" said the banker; and with a pitying smile he pocketed the money for the letter to which a few hours before he had returned a contemptuous refusal.

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A sculptor had sent a marble Venus to some international exhibition or other, and when it had reached its destination, lo! one of the hands had been knocked off. The furious artist brought suit against the railroad company for damages, and the judge (who was the brother of the railroad company's president) decided as follows:

"If a work of art is one of transcendental merit its value is not impaired by mutilation. Thus, the Venus of Milo, though both arms have been broken off, is nevertheless of priceless worth. (Ruskin IV., 11-44; Matt. Arnold, S. T. 1860, X., *et seq.*) On the other hand, a statue of a commonplace and inferior character is robbed of most of its value by such an accident. It remains for the artist, therefore, to aid the court in appraising the value of his statue.

"Oh, the statue!" said the artist, hungrier for gain than for glory; "the statue didn't amount to much—it was what you have called a commonplace and inferior piece of work—in fact, I may say it was almost worthless."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Judge, "the plaintiff swears that his statue was almost worthless, consequently I will allow him 5 francs damages, which, on his own showing, is very [illegible] the judgment not to carry costs. I thought I had his way. Call the next case."

## TWO NITROGENS.--AN OLEMA ROMANCE.

### I.

I can tell a lie, but I can not tell a story. These two arts are distinctive. On this occasion I shall use neither of them, but tell you the simple truth. My tale will be disjointed; it will have none of the telling effects of the natural story-teller. There will be a dearth of word-painting and an excess of facts.

Olema is slow, stupid, and sleepy. It has one hotel, one school-house, one country store, and oceans of dust. A couple of summers ago a shotgun arrived at a farm house near Olema. It was one of the new style Greener that load at the breech. Among the numerous accoutrements were myself and dog. These were of the old style that load at the muzzle, and they were also Greener—than most accoutrements.

I have read of places where the quail were so thick that they injured the grain, and the farmers paid for their destruction. Reader, Olema is *not* that place. The quail that I shot was not thick at all; it was a thin one, and would have died from natural causes had I not found it on the ninth day out. I tramped the hills of Marin County with dogged determination and seven pounds of cartridges. The farm-house folk used to smile in a very aggravating way when, day after day, I came in empty handed, and show me a big string of game that one of the farm hands had knocked over between sunset and dark. But when my friend, Luther French, came up from the city, the palm of bad shooting passed from me to him. He shot one blackbird in four days.

"You see," said Luther to me as we lay under a tree one sweltering day, "I have never really hunted since I killed that bird for fear of committing a murder. The hunters are thicker than game. I was down the road here a-piece, and spent fifteen minutes creeping up on a lovely hen that had strayed from its flock, when just as I was about to pull another chap quietly stepped out of the brush, and fixed my bird with much nonchalance and a breech-loader. We were in a direct line, and the No. 8 shot rattled about me in disgusting proximity. He made it all right, however; he carried good cognac, and this is one of his cigars."

I laughed heartily as Luther went on to tell how he had spent the succeeding days in hunting glasses of milk at the farmer houses to the exclusion of other game.

And so we lolled in the dreamy heat of the day, telling yarns and swapping fabrications. Suddenly a strange sound caused us both to start. It was a female voice raised in song. This misery of the city becomes an acceptable pleasure in a delicious country glen. Besides, the voice was musical; the air was *not Pinafore*.

"Game!" whispered Luther.

"A deer," said I, the bad joke being entirely lost in the excitement of the moment, for we were crawling toward the singer. It was in the shade, the grass was green and damp, and did not betray our presence.

Ye gods, but it was a pretty sight!

On a log that crossed the brook sat a young girl, a decided blonde, with sea-shell pink on her cheeks, and eyes of deepest blue—a picture fair to look upon. And here was where the romance began. She was engaged in two occupations; the first was singing, and the second was—nothing more nor less than dipping her two pretty feet in the water. She had laid aside her shoes and stockings, and was enjoying the cool solitude like one who feels herself entirely alone.

Luther looked at me and drew a long breath, and I looked at Luther and drew a longer one. My instincts as a gentleman impelled me to turn away immediately, but something unaccountable on such occasions held me stationary. I remember but one line of her song—

"Oh, many a time when I'm sad at heart,"

but it was a low, sweet melody. Luther seemed entranced. A feeling of uneasiness crept over me, and I drew my friend reluctantly away.

"Is she not lovely?" he whispered, as we picked up our guns.

The careless fellow looked quite sober. Just then a flock of quail whirred out of the bushes, and in the flurry of dropping a bird, which each swore was his, we forgot the water nymph. But I guess she haunted Luther a little.

### II.

That night our host informed us he was to have company, and looked to us for their entertainment. We took a turn at the pump, used the one comb and brush the placed afforded, and were ready to "entertain." They came after dark, about a dozen or fifteen in all. country lads and bouncing lasses. Among them was one demure little girl, whose manner at once proclaimed her city bred. She was Miss Ethel Layton, the new school-mistress at Bolinas. The instant she took off a cunning little hood (they call them "fascinators") Luther and I exchanged a quick glance, for who should it be but the maid of the brook!

Here the romance continued. The evening was passed in desultory chatting and harmless little games, and would have been quite tiresome but for the vivacious school-marm. Her eyes, deep blue by day, changed into lovely violet by night, and I saw, with no small interest, that they were fast going to the head of my friend, Luther. I enjoyed this the more from the fact that my chum was extremely unimpressionable; he rarely met one of the other sex that caused him to look twice. All evenings come to an end.

From my point of observation I had drawn the conclusion that Miss Layton was rather conceited, certainly affected, yet with a sweet, intelligent way about her I had to admit. As we got into bed I tried to make Luther talk about her, but that usually loquacious fellow would not commit himself. He felt he was vanquished, and seemed a little ashamed and a little defiant.

Next day he hunted up Bolinas way instead of toward Olema. The next day the same. When supper was being discussed that night, our host, a young man our own age, innocently remarked that he believed the quail were very thick near the school-house. This was a signal for a volley of chaffing, which Luther stood pretty well, though he colored a little.

The next event that disturbed our quiet, delightful, country life was a "social" at Olema. We changed woolen shirts for "biled" ones, the farm hands fairly emptied a bottle of oil on our heads, we piled in the wagon, and away we went.

Miss Layton was there, looking bewilderingly pretty in a subdued evening dress, that showed to immense advantage among the toilets about her. Her form was petite and plump, a rare refinement was with her always. I could not blame Luther, who waded in farther than ever; but, if I am any judge, he got no nearer to his object. She treated him with an air which said, "I perceive your devotion, but, alas, am too high above you to do more." Poor fellow! As we took the stage next morning for San Francisco—I back to my law office, and he to his bookkeeper's desk—he confided to me that he had been bold enough to ask her to write to him!

With my idea of the lady, I was aghast at his presumption.

"What did she say," I inquired.

"Told me to write first, and she would answer it if she saw fit," said he, confidently.

"Bet you four dollars she don't answer it!"

"Take it," said he quietly, and we shook hands.

### III.

I am a generous man, if a lawyer can be such. I tried to help Luther win my four dollars. When he had written his letter, he brought it to me, as had been agreed upon.

I read it through carefully; then I tore it in two.

"Now," said I, checking his expostulations, "go and write as though you were *not* head and ears in love with this girl. She has seen that already, and putting it on paper is like tiresome repetition to her. Write in an easy tone of persiflage, on indifferent subjects; this will lead her to think she was mistaken in the impression she made. Curiosity alone will then cause her to answer your letter."

I know not what he wrote; he mailed it without my seeing it.

Ten days elapsed, during which time I offered to let him off for three dollars. His faith held out, however, and one day at lunch he handed me a letter, saying: "Read that, and give me four dollars."

I paid the bet at once, and then read the following letter, the sentiments of which will apply, I think, to more young men than Luther:

OLEMA, August 21st, 1877.

MR. LUTHER FRENCH:—Your letter dated August 9th was received here last Saturday, before one of the "Sociables" you seem to enjoy so much. I was thus enabled to give your message to Mr. R. without delay. I presume you will give me credit for as great an amount of the quality called "cheek" as you possess when you have finished this letter. But, although a total stranger, I am going beyond the bounds our short acquaintance prescribes; I am going to treat you as an old friend. In other words, I am about to have a serious talk with you upon a serious subject. Luther French, you are conceited, and you know it. There are many extenuating circumstances, to be sure. You have been a sort of a pet among the ladies from your earliest remembrance; you are possessed of sufficient physical advantages to render you attractive to the young of both sexes, and you have a large fund of animal spirits. These are your excuses. I ask you, are they sufficient for you to let the man in you lie dormant, to gradually weaken from want of care, cultivation, and exercise, until it becomes a thing of the past, and you suddenly awake to find yourself either a flirt, a fop, or both? Did you ever realize, Mr. French, that that was the end whither you were drifting? Only think, a man of your talent and abilities to become a mere cypher, a mere nothing, *one of the nitrogen of the true social atmosphere* toward which the world is slowly tending. True, there must be a negative element, but leave that to the negative minded. Just think a minute about your life during the past few years!! What have you done that has elevated and ennobled your mind and character? I do not know, of course, but have you not lived a butterfly life, flitting from flower to flower, and hovering the most lovely in the garden with your preference? Do you read?—do you study?—so as to make yourself truly attractive to your lady acquaintance? Do you know that, from your conversation the night of the sociable, I should have thought you very shallow had I not caught little glimpses of the making of a man beneath. My object in writing this letter is to fan that spark into a flame, otherwise I am afraid your letter would have been answered by a long pause. Confess that you were mistaken in me. My paper is coming to an end, as is also the evening, so I must close this lecture, desiring you to believe me sincerely

Your friend and well-wisher, ETHEL LAYTON.

I must say this letter astonished me. I had imagined her the very butterfly she accused Luther of being. She here showed herself a true little woman, and a good student of human nature, for she had described my friend to a nicety. As for him, this letter changed the whole man. He dropped his fast habits—not all at once, but as soon as weak flesh would let him.

"Do you read? Do you study?" He did both, and lived on the Bolinas letters meanwhile. Luther was a pleasant and magnetic talker; without being profound, his conversation was charming. I quietly subsided when he was near, for I stood no show. But with the pen it was different; he chewed the end of it, he stabbed his hair with it, but the ideas would not flow; and so it came to pass that I dictated his letters to the woman he loved. It was not hard to answer such letters as hers. How they glowed with rich thought, pure sentiment, and noble principles! The most commonplace man in the world could not help but have been raised to a brighter consciousness by their contents.

The correspondence progressed.

Miss Layton began, though very slowly at first, to show signs of capitulation, and the temperature of her letters visibly increased. Luther grew ashamed of having his letters dictated. "She will find it out, and despise me," said he.

Almost on top of these remarks came a letter from her.

"There, I told you," he groaned, handing it over to me. I glanced it over and came to the words:

"From your letters—which, for a man of your age, are wonderful—one would suppose you were an æsthetically cultured man, who had made the most of rare opportunities; from your conversation one would hardly imagine you had gone through the common schools with your eyes open."

I rolled this morsel under my tongue; I chuckled secretly. It was sweet to think that this woman could such pay tribute to the letters of a seedy lawyer.

That night, when we were answering her letter together, I was so unusually warm and enthusiastic that Luther looked up in surprise, saying:

"Well, one would think *you* were in love with Miss Layton!"

"So they would," said I, laughing it off, and stooping to pick up something, for I could not meet the earnest, searching gaze of his eyes.

It was a fact. I loved her with an intensity that made his feeling for her seem puny to me in comparison. For months the correspondence which she unknowingly carried on with me had been my sole source of happiness. And here was Luther, wooing her with my words, with my thoughts, with my soul, to which hers answered with a responsive warmth that bid me gather courage. And here was where the romance grew interesting to all three of us.

### IV.

When the winter rains came to Bolinas I lost my position as dictator, as Miss Layton came to the city. This dropped me out of the romance altogether, for if I was not dictator I was not anything. Luther went to see her very often, while I minded my own business, and grew sallow and miserable over his ardent success. Once I called on her with him, because I was hungry for a sight of her face. Indifference is worse than hate. I never went again. She was plainly making a life matter of it with Luther, and me she evidently regarded as his quite stupid friend. Even in that one visit it was galling to hear her say, "as you said in your last letter," etc., and then allude to some conception that she and I had wrought out together. Poor Luther writhed under this deception; yet how could he help being happy?

Then there came danger. Luther's firm had a client in Portland, Oregon, who had failed, and the affair needed looking after. So the happy lover was sent up the coast. The very day he sailed I met Miss Layton on the street. Of course, a polite bow was all my portion, but even that set my heart beating. "Now," thought I with an interior grin, "he will have to write his own letters, and there will be a disclosure."

Soon after this I received a letter from Luther, directing me to return a book, *One Summer*, that he had borrowed, with a message, that I could not avoid delivering in person. This necessitated a visit, which otherwise would never have been made. I now came into the romance again; my cheek had color once more.

I shall never forget that visit. Miss Layton—whose voice carried me back to that Olema summer—sang some old German love songs, in a way that convinced me I was hearing music for the first time. Then we talked, talked as I never talked to woman before. I must have argued this case from my heart; you can judge how indiscreet I was, when she burst forth with:

"Mr. Middlehoff, it is very strange, but there has been one thought impressing itself on me this whole evening."

"What may it be?" I asked.

She regarded me deliberately a moment before she answered:

"That you talk exactly as your friend Mr. French writes," said she, slowly.

"Is it possible?" I remarked, holding my countenance; "well, that is to be expected from our constant interchange of ideas. You see Luther and I have roomed together so much, that we are almost 'one,' as the minister says." And I laughed a light laugh.

But my sallow cheek had gained in color, and I felt guilty and ill at ease.

"It is certainly remarkable," she said, turning over some music. "Oh, here is the galop I was looking for; I will play it for you."

That night, at parting, she frankly expressed the pleasure derived from my visit, and sent me away with my head swimming, more in love than ever. On my table I found a letter that had been sent up from the office late in the afternoon. It was from Luther, enclosing one from the lovely girl I had just left. He desired me to answer it for him, and, being in the mood, I sat right down and wrote a letter to Miss Ethel Layton (Luther copyist) around the corner, by way of Portland! This was the first of many. Miss Layton was a devout Swedenborgian; we engaged in an analytical discussion (by letter) of the simple, yet beautiful, principles of this faith.

Thus things progressed for some time; sometimes writing to her, sometimes calling on her; enjoying both, like pleasure that is stolen. On my second visit to Miss Layton I had been introduced to her elderly sister, Martha Layton, a brilliant woman, of lithe and willowy form, but not so attractive as her sister, from the fact that a large hair mole filled a prominent position on her nose. This lady was invariably present at all our interviews, and also seemed to take a lively interest in me—two facts I sometimes wondered at.

One day I had a conscience-stroke—a rare thing in lawyers. What would come of all this deception? Luther was deceiving Miss Layton; I was deceiving both, for Luther did not dream of my being in love. I wrote to him, explaining matters. I said I should win her if I could. "So, old boy," I wrote, "you better come home right away and settle the matter beyond my interference, for I shall make no move, I promise you, until you arrive."

I had scarcely mailed this before I received a note from Miss Layton. It read:

"Will Mr. Middlehoff kindly call on Miss Layton to-morrow evening, on a matter of business."

Now, this was too annoying. I could not go. That would be a "move." Business? What business could she possibly have with me? Knowing her innate delicacy, I felt that she must have called on me in an emergency that had suddenly arisen. This thought made it all the harder to keep my promise. I wrote:

"Mr. Middlehoff regrets deeply that it impossible for him to see Miss Layton to-morrow evening, for a reason, which, if known to her, she would extol, but which at present can not be explained.

This I sent, hoping it would not offend.

Luther arrived a few days later. Our meeting was a little constrained—we both felt it was a trying time for our friendship.

"You go to-night?" said I.

"Yes, to-night," he answered, quietly.

I awaited his return in our room. I lit a cigar, threw up the window, and looked out on a delicious moonlight evening. The very season to ask the vital question, to plead the great cause. Probably I was more agitated than ever before in my life, but it was a still excitement, and I was quite calm. There was no doubt of his success—my misery. I know not how long I had been musing, when I heard footsteps on the stairs that were certainly Luther's. I looked at my watch. He had been gone but twenty minutes! He

came in with haggard face and crushed look, that made me pity him from my heart. No need to ask how it was.

"She wants to see you," said he, at last, with an apparent effort.

"Go, go," he continued, as I hesitated, "she sent *me* for *you*."

I waited no longer, but seized my hat, and almost flew to Miss Layton's. She received me alone, the first time since my initial visit. She was very beautiful. I could feel my my heart beat against my arm.

"Mr. Middlehoff," she began, quite calmly, though she was a trifle pale, "I was sorry you could not call the other evening, as I was compelled to intrust the business I spoke of to another lawyer, a stranger to me. The truth is," she continued, now blushing rosily, "I am about to be married, and it was in regard to some settlements on my mother, that I wished your advice. Never mind," said she, stopping my explanation, "it is of no consequence now—but there is another matter I owe you an apology about—and that is, for copying those letters my sister wrote to you through poor Mr. French. The first evening you called on me I saw the deception you two gentlemen had practiced, and out of a mean spirit of revenge, and very unladylike in me, I asked Martha to write you those letters."

Amidst all the contending emotions that struggled in my mind at this moment, I smiled a ghastly smile as I remembered the midnight oil I had burned writing to her of the hair mole.

"Can you forgive me and congratulate me?" asked Miss Ethel, with an alluring smile, in which I thought there was much mischief.

I know not what I said or did; I was too deeply interested to see the humorous side of it, so I got out of the house someway, and back to "poor Mr. French." He sat just as had left him, the picture of despair.

"Never mind," old fellow, said I, slapping him on the shoulder. "We are now *two nitrogens of the true social atmosphere*." And here the romance ended.

But that does not prevent my wife having a hair mole on her nose, does it?" JOHN C. CHALMERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879.

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### Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Ce qui fait que la plupart des époux vivent si rarement d'accord entr'eux, c'est que les hommes se marient d'ordinaire pour faire une fin, tandis que les femmes ne songent au contraire qu'à faire un commencement.—*Adrien Dupuy.*

L'amour est une folie dont la durée ne dépend pas de nous. On ne raisonne pas avec son cœur: on le brise ou on lui cède.—*P. Rochepèdre.*

C'est en vain de l'amour que nos cœurs se défendent:
L'amour est l'océan où tous les cœurs se rendent.

Le malheur de ceux qui ont aimé est de ne rien trouver qui remplace l'amour.—*Rochebrune.*

Une demoiselle, piquée de la façon dont elle était repoussée par son amant à qui elle proposait de l'épouser, lui dit:

—Vous êtes l'homme le plus sot du monde.

—Vous voyez le contraire, répartit le jeune homme, puisque je ne vous épouse pas.

Depuis le commencement de siècles, la mort a fait verser des larmes que le temps a essuyées. Les maris les plus fidèles ont conduit leurs femmes dans le cercueil, sans y entrer; et les femmes les plus constantes on enseveli leurs maris, sans les suivre dans leur tombeau.—*Mme. de Sartory.*

Beaucoup de femmes se plaignent d'être mal mariées, et dans leur infortune, elles en accusent leurs parents. Mais elles ont tort, en vérité, car enfin, dit la poète:

On ne peut trainer les filles à l'autel,
Et leur faire épouser de force tel ou tel;
Elles ont bien assez d'intelligence en somme,
Pour savoir dire un non, ne voulant pas d'un homme.
—*Ponsard.*

Jeune, on est riche de tout l'avenir que l'on rêve; vieux, on est pauvre de tout le passé qu'on regrette.—*P. Rochepèdre.*

Blâmer une jeune fille d'être amoureuse est aussi ridicule que de lui reprocher d'être malade.—*Duclos.*

En amour, rien ne sèche plus vite une larme qu'un baiser. —*Adolphe Ricard.*

Quand nous sommes las d'aimer, nous sommes bien aises qu'on nous devienne infidèle pour nous dégager de notre fidélité.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Il n'est pas de femme si fidèle qui n'ait cessé de l'être au moins par la pensée.—*Diderot.*

Madame G. était à vingt cinq ans une jolie femme, mais elle avait une mauvaise tête, et son mari souffrait beaucoup de sa méchante humeur. Un jour, comme il s'en plaignait devant un de ses amis: —Vous êtes injuste, mon cher, lui répliqua son confident, les femmes sont la plus belle moitié du monde et la vôtre est charmante entre toutes.—Je n'en discouviens pas, répondit M. G., mais de cette moitié si belle, je voudrais bien cependant n'avoir que la moitié.

C'est un précieux trésor pour l'homme qu'une femme qui l'aime. Il n'y a point de cœur d'où l'amour tombe de plus haut, à flots plus larges et plus pressés que du cœur de la femme. La tendresse n'a point de source plus profonde, le dévouement n'a pas d'abandons plus sublimes, le sacrifice n'a pas d'actes plus saints et plus complets que chez elle.—*Sainte-Foix.*

Le premier bonheur que puisse donner l'amour, c'est le premier serrement de main de la femme qu'on aime.

Le jaloux passe sa vie à la recherche d'un secret dont la découverte détruit sa félicité.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—V.

In my last I inadvertently omitted a description of the most noteworthy landmark on the old Mission Road—"The Grizzly," a small one-story white building (located on what is now the corner of Mission and Potter Streets), behind two or three large oak trees, to one of which was chained the huge bear that gave the place its name. There was also a large swinging sign-board with a villainously executed something, supposed to represent the embodiment of hair and claws, and the simple legend, "The Grizzly." Here the pioneer generally stopped for a drink before he reached the "Nightingale"—paying therefor the exorbitant price of four bits. Mrs. Grizzly, as the good landlady was called, charged what she pleased for everything. In fact, she had made a "corner" in rum and groceries, and the neighbors were forced to patronize her, for there was no grocery nearer than Third Street, and the omnibus only passed once an hour. She was clever enough to see this, and knew that it would cost more to ride to Third Street and back than one would lose in buying her wares; so she generally added fares each way to every bill of goods valued above a dollar. "The Grizzly" remained upon this spot until settlers in the neighborhood were as plenty as blackberries. Believing that she had a future, and that society would scarcely overlook the fact that she had once kept a tavern, Mrs. Grizzly sold the place for double its value. With this money, combined with that which her husband had made in a lucrative business in town, she started on a prosperous career. I have seen her often of late, but am afraid to tell you who she is. I am afraid to give you the name of the lady who used to chase me with a stick for calling her "Mrs. Grizzly," for her husband is a stalwart individual, besides being a jolly good fellow. It is not always pleasant to recall the honest, though scarcely orthodox, occupation of the past to a lady whose husband controls thousands of mining shares, who rides in a carriage, and wears a seal-skin ulster. Then it would not interest the children of to-day, in pin-backs and broadcloth, to remind them that there is a man who knew them when they wore faded gingham pinafores, and lived in a single room at the back of "The Grizzly." The past, however, if respectable, is not thrown in one's face much in this democratic country of ours, so long as the pathway of the present is paved with standard dollars and double eagles. Why should it be? There is still another stray recollection of the old Mission Road, recalled to mind by an old newspaper scrap that has just been handed me. It furnishes a fair example of Steve Massett's wit, which in the old days was proverbial. You will remember the noted Limantour claim, which embraced pretty much all the outside lands of the city, including that of Massett, who wrote to Limantour as follows:

PIPESVILLE, near a large marsh right by the bridge,
MISSION STREET YELLOW COTTAGE, SAN FRANCISCO.

MY DEAR SIR:—The state of mind to which I am driven by the confirmation by the Land Commission of your claim to all the lands running from the Bay of Biscay to Point Lobos on the north and to Mason's and Dixon's line in the south, may be by you conceived, but certainly not described by me; and I take the earliest opportunity to state my case, calling your attention first to my "Abstract of Title," which, though being rather complicated and entirely unintelligible to myself, may be sufficiently "satisfactory" (as the noble order E Clampsus Vitus gentlemen observe) to induce you to respect my claim.

| | |
|---|---|
| ADAM AND EVE to CAIN, ABEL & CO. | Deed dated 1st April, 02. Recorded Liber A, Page (Bacon & Co.) Consideration, a good deal. |

James Grants, bargains, sells, and confirms, all that uncertainp iece, parcel or lot of land, situate, lying, and being in the City of San Francisco. Describing the same by long and shore metre.

| | |
|---|---|
| CAIN, ABEL & CO. to GEORGE WASHINGTON. | Deed dated 1776. Never Recorded. Consideration, the U. S. |
| GENERAL SANTA ANNA to THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. | Deed (of blood) dated 1846. Recorded in history. Consideration $78,650,987,559.05. |

Grants, bargains, sells the whole of Oregon, California (including Pipesville, mind that), Rincon Point, Mission Dolores, and the Pueblo: commencing wherever the United States commences, and ending where it ends. City and county taxes all paid.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES to B. F. STERETT. | Deed dated 1852. Recorded in Liber B, p 159. Consideration, $ (a large sum.) |
| B. F. STERETT to JEEMES PIPES. | Deed dated January, 1854. Recorded in Liber D, p. 199. Consideration $. |

Hoping the above abstract will, with the assistance of Doctor Watts, enable you to "read my title clear," I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE.

You will doubtles be surprised when I tell you that there were more suburban places of resort then than now. Not that there was more demand for the article then—perish the thought—but there were more places to put them, and you were not forced to go to Oakland, Seal Rock, or San Bruno. First there was Volks' Garden, on Second Street, near Folsom, which was the most convenient of all, and liberally patronized by those who sighed for an hour of shade, made cooler by copious draughts of the national beverage of Germany. "The Volks" was not strictly confined to revels at the shrine of Gambrinus, for it used to be a favorite picnic ground. Now upon the same spot John Wieland manufactures lager beer. A more famous resort was Russ Garden, which was away over on Harrison Street, I think, between Fourth and Fifth. It was on a level spot of swampy ground shaded by willows, and was approached, by a long, muddy lane, the continuation of Fourth Street. There were groves with plenty of tables and benches, a restaurant, and a large circular pavilion. The proprietor was German, of course. On Sundays it was devoted to concerts, gymnastic performances, and beer drinking, and on other days was considered the most available spot for Sunday-school picnics. That place is a green spot in my memory, for there I attended my first picnic, and played my first game of Copenhagen. I shall never forget how my bosom swelled with pride when I told the folks at home my hand had been slapped forty-two times, and only one girl "got away from me." Russ Garden was soon dwarfed by the opening of a larger and more elaborate resort on the County Road beyond the Mission, in another swampy grove of willows, from which it took its name. Modern geography would locate it between Mission and Valencia, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. If the impression "The Willows" made upon my youthful mind has not prejudiced my memory, there was more varied entertainment there than at any resort of the present day. There was no mammoth pavilion, conservatory, bear pit, picture gallery, aquarium, and zoographicon. But there was a large hotel, a theatre, duck pond, bowling alley, menagerie, and a dense thicket with a labyrinth of walks leading into shaded nooks, where lovers could "spoon" and drink beer unseen by the prying eyes of an inquisitive public. You can't do that in Woodward's Gardens. This was a great resort for the youngsters, for ordinarily there was no price charged for admission to the gardens, and we generally could manage to "steal a peep" at whatever entertainment was going on, especially if it was in a tent. Of course we were often subjected to the ignominy of discovery and ejectment, but what punishment will not a boy of spirit submit to rather than miss the excitement of crawling under the canvas to see a show. A giant never seemed so gigantic, a fat woman so enormous, nor an educated seal so wonderful, as when admission was gained under these circumstances. When the exhibitor would take a disgustingly unmarketable fish in his mouth, feed the seal with it, and then kiss him, I looked upon the exhibition as an instructive exemplification of the *Origin and Descent of Man*, but I sickened and turned away whenever it became necessary to submit to the rule of "Children, half price." Who then can deny that "stolen sweets are sweetest?" We have no such resort nowadays. Everybody used to go there. There was pigeon shooting, rifle shooting, turkey and chicken shooting, and, on extraordinarily exciting occasions, man shooting. This last mentioned pastime, however, was never indulged in during Sunday-school picnics—that is, har—— for which it was eminently qualified. There were all kinds of swings and games, carrousel horses, pop-corn stands, the molasses candy man, and a generous open space for "Copenhagen," and "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows." And if we could escape the surveillance of our Sunday-school teacher, there was every convenience for the purchase of cigarettes, so that we could get somewhere out of the line of vision, try to smoke them, make ourselves ill, and wish that we were dead. I will never forget the first event of this kind, when I went home and told my solicitous *mater* that so and so had blown smoke in my face and made me sick; and I solemnly promised never to play with such an unhallowed boy again. When the long, rainy winter spoken of in my last letter came, "The Willows" became a vast lake where we used to bathe and catch pollywogs, and it took ever so many sand hills and the entire capacity of McCoppin's "Steam Paddy" and dump cars to fill it in. The old Willows Hotel has been transformed into an elegant residence, and though some fifteen or twenty feet higher above the level of the sea than it used to be, it still marks a site of one of the best remembered of the suburban resorts of early days. At the intersection of Fifteenth and Market Streets was another garden, called the Odeum; but that will scarcely live in history. It was one of those places, "admission free," where entertainments of questionable propriety are given, and where, when one goes, he keeps a commendable silence. Great crowds used to go there once upon a time, but it deteriorated rapidly, and at last a just Providence induced an obliging incendiary to set fire to it. Just opposite the entrance to Woodward's Gardens a pretty little street runs toward Howard, and down as far as Folsom. It is inhabited by the very cream of proper people, such as you and I, in contradistinction to those of the old days. This used to be McLaren's Lane, and saving two modest cottages near Mission Street, there was no other habitation until you passed Howard, where "The Abbey" stood. When I state that the name was to us Christians an exasperating misnomer, you will readily understand that it was not exactly the place where a fellow could pass an instructive and proper hour after church on a Sunday. Let us draw a veil—the less said the better. Besides I don't know much to say, for I always looked to my spiritual welfare of a Sunday—that is, unless I could sneak out of the parlor and successfully scale the back fence. I think I have enumerated most of the well known resorts situated anywhere within the bounds of possibility, unless a fellow could afford to hire a horse and buggy, at fifteen dollars per day. But then when you got it there was scarcely any place to go that could not be as expeditiously reached by an omnibus. The first drive of any note after the Mission road was the Pacific Street plank road. I have before me a newspaper clipping which gushes most effusively over the region through which this road passed, and I am inclined to think that the editor must have owned lots out there somewhere, for, until very recently, I can only rember it as a most barren and uninteresting waste, from Russian Hill to Fort Point. No houses but the dingiest of cottages, no gardens which grew other than cabbages and turnips; not even a tavern deserving the title. And though planks had been laid on the line of the road, it would have taken a Union Pacific snow-plow and half a dozen engines to keep the sand from drifting. After informing his readers that "Nature has doffed her sombre robes like a widow putting off her weeds," telling of the stunning villas and prosperous farms profusely cultivated in the Valley of the Presidio, this delicious humbug says:

"The road is completed to the outside limits of the city, and it is said will, at no distant day, be completed almost to the Presidio. It is so level and well built that it has already become a favorite drive. The road will, no doubt, be continued from the Presidio, past the Mountain Lake Water Company's works"—a dirty pond, full of bugs, frogs, and wrigglers—"over the easily graded sand hills, to the ocean beach."

I can not safely say whether or not such a road was built. At all events we never could find it, for once, upon hearing of the new plank road, we went over there. Upon reaching the bottom of the western slope of Russian Hill, and proceeding a short distance, the road seemed to have taken a strange freak, and run under a sand hill. For the hill was there, white and barren, and seemingly possessed of life, for you could see it move with the naked eye.

CLAY M. GREEN.

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"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they died a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificently healthy country Texas really is."

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An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know [illegible] the most of it is made of fresh air."

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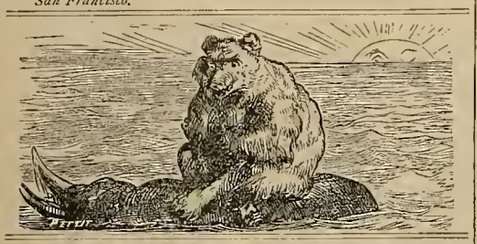

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.*

The reception of General Grant is significant of certain political possibilities that may exercise great influence on the future of this country. It is the first and only occasion, except on decoration days, when Northern and Southern soldiers have come together in full and generous accord. Here and there, around the graves of dead heroes, comrades and mourning friends have mingled their tears and flowers; but we call to mind no such occasion as this, when the better class of Southern politicians and gentlemen—soldiers who tramped to the music of "Dixie's Land," officers who fought under the banner of the Confederate States—burying the resentments and memories of battle days, met and extended to Northern politicians and gentlemen, Northern officers and soldiers, the ungloved hand that symbolizes a real peace. The more marvelous this, perhaps, when we consider that the recipient of this unusual and distinguished honor was the hero of our Northern armies, the great chieftain and leader who with stern and patriotic purpose marshaled an invincible army to conquer and subdue what he believed to be a criminal revolt against the laws of the nation. The secret of this feeling, now broadening into generous expression, lies in the fact of General Grant's magnanimity to a conquered foe. His graceful treatment of General Lee at Appomattox, his reliance upon the honor of Southern soldiers, now comes back to the memory of Confederates, and this return of his from around the world afforded them an opportunity of recognizing and reciprocating his generous conduct. It demonstrates that laying deep down in the nation's heart there is the germ of a patriotism and nationality that will, when the memories of the war are forgotten, blossom in fragrance and fruit into a precious harvest. The preservation of the American Union is, after all, the most sacred and hallowed emotion of the American heart. It will never be destroyed, and now that slavery is abolished it will never again be imperiled by any serious dissension.

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Republican politicians, those who hold office and those who want office; conservative men of the nation, who think they see upon the political horizon the small cloud of agrarian discontent, and who fear that it will grow to overspread the heavens and imperil the republic; impulsive and enthusiastic people, who are grateful to General Grant for his distinguished military services; others who feel grateful that in all his ovations in foreign lands he has maintained the dignity, simplicity, and modesty of an American citizen, are likely to work together in hope to so enthuse the people as to make him a third time candidate for the Presidency. It is possible they may succeed; it is possible that this ovation in San Francisco, so spontaneous and genuine, may set on fire the Northern heart, and sweep from the field of candidacy the crop of political intriguants who are now so industriously hoeing their own rows to the White House. It may be that there will be a demand for General Grant to again lend his name to the party and his services to the country. Many of our Democratic friends, with just the least bit of disingenuousness, affect to admit that his nomination by the Republican party would be of easy attainment, but that his election would not be so easy; and they affect to deplore lest the General should, in the heated struggle of politics, and in the possibilities of a party defeat, imperil the position that is now so universally accorded to him in the hearts of the people. They illustrate how in England the Iron Duke was loved, and honored, and idolized by a grateful people until he took office. And these suggestions are not without force. General Grant has passed the peril of the Presidential office, his mistakes of civil administration have been condoned and forgotten; and whatever may be the opinions of his countrymen as to his civil administration (and they are divided), all classes agree to unite in declaring him the greatest and most honored American if he will remain in the private station. If he consents again to step into the political arena, the nation again divides. Around his name, now so respected and honored, the myriad-tongued press and the myriad-voiced politician will begin to howl and lie. The heavens, now so serene and pure, will again be black with the upheaving of mud volcanoes, Half the men who on Saturday night followed his carriage and acclaimed his praise, will be howling and carrying banners and torches in honor of Sam Tilden. All these kind and generous opinions from Southern men will be turned to resentments, because General Grant will have loaned to a party his name that they now think ought to belong to the whole country. We hope General Grant will not be a candidate. Not because we fear that he will not be elected, for we feel quite assured that he would be; not because we think his would not be a most available name for the Republican party; but because we think General Grant holds a higher position than that of President, and because we think he can be of the highest service to the nation by remaining as the central figure around which all men, Southern and Northern, all local interests, and all the higher and more patriotic sentiments may cluster.

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We would not disturb the policy of the present administration toward the South. It is the policy that alone will lead to a thorough and complete reconstruction. It is the policy that alone will advance the material interests of the South; and, in our judgment, it is the only policy under which the black race may ever hope to live at peace with its white neighbors. We did not favor the policy of military occupation of Southern States, nor the interference of Washington politicians in the domestic concerns of the South. Our sensibilities have never been aroused by what we then and now believe to have been false and exaggerated accounts of oppression to Southern blacks by Southern whites. We have no respect for the bloody shirt, nor the men who wave it. We have no sympathy for the impenitent rebel, nor the irreconcilable Northern patriot. We have always believed, and we now believe—and this demonstration of Southern men and Southern soldiers intensifies our belief—that the non-belligerents, the women and preachers of the South, and the politicians North and South, are the people who are keeping alive the resentments and passions that grew out of the war. The welfare of our country is a higher consideration than any honor that we may confer upon General Grant. And because we believe he can serve his country more efficiently in the private station than in the Presidential office, we hope he may not be dragged from his present honored privacy to the arena of political strife.

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San Francisco's reception of ex-President Grant was a marvelous success. The demonstration upon our bay, and in the brilliantly illuminated and richly decorated streets of our city, was exceptionally imposing. There was an enthusiastic spontaneity and heartiness about it that was never equaled. It seemed as though there was no reserve nor withholding of good feeling upon the part of anybody, unless we except a very small and contemptible faction of the Cork Irish. We were sorry to see the Hibernian Bank so repulsively sullen in its naked and unadorned exterior. We were sorry to know that in the minds of some of our more bigoted fellow-citizens, the Des Moines speech left a rankling sting, and that Cork's ungraceful treatment of our distinguished citizen caused imitators in our city. We were not sorry that Kearney emphasized his blackguardism by a vain endeavor to make himself and his followers more contemptible than we had known them to be. We were especially delighted that the rebel and loyal soldiers could unite to fire their salute from the sand-lot in honor of the city's guest. It was a grand success, however, in spite of Cork Irish and some ultra-Methodist Church people who were in a fidget lest the reception of General Grant should take place on the Sabbath.

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The Methodists, thrusting their opinions somewhat obtrusively into the conduct of a pageant that would have been a great failure if none but that class had been allowed to participate, who think it wrong for God Almighty to permit the winds to blow and the sun to shine upon what they please to style "His holy day," had thrown great confusion into the councils of the committee by protesting against any display on Sunday. It had been determined, if the *Tokio* was not signaled till after two o'clock, to defer the demonstration till the following morning. The signal came after three o'clock on Saturday, and while the committee were discussing all the important theological questions involved in catching a mouthful of God's pure ocean breeze, and calculating the direful consequences likely to ensue from welcoming the General back to his native land on the day that God had, through the instrumentality of his winds and waves, brought him to its shores. Boruck and Mr. Montague had, with almost tearful eloquence, portrayed the dreadful blow that such a pageant would prove to the Christian sentiment of the land, and how General and Mrs. Grant would prefer to sneak into the shore without welcome upon a Sabbath morning. Col. Jackson, of the *Post*, was swelling with suppressed eloquence and pious emotion, and would, in a moment more, have demonstrated how the thunders of artillery from booming forts, the clanging music of military bands, and the loud, swelling huzzas from proud and loyal throats, would have risen and mingled their discordant harmony with music of golden harps that are supposed to play around the great white throne with softer melodies on Sunday than any other day. Just as the members of the committee were about to commend themselves to the Methodist vote by declaring that they would allow General Grant to come on shore in the midst of an unorganized mob, the alarm rang out the signal of eleven bells, the cannon thundered, the people took up the cry of "Grant is coming." Ticket-holders rushed to the docks; the committee sprang to its feet; Col. Stephenson's reminiscences of the landing of Columbus in 1492 were interrupted. Bryant thundered out the question, "Shall the celebration go on *now*, if it leads into the night and takes all day Sunday?" Everybody said "Aye;" and the committee determined to head the insurrection that it could not resist.

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So it happened that General Grant's welcome was turned into an impromptu night celebration. It was a success. The display upon the bay was exceedingly grand. The thousands who covered the hills and housetops gave assurance to our distinguished guest that his welcome was something more than a civic demonstration. Arriving at our wharves, he was welcomed by city authority, and all the best among the gentlemen of our State, without class distinction. The streets were thronged with people, a dense and good natured crowd of joyous, well dressed, well behaved men, women and children. The blaze and glare of lights, the clang of bells, the shriek of steam whistles, the unearthly din of that devil's invention called the calliope, the music of bands, the loud cheers of the people, the thronged roadway and sidewalks, the windows filled with happy faces, bonfires, Roman candles, bursting rockets, transparencies, banners, streets in holiday regalia, triumphal arches, military and civic bodies, soldiers of the blue and gray, all gave to the city a fantastic effect, weird and beautiful. We question whether the night celebration was not more of a success than would have been the more formal and decorous observances of a daylight demonstration. Thanks to the Methodists it came off in the night time, and was a success. The kind of success is embodied in a remark of Mrs. Grant to the writer, "that of all the ovations they had ever received this seemed the most spontaneous and hearty." It was genuine enthusiasm, and it affords us pleasure to say that in the midst of such a dense throng, in which there was some want of order, and lack of organization, in all the long parade, from the ferry landing to her hotel, Mrs. Grant did not hear a rude, vulgar, or profane word, nor see a drunken man.

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A question somewhat naturally presents itself in this connection: What shall the nation do with and for its ex-Presidents? In elevating to this, the highest office and most honorable distinction of our country, we deprive the incumbents of the privilege of again returning to professional or business pursuits. They may, or may not, be of sufficient private fortune to sustain the dignity of social position. If poor men, or, like General Grant, of moderate fortune, the position becomes one of embarrassment. To illustrate: General Grant is now a private person, and yet he will from this time forth, so long as he may live, have thrust upon him duties that will be of public and national importance. Wherever he may reside, and wherever he may go, there is upon him the duty of maintaining the dignities that pertain to his great position. Official and distinguished persons will visit him. He can with scarce permissible propriety engage in any money making avocation. Assuredly, the nation that now embraces almost half a hundred million of people, that is in the enjoyment of colossal wealth and unbounded prosperity, will not desire nor permit its most distinguished citizen to languish in impecunious embarrassment. Our system of government provides no pensions for ex-Presidents, and yet demands of them that they live in a style commensurate with the positions they have filled, and will exact of them hospitalities upon a somewhat liberal scale. Illustrating again, the case of ex-President Grant: He has, in his private capacity, received from civic and military authorities abroad and at home the most marked honors. He has been the guest of kings, and accepted the hospitalities of crowned heads. It will be one of the things to do, for all distinguished visitors from abroad upon coming to our country, to pay their respects to our most illustrious citizen. As the years advance, our own people will make pilgrimages to his home. Children, now too young to appreciate his distinguished services, will grow up to desire to make a visit to General Grant. One of the penalties of his greatness is, that so long as he may live he becomes public property, and he will never again be permitted to withdraw into the retiracy of private life. There is a seeming impropriety in creating for him a special place, and giving to him a special pension. Hence the suggestion is made that the Congress of the nation create the position of "Regents of the Smithsonian Institution," with a salary of, say, $25,000 per annum, which the Presidents, upon retiring from office, are entitled to receive as long as they live. We are quite sure that some such provision would meet the approval of the best intelligence and patriotism of our taxpaying people, and that, as a matter of duty to retiring incumbents of the Presidential office, and as appertaining to the honor and dignity of our people, some such law should be enacted.

Little Black-and-Tan Gorham, with his poor little tail between his poor little legs, sits yelping at the door of the Republican kennel at Washington, howling to get back. Like Hart's picture of the terrier on a spree, he has one eye in mourning, and all over his bedraggled and dirty little person is the penitential look of the whipped and beaten cur. True to the false and lying instincts of the race of cowardly mongrels to which he belongs, he declares that a disintegrated Republican party and a campaign devoid of important political issues justified his departure. This is untrue. The issues were well defined. An entire State and municipal government was to be elected. It was starting the State government under a new Constitution, and the city government under a new municipal charter. He was a member of the State Convention. He voted for General Evans for Governor. After he came out he bolted the party because the railroad company, to whom he owed borrowed money and favors, would no longer be blackmailed by him. It was a base and cowardly desertion to the enemy on the eve of battle, because he thought Glenn would be elected and Perkins be defeated. He has won, and deserved, the political contempt of every honest man in California. He is equally despised by the party he betrayed, and the Bilks for whom he vilified and traduced his former party friends. He is a narrow-headed, scheming little political villain, who has but one idea in life, and that is that the world owes him a living, and he must get it in politics. Let the little whelp sit and bay the moon. The Republican party has no further use for Gorham. Washington politicians may have; they may have dirty work to do, but the Republican party of California has no place for Black-and-Tan. The Republican candidate for President to whom he is allowed to attach himself will lose the delegates of California in National Convention.

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There are now, we believe, three first class missions vacant—England, Germany, and Russia. England has recently been supplied by a wealthy and respectable sugar refiner of Philadelphia, who, in the event of any diplomatic complications, would not have been intrusted with breaking the seals of official communications. At Berlin we had—and, if missions are to be preserved at all, very properly had—a traveler and poet, but one who knew nothing of diplomacy or state craft. At St. Petersburg we have a Mr. Stoughton; not knowing him or being advised just who he is or was, we presume he is the author of Stoughton's Bitters—and very excellent bitters they are. We have "a minister plenipotentiary and embassador extraordinary" at the courts of Madrid, where there is nothing to do; at Berne, in Switzerland, where the only thing an American can possibly find to do is to look at the nasty bears; at Hague, at Brussels, at Copenhagen, at Stockholm, at Rome, at Vienna—good places to provide for some political pet, or to which may be exiled some vexatious partisan. But the whole European diplomatic service is an utterly useless and unnecessary extravagance. It is not an exaggeration to say that one or two clerks at the State Department in Washington, with a ream of letter paper and a package of postage stamps, could do the whole business at an expense of $10,000 per annum, and better than it is now done by the supernumerary, old, and gentlemanly fossils whom we send out in plain clothes and a white choker to be the laughing stock of social Europe. The telegraph and the postal system renders it altogether unnecessary to have resident embassadors in Europe. We have little to do with European politics, and, except when Mr. Washburne was minister at Paris, we remember no instance where a resident minister was of the least consequence, and his duties were chiefly to German citizens. When Mr. Fenton was minister at St. Petersburg, his Secretary of Legation informed us that all the American embassador had to do was to follow the Emperor around to watering places and play poker.

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On Sacramento Street, in the city of San Francisco, there is a three-story house occupied by Chinese. In the cellar or basement story, a room 20x40 feet, there are some thirty male Chinese working with sewing-machines. These people live, and work, and sleep in this apartment. At night they extend boards and matting across their machines, some sleeping upon these boards and some upon the floor. They wash from tin cups, throwing the water into the street. Their food is dried fish, desiccated vegetables, rice, and various prepared sea weeds imported from China, with an occasional piece of pork. Their drink is tea. Their clothing, except their pantaloons, which they make themselves, is imported from China. The cost of living, including rent, is less than ten cents per day. Over this cellar is the store of a Chinese merchant, and over this the merchant, his clerks, three wives, two slave women, and two children live. In a house that pays $40 per month rent nearly fifty people have a home. This is a respectable Mongolian establishment, and presents the Chinese problem in its most unobjectionable aspect. Let us consider it. Thirty adult male foreigners incapable of becoming citizens—not disposed nor placed in a position to acquire our language, as isolated from the influence of Christian civilization as though living in the heart of Asia—taking labor from thirty women, and leaving thereby thirty women to sin or starve; sending twenty or thirty per cent. of their money to China for their families, and sixty or seventy per cent. to China for merchandise; not liable to military or jury duty; not performing any civil duty; as criminals, furnishing more than their just proportion to our prisons; as paupers, more than their just quota to our alms-houses; liable to contagious diseases; filling our pest-house, and demanding a special hospital for their lepers; all male adult workers, their places to be filled with other adult male workers when age or competence compels or enables them to return to China; an endless chain of patient, working slaves taking the labor, the bread, the place of white people of our own race; incapable of assimilation. Contemplate the future of republican government from this standpoint; consider society from it. We do not argue the proposition; we state it. These are points for statesmen and political economists; these are points for moralists and humanitarians to revolve in their minds. We do not submit these questions to the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher nor the Reverend Joseph Cook. These men are quack sentimentalists. In their greed for lecture coin they would deliberately poison the national springs of thought.

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The other day we had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Haven, and in a good-natured way he reminded us that we had "pitched into" him on the Chinese question. We admitted the charge, and assured the Bishop that we had done it with malice prepense and aforethought—with deliberate and malevolent intent. He charged that we had misrepresented just what he had said. We admitted that it was very likely we had; that we sometimes had to read the text the least bit liberal so as to get our argument in. The Bishop tried to corner us by making certain broad appeals to the sentiment of humanity. We countered by refusing to consider the question of humanity except to our own people. He hinted at the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We refused to admit that God was father to anybody in California but our own people, and we repudiated any relationship with the pigtails. The Bishop artfully endeavored to get us into a hole in reference to the Constitution of the United States, the traditions of the country, the treaty, etc., but we reminded him how a good many years ago, so intent was he on the abolition of slavery, that he disregarded the glittering generalities of constitutions, treaties, laws, and municipal sovereignties; and then we squarely admitted to him that we were so seriously in earnest about preventing Asiatic immigration that we did not intend to allow either constitutions, or laws, or treaties, or traditions, or civil insurrection, or God, or churches, or politics, or politicians, or respect for bishops, or politeness, or sentiment, or regard for courts, or decisions of courts, or rights, or humanity, or conscience, or consistency, to stand in the way of anything that will practically put an end to Chinese immigration. If there is any church organization that we have respect for, and that we would not quarrel with, it is the Methodist Church and the Methodist people. They are a "shoutin'" set; they go wild sometimes at camp-meeting; they lack the learning and refinement of our church (the Episcopal). We hope they will be saved, even if they do not believe in apostolic succession (as we do). But they are Americans; they are sincere, honest, plain, brave, earnest people. They opposed slavery when all other churches endured it. In this they shamed the boasted piety of all other religious denominations. The Roman Catholic, the Episcopal, and all other religious organizations, from the proud hierarchy of Rome down to the Dunkers, Campbellites, and Shaking Quakers, winked at the crime that sold for coin the untarnished soul of a virgin girl to the lecherous beast who could bid for her the highest price; recognized as right an institution that robbed four millions of people of their liberty and the earnings of their labor. The Methodist Church was the first to protest, the first to divide, the first to fight. If the Roman Catholic Church ever becomes dangerous to American liberty, it will have to wrestle with the Methodists, and if the conflict comes in shape of prayers and "shoutin's," ballots or bayonets, it is our opinion that after the struggle the Methodists will hold their camp-meeting on the battle-field. If the brutal or ignorant foreign mob who assaults republican liberty and threatens to seize and divide the accumulations of our people, the agrarian and communistic bandits who menace our social organization, ever get headway in our country, we shall believe that order, law, and American nationality will find an invincible host of "shoutin'," praying, voting, fighting, patriotic Methodists arranged on the side of property, government, and social order, even if they did try to switch off a Sunday reception to Grant.

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There is a wondrous flood of gush and sentimental nonsense just now abroad in the land upon the labor question. Politicians, preachers, writers, and orators are all outbidding each other in fulsome and beslobbering laudation of labor, as though somehow labor had just become honorable, or that they had just ascertained the fact. One of the curious features of this new revelation is, that the men who are making it, and so noisily proclaiming it, are men who do not labor themselves, either by head or hand. Those who loudest prate of the rights and dignity of labor are the drift and floating débris of the stream of toil and thought; the phrase-makers and word-painters. We do not perceive that poor men are a whit more honest than rich men, or that laborers by the hands and heels are any more valuable to the world than the men who think, write, invent, discover, plan, and organize. To us the banker, merchant, and professional man seems to fill as useful a space in the world as those who reap and spin. The labor that propels trains or ships seems to us to deserve no greater eulogy, and to be no more desirable, than that which invents engines and models ships out of the fertile brain. This is our idea of the equality of men and the rights of labor. All are born equal—*i. e.*, stark naked and helpless. After this let all have an equal chance under equal laws; and if one has better luck, or a brain of better fibre, and by diligence, sobriety, economy, industry, energy, and daring, gets honestly ahead in the race of life, let him enjoy it.

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The banquet given to Mr. Russell Young was an enjoyable and successful affair. It was a deserved compliment to a gentleman whose reputation is more than local, and whose youth gives promise of a useful future, in a field where more than in any other there is a demand for the higher intellectual and the higher moral qualities. Mr. Russell Young is not only an able and progressive journalist, but he possesses qualities rare, or at least rarely displayed in this field, to which we are but new workers—he is a gentleman. The banquet was a success because those present forgot for the time being that they were newspaper people, and acted like gentlemen. It was very nice, and for our city of San Francisco it was very unusual. The *Bulletin*, *Chronicle*, and *Call* establishments were not represented. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that it did really seem to be a gathering of gentlemen. What particular maggot had crawled into the ears of the persons who control these journals that prevented them from assisting in a simple act of courtesy, we do not know. The remarks of Col. Jackson, who presided at the banquet, were eloquent and in good taste. The response of Mr. Young was especially appropriate. All the toasts, and the various little speeches called out by them, were well conceived. Altogether the affair was a success, reflecting credit upon the gentlemen who had it in management, and doubtless very acceptable to Mr. Russell Young, in whose honor it was given. It would be well for our community, and for journalism, if there could be more frequent reunions of newspaper people; if the jealousies growing out of business rivalry could be subdued, or at least kept from the public; if there could be less of personal feeling, and less demonstration of individual resentments. Then the influence of the press would be increased for good, and its field of usefulness greatly broadened.

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San Francisco has within the past week been visited by many thousand people from the country. Our town people have been visiting the theatres, dining, dressing, sight-seeing, and spending money. We have all been having a good time. We have gotten the wrinkles out of our faces, the kinks out of our consciences, and the cobwebs out of our brains. We have stopped gnawing at our own gizzards. We have had a grand marine display on the Bay, feasts at which we crammed ourselves with fat victuals and rich wines. We have driven in carriages, listened to good music, had a carnival ball, seen the military parade, danced, masqueraded, and made children of ourselves. We have not, now for one long, delightful, exceptional week, heard anything about Glenn and his Chinamen; Perkins, rattlesnakes, and Calabasas; the railroad, its discriminations, and tyrannies, and oppressions; land monopolies and Spring Valley. Even the twin malefactors have for a few days ceased to abuse each other The *Chronicle* is on its good behavior, and the town seems something like those good old jolly days, when it was not occupied by Ishmaelites, whose hand was against every man. Kearney has subsided. The dust of the sand-lots lies quietly under the smoke of guns fired by the blue and the gray. Gorham no longer vexes us by his presence. Everything is lovely and serene.

MORAL.—If we had holidays and a frolic a little oftener, it would be better for us all, and for the business of the town.

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This Grant reception is a relief in one respect: it has so absorbed public attention that we have forgotten the Irish drayman and the martyred Baptist altogether. Whether Kalloch has had his bullets taken out, or whether his wounds are healing, or whether Kearney lives, seems to have been lost sight of. We are glad to know that the *Morning Call* is the last and only journal that now pays any special attention to Kearney's ravings. The *Chronicle* has wisely determined to give up its sand-lot patronage, and seek to restore itself to the favor of the respectable and intelligent classses.

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Major-General McDowell made a wise observation at the press banquet. In response to a toast for the army, comparing the power of the sword and pen, he said: "Take "care, gentlemen of the pen, that you don't bring the "country into such a condition that the sword shall again be "wanted to get us out of trouble. Soldiers are peace men. "We don't want you to make wars so that we may fight "them after you have made them." It is true that in the army, and among the bravest soldiers, we find the men of peace. It is true that in the editorial profession we find most pot-valiant and invincible of talking warriors

## "FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE."

An Unpretentious but True and Touching Story.

There was a gentle tap at my door this morning. I said, "Come in." Thinking my summons had not been heard I arose and was advancing toward the door, when it suddenly opened, and Mrs. Wiltern entered the room. She approached me, threw her arms about me and her head upon my bosom. She clung to me, sobbing hysterically, for a short time.

"I am so happy, Mr. Thurston."

Releasing myself from her spasmodic embrace, I placed her upon a chair, begging her to be composed.

From the fact that I am a bachelor, and Mrs. Wiltern a married lady, suspicious people might surmise that there was something wrong between the lady and myself. I assure such people at once that there is nothing of the kind. I am a gray-haired old man—as old as Mrs. Wiltern's father if the poor man was now alive—and Mrs. Wiltern, why she is as pure as her little baby who died about three years ago and went to heaven. Then, I have known her from a child. She was a great pet of mine far away to the Eastward where—ah me!—I was a younger and better fellow than I am now.

I will tell you something about her. Her father was a well-to-do farmer, a good hearted and pious man, and liked by all his neighbors. He lost his wife when Mary was about twelve years old, and he was sad for a year or two, and then he began to lean on Mary, his only child. With her hand in his, sitting together on the old sofa, I have heard them talking away just as merrily as two crickets singing to each other. When her school-days were over they seemed to be always together, laughing and romping in the house or in the field.

One Sunday a young fellow, a neighbor's son, came home with her from church, and from that moment the father seemed changed. He was as kind as ever to his girl, whom he called his sweetheart, but he seemed nervous, and would often look at her in a startled kind of a way. I knew how it was all the time, for the old gentleman and I were great friends. He never said anything to me about it, but, bless you, I could read his simple character just as easy as a play bill. The visit of that young man made him think for the first time that somebody else might win away from him the heart of his idol, and take her from his side and his heart. They used to talk before me just as if I was nobody.

I went to the house one day, and found them both on the sofa as usual; and, what was strange, both were crying like two babies.

"I can't help it, dear papa, I do love George Wiltern. But I love you just as much as ever, and George loves you; and we will all live together and be so happy."

"Well, my darling, don't cry any more. We mustn't be so foolish before our old friend. You shall have George. There, now, give your papa a kiss. Go and arrange your hair, like a good girl."

I am not going to make myself tiresome by telling what passed between me and Mary's father. It is enough to say that since he had found out the bent of his daughter's affection he had, in a quiet way, been asking about George, and had found him out to be quite a wild fellow. I knew he had never liked his father, and for good reason. There were whispers about, before he settled in that neighborhood, that he had made too free use of a merchant's name, and barely escaped prison for forgery. Those stories will follow a man wherever he goes. But he told Mary nothing about all this. In his foolish way he had only begged her not to marry at all. He loved her too much to say a word against her lover. If he was bad, her goodness would make him all right in time. He would listen to nothing I had to say.

"Don't you see," he said, "that it would break my Pussy's little heart to come between her and George?"

He sold part of his farm and bought George a half interest in the village store, and George and Mary were married a few months after.

For some reason or other George Wiltern took a strange dislike to me. I did not know why at the time, nor do I know now. At any rate, I saw it very plainly, and for that reason kept away from the house. But I could not help hearing every now and then that George was keeping low company, and was drinking a good deal, and was playing cards late at night.

You can not think how sorry I was. I could think of no way to help the matter. One night a little boy brought me a note from Mary. She said in it that her father had a sudden attack, and wanted to see me right away.

When I got to the house I found him very low with a sort of paralysis. He asked Mary to leave us alone for a while. The moment she left the room he said to me, in a hoarse whisper:

"By G—d, he struck her last night!"

We had quite a long talk together. He told me about George growing worse. He had long been using foul language to her, but the night before my visit he had dealt her a blow on her temple which stunned her for quite a time. He then left the house, and had not been back since. The poor thing denied all about the blow.

"You see," he said, "I couldn't stand it. I picked up my poor wounded dove, and then fell down myself. I heard the curses, and I heard the blow; and when I saw my sweet little Mary senseless and bleeding on the floor I felt a cracking of my heart-strings. Something, too, broke away in my brain. There he goes, the cowardy beast! Shoot him! Kill him!"

Mary heard the mad shouts of her father and came running into the room with a cry like a wounded hare. She will not admit to this day that her husband ever lifted his hand against her.

The poor broken-hearted gentleman, Mary's father, died in a few days. I was with him when he died. He got his senses back a few moments before the death-rattle came on. Mary and I were standing by his bedside. With quite an effort he put Mary's hand in mine, turning his glazing eye on me; we could just hear him whisper "Be a friend to my sweet little darling," and then he died.

Now you see how there could be nothing wrong between Mary Wiltern and me, don't you?

George Wiltern came to the house a few days after we had buried Mary's father. He said he had been called off to a distance to attend to some business, but Mary and I knew better than that. We knew why he went away so quick and stayed away so long. He knew that Mary's father would have beaten him into atoms for raising his hand against his daughter.

The first thing I know I will be making my story too long. I will try to be as short as I can.

It so happened that I—always a roving, restless sort of a creature—came to this country. Mary had promised to write to me, and so she did, and her letters were as the warble of a bird—of a sad bird though—of a bird that had lost its mate. Warble is perhaps not the word—they were more like the mournful cooing of the wood-dove. She was always writing of her dear dead father. She never penned a hard or harsh word about her husband. Once she thought that she would be very happy if her father was alive, and she a girl again "to pat and kiss him."

Those were the very words, but they were much blurred. I knew how it was; she wrote those few words and then paused, while the tears dropped on them. That was what blurred them.

But I had told a friend of mine when I left for this country to let me know how things went with Mary, and through him I found out how badly George Wiltern was acting. It was soon noised abroad how ill he was treating his wife, and the good people around began to shun him. That made him drink the harder. His partner got tired of him and bought him out, and he gambled and drank away all the money he got from his partner; and Mary gave music lessons, and was very busy making tiny little clothes.

Then a sweet chubby cherub came along, and when my friend wrote me about it I sent it a coral necklace with a golden cross attached. The things were not of much value, but I did the best I could. I was poor then in worldly goods. I am poor now, but do not complain.

George Wiltern was not at home when the child was born. He had got in the habit of going away, and having long spells of drinking with his bad companions.

You have no idea what a proud girl Mary was—much too proud for her own good. Would you believe it when I tell you that while she and the baby were nearly starving, she would make no complaint, and spurned everything like aid. God only knows how she eked out a living.

It was about four months after the child was born that she was seen in a neighbor's wagon by the side of a small coffin going to the graveyard.

That night George came home after a week's absence. He was full of liquor. Mary told me all about it—but told no one else. He had by degrees pawned or sold everything of value about the house. He wanted more money that night. He began by using foul language and curses. Becoming more angry he raised his arm to strike. It was then that Mary seized a knife.

"George," and she spoke very quiet, but determined, "George, you struck me about a year ago, and the blow killed my poor dear father. I shall kill you if you strike me again. Go to bed and sleep off your debauch. I buried our baby to-day. You starved the mother, you curdled poor baby's milk in its mother's breast. Go to bed; we start on a long journey to-morrow."

The poor woman, after burying the child, had sold what was left of the old farm on which she was born.

When she came to this State and called on me, I asked her how she could live a moment with such a man, and why she did not get rid of him by the law; she said:

"He is my husband. I promised God to take him with all his faults. He did the same thing with me. His father was a bad man, and drank hard. George is not as much to blame as you think. He is soft, and gentle, and loving when not in liquor; and oh! how he has tried to give up drinking. Why, he is the father of my poor dead baby. I killed my father by marrying George. I owe a debt to my poor dead father—it is to save George."

How the poor creature lived I do not know. If I offered her out of my poor store she would get angry; and so that I should not see how straightened she was, and how much she suffered—I think so now, though at the time I was very much hurt—she gave me to understand that she did not wish me to call on her. I know I have given the true reason.

About six months ago a message came to me from a man in jail; he wanted to see me. No name was given. I went to the jail, and who did I see but George Wiltern. He was in rags; his bloated and purple face was a sad sight; he could hardly talk from shivering. He had been picked up as a common drunkard, and, unable to pay his fine, had been sentenced to the chain-gang. I thought it very strange that he did not ask me to procure his release; and when I proposed it he said no—that the chain-gang was the lowest infamy, and he wished to plumb it. Those were his words; he said he would serve out his term and then leave the country. Of course, he said, he could never see his wife again. He begged me to help her along, and see that she did not suffer too much.

Well, I managed so that he came away from the jail that very day. But what seemed very strange, from that time till to-day I never heard a word from George or Mary, although I made all kinds of searches and inquiries.

And now I will let Mary tell her story. After I placed her in a chair, she had to go through a course of crying. All women do that, you know. She composed herself after a while, and then began:

"Yes, Mr. Thurston, you can't think how happy I am, and I'll tell you all about it. George never told me, but I knew all the time who rescued him from the chain-gang. I don't intend to thank you; I haven't words. God loves you for that good act. Well, George came to our little hovel that day; and, oh, such a sight. He was shaking like a leaf, and all over filth, and his clothes as ragged as a beggar's.

"He said to me: 'Mary, do not be afraid of me. I killed your father. I killed your baby. I have stripped you of everything you had in the world. Three nights ago I came here, and found you asleep; I stole your only frock and chemise and pawned them for grog. You haven't been able to leave the house since. You are starving. See how pinched your cheeks are. I do not come to make excuses. You have never reproached your beastly husband. Mary, give me that coral necklace and cross of our dead baby. Give them to me, or I shall kill myself right before you.'

"He looked different than he ever did before. There was a gleam about his eye that made me think he was mad. It may have been from fear, but I took your present from the string by which it hung in my bosom.

"He snatched it as a hungry dog a bone, and left me without another word. Somebody sent me clothes and food, and got me some sewing to do. I know who it was; God knows, too—I, and God, and he who saved a poor, wretched woman from starving. And a long month passed away.

"I never thought I should see George again. I thought he could not live a week, for he left me so haggard, and worn, and thin, and his eyes were blood-shot. If he lived, I thought he must be mad and in a mad asylum. And then came a letter, post-marked far away in the mountains; and the letter was from George—my own dear George, whom I still loved. Here it is; read it."

And the letter was in this wise:

"My own dear, abused, and suffering wife, if I should fall on my knees at your feet, and remain there for an eternity, I could not pour out sorrow enough for my cruelties to you. I can not repeat them, for they make me shudder; I can not ask your forgiveness; I only beg your pity. I have yet our poor baby's necklace and cross. I took them from you as my only hope. The night I was in prison I thought of them. They were the only things I had not robbed you of. I had a dream, in my filth and rags, that night: Our little baby came to me—he was so white, and pure, and smiling!—and he nestled in my dirty arms, and he put his little face to mine, and kissed me; and the little, sweet thing spoke to me: "Come along, papa, we will go and see mamma—and beg of her my necklace and cross; and you must wear them next to your heart, and God will give you strength to be good." This was my dream in jail—in filth and in vermin. And when they told me I was free I ran to our wretched hovel. You know how desperate I looked and acted there. And I tore away a shred of my coat, and arranged that the chain and cross should hang right over my heart. A fearful thirst that was burning in my soul drove me along to one of my old haunts, for I was shaking as one with the ague, from my old debauch. An old comrade, as low, and filthy, and ragged, and degraded as I, begged me to enter and drink; and I had a full glass of the poison to my lips. Then I felt on my heart the pressure of the chain and cross, and I dashed the glass untasted to the ground, and rushed away into the street; and I walked on, and on, until the stars peeped out; and on, and on, until the first gray dawn. Wearied, I fell, rather than lay, down—and my sweet, white baby kissed me again, and prattled to me, and told me to hold that dear necklace and cross in my hand and to pray to God for strength. Awakening, I did pray as I held them in my hands. I am now in the mountains, Mary; am working hard, and goods friends have come about me, and I am decently clothed and cleanly. I do not ask you to forgive me yet. I may never ask it. I do not ask you to call me husband. When I feel my strength and courage failing me, as it does sometimes, I put my hand in my bosom and convulsively clutch that coral necklace and that golden cross, and I am brave and resolute again. I have done you and yours too much wrong to ask you to live with your besotted husband again. I have blighted your life, and may the good God forgive me. Do not be afraid to take and use the small sum I send you; it is the honest earnings of a sober man. It is the pittance of the large amount your husband has robbed you. God bless you, Mary, and God forgive the wrongs done you by a drunken husband."

"Well," says Mary Wiltern, as I finished the letter and handed it back to her, "what do you think of that? Did you ever read anything so loving and kind? Does it not pay for a world of suffering? I did not tell you I was going away to George; oh, no; I intended to wait until my husband had gained the victory. I knew he needed his Mary for solace and strength; and I went to the mountains and found George just as he wrote, working away; but so sad and sorry. And his fellow-workman did not laugh when I ran up to him and kissed him, and put my hand in his bosom and took out the necklace and cross and kissed them; so far from it, that his old employer, standing by, turned aside his head; and when he again turned his eyes toward us they were filled with tears. And George has kept his vow to God. And I have woven a chain from my own hair, and it holds our baby's necklace and cross right over his heart. And he is so good and kind to me, and more attentive than when he was my sweetheart before we were married. And he is working so hard, and everybody up in the mountains seems to love us so much. And every night, when we have said our prayers together, George pulls out of his bosom that dear treasure of the necklace and cross, and we kiss it together, and ask baby to beg the Saviour to give poor papa heart and strength for his new life. You can't tell how happy we are, except that George is too sad at times when we are alone. I know what he is thinking about, but I won't let him say anything; I stop his mouth with kisses. He never did me any wrong, poor fellow! It was not George, but the drink that crazed him, that made me shed so many tears. George was innocent.

"And then we could not rest, either of us, until I should make this long trip to thank a certain gentleman for all his kindness to us. You, *you* saved George and Mary Wiltern. Do not be afraid George will ever drink again, so long as baby's necklace and cross are swinging over his big, good heart. And I am almost ashamed to tell you—I won't look at you when I tell you that it won't be very long before a new baby will come along in the place of our own sweet one in the skies. There, now, I ought not to have said anything about it; but I told George I should tell you—that you were old enough to know all about those things.

"I am going away to-morrow. I must hurry back to my dear George. I only came down to see you."

I am afraid I was foolish enough to cry just a little in some parts of Mary's narrative. But then she is the child of one of my best and earliest friends. I do not think George Wiltern will ever drink again.

LOS ANGELES, September 15, 1879. R. M. D.

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The maddest newspapers of the present time are those which are published in the Austrian lunatic asylums. Contributions are received from all the inmates who have either hobbies or grievances. Those who are afflicted with any monomania whatever may explain their delusions and support their convictions by argument and example. The logic employed in an article of a recent issue by one gentleman to disprove the belief of another that his beard was of heather and required constant watering, was so faultless and incisive as to have done credit to a Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy. Alas! he himself firmly believed that his own nose was made of sugar, and to prevent its getting wet, and consequently melting away, always drank through a straw.

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Mme. D., who had been guilty of uttering a hasty word to one of her servants, repents, and says kindly to him: "John, I'm afraid I spoke crossly to you a few moments ago."

John, generously: "Oh, madame, you know that I always make allowances for my poor employers!"

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Some men never see a joke. It caroms on their intellect.

## THE UNIVERSITY IMBROGLIO.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—In your issue of September 6th there appeared an article under the heading, "Cost of University Education," to which I, as a graduate of the University and a lover of fair play, wish to reply.

The article in question appears to be an attack upon the Faculty of the University brought forth by the very just and richly deserved punishment inflicted by that body upon the recent sophomore class, for the publishing and distributing of a certain obscene and vulgar sheet called a "bogus," though the writer tries to conceal his true animus beneath the cloak of a criticism upon the management of the University. Throughout the article he endeavors to bring discredit upon the Faculty by animadverting upon what he is pleased to term the "success of the University."

In his figures as to the "cost" of educating the students at the University, the writer brings in an item of $40,000, which, as I take it, should hardly appear at all. He reckons this $40,000 as the annual current interest account upon the investment in University property at Berkeley. It seems to me that the writer is going considerably out of his way when he mentions this item, and ought, in order to have been perfectly consistent, to have brought in the interest on salaries paid to professors, instructors, employees, attachés etc.; also the interest on the market value of the seventy-two sections of land granted to the University; the interest on the ten sections of land granted to the State for public buildings; the interest on the income of the fund set apart by an act for the endowment of the University of California; the interest on all donations to the University by public spirited donors; the interest on the salaries of the officers, legislative, executive, and others, who have in any capacity had any connection with University affairs; the interest on the salaries of all national officers connected in any capacity whatever with "an act donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts" (for the people of the State of California were taxed to pay the salaries of these officers. Why not be consistent and make a clean sweep?) Let him add all these items together, and to the sum add the interest on the money spent by the students while at the University, and he will have what from his peculiar standpoint is the annual cost of maintaining the University. True, this is absurd; but the absurdity is only greater in degree than that of the writer. According to his peculiar financial exhibit the State of California must have been mulcted for many millions of dollars on her public buildings, which must cost yearly many thousands of dollars.

But granting, for the sake of argument, that his itemizing is correct, let us see if his position is at all tenable. In the first place he compares the cost *per capita* of educating young men at Harvard with the cost at our University. But he does not mention the fact that the State of Massachusetts is much more thickly populated than California; nor does he say anything about the difference in years between the two institutions. In short, he compares our young, struggling University with another institution having a national and world-wide reputation, and makes no allowance for the difference in situation nor gives any credit for adverse circumstances. Where our University costs hundreds, Harvard costs thousands.

The writer intimates that it should only cost as much per student to maintain the University, be the total number of students great or small. He would have the cost per annum vary with the number of students in attendance. But it costs as much to give ten young men a first-class University education as it does twenty times that number. The faculty in either case must be of the same number; for the different chairs must have different occupants, be the number of students great or small. The very definition of professor (according to my edition of Webster, "Particularly, an officer in a university, college, or other seminary, whose business is to read lectures or instruct students in a particular branch of learning") would preclude the idea that one professor can occupy more than one chair and still be a professor. Each professor must be a specialist, and must devote his whole time to his specialty in order to fill his chair creditably. True, many men do teach mental and moral philosophy, mathematics, ethics, astrooomy, logic, physics, literature, chemistry and geology; but I do not think their instruction can be the best obtainable. The whole fact of the matter is that it takes about so much money to start and perpetuate a first-class college or university, and that sum has but a small bearing upon the number of students in attendance. I should like to have the writer meet these facts.

Again, in stating the number of students in attendance at the University, the writer makes a grave and hardly to be defended error when he says that the number of students is "always growing smaller every term." Looking over the register we find that the number of students has been increasing steadily from year to year ever since its inauguration. True, the number of students in attendance this year is not so great as it was last year, or, for that matter, as it has been for any one of the last four years. But when we remember these three facts: first, that the class of 1879, just graduated, was a remarkably large one, entering 160, and graduating 55; second, that a number of the present junior class are undergoing just punishment for a most grave offence (of which more anon); third, that on account of a higher standard for admission having gone into effect this year, but a comparatively small number of the 125 applicants were able to matriculate; when we remember these three facts, the number of students being smaller this year than the past four years militates nothing against the success of the University, or the efficiency of the Faculty.

The writer intimates that the Faculty is to blame for the large number of students who drop from their classes, and fail to complete the course. Can the Faculty force any student to apply himself to his studies if the student is inclined to slight them? Or, if the student is lacking in brains, is it the Faculty's fault that he is not supplied with these necessary appendages? True, in a primary school, dealing with children, the case would be different. But at a college or university, dealing with young men who are old enough to appreciate and take advantage of their opportunities, who are supposed to attend college for the purpose of acquiring an education, the Faculty can not in the remotest degree be held responsible for the laziness and stupidity of the students.

We now come to the real animus of the writer. He is smarting under the just punishment inflicted on certain members of the late sophomore class for publishing and distributing a vile, vulgar, obscene "bogus," and he takes this method of trying to deceive the public as to the real merits of the case, and at the same time deal certain members of the Faculty, who have been fortunate enough to incur his displeasure, a stealthy blow. Let me recount the history of the "bogus" affair, and let us see whose fault it was that so many "noble, moral, manly" young men were "smirched."

It has been the custom for the sophomore class of each year to issue a printed burlesque on the annual public exhibition given by the junior class. It is supposed that this burlesque is as witty, pungent, and sharp as the writers can make it. It deals in personal hits and sarcastic allusions toward the members of the junior class in general, and the speakers at the exhibition in particular. As long as it *is* witty, pungent, sarcastic, and contains nothing out of the way, no one cares anything about it. In the year 1878 a "bogus" was issued by the then sophomore class on the then junior class which, to put it *very* mildly, was hardly the thing to bring into polite society—though it did not begin to compete in vileness and vulgarity with that for the punishment of the authors of which "One of Them" is so virtuously indignant. The Faculty were then greatly incensed, but forbore from punishing the offenders, hoping that the student honor and love of decency would prevent a similar breach of decency in the future. But, to make assurance doubly sure, the President of the University, in behalf of the Faculty, and as its recognized and accredited head, requested the class of '81, through its president, when the time for the "junior exhibition" approached, not to issue a "bogus," and *commanded* them not to issue a vulgar or obscene one at any rate. But, as one of the class expressed it to me, '81 refused to be "bulldozed by the Faculty." The result was that on the morning of "junior ex." appeared one of the most vulgar and obscene publications it has ever been my lot to see. And this sheet was openly and boldly distributed among the ladies and gentlemen assembled to hear the exercises of the day by certain members of the class of '81. The composition and publication of the "bogus" is usually left to a committee known only to the president of the class. In order to find out who this committee were, and punish them as they so richly deserved, the Faculty called a number of the class before them and endeavored to interrogate them as to their personal complicity in the matter. But, by a preconcerted arrangement, those called before the committee of the Faculty refused unqualifiedly to answer any and all questions. Right here let me say, that the report so industriously circulated by interested parties, that the Faculty endeavored to force the students to inform on those really guilty, is false. I am informed by several of the class that all that was required was a direct answer as to the personal complicity of each. The idea of the Faculty was to separate those guilty from the others lest their contaminating influence should spread. The University has the reputation of being a hot-bed of vice among certain classes of the people; and if such affairs as the "bogus" were allowed to go unquestioned and unpunished the parents of the State would have just cause to hesitate before intrusting the morals of their sons and daughters to Berkeley

Not only did the class refuse to answer questions, but certain interested parties drew up a petition setting forth that the whole class was equally to blame for the "bogus," and praying that punishment be inflicted equally upon all. This petition was circulated for signatures among the members of the class; and, fearing the taunt of being cowardly, or of "going back on the class," or thinking that the Faculty would not dare to punish whole class, the whole class of '81 signed the petition. Not content with this, they paraded in a body through the college buildings, insulting each professor personally and by name. Insulted, defied, and with every sense of decency outraged, there was nothing left for the Faculty but to grant the prayer of the petition. The situation was just this: a crime against society had been committed; public opinion called for the punishment of the offenders; a number of persons shouldered the responsibility, acknowledged themselves guilty; if the Faculty had not taken measures to punish the offenders, all discipline would have been at an end, the students would have usurped the authority of the Faculty, and the public would have blamed them for weakness and inability to maintain discipline. So the Faculty granted the request of the signers of the petition, and suspended the majority of the class, and expelled a few against whom there was considerable circumstantial evidence of actual complicity in the preparation, publication, or distribution of the "bogus." But, knowing the pressure brought to bear upon the signers of the petition, also that only a small number were actually guilty, the Faculty made the expulsions and suspensions with this proviso: that any of the expelled or suspended could reinstate himself at his pleasure honorably in his class by giving his word as a gentleman that he had had no hand in the "bogus." But the students held out for sometime, thinking that they would compel the Faculty to modify their decision and take the whole class back without further investigation. The parents of the studeots interviewed the Faculty, and threatened them with their wrath as "wealthy and influential men" if they did not modify the sentence and pardon the offenders. But with no effect; for the Faculty knew they were right, and were doing a righteous thing when they endeavored to weed out those guilty from the society of gentlemen.

Now, I will leave it to the public: Whose fault it was that the "character of these manly, moral, noble young men were smirched?" Surely, not the Faculty's; for they were willing and glad to have the innocent exculpate themselves. All they wanted was to find the guilty ones. No, the fault was that of the young men themselves; for they voluntarily assumed the burden and officially announced to the Faculty that they were guilty.

Since the beginning of the University year—August 7th—twenty-four of the class have come forward like men, declared their innocence, and have been restored honorably, with unstained and unsullied reputations, to their class, among the number being several of the expelled. The rest, either being unable to remove the "blemish" (placed there on account of the above "indiscretion and mere peccadillo") from their character without perjuring themselves, or for some other unexplained cause, are yet under the ban; while "One of Them" improves his time and eases his troubled spirits by throwing mud at the Faculty for performing their duty in the cause of decency and morality. VINDEX.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

[Our readers will doubtless be surprised to learn that the original poem, a rather free translation of which, under the title of "Plain Language from Truthful James," has given Bret Harte so much credit, has been discovered, and proves to be in a dead language, which nothing but poetic license would excuse one for calling "plain." The following is the poem:]

### Paganus Sinensis.

Quod volo narrare
Et simplicibus verbis:
In cœptis obscuris
Et dolis protervis
Stat solus Paganus Sinensis;
Et hoc enarrabo his turbis.

Nomen ei fuit Ah Sin,
Nec possum negare
Ejus mores retulisse
Quod hoc vult indicare;
Sed ridebat pueriliter—blande—
Ut sæpe cogebar notare.

In nona Septembris
Sub æthere aperto,
(Sperabamus hunc stultum.
Sed) fraude et furto
Decepit Gulielmum—meipsum—
In modo a quo me averto,

Ludebamus nos chartis—
Et cum nobis ludebat
Paganus qui ludum
Non intelligebat,
Sed ridebat pueriliter semper,
Ut me, sodalemque toodebat.

Ut charti sunt mixti
Me pudet narrare;
Sodalisque me auxit
Qui novit celare
In manicis optimas chartas,
Intentus, si posset, fraudare.

Sed longum est dictu
Ut nos Sin elusit,
Ut chartas celavit,
Et omnes confusit;
Et unam e meis subductam
In medium palam profusit.

Intuebar sodalem
Intuentum in me;
Suspiraos surrexit,
"Hoc fiet? Noone
Hic perdit nos labor Sinensis?"
Et tunditur Ah Sin iste.

Tunc solus sodalis
Eum pugnis pectebat,
Et terram ut foliis
Is chartis struebat
Celatis Pagano qui ludum
Non bene hunc intelligebat.

In toga Jacobos
Triginta et plures
Reperimus. (Si falsum
Me vivum combures),
Et in unguibus teretibus ceram,
Quâ semper utuotur hi fures.

Hoc est quare renarro
Et simplicibus verbis;
In cœpis obscuris
Et dolis protervis,
Sui generis est Ah Sin Paganus,
Et hoc declarabo his turbis.

### Words and Their Uses.—By a Mystified Quaker.

NEW YORK, 4th Month, 10th, '71.

*Respected Wife*:—From these lines my whereabouts thee'll learn—
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,
And words, with them, are figments of a reckless mockery.

For instance: As I left the cars, an imp with smutty face
Said, "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with inward grace!"
"Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young Turk.
Hi, daddy what is inward grace? How does the old thing work?"

"Friend," said I to a Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said, "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a sin;
Why don't thee answer plainly? Can thee take me to an inn?
Thy vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in—
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now you're shoutin'."

"Nay, verily, I shouted not," quoth I; "my speech is mild;
But thine, I grieve to say, with falsehood is defiled.
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile.
"See here, my lively moke," said he, "you sling on too much style."

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years or more," said I,
"And when thee says I 'sling on style' thee tells a willful lie."
At that he pranced about as if "a bee was in his bonnet."
And, with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it."

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I can not tell," I said.
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was "played."
But all his jargon was surpassed in wild absurdity
By threats, profanely emphasized, "to put a head on me."

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do."
Whereat he fell on me with blows and curses, too,
But failed to work that miracle, if such was his design;
Instead of "putting on a head," he strove to smite off mine.

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habits of our sect,
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect;
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked, "How's that for high?"
It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh.

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise "cooked his goose;"
Although, I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there.

They called me "bully boy," although I've seen nigh three score year;
They said that I "was lightning" when I "got upon my ear;"
And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear or dressed in drab,
"You know how 'tis yerself!" said one inconsequential blab.

Thee can conceive that, by this time, I was somewhat perplexed;
Yea, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed;
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men like me
With such perverters of our tongue can have no una

San Francisco, September 26, 1879.

I do not know who claims the authorship of that extraordinary melange, *The Color Guard*, but when I saw a young man in the orchestra on Monday night carefully collating dramatic notes in his hat, it occurred to me as a striking instance of love's labor lost, since there was really no drama to collate from. Take the San Francisco militia out of *The Color Guard*, and what have you left? Absolutely nothing but T. W. Keene in one of his worst moods, and Miss Stanhope in a handsome white crewel-worked costume, looking singularly lady-like and inharmonious with her surroundings, and speaking lines upon lines of American buncombe with the most liquid and pronounced of English accents. Do you think this is the right sort of thing with which to entertain General Grant? Think of the greatest warrior of the age, the commander of a host of armies, who has been scathed by the fire of a hundred battles, to whom the boom of cannon is as familiar as the peal of bells, who only meets his peer when he stands front to front with war—think of his being asked to sit through a militia drill and watch a sham battle with ill-working rifles, and about as much powder flashing as he would require to light a cigar with when his blood is up in war time. Neither does it stand to reason that General Grant should be entertained with drivel, however Columbian its sentiment or patriotic its intention. It is more than probable that the great man has some other brains besides what he uses for soldiering; perhaps he would enjoy a good play as well as any one, for the drama has always been a favorite recreation for working minds. At all events, he sat much longer through that marvelous bit of dovetailing, *Diplomacy*, on Wednesday night; and, if his sphinx-like countenance did not betray any enjoyment, that same impassiveness prevented his showing how excessively bored he must have been by Miss Nina Varian's "Juliet." It is but fair that a lady on her benefit night should make herself the central figure of the stage, but Miss Varian is quite as far from being tragic as she is from being comic. When she attempts "Juliet," she can do nothing but look it, for she is young and exceedingly pretty, but she can not play it even in its lightest parts, for she is as unimpassioned as the wooden balcony on which she leans to breathe her love tale. It is this same coldness which makes her "Dora" so altogether different from Maud Granger's. I do not remember ever to have seen Miss Nina Varian play anything so well as she plays "Dora;" but the personality of the two actresses is so different, that there are two "Doras" to choose from. First impressions are strongest, and I have a very distinct remembrance that Maud Granger seemed to have a deep and thorough understanding of the character of this semi-adventuress. She might have been twenty-five, as she gave it, with a full knowledge of the ways of the world, but with a clear head and a woman's natural yearning for the good, to save her fall even from her anomalous position. Nina Varian plays it as a fresh, ingenuous, guileless young girl. There is nothing to remind you that she has been hawked about Europe from Monte Carlo to Paris, to Monaco perhaps, until the Kursaal is a far more familiar hall than the nursery, while the mother's wits are engaged in a constant war to pay or evade paying bills. It is only when "Julian Beauclerc" speaks his love that she shows any womanliness or understanding, and this little scene she does play very prettily. Naturally Miss Varian has the crudities of a young actress. Unfortunately she is very artificial; and more unfortunately still, she is imitating some one, I can not say who; no one in California at all events, but doubtless some New York favorite. When she shall have learned better sense, and is more skilled in her art, if she will play a "Dora" modeled upon the one which she gives now in her inexperience, it will be a very charming creation. But she will never play "Juliet." Her attitudinizing would chill a "Romeo" in five minutes. There is ever but one "Juliet" in a generation. Fanny Kemble, herself old and withered, and resting from the writing of her *Recollections*, will look upon Adelaide Neilson and exclaim, with all the rest of the world: "If there be truth in sight, then you are she." And Neilson herself, they say, is already looking into the coming years to ask what she shall play when her "Juliet" shall have grown old. Yet she charmed London with it again last season, when, with lights lowered—both stage and auditorium—she played the balcony scene through, from beginning to end, in a thrilling whisper, which made the audience feel, wrote a London correspondent, as if they had been assisting at some mysterious rite in some mysterious place where he ought not to be—a delicious effect, as every one will secretly acknowledge to himself. After all, poets and epicures are born, not made; and perhaps "Juliets" come in the same category. And what a tedious creature is one of these mild-eyed "Juliets," who give you a bread-and-butter tragedy. Yet who knows? The world is progressing, and tragedy is no longer impossible in the bread-and-butter era. I do not speak knowingly, for I have not read the story, but the advertisements say that Zola himself, the very high priest of realism, has introduced as an episode in one of his very peculiar books the tragic loves of a pair of kids—a boy of fifteen and a girl of eleven. For my part, when it comes to emotion, I still prefer the "Zicka" stripe of heroine, one who has lived long enough to understand that she is suffering—a seething, boiling, volcanic sort of woman. By the way, Jeffreys-Lewis does not play this so well as she did. She commences to seethe and boil altogether too soon, and only averts the danger of anticlimax by the pathos of her scene with the wily "Baron Stein" on the morning of the marriage. Bassett's "Baron Stein" is the best thing he has done in California, although it does not compare in point of finish with Shannon's. They have been playing *Won at Last* at Baldwin's with but indifferent success, and on Monday evening we are promised *Crutch and Toothpick*, the latest success somewhere or other, a title certainly odd enough to attract. And Saturday night the Melville troupe are to give *Pinafore* at the California Theatre for the pleasure and entertainment of General Grant, the only man living, so far as heard from, who belongs in a civilized country that has not seen *Pinafore*. If he were remarkable for nothing else, that alone should distinguish him. Not heard *Pinafore!* No wonder he is celebrated for not carrying on conversations. What can people have to talk about, and what can they say, who do not refer, however remotely, to their sisters and their cousins and their aunts?—who do not use the gentle expletive of the captain of the *Pinafore*, spelled without the profane "n?"—who do not say, "What, never," with a big interrogation point? Conversation has long been regarded as a lost art, but who can not talk since *H. M. S. Pinafore* was launched upon a wildly appreciative public? What will become of the country should it have the usual effect and unlock the flood-gates of General Grant's speech? Think of the years and years of things that he has to say, and what a dreadful thing it would be to the innocent listeners if he should begin to say them all *à la Pinafore*. What a wonderful man the brave old General is to be sure! How the managers must be grateful for the way he has pulled up theatrical business through the week. Now, if he would only send stocks booming, there would be no more worlds left for him to conquer. However, let us wait to see the result of *Pinafore* upon him. *A propos*, it has been suggested that a reminiscence of the war would not be inappropriate on *Pinafore* night, and that Admiral Unger, "K. C. B.," and "Dick Deadeye" Green, doff the uniform of "Queen's navee" during the *entr'acte*, and give their once famous recitations, "Sheridan's Ride" and "Schneider's Ride." On Monday night we are to have the new opera, *Pyramus and Thisbe*, at the Bush Street Theatre, when that charming little lady, Susan Galton, will come out of her retirement. All the music lovers, and all the fashionables—perhaps both parties prefer to regard the terms as synonomous—have signified their intention to be present. An opera is such a really gigantic affair when you come to think of it, that it seems really strange that one should have been written in California; but here it is, all composed and rehearsed and ready for presentation. It is a new opera, in a new country, but it is the old, old story of Pyramus, the hapless young man who died under a mulberry tree. What strange little details fix these lovers of ancient fiction in one's memory! Had he swallowed chloral hydrate and died under a buckeye tree, the end would have been the same, but the story less romantic. However, good speed to this new telling of the story of the loves of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

Betsy B.

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Miss Henrietta Munroe, a very clever elocutionist from Chicago, assisted at the evening entertainment given at Platt's Hall last week for the benefit of Calvary Church. The lady is possessed of great ability as a reader, and her dramatic talent is no small element in the general effect of her renditions. Miss Munroe purposes giving readings in this city and Oakland, and is deserving of good audiences.

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Mr. Herold opens his winter series of Orchestral Matinées at Baldwin's Theatre on next Wednesday afternoon, with a large orchestra, increased *répertoire*, and a fair prospect for good performances. The subscription list is quite promising, and will probably enable Mr. Herold to carry out his ideas without involving any pecuniary sacrifice.

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Sunday last there was a christening and a consecration of Admiral Gutte's new yacht, at the San Francisco Club House at Saucelito. The day was a perfect one, the guests in the best of humor, and, moored to the dock or anchored close at hand, nearly all the boats in the fleet graced with their presence the interesting ceremony. Commodore Harrison made the opening remarks, and when he had finished Miss Benjamin stepped to the bow of the pretty craft, and breaking there a bottle of champagne, exclaimed: "I hereby name this yacht the *Chispa*." Then the club house cannon boomed, and the flags were run apeak amid the cheers of the assembled squadron. Immediately following, the dedicatory poem—written on the way over from the city by one of the guests—was read:

Charming *Chispa*—Chic-Chiquita,
Charging through a champagne sea,
Speeding onward to thy christening,
Guests and Gutte glorify thee.

Standing out from off the city,
Peeping through the gate of gold,
Luck be with thee, *Chispa*, darling,
Bless the flag thou hast unrolled.

Bless the future; all before thee
Hail the triumphs thou hast won;
May thy name be famed in story,
Here beside the setting sun—

For a master carved thy model,
And a Turner laid thy keel;
Staunch and true in hull and rigging,
Lo! before them all you heel.

Here we stand as sponsors, *Chispa*,
And with wine we've wetted thee,
Named thee, claimed thee, cherub, charming,
White-winged Angel of the Sea.

Then bend ye low before the breezes,
Dip your bowsprit—kiss it, spray,
Curtsy to the laughing waters,
This is thy baptismal day.

Then there was a jolly lunch, and a fragrant punch, showers of congratulations to the owner of the best appointed and fastest yacht on the bay, a gorgeous sail home again, and a universal verdict that the *Chispa* christening was a success. The name is singular, but sweet and Spanish—meaning the electric spark, or little diamond.

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"Many are called, but few" have full hands.

## ARCHERY NOTES.

Few among the archers who have been in training for the past two seasons that can not now make three hundred and over at the American round. From forty and fifty, at sixty yards, the average has swelled to sixty and one hundred; and at the eighty yards the score goes into the twenties, thirties, and forties. But little has yet been done at a hundred yards, the majority of archers leaving that practice until next season.

It is not easy to say when the archery season in California ends. One of the most pleasant gatherings of the year was a meeting in Oakland on Christmas Day. Then the absence of the afternoon breeze in the winter months is much to the archer's advantage.

The archery picnic will come off on the first Saturday in October, and, in regard to the commissary, will be similar to all other picnics, everyone bringing his own lunch; while those who forget their baskets will be accommodated at Signor Brousseau's inn at Adams' Point—which, because of its accessibility and the excellence of the range, has been chosen the rendezvous. As it will be necessary to arrange the order of shooting, etc., archers wishing to participate will drop a note to Frank M. Ward, room 43, Montgomery Block. The gathering of archers have been too few this season, and I hope that this meeting will be well attended.

There was some very fair shooting at Adams' Point last Saturday. Mr. Keaney was in good form, and made a fine score at the sixty-yard range.

Peters & Co. are about to publish a handbook of archery, which will contain, in addition to several matters on bow shooting, the records of the matches and tournaments on this coast, and will thus be a useful volume of reference.

Archery, like all sports, has its peculiar vocabulary. I have succeeded after a good deal of labor, in getting together a glossary of the terms used in this pastime, which I am sure will be intererting to archers, and give only those with which, on this coast, we are not supposed to be familiar:

*Allow, allowance*—An archer is said to allow for the wind when he shoots somewhat wide of the mark, and on that side of the mark nearest the wind, in order that the wind may bring his arrow into the line of his mark.
*Bearing arrow*—An arrow which possesses a steady flight.
*Bob-tailed arrow*—An arrow increasing in bulk in regular proportion from the nock to the pile.
*To cast*—To become warped.
*The cast*—The right of shooting the first at roving archery by winning at the last shot, which is called the cast.
*Crysal*—A kind of pinch or crack in a bow.
*Clout*—A small white target placed near the ground.
*To keep compass*—To observe due elevation.
*To cut the mark*—When it flies straight toward it, but falls under it.
*Drawing through the bow*—Signifies drawing so far that the point of the arrow comes within the belly of the bow.
*Fast*—A word used to caution persons passing between the shooter and the mark, and to direct them to stand still.
*Fletcher*—An arrow maker.
*Gone*—An arrow is said to be gone when it may, from its flight, be judged to fall wide of, or far from, the mark.
*Grafted bow*—One made of two pieces of wood, joined at the handle.
*Hel he!*—This exclamation is said to have been an archer's word of call, handed down from very ancient days.
*Home*—An arrow is said to be drawn home when it is drawn as far as it ought to be.
*Inches*—A distance allowed around the butt mark within which an arrow must fall to count.
*Keeping a length*—Shooting the exact distance, although not straight.
*Limbs*—The part of the bow above and below the handle.
*Nocking point*—That part of the string on which the arrow is placed.
*Over-bowed*—An archer is said to be over-bowed when the power of his bow is above his command.
*Pair of arrows*—In archery three arrows are termed a pair, on account of the liability of one to break.
*Petticoat, or Spoon*—The ground of the target beyond the white.
*Tile*—The head of an arrow.
*Shaft*—An arrow so called when it wants only the head.
*Shaftment*—That part of the arrow occupied by the feather.
*A shoot*—An arrow shot.
*Sinking a bow*—Reducing its force or stiffness.
*Standing bow*—A bow that stands well without sioking.
*Stele*—An arrow without head or feather.
*Tab*—A piece of leather, used instead of the fingers of the shooting-glove.
*Under-bowed*—Using a bow that is too weak to shoot well with.
*Down wind*—When the wind blows directly from the shooting down to the mark.
*Side wind*—When it blows directly across the line of mark.
*Up wind*—When it blows directly from the mark up to the shooter.

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### Black Silk Deception.

Editors Argonaut:—In your issue of the 13th of this month, I read a communication by "Subscriber" that quite surprised me, about the deception in black silk material now being made and sold in the stores. Ten years ago I could buy a black silk in San Francisco at the same cost of one now, that gave twice the service. For the past ten days here in Oakland our society ladies have done little else but test silk by burning; in fact, it is the town talk. A few days before seeing the article referred to in the Argonaut I had selected and bought a charming pattern of black silk; in fact, in appearance it is lovely. When I came to test it, imagine my surprise and disgust to see it burn like a cotton string. A gentleman friend of ours made us a visit during the evening, and, of course, our conversation drifted on my disappointment about paying $4 a yard for a worthless black silk. Our visitor began picking at the filling, he being interested also. After pulling out a half dozen threads across the piece he picked at them three or four moments, and upon looking at the ends of his fingers they were as black as if dipped in ink. He said the filling was not silk at all, but *ramie*—a vegetable fibre. A lady friend of ours who has recently returned from the East brought with her a silk dress pattern that she purchased while in New York City, and, of course, we tested it, and to our surprise when burned it crisped like a feather, and the ash was black like charcoal—the same as the colored end on mine burns. She does not know the manufacturer of the silk, but intends to find out. Her silk pattern is very wide, the edge is black, and the goods are lovely. Thanks to the Argonaut for such valuable information.

East Oakland, Sept., 1879. A Constant Reader.

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Mrs. Shoddy lately puckered up her mouth genteelly, and told a gentleman friend that one of her lovely daughters is a "blunett," and the other a "bronze."

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

### A Serenade.

I sing beneath your lattice, love,
A song of great regard for you;
The moon is getting rather high,
My voice is, too

The lakelet in deep shadow lies,
Where croaking frogs make much ado;
I think they sing a trifle hoarse.
I sing so, too.

The blossoms on the pumpkin-vine
Are weeping diamond tears of dew;
'Tis warm: the flowers are wilting fast,
My linen, too.

All motionless the cedars stand,
With silent moonbeams slanting through;
The very air is drowsy, love,
And I am, too.

Oh, could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo!
But then your lattice you would bolt—
So I'll bolt, too.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The girls in the principal cities in this country are noted as follows:

Boston, the handsomest.
Baltimore, the most intellectual.
New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress.
Philadelphia, the most refined and lady-like.
Chicago, the fastest and most dissipated.
Toledo, the biggest feet.
St. Louis, the most reckless.
New Orleans, the most truthful.
Cincinnati, the gayest flirts.
Louisville, the proudest.
Maysville, the most amiable disposition.
Detroit, the wildest.
Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation.
San Francisco, the most indifferent.
Mobile, the most liberal entertainers.
Hartford, the best musicians.
Buffalo, the dullest.
Rochester City, the most anxious to be loved.

### "Swing Yo' Pardner."

Git yo' pardners, fast guatillion!
Stomp yo' feet and raise 'em high;
Tune is: "Oh, dat watermillion!"
Gwine to eat it bime-by.

S'lute yo' pardners! Scrape perlitely:
Don't be bumpin' 'gin de rest,
Balance all! Now step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' level bes'!

Fo'ward four! Whoop up, niggers!
Back again! Don't be so slow!
Swing cornahs! Mind de figgers—
When I hollers den yo' go.

Top ladies cross ober!
(Hol' on till I take a dram.)
Gemmen solo! Yes, I's sober—
Kaint tell how de fiddlers am.

Hands around! Hold up yo' faces!
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet.
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way—dat's hard to deat.

Sides fo'ward! When yo's ready
Make a bow as low's yo' kin!
Swing across wid op'st lady!
Now we'll let yo' swap agin.

Ladies change! Shut up dat talkin'!
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right and lef', don't want no walkin';
Make yo' steps and show yo' style.

A happy looking married couple were pointed out, and I was told that the lady had been married once before. When her husband died he left a will giving his widow $30,000 a year as long as she remained a widow and all of his fortune if she married again, for, he maliciously added, "I want another man to know how wretched she made me, and he may find some consolation in my money." The widow was not long in finding another husband, and, out of spite to her former spouse, makes the present husband supremely happy, and the wealth of the deceased is an immense factor to that end. Women are contrary creatures, and men don't understand them.

### The Man with a Liver.

Who in this world sees only ill?
Of medicine alone takes fill?
Whose only solace is the pill?
The man with a liver.

Who neither food nor drink enjoys?
Who cans of naught but it annoys
Digestion's work—his stomach cloys?
The man with a liver.

Whose visage wears a funeral hue?
Who evil seeks—who shuns the true?
Who ever has the devil's blue?
The man with a liver.

Who talks both long and fluently
Of what does not, what does agree
With his deranged economy?
The man with a liver.

Who is the doctor's dearest friend?
Whose steps to druggists ever tend?
Who swallows nostrums without end?
The man with a liver.

Who yesterday congestion feared,
And thought the close of life fast neared?
To whom dark everything appeared?
The man with a liver.

But who has taken, in the meanwhile,
Pills, mercury, and chamomile,
And says 'twas but o'erflow of bile?
The man with a liver.

Whose every ache, whose every pain
Is but a symptom in the train
Of evils that his spirits drain?
The man with a liver.

Whose colon ne'er is comma *il faut*,
Whose bile doth dash his humor's flow?
Whose life's a period of woe?
The man with a liver.

Who, at the resurrection, when
The dead put on their flesh again,
Would best forsake his liver then?
The man with a liver.

"Ma! Billy had his slung-shot." "Oh! heaven save us! Take me to him—take me to him!" and she coiled around and around, and raved for full fifteen minutes before she would compose herself enough to have it explained to her that he didn't say that Billy'd had his lung shot.


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*FALL, 1879. FALL, 1879.*

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A susceptible young man was jilted at Charlotte, North Carolina. He went to a house where the girl was spending the evening with a party of her own sex, and asked to see her. She refused him an interview, and he could not even get into the house. He declared that he did not desire to live longer, and was going to kill himself then and there. The girls came out on the doorsteps, and said they were ready to witness the suicide. Then he drew a knife, made a feint of stabbing himself, fell on the grass, writhed as though in death agony, and screamed at the top of his voice. By thus frightening the girls he might have gone away with flying colors, had they not, as a restorative, drenched him with pails of ice water.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from her old and severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—Ed. Oswego *Sun*. See other column.

INVESTIGATION OF THE MANAGEMENT OF THE JUSTICE M. CO.—Baldwin's management don't suit the stockholders, they wishing to know why the mine is in debt, and why the ore is paying only six dollars per ton. Notice is hereby given, that the stockholders of Justice Mining Company are requested to meet at Room 3, No. 411½ California Street, SATURDAY, September 27th, at 3 o'clock P. M.

MANY STOCKHOLDERS.

Bradley & Rulofson still keep on the artistic and even tenor of their way, turning out photographs of celebrities by the dozens. To have the imprint of this firm on the back of your *carte* is to be possessed of a good portrait, for no inferior work is allowed to leave the place. So thoroughly has this point been followed up that the reputation of the establishment is now world-wide; and so popular and artistic is its work that actors and actresses are ordering from their negatives by the thousands. This is the kind of business popularity that tells.

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First production of OSCAR WEIL'S new Comic English Opera, in three acts,

**PYRAMUS AND THISBE.**

COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPT. 29,

Every Evening (except Sunday), and Saturday Matinee.

SUSAN GALTON

(Kelleher),

Who, after an absence of five years from the stage, returns to it for this occasion only, especially to create the role of THISBE.

MR. BEN CLARK.....AS PYRAMUS.
MISS CHARLOTTE HAMMOND,
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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirtieth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 59) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second (22d) day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 15) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the second (2d) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-fourth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, 293 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 27th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 38) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the first (1st) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of September, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of one dollar and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.


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## NORTHERN DIVISION — SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose... .....$1 00
On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office— No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Eveoing following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


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JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phoenix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

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| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 12.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ——— | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.20 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—8.40—86.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—85.30—86.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

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*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 14. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 4, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## "SEEKING THE LAMB."

### A True Account of the Great Camp Meeting at Balsam Flat.

BY E. H. CLOUGH.

The reputation of Fiddletown, Calaveras County, was bad—decidedly bad. The saving grace of five churches, representing as many denominations, seemed to produce no effect whatever upon the cohorts of Satan that dwelt there. It was, in the eyes of the devout sectarians, a veritable modern Sodom, a Gomorrah preserved from heavenly wrath only through the fervent prayers of the church members. It was the custom of the ungodly to make night hideous by singing ribald songs in the liquor saloons, and appearing upon the streets in various stages of intoxication, occasionally varying their unseemly conduct with such pleasantries as street affrays with knife and pistol, shooting the lights out in public ball-rooms, throwing stones at Sunday-school windows, and even going so far as to scoff and jeer at the pious church members themselves as they passed the numerous haunts of vice on their way to and from the various places of worship. It appeared as though nothing but a miracle could ever snatch the village of Fiddletown as a brand from the burning, or gather the wandering black sheep to the fold of any one of the five churches laboring for their salvation. Under these discouraging circumstances it is not at all strange that the sudden appearance of that eloquent and earnest revivalist and evangelist, Rev. Peter Racket, should have caused a bright gleam of hope to spring up in the hearts of the devout. The great soul saver had been laboring with unprecedented success in that portion of the vineyard contiguous to Visalia and the Mussel Slough country. The local press of that section published fabulous accounts of his work, and each week gave tabulated statements of the number of souls saved each night, with a "recapitulation" and a "grand total," dividing the converts into "hardened old sinners," "moderate sinners," "doubters," "infidels," and "backsliders." It was only after the most earnest solicitation, and a positive assurance on the part of the Fiddletown elders and deacons of the solid financial condition of the church treasuries, that this irresistible and preëminently successful evangelist consented to leave the Mussel Slough vineyard and undertake the salvation of Calaveras County. Being a Baptist as regards doctrinal faith, he was launched upon the stormy Fiddletown Galilee under the auspices of that particular church—being lodged by Deacon Gardiner and "boarded round" among the brethren. Among the scoffers and infidels of the town Deacon Gardiner was familiarly known as "Old Velvet," on account of his alleged "smooth" transactions. He was accused of being "oily" and "slippery," and, moreover, a hypocrite who affected religion as a cloak to cover a multitude of sins, such as robbing—in his capacity of attorney at law—the widow and orphan, lending money at rates denominated in the commercial world by the term "usury," tricking honest juries into acquitting double-dyed criminals, and otherwise failing to practice what he preached. An ardent temperance advocate (with a rubicund nose), he was charged with "pressing his tansy" in the secrecy of his "closet;" and when his friends and admirers indignantly denied the frightful impeachment, the scoffing unbeliever would sneeringly suggest that he "take in his sign." All small towns are more or less afflicted with backbiting gossipers and wicked slanderers, and Fiddletown was as prone to the evil as the sparks to fly upward. Hence, these aspersions of Deacon Gardiner's character were treated by his Baptist brethren as another evidence of the hold that Satan and his followers had upon the camp and all the inhabitants not in "close communion" with themselves, for the jealous-minded Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians had been known to "make remarks" reflecting, not only upon the sanctity of Deacon Gardiner, but even upon the church itself. The Baptists consoled themselves for this Christian persecution, however, by accounting for it on the grounds that the thrifty Deacon had bought up and foreclosed mortgages on the Methodist and Presbyterian sanctuaries, and then began to charge rent for the privilege of worshiping in those particular temples of the Lord. No wonder, then, that Deacon Gardiner was regarded unfavorably by his tenants—it is not a trait of human nature to fall down and worship our landlord. Upon his arrival, Rev. Peter Racket, who was a robust, full-breasted individual, entered upon his work with a zeal that promised great results. He organized a campaign against the devil which his rank and file predicted could not fail to prove successful. Fiddletown was to be saved at last. Sodom would be redeemed.

Having arranged all the details of procedure in this warfare against the powers of darkness, the editor of the Fiddletown *Palladium of Liberty* was authorized to announce that "revival services would be held in the Baptist Church every evening, beginning at half-past seven o'clock; prayer meetings every afternoon at three o'clock; experience meetings Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings of each week; praise service from nine till eleven each Sabbath morning; divine services at eleven A. M. and half-past seven each Lord's day; Sabbath-school and children's meetings every Sabbath afternoon, commencing at two o'clock."

The first week was simply a skirmish, in which the Baptist congregation alone engaged, the cohorts of Satan failing to break cover. During the second week the Rev. Racket opened with his howitzers, and fired several round shot into the "gin-mill" section of the enemy's camp. He designated the saloons of Fiddletown as "gateways of hell," "trap-doors of perdition," "sink-holes of eternal damnation," and "smoke-stacks of the infernal regions." He characterized dancing as "an invention of the devil," and asserted that the waltz and other round dances were "branded with the curse of the Almighty." This onslaught caused the heathen satellites of Beelzebub to advance their standards to the front, and at the Friday evening experience meeting there was "standing room only" in the Baptist sanctuary. This was the first ripple of excitement. On Saturday evening the ripple had increased to a billow, and on Sunday the billow had become a foam-crested wave—the forerunner of the divine storm. Day after day the excitement increased until it was considered expedient to ask the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian phalanxes to coöperate in the good work. The latter politely declined, but the former two accepted the invitation, and after a spirited consultation between committees appointed by the various denominations it was resolved to hold a great union camp-meeting at the Balsam Flat, in a pine grove, about six miles from Fiddletown. Platform and seats were provided, board shanties and tents erected, cooking utensils forwarded, and the base of operations in the metaphorical battle of Armageddon transferred from Fiddletown to Balsam Flat. And now the fighting became general all along the line.

It was Thursday afternoon when the first sounds of strife echoed through the pines at the Flat. The bright sunshine glinted through the tasseled tree-tops with mellow warmth, and the sweet voices of the choir mingled with the piping of the feathered songsters, and the distant cooing of the turtle dove, and the shrill call of the mountain quail.

"Brother Gardiner will lead in prayer." The strong voice of the great evangelist swept down from the platform and over the congregation like the wind through a sounding cave in the rocks. As silence fell upon the throng the smooth, persuasive tones of Deacon Gardiner's voice permeated the atmosphere, affording a striking contrast to the rifle-shot eloquence of the evangelist. He prayed for "more light," and demonstrated to the Almighty in clear logical terms the necessity for a brighter glimmer of His divine love. His petitions only lacked the formal introduction to have served as memorials to the local Board of Supervisors for needed repairs to certain streets or fire-plugs. He addressed his Maker as he would have addressed a jury, combining eloquent appeal with wheedling argument, and almost demanding, on the evidence presented, a verdict of "Not guilty." Occasionally, during the course of Deacon Gardiner's argument, a cry of "O Lord!" or "Amen!" would testify the "working of the spirit" in the heart of one or another of the listeners. Around the edge of the congregation proper, however, was a scoffing, sneering, jeering, giggling assembly of barbarian unbelievers and materialistic infidels, who refused to be moved in the least by the Deacon's appeal; some of them even characterized the able and convincing argument as "pettifogging buncombe." When the prayer was ended the evangelist opened his hymn-book and "lined" out:

> "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
> Tune my heart to sing Thy praise;
> Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
> Call for songs of loudest praise"—

which the choir in the "Amen corner" rendered with moving melody, the congregation joining at intervals and swelling the stream until they filled the grove. A short prayer, testifying the thankfulness of the assembled worshipers at being allowed by Divine Grace to gather at the foot of the Great White Throne, thundered in unctuous bass by the Rev. Racket, followed the hymn, after which he announced that previous to the sermon any of the brethren could recite their experiences. There was a moment's pause, and then a tall, gaunt, sallow-cheeked man arose from one of the front seats, and, in a rasping voice, addressed the meeting.

"Brethering," he began, "it's nigh onto twenty year sence I sot out to seek the Lamb. I was wilder'n a yearlin' colt an' dead set agin the teachin's o' the Master. I was carnal minded an' I'd ruther a tackled the fleshpots o' Pharaoh'n to a follered in the trail o' the meek an' lowly. Brethering, I've bin a murderer, I've robbed the Lord of his precious time a carousin' at huskin' bees an' quiltin' parties. I've murdered the Lord's comman'ments a liein' in hoss trades, an' a swappin' jack knives, an' sich. I've bin a sinner all my life, a sinnin' agin my Saviour an' agin my feller man. W'en I was in the grocery bizness I give short weight an' watered my whisky. I mixed sand 'ith my sugar an' put chiccory in my coffee. But the Lord tripped me up w'en I sold the Widder Jones a half bar'l o' flour fur a full bar'l by makin' me leave the tin dipper I'd used ter take out the flour with, in the bar'l arter I'd headed it up an' turned it over. The widder might a thought she'd used all the flour thet I'd lifted out ef she hedn't found the dipper 'ith my name onto it in the bottom o' the bar'l. She brung the dipper back to me, an' I couldn't git around it. I gave the widder her half bar'l o' flour, an' sot out to seek the Lamb. I see the finger o' Divine Prov'dence in thet thar dipper an' I've bin a huntin' the way o' everlastin' life ever sence. I'm a strivin' an' a strivin', an' a prayin' an' a prayin', an' a hopin' an' a hopin' fur strength to fight the temptations of the flesh. I'm a murderer an' a thief. I've murdered the Lord's comman'ments an' I've robbed the Lord o' his time, but I've repented, an' I'm tryin' to live the life of the righteous."

"Brother Halter, you have been a very wicked man," commented the Rev. Racket, "but you have repented and entered the fold of the elect. There is hope for every sinner who repents. We will now offer praise in common meter, hymn three hundred and fifty-three of the *Psalmist*.

> 'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
> With all Thy quickening powers;
> Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
> In these cold hearts of ours.'

Hymn three hundred and fifty-three of the *Psalmist*, first, second, third, and last verses, 'Come, Holy Spirit.'"

At the conclusion of the singing the great evangelist arose and delivered one of his irresistible exhortations. And such an exhortation! How the eloquent words flowed from his lips! What a fervor seemed to animate his being! What a beautiful picture he drew of heaven, and what a frightful vision of hell! Gazing upward into space, away beyond the sun-crowned pine tops, with an ecstatic smile upon his heavily bearded face, the great evangelist exclaimed:

"I see them, I see them! I see the white-robed angels hovering around the Throne of Grace. Their faces shine with the glorious light of heavenly purity. They bear in their beautiful hands golden harps, and their hosannahs wrap my soul as with a robe of eternal joy. Oh, my brothers, what bliss to pass those gates of pearl, those shining jasper portals, and walk through those golden streets, where millions of bright-winged seraphs cry 'Glory to Him in the highest,' through all eternity, for evermore."

Then with a sudden change of expression, and a horrified and theatrical movement backward, he shrieked:

"No, no, it can not be! Oh, it is too true! Alas, that man should be so perverse! Alas, that poor, miserable, crawling worms should brave the vengeance of a wrathful God. I stand upon the battlements of the heavenly city, and gaze down, down, down into the seething, scorching flames of hell. I see the livid blaze spring like a hungry monster to envelope the souls of lost sinners as they are hurled headlong from time to the eternity of damnation. I see the golden haired child torn from its mother's embrace and cast shrieking into the bottomless pit. I hear the screams, and groans, and yells of the dark-eyed boy, the pride of a loving father's heart, who after a life of wicked rebellion against his God, writhes in eternal torment. I hear the lost souls weep and wail, and gnash their teeth.

At this point Brother Halter clasped his hands above his head and shouted, "O Lord, save us!" His appeal was echoed from a side seat by Sister Grimes with "Lord, have mercy on us!" And from the rear in agonizing accents came the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" There was a rush from the front to the rear, and a surging in from the sides, the excited revivalists raising their voices until the woods rang with the discord. The ominous words were uttered by a little old woman who seemed to be beside herself with unnatural excitement.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" she screamed, clapping her hands, and dancing a wild tarentella on the seat.

"Where? Where?" asked a hundred voices.

"In hell! In hell!" screamed the woman. "Save your souls from the flames! Save 'em, save 'em! Come to the Lamb! You're lost; you're sinkin' down to everlastin' torture! I've seen my blue-eyed boy go down to destruction. He's sufferin' in the flames. Oh, save your souls! save 'em!"

The scene that followed beggars description. Hoarse cries and shrill screams arose from every part of the congregation; while high above all sounded the deep tones of the great evangelist, shouting:

"Now is the appointed time. Don't wait, don't delay. Satan is waiting for your souls. Come forward. Save your precious souls. Repent; repent while it is yet time. To-morrow may be too late."

Many were rolling on the ground, shouting, praying, and weeping. The "anxious seat" was speedily filled with repentant sinners, and the choir, in full, mellow tones, sang:

> "Now is the accepted time,
> Now is the day of grace;
> Now, sinners, come, without delay,
> And seek the Saviour's face."

Under the soothing influence of the melody the storm subsided to a prayerful murmur and a calm began.

Then arose, in quavering cadence, the voice of good Sister Cunningham:

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> I bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe my weeping eyes."

At first Sister Cunningham's voice was the only one that broke the semi-silence, but as the sacred harmony proceeded others took up the burden of the song, until it swelled out in a grand and joyous chorous.

Day after day these scenes of alternating storm and calm, joy and despair, were enacted, varied occasionally by a free fight among the visiting barbarians, or a spirited interruption from some hilarious individual who had imbibed rather too much "camp meeting lemonade."

The "fire" incident of Thursday was productive of a brilliant practical joke by the scoffing young sinners who attended the revival for the "fun of the thing." They concealed one of the Fiddletown hand-engines in the chaparral, and at an auspicious moment one of the young reprobates commenced shouting "Fire! fire! fire!" and the other young reprobates were immediately on hand with the engine, bells clanging and brakes rattling, the foreman [illegible] ing hoarse orders through his trumpet, and the ba[illegible] the company circling about the camp ground in

where the conflagration was. The sarcastic answer, "In hell," raised the laugh for which all this fanfarronade had been arranged, and "the boys" dragged their engine back to Fiddletown, pausing at various places on the road to rob orchards or drink beer. These escapades on the part of the "big church outside" offered the Rev. Racket an inexhaustible budget of living texts, and he did not fail to make the most of them. The bold attempt of an itinerant short-card "sharp" to introduce the alluring amusement called "chuck-a-luck," and its subsequent failure, owing to the militant attitude of Brother Halter, and the threat of Deacon Gardiner to "prosecute," evoked a sermon on "Devices of the Devil," in which he paid especial attention to the gambler and speculator, taking for his biblical text the scourging of the money changers from the Temple by Christ. The discovery that an enterprising liquor dealer had established a "branch bar" near the camp ground, and that he was dispensing "living waters" for "thirsty souls," and amassing many shekels, caused the belligerent Halter and the Deacon to combine forces once more, and drive this emissary of Satan back into the wilderness of sin in which Fiddletown was located.

But the meanest device originated by the fertile brains of the sons of Baal was the publication and distribution of a "programme," after the style of a theatrical or circus poster, in which they designated the revival a "Grand Combination Menagerie and Sacred Opera." The more prominent members of the churches were "cast" for ridiculous *rôles* in imaginary performances, both theatrical and equestrian. The Rev. Racket was termed the "Ringmaster," and the amusement-loving public were called upon to attend the show, and see him "stir up the animals." Deacon Gardiner was "billed" for a stump speech on "Gin and Oil, or Fifteen Per Cent. on a Five-Year Mortgage." Brother Halter was "announced" in "his thrilling rough and tumble act on a single rope." And so on through the entire list, the author being particular not to mention any of the females, except a widowed negro woman and a converted China woman, fearing, probably, the avenging fist of some muscular Christian who did not thoroughly subscribe to the "other cheek" doctrines of his belief. Ridicule is a powerful weapon for good or for evil, and there can be no doubt that this "programme" prevented many an anxious soul from tasting "the limpid waters of the fountain of everlasting life."

For three weeks the great revival continued, and many joined the various denominations represented. The expenses were defrayed by "passing round the hat," which gave the ungodly another opportunity to scoff. They openly asserted that, after paying the Rev. Peter Racket his "tribute money," the residue was equally divided between Deacon Gardiner and Brother Halter.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the closing services of the camp meeting were being held. A holy calm pervaded the body of the meeting. The Rev. Racket was praying fervently for the salvation of all souls present. Only an occasional "O Lord!" or "Amen!" broke the monotony of the prayer. At last, rising to his feet, the evangelist invited any who "felt moved by the Spirit" to come forward for prayers. For a moment no one moved; then the crowd at the rear of the meeting parted, and a tall, handsome woman glided forward. She walked slowly up the aisle, her eyes downcast and weeping. Every face in the assemblage was turned toward her, some in curiosity and others in pity, for this superb woman was accounted one of the chief instruments of Satan in his evil work among the youth of Fiddletown. But now she saw the evil of her ways, and, after a life of misfortune and vice, sought relief from the remorse of her heart in the consolation of religion. Not a sound disturbed the silence as she approached the "anxious seat" and knelt in contrite prayer in the presence of the hundreds who had known her but to scorn her. Then a sob wailed up from her overcharged bosom, and at that woful appeal good old Sister Cunningham could resist no longer—the true womanly instinct of sympathy drove from her heart the demons of disgust and abhorrence, and she pressed forward and knelt beside the unfortunate Magdalen, pouring forth in trembling accents words of heartfelt prayer and thanksgiving for the lost one saved, who, with contrite spirit, sought the mercy seat of heavenly grace.

"He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her." The evangelist stood erect, and his deep voice echoed through the pines like the voice of one inspired. The responsive "Amen" from various portions of the assemblage gave evidence of the spirit in which the admonition was received by the true Christians gathered there. Then the solemn stillness was again broken by the quavering voice of Sister Cunningham singing—

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

The wind murmuring through the pines mingled with the trembling tones of the good old woman, mellowing and softening the treble asperity of her age-stricken voice until it sank to a rich alto.

> "Let the water and the blood,
> From Thy side, a healing flood,
> Be of sin the double cure—"

A deep voice, rich and full, had joined with the voice of Sister Cunningham and the whispered murmur of the pines. It was the voice of Dick Carter, gambler, desperado, reckless man of the world—

> "Save from wrath and make me pure."

Only the deep chest-notes of Carter could be distinguished in the chorus of voices that had caught up the strain and spread it far and wide through the grove of pines.

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

Not a voice was silent in all that throng. It was the "one touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin."

And so with all the tinsel rhetoric of the great evangelist to repel, with the canting hypocrisy of Deacon Gardiner to disgust, and the false religion of such men as Brother Halter to breed doubt—with all this unnatural excitement and religious clap-trap, one miserable, groveling child of sin had been raised from her slough of degradation into the purer light of a better life. This one good work may have redeemed the camp meeting at Balsam Flat from much of its hideous deformity, ignorantly supposed by its participants to represent the fervor of true religion.

# THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Emile Zola.

BY T. A. HARCOURT.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

## XXVI.

Nothing but an overwhelming fit of terror could have compelled Thérèse and Laurent to let out the secret of Camille's murder before Mme. Raquin. Neither of them was cruel by nature, and they would have avoided such a revelation for humanity's sake even if their own safety had not demanded silence.

As the next Thursday evening approached they grew more and more uneasy. On the morning of that day Thérèse asked Laurent if he thought it would be prudent to take the paralytic into the dining-room in the evening, since she now knew everything, and might tell the guests.

"Bah!" answered Laurent. "She can not stir so much as her little finger. How can you talk so foolishly?"

"But still, she might find some way of expressing herself," persisted Thérèse. "Ever since the other evening I have seen an implacable resolution in her eyes."

"What of it? The doctor assures me she will never speak again, unless it be in the last agonies of death. We would be foolish to add to the burden on our conscience for the purpose of preventing her from joining the Thursday parties."

Thérèse shuddered. "You do not understand me," she cried. "But, oh, you are right to say that enough blood has been shed! What I meant was that we might shut her up in her room under the pretense that she was suffering, or asleep."

"Oh, yes," answered Laurent; "and then that old fool, Michaud, would go straight to her room to see what was the matter with his old friend. Your plan would be an excellent one if we wished to destroy ourselves."

He hesitated, wishing to appear calm, but filled with a nervous dread.

"It will be best to let things go on as usual," he continued. "These people are as stupid as geese; they will not be able to understand the old woman's mute despair. She can not make them suspect the truth because it is too far from their ideas. When we have tested it once we shall be less uneasy. You will see, all will go right."

That evening, when the guests arrived, Mme. Raquin sat in her usual place. Laurent and Thérèse acted as if in good spirits to hide their fears, but secretly they waited tremblingly for the slightest sign from the paralytic. They had lowered the lamp-shade so that the light fell only upon the table.

The guests engaged in the silly gossip which always preceded the game of dominoes. Grivet and Michaud, as usual, questioned Mme. Raquin as to her health, and answered themselves promptly, according to their custom. Then, without troubling themselves further about the poor old woman, the company began their game.

Mme. Raquin, ever since she had learned the terrible secret of her son's fate, had waited for this evening with feverish impatience, and had gathered all her strength to denounce the guilty pair. Up to the last moment she had feared that they would not let her be present; she thought that Laurent, if he did not kill her, would at least shut her up in her room. When, therefore, she found herself seated among the guests she resolved to make an effort to avenge her son without delay. Since her tongue was dead she essayed a new language. By a supreme effort of will she succeeded in galvanizing, so to speak, her right hand, and in slightly raising it from her knee, on which it always lay inert and motionless; then, sliding the hand up a leg of the table which was in front of her, she managed to rest it on the cloth, and agitated her fingers to attract attention.

The surprise of the players may be imagined when they suddenly saw in their midst this soft, white hand of death. Since her attack the paralytic had not moved a muscle. Grivet, who was in the act of triumphantly putting down a "double-six," stopped with his arm in the air.

"Hullo!" cried Michaud. "Thérèse, look, Mme. Raquin is moving her fingers. Doubtless she wants something."

Thérèse could not utter a word. Both she and Laurent had followed the paralytic's effort from the first, and they saw in that pallid hand moving in the circle of the light upon the table the hand of an avenger.

"Yes, of course, she wants something," cried Grivet. "Ah, I have it. She wishes to play at dominoes. Am I not right, my dear madame?"

Mme. Raquin made a sign of dissent as violently as she could. Then, stretching out one finger and drawing in the others with infinite difficulty, she began painfully tracing some letters on the table. She had only indicated a few characters when Grivet again called out, in triumph:

"I understand. She says that I do right to place the double-six."

The paralytic threw a terrible look at the exultant speaker, and again began the word she wished to write. But at every instant Grivet interrupted her, declaring that she need not take so much trouble, as he understood her perfectly. Finally Michaud silenced him.

"Why the devil don't you let Mme. Raquin speak?" he cried. "Go on, my dear old friend." And with that he looked closely at the table-cloth, as if he were listening.

Mme. Raquin had written one word more than ten times over, but Michaud and Olivier made her write it again, and watched her closely.

"Ah!" cried Olivier, suddenly. "I read it that time. She wrote your name, Thérèse. There again—*and*—*Thérèse and*— Proceed, dear lady."

Thérèse barely repressed a shriek of agony. As she watched her aunt's fingers creeping over the table-cloth, tracing her name and her crime in letters of living fire, Laurent arose with violence, half resolved to hurl himself upon the paralytic and shatter the accusing arm. He believed that all was lost; already he felt the pains of punishment as he saw this dead hand come to life again to resurrect the corpse of Camille.

Mme. Raquin still wrote on, but it was evident her effort could not last much longer.

"That's right; I can read it easily," said Olivier again, looking at the guilty pair. "She has both of your names—*Thérèse and Laurent.*"

The old woman signified that he was right, at the same time throwing a withering glance at the murderers. Then she tried to proceed, but her fingers were stiff, her power of will was rapidly departing; she felt the paralysis once more creeping along her arm. With a hasty and violent effort she traced one more word.

Michaud read it aloud: "*Thérèse and Laurent have*—"

"Well, your dear children have—what?" asked Olivier.

The murderers, in an agony of terror, came near finishing the sentence with their own lips; but suddenly, as they stared at the avenging hand with fixed eyes, it was seized with convulsion, and slipped off the edge of the table a mere mass of inanimate flesh. Paralysis had returned and stayed the retribution.

Michaud and Olivier, who had stood bending over the table, reseated themselves with an air of disappointment, while Thérèse and Laurent felt a joy so keen that they could hardly restrain themselves from crying out aloud.

Grivet was vexed to find that he had misinterpreted Mme. Raquin, and thought to regain his reputation for infallibility by completing the sentence she had left unfinished.

"It's simple enough," said he. "I can read the entire phrase in her eyes. It is not necessary that she should write on a table for me to understand her. A single glance is sufficient for me. She was going to say: 'Thérèse and Laurent have taken excellent care of me.'"

Grivet was much delighted when he found that the rest were of his opinion, and all joined in lavishing praise upon the couple who had been so good to the poor old lady.

"It is certain," said old Michaud, gravely, "that Mme. Raquin wished to acknowledge the attentions which her children have paid to her. This does honor to the whole family. Come," he added, taking up his dominoes, "let us go on with our game. Grivet was about to put down the double-six, I believe."

Grivet placed his double-six, and the game went on as stupidly and monotonously as ever.

The paralytic gazed at her hand in an abyss of black despair. That hand had betrayed her; it felt as heavy as lead; she would never more be able to raise it. Heaven did not wish that Camille should be avenged; it had snatched from the mother the only means she had of making known the murder of her son. The unhappy woman said to herself that there was nothing left but to rejoin her son in the earth. She closed her eyes, feeling that henceforward she was powerless, and strove to imagine herself already in the blackness of the grave.

## XXVII.

For two months longer, Thérèse and Laurent battled against the agonies of their union. One caused the other to suffer. Then slowly they began to hate each other, and ended by exchanging glances filled with rage and menace.

It could not have been otherwise. They had loved each other with the gross passion of brutes; then this feeling had turned into physical fear; and now they revolted against the hideous life which their union imposed upon them. They knew very well that they were a burden to each other, and said to themselves that they could live tranquilly if they were not always face to face.

At bottom they were both enraged that they had ever committed the murder. They felt that the evil was incurable, that they must suffer by their death for the crime, and the thought of this perpetual agony exasperated them. Not knowing what else to vent their anger on, they cursed each other.

They refused, however, to acknowledge that their marriage was a fatal punishment for the murder. They refused to listen to the voice within them which cried aloud the truth in spreading out before them the history of their life. Nevertheless, they could not help seeing that whereas they had committen the murder to satisfy their appetites, it had only brought them a desolate and intolerable existence. As they thought over the past they knew that the disappointment of their hopes had alone caused them remorse. Had they been able to live peacefully and happily together they would not have given a thought to Camille or to their crime. As it was they now wondered whither fear and disgust would lead them. They saw nothing before them but a future of pain, with an ending they could not tell how frightful and violent. They were like two enemies who had been bound together, and who struggle vainly to tear themselves apart. Understanding that they could never escape from their bonds, maddened by the cords which cut into their flesh, filled with loathing by the hateful contact, feeling their misery increase with every hour, forgetful that they were bound together by their own act, and unable to tolerate their condition any longer, they took to reproaching and reviling each other, thinking thus to relieve their own sufferings.

Every evening they had a noisy quarrel. It seemed as if they actually sought opportunities to exasperate each other, and took a fiendish pleasure in every wound inflicted. Every moment found them ready for violence. The slightest impatience, the least contradiction, sufficed to raise a storm which raged till the next morning. And always, during these outbreaks, each threw the drowned man in the face of the other. No matter what the original cause of the quarrel, one word led to another until the murder was brought up; then their rage became more uncontrollable than ever, and the atrocious scene was accompanied by sobs and cries and blows and shameful brutalities.

Mme. Raquin was a listener to all this. She was always present in her arm-chair, her hands resting on her knees, her head erect, her face unmoved. She heard everything, yet her dead flesh could not even creep. She could only fix her eyes rigidly upon the murderers. Truly her martyrdom must have been terrible.

Thus she came to know, detail by detail, the facts which had preceded and followed the murder of Camille, and descended, little by little, into the hideous depths of the crime committed by those whom she had called her dear children. During the nightly quarrels, every particular, every episode, of the dreadful story were one by one spread out before her affrighted spirit. At every step with which she descended into this pit of infamy and horror, she believed that at length the limit of atrocity was reached, that she could surely hear nothing worse; yet every evening she learned some new de-

tail. It seemed to her that she was lost in some horrible and endless dream. The first shock had been brutal and crushing, but these repeated blows added a hundredfold to her agony. Once a day this mother had to hear the story of her son's murder related, and every day the recital became more frightful, more circumstantial, and was screamed in her ears with greater cruelty and violence.

Sometimes Thérèse was seized with remorse at the sight of this pallid mask, down which great tears coursed silently. Pointing to her aunt, she would conjure Laurent to cease.

"Oh, let her alone!" he would answer, brutally. "You know very well she can not expose us. Do you think I am any happier than she is. We have her money; I have no need to trouble myself about her." And then the quarrel would go on as fiercely and loudly as before.

Neither Thérèse nor Laurent dared to yield to the feeling of compassion which sometimes touched them by placing Mme. Raquin in her own room, beyond the sound of their voices. They feared lest they should kill each other if the half-living corpse of the old woman was no longer between them. Their pity, therefore, gave way before their cowardice, and they continued to inflict inexpressible agony upon the paralytic in order that her presence might protect them from themselves.

One evening, at dinner, Laurent, who sought some pretext for the usual quarrel, declared that the water in the pitcher was warm, and asked for some that was fresher.

"I can not get any ice," answered Thérèse, drily.

"All right; then I'll go without drinking," replied Laurent.

"But this is very good water."

"It is warm and tastes of mud. One would think it came from the river."

"From the river!" repeated Thérèse, breaking out into a fit of sobbing. A singularly frightful idea had presented itself to her at the suggestion.

"What are you crying about?" asked Laurent, who foresaw the answer and grew very pale.

"I cry," sobbed the young woman, "I cry because—you know very well why. O my God! my God! It was you who killed him!"

"You lie!" cried the murderer, with vehemence. "Confess that you lie. If I threw him into the Seine, it was you who urged me to it."

"I! I!"

"Yes, you! Do not pretend ignorance; do not compel me to force you to tell the truth. I want you to confess your share in the crime. That quiets and soothes me."

"But *I* did not drown Camille."

"Yes, a thousand times, yes, you did! Ah, you feign surprise and forgetfulness. Listen, I will jog your memory."

He rose from the table, bent over toward his wife, and, with his face on fire with rage, yelled in her ear:

"You were standing by the water, you remember, and I said to you, in a low voice, 'I am going to throw him into the water.' You agreed, for you entered the boat. So, you see, you helped to murder him."

"It is not true. I was not myself; I did not know what I was doing; I never wished to kill him. You alone committed the crime."

These denials tortured Laurent. As he had said, the idea of having an accomplice soothed him. If he could he would have proved to himself that all the horror of the murder rested on Thérèse. He could have beaten her till she confessed that she was most to blame. He strode up and down the room, moaning deliriously, and followed by the fixed gaze of Mme. Raquin.

"Miserable wretch!" he cried, in a thick voice, "you will drive me mad. Did you not defile me with your caresses in order to induce me to rid you of your husband? He did not satisfy you; he was a poor sick baby, as you used to tell me when I came to see you here. I was no scoundrel, but lived a quiet life as an honest man, doing no harm to anybody. I would not have hurt a fly."

"It was you who killed Camille," repeated Thérèse, in a tone of despair, which put Laurent beside himself with rage.

"No, it was you; I say it was you," he cried, in a terrible voice. "Take care how you exasperate me further, or you may repent it. What! miserable woman, do you remember nothing—how you surrendered yourself to adultery there, in the chamber of your husband? How even I was merely your pupil in sensuality? Confess that you all along calculated on the murder, that you hated Camille and plotted his death. Doubtless you took me for a lover simply to use me as the instrument of his destruction."

"It is not true. What you say is monstrous. You have no right to reproach me for my weakness. Like you, I, too, can say that before I knew you I was an honest woman who had never harmed any one. If I have made a madman of you, you have more than done so to me. Let us not argue this matter, Laurent. I have too much to reproach you with."

"And what have you to reproach me with?"

"You did not save me from myself, but you profited by my recklessness, and desolated my life for your own pleasure. I forgive you for all that. But, by heaven, I will *not* accuse myself of having killed Camille. Keep your crime for yourself, and do not try to frighten me with threats."

Laurent raised his hand to give Thérèse a blow in the face.

"Aye, strike me," she cried; "if you will, I shall suffer less," and she leaned her face toward him.

He restrained himself, and, taking a chair, seated himself by his young wife.

"Listen," he said, with forced calmness. "It is cowardly of you to refuse to bear your share of the crime. You know very well that we committed it together; you know you are as much to blame as I am. Why will you make my burden heavier to bear by declaring your own innocence? If you had been guiltless you would not have consented to marry me. Remember the two years which followed the murder. Do you desire a proof? If so, I will tell all to the authorities, and you will see if we are not both condemned."

Then both shuddered, and Thérèse replied: "Men would perhaps condemn me, but Camille knows that you did it all. He does not torment me at night as he torments you."

"Camille lets me rest," said Laurent, pale and trembling; "it is you who are troubled with nightmares and who cry out in your sleep."

"Do not say that," exclaimed the young woman, angrily. "I do not wish the spectre to come. Oh, I understand; you are trying to divert it from yourself. I am innocent; I am innocent!"

They looked at each other in terror, exhausted with fatigue, fearing that they had called up the phantom of the drowned man. Their quarrels always ended in this way; they protested their innocence, and sought to deceive themselves to drive away their bad dreams. But in reality they could never deceive themselves, for each remembered distinctly every circumstance of the murder. Each read the confession in the other's eyes, even while the denial was on their lips.

While these transports lasted the paralytic never took her eyes off them. A fierce joy illumined her eyes when Laurent lifted his great hand against Thérèse.

## XXVIII.

A new phase now presented itself. Thérèse, at her wits' end with terror, not knowing how to find consolation, began to weep aloud for the drowned man before Laurent. Her overstrained nerves gave way; she could struggle no longer against the spectre of Camille, and gave herself up to tears and regrets in the hope of finding some relief. Perhaps the dead man, who had refused to yield to her defiance, would relent before her penitence. Remorse, she said to herself, was doubtless the best way to appease Camille. Like certain devout people who think to cheat God and obtain pardon by praying with their lips and assuming an humble attitude, so Thérèse humiliated herself, striking her breast and uttering words of repentance, without feeling in her heart anything but fear and cowardice. Moreover, she felt a kind of physical pleasure in abandoning herself unresistingly to grief.

She made Mme. Raquin the shrine of her tearful despair. The paralytic served her as a kind of altar, before which she could confess her sins and beseech pardon without fear. When she wished to distract her mind with weeping and lamentations, she knelt before the helpless old woman, and there, sobbing and moaning, acted a scene of remorse which greatly soothed her.

"Miserable wretch that I am," she would cry, "I do not deserve pardon. I have deceived you. I have brought your son to his death. You can never forgive me. Nevertheless, if you could understand the remorse which devours me, if you could know how I suffer, perhaps you would have pity on me. No, not pity. I wish I could die here at your feet, crushed by grief and shame."

She would rave like this for hours together, passing from despair to hope, first condemning and then pardoning herself. Sometimes she would even forget that she was kneeling before Mme. Raquin, and would continue her monologue in a dream. When she had sufficiently relieved herself in this manner, she would rise, staggering and weak, and go down into the shop, calmed, and fearing no longer that she should burst out into tears before her customers. When she felt a need of more remorse she would hasten up-stairs and again kneel before the old woman, and this scene was repeated ten times a day.

It never occurred to Thérèse that her tears and repentance caused her aunt inexpressible anguish. But the fact was that if one had tried to invent a mode of torturing Mme. Raquin, one could not have found a more frightful means than that farce of remorse played by her niece. The paralytic divined the selfishness concealed under these effusions of grief, and she suffered horribly under them. She could not forgive, but was implacable in her craving for vengeance, rendered still more acute by her helplessness; yet all day long she was forced to listen to these humble and cowardly prayers for pardon. She would fain have uttered a crushing refusal, but was compelled to remain dumb and let Thérèse plead her cause without interruption. The impossibility of crying out or stopping her ears filled her with indescribable torment. At times she believed that the murderers deliberately tortured her in this manner with a diabolical refinement of cruelty. Her only means of defense was to shut her eyes when her niece knelt before her, so that, though she must hear, she at least could not see.

Finally, Thérèse grew bold enough to embrace her aunt. One day, during a paroxysm of repentance, she pretended to have seen a look of compassion in the paralytic's eyes. Rising from her knees, she cried out, in a distracted voice: "You forgive me! you forgive me!" Then she kissed the forehead and cheeks of the poor old woman, who could not turn her face away. The cold flesh on which she placed her lips caused Thérèse extreme disgust; but it occurred to her that this disgust, like the tears and remorse, would be an excellent means of quieting her nerves, and she consequently repeated her kisses every day.

"Oh, how good you are!" she would exclaim. "I see that my grief has touched you. Your looks are full of pity. I am saved." After a time she actually came to believe in the reality of this farce, and imagined that she had obtained Mme. Raquin's pardon.

Under this treatment the paralytic came very near dying. The kisses of her niece filled her with the same loathing and rage which she felt every morning and evening when Laurent carried her in his arms from and to her couch. She was compelled to submit to the caresses of the wretch who had betrayed and slain her son, and could not even wipe away the kisses which burned into her cheeks long after they were planted there. What exasperated her more than anything else was Thérèse's mockery of pretending to read forgiveness in her looks, while with those very looks she would fain have withered the murderess where she knelt.

When Thérèse knelt before Mme. Raquin in Laurent's presence, he would lift her up with brutal roughness.

"None of this comedy," he would say. Do *I* weep and prostrate myself? You only do this to trouble me."

The conduct of Thérèse increased his suffering tenfold. She was an ever-present reproach to him. He feared, too, lest repentance should some day induce his wife to confess the murder. He would have preferred her to remain defiant and threatening, defending herself fiercely against his accusations. But she had changed her tactics, and willingly acknowledged now the part which she had taken in the tragedy. This irritated Laurent excessively. Their nightly quarrels became more fierce and dreadful than ever.

"Listen," said Thérèse to her husband; "we are great sinners; we must repent if we would have peace. See, since I have wept for my crimes I am more tranquil. Imitate me. Let us confess together that we are justly punished."

"Bah!" answered Laurent, roughly. "You say what you like. I know what an infernal hypocrite you are. But I beg of you don't split my head with your lamantations."

"Ah! you are wicked; you will not repent. At the same time you are a coward, and you killed Camille treacherously."

"Do you mean to say that I alone am to blame?"

"No, I do not say that; I am even more guilty than you. I ought to have rescued my husband from your hands. Oh, I know all the horror of my sin; but I try to obtain pardon, and I shall succeed, Laurent, while you will continue to lead a miserable life. You have not even the heart to hide your mean passions from my aunt; you have never uttered a word of regret to her." Then she embraced Mme. Raquin, who, as usual, closed her eyes.

"Leave her alone," cried Laurent; "do you not see that the very sight of you is hateful to her? If she could raise her hand she would fell you to the ground."

The plaintive and resigned attitude of his wife filled Laurent with blind rage. He saw plainly that it was her intention to throw all the suffering entailed by the murder upon himself. Sometimes he thought that perhaps after all she had adopted the best plan to get peace, and would have repented himself if he could have found the tears and language necessary for the farce. Failing in this, he turned furiously upon Thérèse, who, however, took care to reply to his brutality with tears and humble submission, and to add to his distress, always ended by delivering a panegyric upon the virtues of Camille.

"He was good," she said; "and we must have been terribly cruel to attack one who never had a bad thought."

"He was good, yes, I know," sneered Laurent; "you mean he was stupid, do you not? Have you forgotten how you declared that his least word irritated you, that he never opened his mouth except to utter some piece of foolishness?"

"Do not joke. It ill becomes you to insult the man you murdered. You know nothing of a woman's heart, Laurent. Camille loved me, and I loved him."

"You loved him! Come, that is pretty good! Doubtless it was because you loved your husband that you took me for your lover."

"I loved him as a sister. He was the son of my benefactress; he had all the delicacy of a weak nature; he was noble, generous, and amiable. And we killed him! My God! my God!"

The implied comparison between Camille and himself enraged Laurent.

"Yes," she went on, "he was at least better than you. I wish that he was still alive, and that you were in his grave."

Laurent shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you were right," she continued with increasing animation, "when you said that I did not love him while he lived; but when I think of him now I love him. I love him, and I hate you, murderer that you are!"

"Will you be silent?" yelled Laurent.

"And he was the victim of a scoundrel. Oh, you can not frighten me. You know that you are a brutal wretch, heartless and soulless. How do you think I can love you—*you*, covered with the blood of Camille? Camille was full of tenderness for me, and I would kill you—do you hear?—if that would bring him to life again and secure me his love."

"Miserable woman, be silent!"

"And why should I be silent? I speak the truth. I would buy forgiveness at the price of your blood. Oh! how I suffer! It is my fault that this infamous wretch assassinated my husband! Some night I will fly to his grave and kiss the ground that covers him."

Maddened by the fearful picture which Thérèse conjured up before his eyes, Laurent sprang upon her, threw her to the ground, and knelt on her with uplifted fist.

"That's right," she cried, "strike me, kill me. Camille never lifted his hand to me; but you, you are a monster."

Lashed to uncontrollable fury by these words, Laurent beat her mercilessly with his clenched fist, and twice nearly strangled her. But beating was a positive relief to her, and she only taunted him still more. Meanwhile Mme. Raquin looked on with delight.

After that Thérèse talked of nothing but Camille. What he had said, and done, and thought was in her mouth continually. Laurent found his every action compared with that of the drowned man, until at length his brain became so confused that at times he would believe that he was Camille himself.

All their quarrels now ended in violence.

## XXIX.

Mme. Raquin's suffering at length became so intense that she resolved to starve herself to death. As long as she could not avenge her son by living, she preferred being really dead to remaining like a corpse in the hands of her son's murderers. For two days she refused all nourishment, firmly clenching her teeth, and spitting out again what little food they managed to introduce into her mouth.

Thérèse was in despair. Where could she go to weep and repent when her aunt was dead? She argued and pleaded with the old woman, and when this failed she resorted to force, prying open the jaws of the palalytic as one does those of a resisting animal. Her victim resisted with all her strength. It was a hideous struggle.

Laurent remained perfectly passive and indifferent. He was astonished at the fierceness with which Thérèse strove to prevent her aunt from committing suicide. Now that the old woman's presence was useless to them, he wished that she was dead. He would not kill her, but since she wished to die he did not see the necessity of preventing her from doing so.

"Leave her alone," he cried out to his wife. "It will be a good riddance. Perhaps we shall be less unhappy when she is dead."

These words, frequently repeated before her, caused Mme. Raquin a strange emotion. She did not believe that Laurent's hopes would be realized, and she said to herself that she had no right to die before she had witnessed the punishment which she was convinced was inevitable. Then she could descend into the darkness of the grave and say to Camille: "You are avenged." She would never rest in her grave, she thought, if she entered it ignorant of the murderers' fate; but the sleep of death would be pleasant if through it there ran an eternal dream of satisfied vengeance. Consequently she took the food which her niece offered, and consented to live on.

Moreover, she saw that the last act of the tragedy was at hand. Every day the condition of the man and wife be

came more insupportable, and their manner toward each other more menacing. They lived in a hell of their own making, which was made more unbearable by everything they said and did. The thought of separating had often occurred to both of them. Each had dreamed of fleeing to seek repose far from this Passage du Pont-Neuf, whose dampness and squalor seemed expressly made for their desolated life. But they dared not and could not save themselves. No longer to be able to mutually torment each other, no longer to suffer and cause suffering, seemed to them an impossibility. They had all the stubbornness of hate and cruelty. A kind of repulsion and attraction parted and drew them together at the same time. They were like two persons who, after quarreling, wish to separate, yet continually return to give vent to more abuse. Then there were material obstacles in the way of their flight; what could they do with the old paralytic; what could they say to the Thursday guests? If they fled they might be suspected, and at this thought the guillotine rose up before their eyes. For these reasons they remained together in spite of the horrible life they led.

In the morning and afternoon, when Laurent was not at home, Thérèse went down stairs into the shop. There she was so miserable and lonely that, after a time, she asked Olivier's wife, Suzanne, to come and pass the day with her, hoping that the presence of this poor faded creature would soothe her nerves. Suzanne accepted the offer joyfully, and thereafter brought her embroidery and sat behind the counter in Mme. Raquin's vacant place. Thenceforward Thérèse paid less attention to her aunt, and seldom went up-stairs to weep at her feet and kiss her dead face. Little by little she lost the customers who had dealt at the shop. The place was no longer cared for, and everything in it had grown musty and dirty; but Thérèse's odd and rude manner was what chiefly ruined the little business. She took no heed of this, however; but, on the contrary, set herself to drive away the few customers that were left, so that she and Suzanne could gossip undisturbed.

About this time Thérèse began to go out for whole afternoons, leaving Suzanne in charge of the shop. No one knew where she went, but she always returned pale, haggard, and exhausted.

Laurent, for his part, was even more wretched. His dingy little studio, with its gray walls and square patch of blank sky for an outlook, gave him the horrors. He could not paint on account of Camille's sneering face always reappearing under his brush. Yet he found idleness insupportable, though he had committed a murder to obtain it. If he walked the streets he was no less wretched. Two things troubled him continually: One was the scar on his neck, which Thérèse was always taunting him about, and which he felt burning into his throat at all times; the other was the cat François, which, couched on Mme. Raquin's knee, never took its eyes off him when he was in the room. By degrees he came to fancy that the animal knew all about the murder, and would some day find a means of revealing it. The scar he could not get rid of—though he sometimes thought of cutting it out with his razor—but the cat he could. He would have killed it long ago, but he was literally afraid of it. However, one day it stared at him so fiercely and steadfastly that he overcame his dread, snatched it from Mme. Raquin's lap, and, in spite of the old woman's tears, dashed it through the open window against the great black wall opposite. The poor creature fell back with a broken spine upon the glass roof of the Passage, and all through the night wailed piteously in its agony under the window.

A new source of uneasiness to him was a certain change which he noticed in his wife's conduct. Thérèse all at once became gloomy and taciturn. She reassumed her former air of cruel indifference toward Mme. Raquin, and no longer played the part of penitent. It seemed as if, remorse having failed to soothe her, she had turned to some other remedy. She treated her aunt with disdain, as a useless thing that could no longer even serve to console her. She did nothing for her, except to keep her from dying with hunger. She crept silently about the house, and at the same time absented herself from the shop more than before.

This change surprised and alarmed Laurent. This sullen silence troubled him more than her noisy demonstrations of grief. She said nothing, and would not quarrel any more. He feared that this sort of remorse would end in her making a confession to a priest or the police. Her frequent absence had a frightful significance in his eyes. He thought she must have found some confidant, or was hatching treason. Twice he tried to follow her, but lost her in the street. A single thought took possession of him. Thérèse was going to confess, and he must gag her if he wished to prevent it.

## XXX.

One morning, instead of going to his studio, Laurent took up a position in a wine-shop which stood on one of the corners of the Rue Guénégaud, opposite the entrance to the Passage. From there he took note of the persons who came out into the Rue Mazarine. He was watching for Thérèse, who had said the day before that she should go out early the following morning and should not return till evening.

After waiting fully half an hour Laurent began to think that, though his wife always took the Rue Mazarine, she must have escaped him this time by taking the Rue de Seine. At that moment, however, Thérèse emerged from the Passage. She was flashily dressed, and carried herself impudently, like a woman of the town. She went up the Rue Mazarine; Laurent followed. She took the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecin, and he was terrified, for he knew there was a police office somewhere in that neighborhood, and no longer doubted that his wife was going to betray him. He crept nearer to her to be in readiness to throw himself upon her if she went to the office, and by prayers and violence compel her to be silent. At the corner of the street he saw a *sergent de ville*, and trembled to see that the officer approached him. Seized with a sudden fear that he would be arrested on the spot if he showed himself, he hid for several moments in a door-way; then he again sped after Thérèse.

On reaching the old Place Saint Michel, she directed her steps to a *café* at the corner of the Rue Monsieur le Prince, seated herself among a noisy group of students and lewd women, and called for absinthe. One of the men was evidently expecting her. Him she presently accompanied to a house of assignation, and when Laurent had seen them enter he had no longer any doubt as to the nature of his wife's new sort of consolation. Without waiting to see any more he walked away quickly. He was now tranquil, reassured, happy.

"Bah!" said he, as he walked along the wharves. "Nothing could be better. While she occupies herself in that fashion she won't plot any evil. She is vastly more clever than I am."

What most astonished him was that he, too, had not taken to vice as a remedy for remorse. As for his wife's infidelity, that did not trouble him in the least; indeed, it rather pleased him. After that Thérèse no longer seemed to belong to him. He felt as if he had followed the wife of some comrade, and he chuckled over the way in which she deceived her husband. He would have sold Thérèse a hundred times over if her shame would bring him an hour's peace. He was so relieved that she had not gone to the police that he almost thanked her for going to meet a lover. Meanwhile, he resolved to try the effect of dissipation on his own remorse.

Thérèse returned in the evening, pale as usual. Laurent said nothing of what he had discovered. Dinner was eaten in silence. Thérèse tasted nothing. At dessert Laurent leaned his elbows on the table, and flatly demanded five thousand francs from her.

"No," she said, dryly. "If I gave you your way you would bring us all to the alms-house. If you only knew it, we are on our way there now."

"That is possible," he replied, calmly; "but it is nothing to me, and I want the money."

"No, a thousand times no! You have left your situation, and the shop has no more custom; we can not live on the income of my dowry. Every day I have to encroach on my capital to feed you and pay you your hundred francs a month. You shall not have another sou; do you hear?"

"Reflect, and don't refuse like that. I tell you I want five thousand francs, and I will have it."

"Ah, I know!" she cried, enraged at his obstinate coolness, "you wish to end as you began. For four years we have supported you. You only came to us for your food and drink. Now monsieur would be a gentleman of leisure. No, you shall have nothing—not a sou! Do you know what you are? You are a ——," and she used a vile epithet.

Laurent shrugged his shoulders and simply answered: "You learn very pretty words from the company you keep."

At this allusion to her amours Thérèse lifted her head and said sharply:

"In any case I do not keep company with murderers."

Laurent turned very pale. For a moment he was silent, with his eyes fixed on his wife. Then, in a trembling voice, he said: "Listen, my girl; let us not get angry; that will not help either of us. I have asked you for five thousand francs because I need the sum; I may even tell you that I wish to use the money to secure our happiness. Now, answer me once for all," and he smiled strangely.

"I have answered you," she replied; "I will not give you a sou."

Laurent rose violently. She thought he was going to beat her, and resolved not to yield her point under his blows. But he did not approach her; he contented himself with declaring coldly that he was tired of life, and would forthwith go and make a full confession to the police.

"You compel me to it," he said; "you render my existence insupportable. I prefer to end it. We shall both be tried and condemned. That's all."

"Do you think to frighten me?" cried his wife. "I am as weary of living as you are. I will go to the police if you do not. I am ready to follow you to the scaffold; I have not your cowardice. Come, we will go together to the police office."

She rose and went toward the head of the stairs.

"Very well," stammered Laurent, "we will go together."

When they reached the shop they turned, and looked at each other with horror in their eyes. In those few moments all the consequences of confession appeared before them. Each wished to entreat the other for mercy, and for two or three minutes they stood silent and embarrassed. Thérèse was the first to speak and to yield.

"After all," said she, "I am very foolish to dispute about this money. You will eat it all up sooner or later. I may as well let you have it at once."

She did not attempt to disguise her defeat, but seated herself and wrote out a check for five thousand francs. There was no more talk about confessions that night.

Laurent at once plunged into the wildest and lowest debauchery. But it brought him no relief. His senses and passions were dulled to everything save remorse, and he soon returned to his old life of despair, resolved to go out no more, but to live in the midst of his misery and become habituated to it.

The same was the case with Thérèse. At the end of a month she, too, gave up dissipation in despair and resigned herself to her fate.

Thus the two murderers found themselves once more face to face, after exhausting every means of saving themselves from one another. They resumed their former habits, but hated each other more intensely than ever. Their quarrels broke out afresh. Night and day the dark and dismal house resounded with blows and cries. To hate they joined distrust, and distrust drove them mad.

They feared one another. The scene which had followed Laurent's demand for money was repeated every morning and evening. Each firmly believed that the other was about to confess. They did not stir from the house. By turns they threatened each other with exposure, and then, with tears and trembling supplications, besought each other for mercy. But all their threats were empty, for neither had the courage to seek peace by expiating their crime on the scaffold.

More than twenty times they ran to the police office, one following the other. Sometimes Thérèse was going to make the confession, sometimes Laurent. Their suspicion and fear bound them together in a hideous intimacy. In spite of all their hate they would not be separated for an hour. If Thérèse went down into the shop Laurent followed her, fearing that she was going to betray him to a customer. If Laurent stood at the door watching the passers-by, Thérèse planted herself by his side to see that he spoke to no one. On Thursday evenings, when the guests were present, every time that one began to speak the other thought the hour of betrayal had come.

Such a state of things could not last long. Thérèse and Laurent each began to dream of escaping the consequences of their first crime by committing a second. It was absolutely necessary that one should disappear if the other was to get any peace. This thought came to them both at the same time. Both felt that a separation was necessary, and both wished that that separation should be eternal. The murder which each contemplated seemed to them but the natural consequence of Camille's murder. They did not even discuss it to themselves, but accepted it as the only remaining means of safety. Laurent decided to kill Thérèse because she worried him, could destroy him with a word, and rendered his life unbearable; Thérèse determined to kill Laurent for the same reasons.

This resolution taken, both were more calm. They scarcely gave a thought to the probable consequence of the murder, but felt a vague assurance of impunity. They would not give themselves up to justice for their first crime, which they had concealed so carefully, yet they were ready to risk the guillotine by committing another which they had no idea of hiding. They simply said to themselves that they would take flight, and live somewhere where they were unknown, taking with them all the money that was left.

Some weeks before this Laurent had run across one of his old college companions, now the assistant of a celebrated chemist. This friend had taken him to the laboratory where he worked, and had shown him the drugs and different sorts of apparatus. One evening, after he had decided on the murder, Laurent, while watching Thérèse drink a glass of *eau sucrée*, remembered that he had seen in this laboratory a little stone flask containing prussic acid. His friend had explained to him the nature of this terrible poison, which kills like a stroke of lightning, and leaves few traces. Next day he visited his friend again, and while his back was turned stole the flask.

On the same day Thérèse took advantage of Laurent's absence to sharpen a huge kitchen knife, which she then hid behind a corner of the sideboard.

The next Thursday evening's reunion was a very gay one. It lasted till half-past eleven, and Grivet on leaving declared that he had never passed his time so agreeably. Suzanne talked to Thérèse, who, with fixed eyes and compressed lips, pretended to listen with interest. Laurent assumed the same attitude toward the three men, who chatted incessantly. Not one of the guests suspected the tragedy which had so long been played in the house. Grivet went so far as to call it the Temple of Peace. If Thérèse's face was bruised by Laurent's fist, she said she had fallen, and they believed her.

Mme. Raquin had not made a second attempt to expose the murderers. She was convinced that retribution would fall without her aid, and was content to bide her time, only beseeching Heaven that she might be spared to witness the last scene.

At half-past eleven the guests rose to go, and all united in praising the family which afforded them so much innocent enjoyment. Suzanne said she would return at nine o'clock next morning, but Thérèse hastily told her not to come till the afternoon, as she was going out.

When they had gone, and Thérèse and Laurent found themselves alone with the old paralytic, they trembled with the nervous excitement which they had been forced to repress all through the evening.

Before putting Mme. Raquin to bed, it was their custom to put the dining-room in order and prepare a glass of *eau sucrée* for the night. This night, when they went up stairs, after seeing the guests to the door, they sat down, with their eyes vacant and their lips pale.

"Well," said Laurent, after a brief silence, appearing to awake suddenly from a dream, "shall we go to bed?"

"Yes, yes, let us go to bed," said Thérèse, shivering as if she were freezing. She rose and took up the water-pitcher.

"Leave that to me," said Laurent, trying to speak in his natural voice; "I will prepare the *eau sucrée*. Occupy yourself with your aunt."

Taking the pitcher from his wife's hands, he filled a glass with water; then, half turning his back, he emptied the contents of the flask into it, and added a little piece of sugar. Meantime Thérèse was crouched before the sideboard; she had taken out the great knife, and was trying to hide it in the folds of her dress.

At this moment that strange sensation which gives warning of approaching danger made her turn instinctively and look at her husband. Their eyes met. Thérèse saw the flask in Laurent's hands, and he saw the glitter of the knife among the folds of her dress. For some seconds they gazed at each other in silence—the husband near the table, the wife crouched before the sideboard. Each was frozen with horror on finding that the other had the same design.

Mme. Raquin, feeling that at last the hour of vengeance had come, glared at them both with fixed and staring eyes.

Suddenly Thérèse and Laurent both burst into a fit of weeping. The agony of the moment overwhelmed them, and throwing themselves into each other's arms they sobbed like children. They wept without speaking, thinking only of the dreadful life they had led, and were doomed to live so long as they were afraid of death. The memory of the past utterly overcame them, and they felt an intense longing to die and be at rest. They exchanged one last look, a look of gratitude for knife and poison. Then Thérèse took the glass, drank off half its contents, and handed it back to Laurent, who drained it. They fell one upon the other, finding at last consolation in death. Their contorted bodies lay all night on the floor of the dining-room in the yellow light of the shaded lamp. And for nearly twelve hours, till the next day at noon, Mme. Raquin, rigid and silent, sat gloating over them.

[THE END.]

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Upon the day General Grant reviewed the school children an enthusiastic Hibernian female rushed up to him, and said: "Are you General Grant, for sure?" "I am," said the General, as he shook hands with her. She apologised by saying: "There's so many liars about there's no believing what's said, so to make sure you was General Grant I made bold to ax yourself." Another enthusiastic female, unable to get possession of the General's hand for a shake, reached over and patted him lovingly upon the shoulder, and as she turned away observed that now she was entirely satisfied, she had seen and touched General Grant. Mrs. Grant, standing by, observed the act, and, overhearing the remark, said to a lady standing with her, "Do you know I think that woman is easily satisfied, don't you?"

## HEBE'S SOCIETY LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, Oct. 3, 1879.

DEAR ——:—Since my last letter I have called on Mrs. Grant, whom I knew personally and well, and we had a delightful chat over old times in Washington, and about her trip around the world. I always liked Mrs. Grant; and I found her, the other evening, the same gentle, good-natured, pleasant woman she was at her residence on J Street, Washington, and afterward for eight years at the Presidential mansion. I was the only lady caller present for a while, but soon Mrs. Grant sent for Miss Dora Miller, a little peach-blossom of a girl, I should judge about eighteen. Then Mrs. Johnson and her daughter called; and presently the General himself entered. He had been saying something to a party of serenaders, and Mrs. Grant administered to him a mild reproof. "General," she said, pleasantly, "I *must* request that you speak a little louder; I was standing right beside you, and I did not hear a word you said." The eyes of the sphinx twinkled, and then he praised a cigar given him by his friend McDowell, and which projected volumes of smoke. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Miller, with whom Mrs. Grant dined on Saturday evening last. Mr. John Russell Young I found to be an æsthetic person; intellectual and bright, but indifferent and reticent—at least not talkative. I never met him before, although I was well acquainted with the girl he married, some fifteen years ago—a Miss Fitzpatrick, who lived on Capitol Hill, Washington. General and Mrs. Grant appeared at the public table on Sunday evening last at dinner, in company with Mr. Young, Senator and Alex. Sharon, and last, but not least, Col. Withington, with his white satin necktie. Gen. Grant informed a lady last week that a trip to the Yosemite had been the hope of Mrs. Grant for many years. The party left Madera last Wednesday morning. It was composed of General and Mrs. Grant, Gen. and Mrs. Miller, John Russell Young, Ulysses Grant, Jr., George Dent, and the Misses Flora Sharon, Dora Miller, and Jennie Flood—three young lady millionaires. I leave society people to speculate over the attractions and pleasures of such a trip to such a party. A splendid opportunity for the Grant scion yet unmarried. The more I see of Ulysses, Jr., the more I like him. He is not only handsome, but modest and pleasing, and pretty well informed. The Azalea Yacht Club gave him a supper Saturday evening. It was the jolliest moonlight event of the season. Invitations are out for the Sharon reception to Mr. and Mrs. Grant at Belmont, on the 18th. Fully two thousand invitations have been issued. It will be a magnificent affair. A special train, illuminated grounds, a banquet where the solids will be truffles and *pâté de foie gras*, Château Iquem playing from fountains, and cascades of sparkling champagne, and streams of claret, burgundy, and white wines; all sorts of music—except the calliope, which Grant especially admires—no lady to be admitted whose train is not of the regulation length. On the 21st of this month, upon General Grant's return from Oregon, Mr. Charles Crocker will give an evening entertainment at his elegant mansion on Nob Hill. Mayor Bryant will round off the social part of General Grant's visit with a dinner party, inviting only gentlemen. Mrs. Grant will be tendered a dinner at the same hour, where only lady guests are invited, and where the experiment of punch, and toasts, and responses—"Our Guest," "Our Country," "The Gentlemen," etc., etc.—will be essayed. While governors, mayors, judges, and editors are having a good time, their wives will endeavor to console themselves from being ennuied by imitating their lords in eating, drinking, toasting, and perhaps in just blowing a whiff or two at the cigarette. Mrs. Grant will not go to Oregon with the General, but will be the guest of her brother, George Dent, during her husband's absence. Monday evening last Mr. D. O. Mills and wife entertained General and Mrs. Grant, Ulysses, Jr., and Mr. Young at dinner at Milbrae. The other ladies and gentlemen who were invited, and who were present, were General Miller and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Eastman, Gov. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Perkins, Judge and Mrs. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Dent, Senators Sharon and Jones, and Edgar A. Mills. The affair was elegant and agreeable throughout. There were no toasts at dinner or afterward. Before leaving for the city the party enjoyed each other's society in hall and out of door. The grounds were tastefully ornamented and brilliantly lighted. Mr. John Russell Young was the guest of Senator Sharon at Belmont on Sunday last. Mr. Fred Havens and Miss Annie Dixon, of Oakland, are engaged, and the wedding will take place this month. The wedding of Mr. J. Earl Brown, of Nevada City, and Miss Emma M. Poulterer, daughter of Mr. Thomas J. Poulterer, took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clement on Thursday evening, the 25th ult. According to announcement made some time ago, Miss Grace Howard, a very beautiful and accomplished daughter of General O. O. Howard, was married to Capt. James F. Gray, at Vancouver, on the 7th ult. A reception took place after the marriage, at which nearly two hundred guests were present. Mrs. Charles Crocker and daughter and Master Crocker arrived safely home on Sunday evening last; Fred met his mother at Colfax, and the whole party were met by Col. Crocker at Sacramento. General Grant will be given a reception by the Society of Pioneers upon his return to San Francisco. At eight o'clock on the evening of the 30th ult., Rev. Mr. Stebbins, at his church on Geary Street, united Mr. Frank Curtis and Miss Grace Taylor in marriage; Mr. Curtis is an attaché of Donohoe & Kelly's Bank, and the bride is a daughter of Capt. C. L. Taylor; the church was tastefully decorated, and a reception was given at nine o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents on Bush Street. Last Tuesday evening also John B. Wright and Miss Annie Hanchett were married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford—Mrs. Rutherford being the bride's sister. The wedding reception followed, and many were the compliments and well wishes bestowed on bride and groom. The presents were numerous and elegant, and the whole affair a delightful and pleasing ceremony. Mrs. Capt. Wilcox, of San Diego, has taken quarters at the Palace for a few months; Mrs. W. is considered by many the most beautiful Spanish lady in Southern California. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Donahue, after an extended trip to Alaska, returned home a few days ago. Mr. Hazleton, member of Congress from Wisconsin, and Mrs. Hazleton, after more than a month's stay in San Francisco, departed for their home this week. Judge Hillyer and family, of Virginia City, are here at the hotel for a few weeks. Thomas Savage, U. S. N., is at the Cosmopolitan, and Mrs. Mason, wife of Lieut. Mason, U. S. N., is at the Occidental. Among the guests at the Baldwin are Col. T. B. Strange and Capt. R. Hennell, of the Royal Army, Quebec. G. Berton, the Swiss consul, and Mrs. Berton, are at the Grand. Lieut.-Col. Fred Grant, who left here on Tuesday week, arrived in Chicago on the 29th ult. "Boss" Shepherd left Santa Fe a few days ago for San Francisco; he will call upon General Grant. Although many bad things have been said of Gov. Shepherd, there is no doubt of his honesty and fair dealing; he is entitled to credit for having transformed the dirty, dusty avenues of the National Capital into boulevards, and made Washington what it is to-day, the handsomest city in America. The New York *Mail* says that Whitelaw Reid is engaged in marriage to Miss Huntington, a daughter of Mr. C. P. Huntington, Vice-President of the Central Pacific Railroad; Reid is considered a "good catch," being young, rich, and good looking. It seems that Jim Keene was not blackballed by the Newport Club after all; the secretary of the club denies the story, and says that it originated in the office of the New York *World*. Mrs. Coit is in Paris. Mrs. Major Webb and niece, of Mare Island, were in the city a few days ago, and called on Mrs. Grant. A magnificent bonné silk and velvet Princesse-cut suit, worn by Mrs. Webb, provoked the admiration of her lady friends. Justice Field leaves our coast in a few days for the East. Hon. George Washington Julian, an ex-member of Congress, an original freesoiler, and candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, in 1852, but a pronounced Tilden man in 1875, arrived in San Francisco Wednesday. Commodore Phelps and Mrs. Phelps have taken up quarters at the Occidental. Mrs. Phelps has a son in the navy, and two daughters who have married navy officers; the navy people, generally, hope that either Spotts or Phelps may succeed Colhoun as commandant at Mare Island, whose term expires in a few months. Rev. Dr. Platt, of Grace Church, left for the East on Monday morning last to meet Mrs. Platt, who went East some two or three months ago. The reverend gentleman and his wife will return about the middle of November.

Yours, etc., HEBE.

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*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."*

It is within the memory of the oldest inhabitant since, impressed with the evils of slavery, we thought a party should be organized to prevent its extension to the Territories of the country. This was the Republican party. We were present at the laying of the foundation-stone, and aided to place it firmly and deeply in the solid masonry of principle. We were in California a small band of resolute men. We had many an encounter, and ofttimes a bloody nose. Once in a trial of strength at the ballot-box in San Francisco we numbered seventy-seven. Then it required physical and moral courage to be a Republican; now, for twenty years the Republican party has ruled the nation. Slavery is abolished, negroes are enfranchised and clothed in citizenship, and America is now a nation of freemen.

*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."*

It seems but a few years since—when the subject of popular prejudice—we had the assistance of personal friends to protect us from the violence of popular passion. At Platt's Hall we had, in a spirit of patriotism, endeavored to stem the current that declared greenbacks a debased currency. In company with U. S. Treasurer Cheesman we were run into a drug store while the mob clamored at the door. Now greenbacks are at par, and government bonds—then purchasable at fifty cents on the dollar—demand a premium.

*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."*

Less than fifteen years ago, at Union Hall, to a little band of workingmen (mostly Irish), having pictured the growing evil of Chinese immigration, and smarting under the arrival of an English ship that had just landed more than a hundred moon-eyed prostitutes to ply their vocation, we said: "Unless some peaceful remedy shall be found to check this "shameful immigration of paupers, thieves, gamblers, and "prostitutes, it will be our duty to burn these ships at our "wharves." The sentiment was applauded by the laborers present, but its author was the subject of assault and misrepresentation by the press, the people, and the politicians for many years. At the recent election, upon this question of Chinese immigration, the vote stood: For, 1,000; against it, 149,000.

*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."*

When the war was just being brought to a close, we undertook to say in a speech at Platt's Hall, amid profound hisses and popular indignation, that the time would come when our people would be justly proud of the valor of the rebels of the South, and that the names of Lee, Longstreet, Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson would occupy a place in American history, their political mistakes forgotten, their heroism alone remembered. On Saturday night around our Union campfire, where gathered the blue and the gray in honor of General Grant, we heard all these names toasted by a soldier in gray and applauded by soldiers in blue, and the band playing "Dixie's Land," while a soldier in gray waved the national banner of the stars.

*"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."*

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The citizens of Blackville, Georgia, have shot a colored postmaster because, being black, he was a postmaster. If the Postmaster-General of the United States would cancel all existing contracts for mail service with the county in which Blackville is located until the murderers are hung, it would be a good thing and have a tendency to arrest the murdering of colored officials.

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Man believes that to be a lie which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.

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A Dublin newspaper says: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

## SALVADOR.

His "Go as You Please" Walking Match.

Salvador was born at Novato in 1844, and up to the time of his death, on Thursday last, followed the profession of being an Indian. Salvador was early exposed to the debasing influence of bad company: even in his tenth year he was in habitual association with his own family, and seems to have lost—perhaps had never acquired—that taste for promiscuous companionship which might have saved him from the mischiefs of the domestic fireside. His brother Cruz, however, was not without a grave sense of paternal responsibility, and did not leave the boy destitute of instruction, but taught him to fight all the adolescent males of Marin. To what height and ripeness of culture the youth might have attained under this tuition it is impossible to conjecture, but in 1860 he had the misfortune to stab his tutor with a chisel. Technically this was murder, but in pious Nicasio it was thought to be justified by the scriptural precedent of Cain and Abel, and Salvador was not molested.

Apprehending the set of his talent, young Salvador now consecrated himself to the disservice of mankind and killed an old fellow named José, commonly known as El Viejo, the old man. This homicide occurred on the old horse trail crossing Paper Mill Creek, near the place where Captain Allen used to live—nearly every place in Marin County is rich in historic associations.

In the year of Our Lord 1866 Salvador was *en route* from Sam Potter's to the *rancheria* near Bodega, when he heard a woman's scream. It was his sister, in vocal defense of her husband, who had been set upon by some unamiable Indians, amongst them one Whisky Bill—gods, what a multitude of Whisky Bills have graced the history and worried the collectors of this State! In the misunderstanding which ensued William had the bad luck to lay down his life, but Bodega justice held Salvador guiltless of intention to offend.

It is to be regretted that this same sister, in whose cause Salvador risked with such devotion and lost with such fortitude the life of her enemy, afterward swore out a warrant against himself for threatening to kill her. The ladies are ever ungrateful. Attempting wantonly to obstruct the service of this warrant an idle White was shot dead by the constable; even in Salvador's most amiable moments the angel of death was never far away.

Over at Tomales Bay a grocer, or saloon keeper, named McEwen, was brutally murdered, and the circumstances were such as to cause suspicion to fall upon Salvador, who, though according to his account of the matter, was innocent, thought it prudent to take to the hills with his brother-in-law and his brother, José de los Santos. In attempting their arrest one of the sheriff's posse lost his life. Salvador was shot seven times, his brother-in-law was also severely wounded, dying afterward in jail, and José was killed. Salvador served a term in the State Prison for his connection with this matter, and on being released killed an Indian in Sanel Valley with a knife. Afterward Salvador and another native, named Napoleon, overtook a Chinaman, who with the aggressive courage of his race was driving a flock of shrieking squaws before him with a pistol. It was deemed expedient that he should "go," and

> "His part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is that his grave is green."

Indians and Chinamen are species of sparrow whose fall Justice does not note, and Salvador pursued the tranquil course of his own sweet will unpestered of the law.

The circumstances of the murder of Paul Rieger last April are too well known to need relating *in extenso*. From the cover of a redwood tree Salvador shot him in the back—shot him in the back four or five times, Rieger, who never saw his assailant, struggling repeatedly to his feet with unavailing shouts and cries. Then came the season of retribution—a period of heart-breaking dread, of driving terrors, and gigantic remorse. The fiend was ever at his back and he "moved on." Day and night the man was walking, walking, walking. He walked to Sebastopol, walked back to Nicasio, walked to Tomales, and back again to Nicasio. He walked to Saucelito, crossed to San Francisco, to Oakland, and walked to San José. Returning on foot to Oakland he took the train to Benicia, but terror made him take to his toes again, and from Vallejo he walked to Napa, from Napa to Petaluma, from Petaluma to Nicasio—ever back to Nicasio—drawn always toward the scene of his crime, but never daring to approach it. What is this mysterious centripetal influence that draws the murderer back to the one horrible centre? This is a mystery which it were unwise to solve. The bleeding corpse is God's detective. Lurking under bridges, hiding for whole days in some arroyo, or patch of chaparral, feeding on roots and berries and furtive purchases of he cared not what, the eyes of his distempered imagination ever discerning in the shadows that thronged about him and moved as he moved the terrible image of Sheriff Tunstead, as tireless and sleepless as himself, this hunted wretch suffered at last the full penalty of his crimes, without the resolution to have the unrecorded sentence commuted to death. Good God, what colossal retribution!

Back to Petaluma, thence to Sebastopol, thence to Healdsburg, and again to Sebastopol—walking, always walking. Then came an end of it all. Heaven is just, but not relentless, and Salvador having expiated his great crime was mercifully restored to the Divine favor. The light of God's compassionate smile fell upon him like a visible benediction, revealing him to the mercy of the Law. He was arrested, taken to San Rafael, tried, convicted, and on Thursday was hanged.

The foregoing particulars of the life of this bad man were obtained from his own lips. Salvador told his story in Spanish, which was kindly translated for the writer by a gentleman of San Rafael who had known him from boyhood, and believed he spoke the truth. He certainly had no temptation to falsify his wild record, for he had neither hope of nor wish for life. Following such giant suffering, death was hardly a noteworthy incident in his career. After the tragedy the farce.

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Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in every time we fall.

## AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

A Tragedy in the Mountains.—A Prayer and a Requiem.

The numerous illicit distilleries that existed in the mountainous regions of East Tennessee and North Alabama prior to the winter of 1875, and the extreme measures adopted by the United States authorities to suppress them, have passed into the history of detective operations. The "Moonshiners," as the evaders of the internal revenue system were called, were hardy mountaineers; reckless, resolute, desperate, brave, not as men, but as lions; courageous, not as soldiers, but as blood hounds; faithful to one another, not as Christians, but as criminals governed by a community interest; and with them death was preferable to the penitentiary. They had no creed but that of gain; they fought under no standard but that of outlawry; their orisons were orgies; their benedictions were maledictions. They were not murderers under a broad construction of the term, for they killed only detectives, who are made to be killed. They held the law in supreme contempt, and the law was thereby made indignant; they were a menace to good government, and the law bit its nails; they were a standing insult to power, and the law respected their independence; they scorned and abused one of the vital prerogatives of power by filching from the earnings of the law, and the law was aroused. It sniffed in the morning air the incipiency of a mutinous spirit that might wax strong and dangerous with time; it forged chains, strengthened local jails, offered rewards, and let a contract for the construction of an extraordinary supply of coffins for amateur detectives. Experienced detectives are never killed. They abandon the business before retribution takes them at so great a disadvantage. They have in the meantime acquired a stock of knowledge sufficient to enable them to avoid the law courteously, and consequently they become prosperous citizens. The Moonshiners were not skilled in the ways of the world; and although they were cunning, they were not strategic. They were the sworn enemies of mankind, because mankind had so pronounced them. They were not chivalric, but were not selfish.

The rugged mountains, deep ravines, and dark caves that characterize monntains of a limestone formation were powerful auxiliaries in the furtherance of the schemes of these men. It was rare that an extended organization existed among them, but they were never backward in rendering one another assistance of whatever nature, were aware of the existence and locality of all the unlawful haunts in a given district, and considered it a point of honor to retain mutual secrets to the last and most desperate extremity. In addition to the strength thus possessed, they were supported morally and otherwise by an army of cross-roads traffickers in groceries and whisky; men in country stores who wore slouch hats, a belt and pistol, and whose noses were red and ears sunburned; petty dealers in villages, who sold high wines from demijohns, and whose whisky barrels were old, and had the stamps properly canceled—perhaps years ago. Thus it may be seen that the task of driving the outlaws out from their fortresses secreted in the mountains, and bringing them to condign punishment, was not a trifling undertaking. It required tact, patience, perseverance, and nerve. Furthermore, it required inexperienced—and consequently determined—detectives, and large rewards. The latter were offered; the former were readily forthcoming. It was seldom that the wild adventures of these hunters of human game reached the public through the press. The newspaper correspondent had engagements elsewhere. He could willingly follow an army into battle; but it was somewhat of a more serious—at least, a more personal—matter to track an enemy to his den, and have a man's obligation with Nature canceled in a moment by an unerring rifle-ball through the heart. The Moonshiners did not universally possess an exhaustive conception of the Vital Principle, but they were daed shots.

On the 13th day of September, in the year 1873, a small, dark man, muscular, active, and alert, with black eyes, black hair, and black beard, descended from the mountains late in the afternoon, with an old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle on one shoulder and a dead turkey thrown across the other. For nearly a month he had gone regularly to the mountains every day, and never failed to kill a turkey or a deer. He modestly disclaimed any expertness in the use of his rifle, but it was well understood that this was the prime cause of his popularity among the ignorant pepole of the neighborhood. He had come there, he said, for his health, and for the excellent hunting and fishing in the vicinity.

A huge tiger lay crouched at the entrance to one of the most charming valleys in North Alabama. It was an enormous tiger, and had crouched there patiently during a period of some six thousand years. I say enormous, for it was four miles long, and nearly a mile high. It was born a petrifaction, and is now a solid mass of blue limestone. The entire giant, with the exception of its head and neck, is covered with a rich soil, in which flourishes wild and luxuriant verdure that serves for hair. Its tongue of stone laps the waters of a silvery stream that empties into the Black Warrior to the eastward. Both the head and neck are bare of vegetation, with the exception of a limited number of stunted pines only a few feet in height, which spring from crevices filled with soil, or from occasional depressions in the surface where decayed leaves, blown by the winds, have formed a shallow garden plat. These pines spring up but to die when the moisture is exhausted. The marked peculiarities of this rugged region are dark chasms and darker caves—fitting abiding places for deeds of darkness—abrupt precipices and dizzy altitudes, overhanging rocks and gurgling springs, and hidden nooks of cool and shady loveliness.

At the base of this towering monument from Nature's eccentric chisel, and stretching for twenty miles to the eastward, lies the vast cradle in which nestles the Black Warrior in his infancy. Opposite the tiger's head stands a lofty peak, whose steepness would have for ever kept it sacred from the footprints of an intruder were it not for rocks and trees that afford a precarious foothold. This was the favorite hunting-ground of the dark-skinned hunter; and he knew well that a single misstep would have precipitated him headlong down a steep incline of two thousand feet, to have his bones crushed by the rocks, and his mangled body dashed into the stream that flowed past the tiger's mouth.

On this 13th day of September, 1873, four young men, mounted on horses, rode up to the store adjoining the cabin wherein our adventurer of the mountains lodged. There was nothing remarkable in their appearance, except that they were armed with rifles of the most improved pattern, and long, heavy revolvers that hung from their belts, and their pants were tucked into top boots. They were dressed as hunters. Their ages ranged between twenty-two and twenty-four years. They were young, strong, active, and full of life and vigor. After hitching their horses they walked into the store. The storekeeper emerged from a small room in the rear, and greeted the strangers with:

"Good mornin'."

"Same to you. Give us some whisky."

The man eyed them curiously, though with apparent indifference, and placed four greasy tumblers and a black bottle before them.

"How's hunting around here, cap'n?" asked the tallest stranger.

"Fust rate. Deer runnin' easy, turkey fat. Feller named Savage—Jim Savage—been hyar nigh on to a month. Gits somethin' 'bout every day, I believe; mostly turkey. What d'yer hunt?"

"Anything."

"Good shot?"

"Fair."

They gagged over their whisky and swallowed it with an ill disguised grimace. They rinsed their mouths with water dipped from a bucket with a sawed gourd. The liquor had been distilled about a week, and was the product of the Moonshiners' art.

"Mean whisky; where did you get it?" asked the stranger. "Tastes like Orange Valley or pine-top."

"Oh, no! that's the rigilar ginuwine Bourbon corn juice. Mebbe it's been doctored a leetle."

"Damnably doctored," growled the stranger. "Where's that fellow you were telling me about? Waltz him out here."

The storekeeper called the man instead of leaving the store. The tall stranger took no notice of that circumstance, nor at the puzzled expression of the man at the dictatorial manner assumed by the new comer. Jim Savage appeared, and was left to introduce himself. This he accomplished in an easy, confident manner, peculiar to him. They chatted with him about the hunting prospects, accepted his advice in various matters, and also an invitation to accompany him at once to his favorite resort before the turkeys flew to roost. They left their horses in the care of the worthy storekeeper, shouldered their rifles and blankets, and announced that they would camp that night in the mountains, and that Jim Savage would remain with them.

"Well, Harry, they havn't dropped on you, have they?" asked the tall man of Jim Savage.

"No, unless that old villain in the store smells a mouse since you fellows came."

"Do you intend to pull him to-night?"

"I think it is better to raid the den. There are four up there at the works," he said, nodding in the direction of the tiger's head. "They are the worst set in the whole country, and have the strongest place."

While the five men were picking their way over the stones, the leader, heretofore known as Savage, related a singular advantage he had while trailing the Moonshiners to their lair. Both sides of the tiger's neck shelved off for about a hundred feet, when there was a sheer precipice of three or four hundred feet of perpendicular rock, cut smooth and clean, and extending nearly around the tiger's head. The only approach to the summit was through a frightful cleft in the face of the rock, that extend from the bottom at an angle of about sixty degrees, and terminated on the plateau above. This cleft was a wonderful freak of nature, and resembled the cut of a saw in the corner of a square piece of timber. It was of a width sufficient to admit but one person at a time. It could be seen for a considerable distance, but the entrance was extremely difficult of access by reason of its location on an overhanging rock; and none but the most experienced mountaineers could have ventured on its ascent. Savage climbed upon the rock one day in his search for game other than turkey and deer, and scrambled up the narrow passage, the walls of which made the trip comparatively easy. On arriving at the summit he at once detected the perfume that invariable emanates from a whisky distillery, and was immediately brought to a stand by a rifle that covered his breast.

The two men recognized each other. Savage assumed an unsuspecting innocence. The man explained that he raised his rifle instinctively—as an old hunter will—or in the belief that he was confronted by a deer, or something of that sort. He gave a plausible explanation to Savage of his presence in the lonely spot; told him that he also had blundered up there, and that the only animated life about the desolate peak was the crow by day and the owl by night. So Savage and the man descended together.

We will penetrate a little further than did Savage, the detective. About fifty feet from the other extremity of the cleft was an uncouth pile of stones that rested upon a shelf projecting from the face of the outer wall. Behind the rocks was the entrance to the cave that contained the mysteries of the Moonshiners. The seclusion and almost inaccessible location of the cave had its disadvantages. The Moonshiners found it impossible to carry to the cave in the rock a retort and worm and all the other necessary appliances of a still, and hit on a novel and ingenious process of distillatian on a less cumbersome and equally effective plan. It consisted of a long, low furnace, in which were holes for the reception of snme fifty tin cans. The cans were curiously constructed. Each was a still within itself. Each was eighteen inches in diameter, and thirty inches deep; about nine inches from the bottom an outer can was affixed, which enveloped the other, and which extended twelve inches higher; the distance between the walls of the inner and outer cans was six inches; the top of the inner can was closed, that of the outer can being left open. It will readily be seen that a supply of cold water in the outer can would rapidly condense vapor in the inner can upon the sides, which condensation could be caught, as it accumulated and trickled down, by an interior flange and conducted off through a small pipe. Immediately underneath the bottom of the outer can a joint in the inner can was visible; thus the top, containing the water and condenser, could be removed from the bottom—which was about eight inches deep—for the admission of malt for the manufacture of whisky, or fruit for brandy. The cans, being all prepared, were set upon the furnace and heated by burning charcoals, which emit no smoke. The outer cans were supplied with cold water from a spring in the cave, and each was provided with a discharging siphon. The arrangements were perfect, and worked like an automaton.

At midnight on the night of the memorable 13th all was silent upon the craggy heights. There was no moon, but the stars were shining through the dark stillness with unusual brilliancy. Five shadows were stealing quietly, toilsomely, cautiously up through the cleft in the rock. A head slowly appeared at the summit, and two eyes peered through the darkness. The watchful sentinel had his back turned, his rifle rested across his left arm, and he was gazing meditatively upon the valley through which the Black Warrior threaded its way. A form in stocking feet slowly crept toward him, and four other forms appeared through the cleft. In the right hand of the first appeared a murderous knife. He sought a favorable spot in the back of his victim, and plunged in the knife to the hilt. The battle had opened. The murdered man shrieked, turned, staggered, partially brought his rifle to his shoulder, then fell with a groan, and died with a curse. The five men hurried with cocked rifles in hand to the brink of the precipice under which the protruding rock was hanging; but before they reached it a rifle, resting on the edge of the plateau, spit out its spiteful venom, and the beating of an ambitious heart was stilled forever. The remaining four ran to the brink and jumped upon the shelving rock. Not a soul was visible. To enter the cave would be certain death to some of the little band, but it seemed the only course. The man called Savage did not seem at all alarmed. He must have had some other resource. His companions awaited his orders, and watched him. He watched the mouth of the cave, at the same time feeling in his pocket for something. He brought out what proved to be a small tin box. He handled it carefully, opened it slowly, and extracted what appeared to be a small silver ball, somewhat larger than an egg. A string about two inches long hung from the smaller end.

"Hello in there!" he called, in a low, steady tone. "Lay down your guns; come out one at a time, or you are dead men!"

The only response was the hooting of a lonely owl, whose desolate cry stole up from the depths below.

"I knew it," was all that Savage said. The silver ball was a petard! The fuse sputtered. He held it a moment, then threw it obliquely into the cave, where it glanced against the wall and bounded into the interior. The detonation immediately followed, and the skull of the tiger was shattered. The dislocated rock fell with a crash, a cloud of dust poured from the cave, and all was quiet again.

"Run to the cleft," said Savage to one of his men, "and if any one appears roll a stone down—it beats a rifle."

The three remaining men crouched against the wall, and brought their rifles to bear on the entrance to the cave. A thing crawled to the opening. A few seconds ago it was a man. It carried something in its left arm—a shattered leg. It held a knife between its teeth and glared at its enemies. It only half glared. A ball was dangling against one cheek, which annoyed it, and it feebly struck at the ball once. Still the ball dangled, and it grasped the offending object, jerked it from the slender thread that held it, and threw it over the precipice. It was an eye. The thing continued to glare at its murderers.

"Kill me!" it whispered hoarsely. They did not.

"Cowards!" it hissed between its clenched teeth. They did not move. It raised the knife and struck it to its heart.

The lonely owl continued its hooting; it was a prayer for the slain. Some ravens set up a dreary cry; it was a requiem for the dead.

W. C. MORROW, Jr.

OAKLAND, September, 1879.

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### Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Le fils d'un maréchal de France, perdu de dettes, s'estima très heureux d'epouser la fille d'un monsieur qui avait fait fortune en prêtant de l'argent à gros intérêts. Il redora son blason avec l'or plus ou moins bien acquis de beau-père. Le mariage accompli, il trouva le papa moins disposé à délier les cordons de sa bourse. Piqué il lui dit avec aigreur:

—Oubliez-vous qu'en épousant votre fille, je me suis fermé l'entrée du monde?

—Et de l'hôpital aussi, répondit paisiblement le beau-père.

Une jeune femme, quelle que soit sa position sociale est ordinairement honnie à sa premère faute, qui, les trois quarts du temps est respectable. Une femme citée pour ses nombreuses galanteries, est accueillie partout avec honneur, avec empressement, pour peu qu'elle ait de l'esprit, de la tenue et particuliérement de la fortune.—*Charles Lemesle.*

La mode, parmi nous, veut que les femmes pleurent à la mort de leurs maris; on suit cette mode. Si l'usage avait établi qu'on dansât en pareil cas, il y en aurait peut-être autant qui danseraient de bon cœur qu'il y en a qui pleurent à regret.—*Adrien Dupuy.*

Les femmes peuvent aimer en tout temps, mais non pas plaire; l'amour, comme les fleurs, n'a d'attraits qu'au printemps.—*Rochebrune.*

Le mariage sans l'amour est un profanation; quand le corps se livre sans que le cœur se donne, il n'y a jamais que dégoût et regret.—*Charles Lemesle.*

D'où venez-vous, mon cher ami? Il y a un siècle que je n'ai eu le plaisir de vous voir.

—Je viens de chez un créancier. J'ai eu fièrement de la peine à lui faire accepter un peu d'argent.

—Vous m'etonnez. Pourquoi donc?

—Parcequ'il en voulait beaucoup.

La beauté sans la pudeur est une fleur détachée de sa tige.

Un véritable amour inspire plus de respect pour une bergère aimée que la noblesse du sang pour la première princesse du monde.—*Prévost.*

Les rides sont le tombeau de l'amour, elles font compter les années sur la visage, comme sur un cadran le temps fait compter les heures.—*Du Bosc.*

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Serenade to the Fair Unknown at the Carnival of September 25th.

Sweetheart, for thee no serenades
Are meet to mark the flying hours,
Save nightingales in ambuscades
Among the sweetest summer flowers.

Yet still I bring hot, musky roses,
That flush as red as Chiao wine,
Though not a tint their heart discloses
Has such a sweetness as is thine.

And moonbeams soft, with kisses freighted,
I've launched far out on evening's air;
Their goal, your lips undesecrated—
O sweetheart, give them haven there!

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. VASHTI.

### The Woodpecker.

Thou scarlet-crested searcher of old trees!
Thou bird of Momus—winged hyena—say,
What seekest thou? Thine appetite to please?
Or dost thou boast thy quick sagacity?
Thou quick-eared antiquary, break a tomb,
Then cry, "Eureka!"—and a worm exhume.

Thy warning tap with fearful cadence falls
Upon the silent tenants of each tree;
Trembling they lie within their wooden walls,
And helpless wait their certain destiny.
So we, poor mortals, in our house of clay:
Death knocks—we hear, and helplessly obey.

MARYSVILLE, September, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### Soliloquy.

Thrice bold and barren rocks of brown and gray,
Whose craggy crests once cloven by the wave
Uprear their hoary heads, majestic, grave,
And, frowning, overlook the dashing spray
That decks the beach below and flecks the bay,
How many centuries have thy dark sides
Been beateo, seamed, and eaten by the tides
That with their surf have stained thee day by day?
How many wrecks and tempests hast thou seen
From thy high turret-tops so bald and bare?
Thou answerest not. Ah me! a billow green
That self-same moment took me in its care
And bore me and my sonnet out to sea,
And lo! the rocks have split their sides in glee.

BODEGA BAY, September, 1879. F. E. BELDEN.

### Change.

Roll on, old Time, and whirl fresh years to light;
Stamp out the Present, crush the Past from sight.
We weary of ourselves. Whirl on, new years,
And bury all we *are* beneath the flood
Of what we shall be; change the present mood,
And give us joy for sorrow, mirth for tears,
Laughter for wailing; or, if we have felt
Long days of good, then turn the days aside,
And let the structure of our pleasure melt
Into dull smoke, or, ruined by thy tide,
Stand moulded and moss-grown through all our days.
Be what it may, send change—from good to ill,
From ill to good—so that the mood decays,
And time works out an utter change of will.
We weary of ourselves. Urge on the heart
That pants toward its ending; speed its beat
Faster and faster, till all strength depart
And thirst no more for change. Oh, this is sweet—
This whirling onward, reaching out of life,
The spirit reeling, drunken with the strife
Of constant change, that, like the fumes of wine,
Ascends into the brain and holds its court
In surging revels, seizing souls in sport
And raising them from earth to heights divine,
Then plunging them to depths of blackest fear.
We bless thee, Change. Whirl on the present year,
And draw the Future from its hidden source.
Evil or good, for weal or woe, 'tis change,
And change we seek whatever be its course,
Or through what unknown dark its wand'rings range.
Good! What of good? 'Tis what is *new* we seek,
We sicken of the present. Time, speed on!
Whirl round thy wheel though hearts be bowed and break;
We care not, if the present mood be gone,
Or something new stirred up within the soul.
Hearts broken! What of that? Who heeds their pain?
A human life is but a jarring grain
Caught in the wheel of Time's unceasing roll.
A human life! We have no time to weep
For human lives—the years require our thought.
Hasten, O years! Thy long days crawl and creep.
We weary of the mood these days have brought.
Crush life, crush all, but hasten on thy way,
And build new Futures from the Past's decay.
Good! Evil! 'Tis all one. The restless heart
Finds its *one* good in that the days depart.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, September, 1879. HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

### The Mariposa Camp.

June moonlight on the mountain side wove tracery of white,
And made the distant river seem a thread of silver light.
On upland reach of bending oats and tangled chaparral,
A sheeny flood of glinting rays, the radiant moonbeams fell.
Night of our Californian June, of calm refulgent glow,
Of blended good in earth and air, no other land may know.
A genial mountain camp of friends, where beauty's beaming eyes
Seemed glowing with the holy light of starry midnight skies;
Above, we heard the mountain owls complaining to the moon,
A little stream sung dreamily a low melodious tune,
And, save the nightbird's changing cry, the ripple of the stream,
The hush of silence seemed to fall like love's first quiet dream.
Young love's first silent waking dreams perhaps were taking form,
Bright visionary things of calm that fade away in storm.
Oh, golden momentary pause in merry camp-fire glee,
When thoughts go outward from the camp to campings yet to be!
Unceasingly in woodlands wild, the ancient minstrels tell,
Pure friendship changes into love, and love imparts its spell,
And elders, mated in the past, and in the present true,
Cast off the apathy of time and seem inspired anew.
The snow is drifting through the pines, the snow-birds gather here,
The embers of our camp are chill, the lilac blossoms sere;
But hope and vigor—aye, and love—we won above the plain
Will brace the fibres of our hearts till camping time again.

MERCED, September, 1879. ANGLE.

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A young lady of the mature age of six propounded the following question to her aunt the other day. It was after the story of the creation and the fall had been related, and the young lady had been meditating for some time on the moral of it, when she suddenly broke out with: "Aunty, after Adam and Eve disobeyed God, why didn't he kill 'em, and begin over again?" The question has occurred to older people.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—VI.

I am in receipt of numerous communications from fossilated pioneers, hoary argonauts, and first boys and girls, in which they presume to criticise my correspondence, and which will, in a degree, have a tendency to most effectually "knock endways" any attempt on my part to be chronological in my recollections. Some of these letters complain that I have overlooked many important landmarks, others that they can remember more than I can, and some indignantly claim that so-and-so was not "a hard citizen." One sage and sober moralist avers that I am a "liar in black and white," because I published events it is impossible for me to have remembered; and one sweet-scented epistle on tinted paper, which I choose to believe was written by the first girl, conveys the astounding intelligence that she was born in 1848, and that her first playmate was a Kanaka cub. Now, I propose to dispose of each one of these objections by returning no answers whatever. I intend to carry on this correspondence in my own way, and from my own data. I claim to be able to give a graphic description of every street, highway, and square in the city of San Francisco, and where my memory fails me a well filled scrap-book is on hand to refresh it. I will not carry out my original purpose of giving a thorough description of every building in San Francisco twenty-five or six years ago, because I have no desire to occupy valuable time. I will, however, make an endeavor to firmly establish my reputation as a landmark historiographer by confining myself to the business part of the town. The business centre proper, as is the case in all cities of Spanish origin, was "the Plaza," which is now known as Portsmouth Square. Commencing at the northwest corner of Clay Street and Brenham Place, we will make the entire circuit of the square. The building which stood upon this corner then is there to-day, looking worn and weary, and ashamed of itself that it should have been given over almost entirely to the Mongolian invaders. This was a most important building in the old days for both old and young. Atwill & Co. kept a toy and music store, in part of which was the post-office, and above B. F. Butler, the lithographer, who used to get up the famous old-time letter sheets, with scenes of San Francisco or mining life for a heading. Between this and Washington Street there were several buildings; none, however, of any particular importance if I except the old Monumental Engine House, a description of which will more properly be given in a future letter. Turning at the corner toward Kearny Street, we pass one or two saloons and cheap hotels; midway between Brenham Place and Kearny Street stood the newspaper and printing office of the *Alta California*, the pioneer of our newspapers, founded I believe in 1847, under the title of the *Star*. There was an opposition paper called the *Californian*, and, of course, the usual lively competition for supremacy between them. When hard times came, first the *Star* would suspend publication, and then the *Californian* would follow shortly after. As one resumed so did the other, thus cutting the throats of both. This war continued until the two papers were finally united, and the joint concern took the title of the *Alta California*, the journal which still exists, and I presume always will. Adjoining the *Alta* building on the east was William Shew's daguerreotype gallery; then the "Louisiana" saloon and gambling house; then the "Bella Union," and finally a small hotel on the corner of Washington and Kearny Streets. On the east side of the square, at the corner of Washington and Kearny, stood the old "El Dorado" gambling house, which braved the dangers of several of the great fires which devastated San Francisco. This building is still standing; and, after going through the varied occupation of Hall of Records, County Clerk's office, and Assessor's office, it is now used to accommodate some of the petty county officers. Next to the "El Dorado" came the "Parker House," a frame building where the old City Hall now stands. This building contained the "Jenny Lind Theatre"—kept by Tom Maguire—Beckett & McCullough's club rooms, and lodgings up-stairs. On the corner of Merchant was the "Union Hotel," owned by John Middleton, A. A. Selover, and E. V. Joice; it was several times destroyed by fire, as many times rebuilt, and finally turned over to the use of the city government. Across Merchant Street was the "Empire Restaurant and Lodging House," and adjoining this, on the south, the building containing the Court of Sessions, with Judges R. N. Morrison, E. McGowan, and H. S. Brown on the bench. Below was County Clerk Addison's office, and that of J. C. Hackett, notary public. The latter is now Judge of the Recorder's Court, New York. On the south side of the square there were no buildings of importance, being mostly stores and offices. Besides those surrounding Portsmouth Square there was no street of any importance, with the exception of Montgomery, and I propose to show my complaining correspondents what I know about this street in the old days. Any of them will first tell you that he remembers when the tide water reached Montgomery Street; so I will pass that threadbare, though truthful, legend of early days, and tell you what they will not—the character of business and the occupants of the buildings on Montgomery Street. At the southeast corner of Jackson Street stood the building—numbered 241—owned by S. P. Dewey, the present bonanza speculator; Brooks & Sheppard's law offices were also located here. Adjoining this building on the south was that of Schroeder & Von der Meden, merchants; then that of J. B. Bidleman; and on the corner of Washington Street, that of Theodore Payne & Co., auctioneers and commission merchants—No. 247. I am particularly certain as to the location of this building, and so affirm here, because a worthy scion of this famous house has in a violent manner endeavored to force me to believe that it was on the corner of either California or Pine Streets. On the opposite side of the street were no very important buildings. I will name the buildings on the next block in their proper order: Merchants' Exchange building, also occupied by C. R. Story & Co., druggists, and the *California Courier* newspaper; the Bank Exchange building, where, besides the saloons, were the offices of Harry Meigs, Lord & Co., J. B. Crook's crockery store, Lucien Herman, notary public, the *Herald* building, with the book store of Marvin & Hitchcock, and, on the corner of Clay Street, Palmer & Co.'s express. On the west side, commencing at the corner of Washington Street, was Burgoyne & Co., bankers, Delmonico's Hotel, *Pacific News* building, Bolton, Barron & Co., where also were the offices of Sol Heydenfeldt, attorney, Fred Marriot, land agent, and others who have long ago passed away. In the next block was the office of Page, Bacon, & Co. I could go further, but am reminded that I am not writing a retrospective business directory. In my last I spoke of the drive oceanward, and the banks of drifting, impassable sands. There was no Cliff House then, but the old Seal Rock House stood as it does now just under the cliff, and if any one had the hardihood to risk the journey out, a stout wagon and a trustworthy horse, he could make the journey with only comparative safety, for the road was about as thrillingly rough as that over the Santa Cruz mountains, only not half so interesting. It was long, dreary, and dusty, windy, winding, and in many places dangerous. You went out Mission Street to the old County Road; thence hub deep in dust to where the Industrial School now stands, and then turning ocean-ward, after climbing a most tiresome hill and a long lane full of ruts, you finally brought up at the Lake House, a small rum shop just across the lake from where the present Ocean House stands. After the usual wayside internal irrigation you started for the ocean through half a mile of sand and mud, and an involuntary sigh of relief escaped you when you heard the lively patter of the horse's feet upon the hardened sand of the beach. The drive northward to the Seal Rock House was just as it is to-day, and arriving there the weary traveler reclined in an easy-chair, drank cocktails, listened to the doleful ow-ow-ow of the seals, and poisoned himself with coppery mussels. The way back was attended with increased danger, for there were more hills to descend than when going out. There was one yawning chasm just beyond the present site of St. George's College called "Red Rock," which seemed to have been specially designed for the aggrandizement of harness-makers and wheelwrights. The road here was all but precipitous, and you approached the edge of the chasm, paused a moment, chirped to the horse, and let the whole establishment almost drop to the bottom. If you finally reached town without the prospect of a bill of damages being thrust in your face, you were marvelously fortunate. In my communication of last week you may remember that casual reference was therein made to the "steam paddy," which really deserves more than a passing notice, having been the prime factor in the removal of the waste of sand-hills between Third and Twelfth Streets, and from Van Ness Avenue almost to the Bay. The first time I saw this monster it was puffing and groaning, and lifting half a car-load of sand in its capacious bucket at a single scoop, in the neighborhood of the corner of Mission and Third Streets. Here it commenced its work, and continued for several years, leveling every hill, until now sand for filling-in purposes absolutely has a market value. This old pioneer is now lying out of commission on Tenth Street, and in all probability its work is done for ever, for San Francisco is a monopoly in the sand-lot business. One short anecdote *à propos* of the "steam paddy" and I am done. It is very antiquated, but I shall resurrect it for this occasion only. A Hibernian out of work stood at the corner of Third and Market Streets watching this great example of the triumph of machinery over labor with intense disgust. Shaking his fist angrily at it, he shouted: "Ah, ye ugly divil, ye can stand there and puff, and snort, and rattle, and lift more sand than twenty min; but, bad luck to ye, *ye can't wote!* Ah-ha! I have ye there!" Two weeks ago I saw our beautiful bay swarming with scores of steamers and hundreds of sailing vessels, gathered to do honor to Grant. It was a charming spectacle. What a contrast between that Saturday evening and one of thirty years ago, when a steam vessel first plowed the waters of the "most magnificent harbor in the world." It was a tiny iron vessel, called the *Mint*, and commanded, I think, by Captain B. H. Ramsdell. Its first voyage was to Sacramento, and was of something like eighteen hours duration. It made two trips a week. Fare, thirty dollars. These hitherto unprecedentedly rapid trips to Sacramento were deemed all that could be desired; but the very acme of comfort was reached when the propeller *McKim* arrived at the port under sail. It was immediately fitted for river accommodation, and her first trip was made to Sacramento in seventeen hours, where she arrived October 25th, 1849, amid the salutes of cannon and the cheers of the assembled population. The *McKim* had cabin accommodations for about sixty passengers, and was commanded by Captain Macy, with Charles S. Brenham—afterward Mayor of San Francisco—as first officer. Her rates of fare and freight were: Cabin passage, $30; deck, $20; berths, $5; meals (for cabin passengers only), $2; freight, per ton, $50; measurement of goods, per foot, $1. The earnings of the vessel were something really remarkable. In one trip alone the amount received for freight and passengers was $16,000. Within a few months the steamer *Senator*—now a coasting vessel—under the command of Captain John Van Pelt, entered into competition, and the fare was reduced to $23; freight, etc., the same as the *McKim*. Her average earnings for the first nine months were $6,000 per trip. During the two years following the steamers *West Point*, *Wilson G. Hunt*, *Confidence*, *New World*, *Gov. Dana*, *Bragdon*, and *Empire* were added to the river fleet, but it was some time before the rate of passage was under $20.

CLAY M. GREENE.

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### Almost an Argonaut.

'Twas in the fall of 'forty-nine
The gold fever broke out,
'N I'd hev bin a pioneer
Without the slightest doubt,
But Molly, here, took on 'n said,
"Argonaut, dearest Joe!"
I thought I'd argy not with her,
So, boys, I didn't go. —*Yawcob Strauss.*

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### XCIX.—Sunday, October 4.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Spanish Soup.
Oysters in the Shell.
Beef Patties. Stewed Green Peas.
Baked Egg Plant.
Roast Veal. Saratoga Potatoes.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Peach Fritters.
Fruit-bowl of Figs, Pears, Peaches, Apples, Pomegranates, and Grapes.

TO MAKE PEACH FRITTERS.—Put into a basin three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, a little salt, two yolks of eggs, and two ounces of fresh butter previously melted and cooled; add to these gradually about half a pint of tepid water, and stir the whole with a wooden spoon until it appears like a thick cream. Just as needed add the whites of two eggs well beaten to a stiff froth. Cut the peaches in quarters, pare them, and steep them in a glas of brandy a spoonful of sugar; then put them in batter and fry in lard. Apples or [illegible] will also answer.

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.*

In the endeavor to analyze our feelings toward General Grant we have asked this question: What is the leading trait of character that distinguishes him from other men and that commends him to especial admiration? We remember his military career and recall his distinguished service to his country. We recall his eight years of administration of the government, and remember that there was much that we did not approve. We have never accorded to him any very distinguishing traits of character that especially marked him the intellectual superior of other men. Statesmen have overshadowed him; military men have equaled him in genius. His bearing is not distinguished; his presence is not commanding; he neither awes nor charms by his manner; he is not brilliant in conversation. Then where lies the secret that draws men and women toward him? It is a fact, that more than any modern person he has received from the intelligent and gifted people of his own and foreign lands unusual ovations; that he is honored and loved as no other man is honored and loved is a great fact; that women crowd around him, and children strew flowers in his path, and that such attentions are natural and genuine, are facts; that soldiers who fought under him, and fought against him, now honor him, is a curious and suggestive fact; that he is more respected at the South and more trusted than any other Republican politician is a fact; that he could receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency from the Republican party, and that by acclamation—no candidate dissenting—is a fact. Now for the reason, and it is a simple and satisfactory one: it is because he is generous and modest. The unselfish way which General Grant accorded honors to his subordinate officers, and the generous way that he took upon himself the responsibility of errors, have never been equaled by any military man from Cæsar to Wellington. This we style the generosity that savors of manly moral courage. His modesty has been displayed in his tour from Western Europe to Eastern Asia. We are proud and grateful that, having received so many and such wonderful ovations, he has never for one moment forgotten the dignity and modesty so becoming to a citizen of our republic. When we think that either Sherman, Burnside, or McClellan might have been the recipient of such honors, we feel grateful at the peril we have escaped. Sherman's vanity is so overpowering that he would have made America the laughing stock of the civilized world. When General Sherman did visit Germany, he complained that the Emperor and Von Moltke did not honor him with a review. When Grant visited Germany Prince Bismark tendered him a review, which he declined, with the observation that he was not a soldier, but a farmer. We admire General Grant for his modesty and his generosity.

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General Grant omits no proper opportunity to refer to the principle of arbitration for the adjustment of international misunderstandings. In his speeches at Liverpool, at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, and at various other of the European capitals, he has shown that this idea holds a prominent place in his mind. Out of our *Alabama* difficulties, with a less pronounced peace man in the Presidential chair, we might have had a war with England. Under all canons and rules of international intercourse, England performed acts toward our country that would have fully justified our Government in regarding them as "causes of war," and in demanding reparation and apology in a warlike spirit, after a warlike preparation. A war between the United States of America and England would necessarily have been a combat of guns upon the ocean. No nation, or combination of nations, no alliance of nations holy or infernal, can ever successfully land an army upon our shores; and no nation—certainly not America—can ever make an armed invasion or occupation of England. It would have been a maritime war, and it would have driven English commerce from the seas as effectually as English pirates under the guise of Confederate cruisers drove ours from the highway of nations. As for ourselves, we were long years in disciplining our mind and subordinating our resentments to the idea of a peaceful arbitration with England. We should have preferred war. We would have retaliated for her insolence in the affair of Mason and Slidell, for her early recognition of the Southern belligerency, for the arrogantly expressed opinions of her aristocratic classes, for the iron-clad avengers which, with English guns and English sailors, she sent out to light up the seas with our burning ships, for her negotiation of cotton bonds, for her running blockades with goods contraband of war, for her parliamentary speeches, and for that deep-seated and devilish sentiment of greed that would have destroyed republican liberty in America in order that England might maintain the supremacy of her shops. General Grant saw his opportunity to a peaceful and honorable adjustment of the *Alabama* matter by arbitration. As we advance in years, and the cooler blood with slower course traverses our veins, we are prepared to concede that arbitration is better than war; that the two great English speaking nations should set the world a better example; that war is the ultimate argument of kings; that General Grant was right and we were wrong. This spirit of peaceful desire that seems to animate General Grant is, we believe, quite common to all great military leaders who do not hope by war to elevate themselves to power, or who have not a throne or dynasty to establish or maintain.

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Is General Grant a candidate for a third election? This question grows in interest and importance as time advances, and the Presidential contest comes near. So far, General Grant has given no indication of his wishes, and allows no one to obtain from him any intimation of his desires in this respect. It seems to us that in this he is not answering the reasonable expectations of the country. General Grant is receiving such ovations as have been accorded to no American. They are given to him in generous rivalry by all kinds and classes of people. All parties and all localities have laid aside their prejudices in his presence, and have rivaled each other in doing him honor. Perhaps General Grant thinks that it will be his lot to unite all classes, and to become the candidate of both parties for the Presidential office; that he may be so acceptable to the South and to the North, to the Democrats and Republicans, that they shall with one accord, and by a common and patriotic impulse, ask him to become the candidate of the whole people, and the President of the whole nation. This (if possible) consummation would be so grand, and round off the civil war so splendidly, that it would answer our objections to his candidacy, and in the presence of such a spontaneous national action we should be disposed to forget those political traditions of our unwritten common law that seem to have fixed two terms of office as the limit of republican safety. Perhaps General Grant thinks this possible, and that in such an event it would be his duty to become again President. Perhaps in this view his silence is patriotism, and his reticence a duty. But, if we are to have a heated and passionate political conflict, a united South, with its Mississippi policy, and its bloody intimidation of Republican voters, its murder of Republican officials, and its barbarious repression of free opionion; an angry North with its heart fired by passionate appeals, by the waving of the bloody shirt—a campaign stirring to its profoundest depths all the mad and jealous resentments of the civil war; if the Republican candidate is to stand as the figurehead and leader of the North, and, say, Samuel J. Tilden to be the Democratic candidate; if, in other words, the parties are to divide upon the present issues, and fight out the political campaign on this line, is it not right and fair that the position of General Grant should be defined? Is it quite in harmony with the nice and graceful that, entertaining party and political ambitions, he should allow himself to become the recipient of honors and attentions that are tendered to him as a citizen and not as a partisan, as an individual and not as a possible candidate of a party that represents at best but half the country? If it were understood to-day that General Grant desires the nomination of the Republican party, his march from San Francisco eastward would be changed from a popular ovation to a party reception. At St. Louis and Chicago his welcome would come from his party, and not from all the people. He is to-day the idol of all the nation, and could the nation know that he belonged to all its parts and all its people, he would be enshrined in its heart of hearts. The moment he is understood to be a party candidate he will be rent and torn, dragged down from his pedestal, fought over in the arena, his administration reviewed; and may it not be said that all the honors he has consented to receive before declaring his personal attitude to political parties were part of an artful programme? Would any friend of General Grant, having a nice sense of personal honor, desire him to play the *rôle* of Washington until he has delivered his valedictory address from politics?

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Some enthusiastice public opinion-maker, writing from the South, represents the negroes as full of enthusiasm for John Sherman. This is to prepare the popular mind for a solid delegation from the negro States to the Republican National Convention for Sherman for President. All those States are for the Secretary of the Treasury where the Treasury agent controls the negro, and the Secretary of the Treasury controls the agent. Of all the machine politics, that is worst and meanest that through official patronage alone controls nominations when no support can follow at the polls. It is dishonest to take a nomination from delegates who have no constituency.

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There is no question affecting the material interests of California so important as that involved in the management, extension, and control of railroads. This question is especially important as it bears upon the welfare and prosperity of San Francisco. We have always blamed Governor Stanford and his associates that he and they have not been as open and as communicative upon railroad matters as the intimate connection existing between our business interests and theirs has seemed to justify. We have always looked with favor upon the railroad builders of our State; we have withheld our sympathy from that class of individual and politicians who have undertaken to either blackmail the enterprise or make of it a political hobby for their advancement. We know that upon this enterprise more than any other hangs the welfare of our city and our State. We know how intimately it is involved with the Oriental and Asiatic trade that comes to our port, and how important a factor it is, and ever will be, in developing the resources of the Pacific and advancing its material interests. We observe with pleasure that Governor Stanford has taken a new departure, and in his annual report of 1879 to the stockholders has given a very clear and lucid statement of the affairs of the company, and has also written a very complete argument in reply to the attacks that have been made upon the railroad by the press and the political orators during the last political campaign. There is no man in America who has a more thorough and complete knowledge of railroad affairs than Governor Stanford. He has grown up with the institution upon this coast, and he has devoted his mind to the consideration of all questions that bear upon railroad legislation and management; we do not mean alone those details of conduct and control that are left to the executive administration of department chiefs, but the broad principles that underlie railroad transportation in all its relations to government and to the community. The tendency, both of the legislative and the judicial mind of the country, is to interfere in the detail of railroad management. We are quite convinced, as a proposition of law, that the sovereign power has reserved to itself the right of such interference, but we are equally convinced that the exercise of this prerogative of government would be altogether injudicious and unwise. We are firmly impressed with the conviction that railroad management should be left to the exclusive and sole control of the owners of railroad property, and that any attempt at interference in the way of regulating fares and freights will prove disastrous to the best interests of the business community; that a railroad, in its conduct and management, should be as free from municipal or official control as the enterprise that enables us to print this journal. It may be said, and truly, that the railroad deals with the public. It may be argued, and falsely, that the rights of the individuals can only be guarded by special laws controlling the corporation. Railroad companies have no other nor different relations to the public than has any ordinary business enterprise, and just to the extent that they are vexed by interference, just to that extent will they fail to be efficient and serviceable. Railroad business is a profound study. The minds that can plan and execute the construction of a great rail system in a country like that of California and Nevada, surmounting physical and geographical difficulties, difficulties of finance and commercial adjustment, and successfully build a transcontinental railway, establish a line of ocean steamers, and project another transcontinental railroad that must traverse deserts and verdureless plains, to bring to our State the wealth of Arizona, Mexico, and Texas—that from small beginnings has accomplished so grand a system—may well feel vexed at being subjected to the control of Mr. Beerstecher and his associates. The mind that can build up a system of freight charges that works with as little friction as does the present tariff; that must consider the thousand diverse and varied causes that enter into a freight tariff; that must consider the questions of distance, curves, gradients, value of commodities; that must, in self-interest, desire to encourage all local enterprise and all industries; that is ever looking forward to the development of trade, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, needs no political official to come between him and his duty, between the corporation and the community, when it is remembered that the interest of the corporation is identical with the interest of the community in which it exists, and the people with whom it does business. This is with us a practical question. The next Legislature must meet and deal with it. It is original and important—more important to the people and the country than to stockholders and directors in railroads—and unless it is dealt with in an intelligent and reasonable way the community at large will suffer.

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It was our intention to have simply reviewed the argument of Gov. Stanford, calling attention to the salient points of it, but we find the document not an easy one to condense or

epitomize, and hence, departing from our intention, we reprint the whole of it, omitting only the table of figures. The writer opens with a gratifying assurance that the business of the company indicates for our State and city a prosperous future. A railroad system like this of the Central Pacific is an unerring barometer of our commercial, financial, and business condition. His reference to Congressional legislation, the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the adoption of a new Constitution in our own State, and the election of Railroad Commissioners, is very suggestive. That one power is endeavoring to control the *net* and and the other the *gross* income of the roads is epigrammatically and forcibly expressed. It would seem that there was a conflict of powers between the General and State governments that would demand further judicial interpretation. The problem of "discrimination," that was so largely discussed by the rural politician and the interior press, is lucidly explained by the bold declaration that "discrimination against an individual or community is a thing unknown." How competition, which arises from favorable or unfavorable geographical location, and the rivalry of great natural highways, affects the question of freights and fares, and how this competition and discrimination favors San Francisco, is intelligently expressed. The effect of any attempt at a hostile interpretation of the new Constitution is suggestively hinted at, and a consideration of this part of the argument is respectfully commended to certain localities that have been loudest and most unreasonable in their complaints. The suggestion that, if the State or the Government shall undertake to regulate fares, freights, and management, it would be at least honorable that these governments should guarantee legitimate profits, has in it a germ of equity and common honesty well worth considering. Gov. Stanford indulges in some reflections upon the communistic sentiment abroad in the land that savor of careful thought, and are suggestive of a breadth of statesmanship that considers questions underlying the base of our governmental structure. The idea that the Central Pacific Railroad Company is an eleemosynary institution, largely indebted to the General, the State, the county, and the city governments, is dissipated by a very plain and brief statement of facts. When the Governor says we have more to fear from absolutism than communism, we understand him to mean that there is danger from the unrestrained influence of the majority. The great underlying principle of our Government ought to be protection to the individual. When all the rights of all the individuals are properly guarded by law and public sentiment, there will be no danger that harm will come to the majority. The true function of the written Constitution is, after all, to protect minorities against majorities, the few against the many, the weak against the strong. Let every man find in the law, and in the courts, and in the expression of public opinion, protection for his life, his opinions, and his property, and we shall have a government as nearly perfect as a government can become. Break down this principle, interfere with the rights and properties of individuals and corporations, and a blow is struck at the very foundation of society. To regulate corporations, except by general laws, is the first step to regulating every individuals private concerns. To control railroad and transportation companies, is the first step to control individuals' property, business, and personal action. Commissions are always dangerous; commissions usually accomplish but little good, and sometimes do great mischief. A commission to regulate and control railroads in California is a dangerous experiment, and we hope that when Gov. Stanford hints at conflict of jurisdiction between the General and State governments, he means to be understood as saying that no Railroad Commissioner will be permitted to come into his office to interfere with his business until the ultimate judicial tribunal at Washington has decided that it may be done lawfully.

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There is danger in a republican form of government from the propertyless majority. Whenever, under our system, those who have nothing outnumber those who have something, the conflict begins, and agrarianism becomes a practical question. Those who have nothing will take from those who have something, and those who have little from those who have much. The first attack will be upon corporations, because it seems less like robbing to steal from the corporation than from the individual. Regulating and controlling corporations is the recognition of a principle that ends in common plunder of the industrious and the frugal for the benefit of the idle and vicious. To give a railroad corporation the right of eminent domain, and allow it to condemn private property for its use, carries with it a principle of sovereign control, but to interpret that principle as a right to establish its maximum of earnings, and to limit it to a minimum of profits, and to place in its offices and over its servants a political commission, which shall control its affairs, is practical confiscation. As the community desires to travel cheaply, it is tempted to reduce fares and freights. But the desire of cheap money will, by the same reasoning, lead to the control of banks, and cheap bread, to fixing the profits of farmers, millers, and bakers. It is but a dull mind that does not see that the principle of railroad control, as declared by our Constitution, is a dangerous one, and fatal to the business industries of the country. All men of intelligence who think that property is not theft, and that social order is better than communistic chaos, are interested in the consideration of this question, and in reading the subjoined report and argument of Gov. Stanford:

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To the Stockholders of the Central Pacific Railroad Company.—Gentlemen:—Upon examination, you will perceive that there has been an increase of business during the past year. Although that increase has not been as great as you might have reasonably expected, yet, when you consider the vastness of our country, and its undeveloped resources, you may anticipate, as time advances, a greater and greater increase of traffic. When the arts and sciences of China and Japan shall be supplemented with those of Europe and America, the people of these countries will be, in their productive capacity, and in their readiness and ability to exchange, substantially equal to the same number of Europeans or Americans. No man can estimate what the business from that source will be, but it will be vast—probably far beyond what the most sanguine now anticipate. On the whole, the prospects of your company are now as bright as ever they were, and since the time when your road made its junction with the Union Pacific, its future has been steadily brightening. Since our last annual meeting the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the "Thurman Bill" to be constitutional in its provisions. That bill proposes to dispose of the net income of your company. The new Constitution of the State provides for the control of the gross income by three Commissioners. The two seem to be entirely inconsistent, for the control of the net income would appear necessarily to carry with it the control of the gross, so as to permit the possibility of a net. The Commissioners elected under the new Constitution may so control the gross income as to leave no net. In this there is a manifest conflict of jurisdiction, and a judicial decision determining between these two mighty and conflicting powers is necessary for the protection of the interests of the stockholders and the creditors of the company.

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There is no foundation in good reason for the attempts made by the General Government and by the State to specially control your affairs. It is a question of might, but it is to your interest to have it determined where the power resides. Perhaps it is not strange that the attempt should be made to control the railroads of the State, however unwise it may be, or however arbitrary and absolute the manner, because upon them depends so largely the question of production, and the exchange of the products of the labor of the citizens of the State. Through the aid of the telegraph, the printing press, and of steam, the whole civilized world is, in many respects, one great neighborhood; and the only question to be considered in the matter of the free exchange of the products of the most extreme portions, is that of transportation. The products, the wealth of the country, depend upon the cheapness of transportation. It is a problem that interests all, and particularly the managers of railroads. In illustration: In this State, hitherto, the law has allowed a maximum charge of fifteen cents per ton per mile for freight. Your company in many cases have been compelled to carry goods below that rate, and in doing so its first regard, as with all well regulated companies and individuals, has been the financial result of its business. Every reduction below the legal maximum of fifteen cents per ton per mile is a discrimination in a measure forced upon the company by distance, the character and value of the products moved, the community of interests between the producer and the carrier, and by competition. Other factors of minor importance, not necessary to mention, also enter into consideration, but these are the chief causes. Discrimination, in one sense, may be said to be made only upon compulsion, and always against the carrier, as he would not take less than his maximum rate unless forced to do so by some of the causes above stated. Discrimination against an individual or a community is a thing unknown.

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The discrimination most prejudicial to the interests of the company is that which arises from competition by other carriers, which forces the acceptance of a lower rate than could otherwise be wisely obtained; yet it is better to accept a low rate, even though it pay but one penny over the cost of movement, when that is all that can be obtained, than not to move the particular freight. For this reason oftentimes, where there is vigorous competition, the carrier finds it necessary to carry freights at less rates for a longer than for a shorter distance. To illustrate: Freight is carried by rail from San Francisco to Los Angeles at the present time for a less rate than to some intermediate points. This the railroad company is compelled to do to meet competition by ocean carriers, Los Angeles being a competing point. The rates to the intermediate points, however, are not affected at all by this competition, being neither raised nor lowered thereby. By this competition the real loser is the carrier, the competing point having all the benefit. The greater the competition between the two points, the lower the rates and the smaller the profits of the carrier. Points where there is no competition, however, can not justly claim the concessions which better located places can demand, but must pay the ordinary rates for carriage. In some cases the non-competitive point might be injured, because of the superior business location of the competing point, but that is not the fault of the carrier. A case in point has recently been brought to public attention in New York. Goods are sometimes, through the force of competition, carried from Chicago to New York city at a less rate than from Rochester to New York. Rochester is situated upon the line of the New York Central Railroad, with great natural milling facilities, and with a long established business of that kind. It has been paying to the railroad company a fair compensation for transportation. The Rochester miller buys his wheat in Chicago, transports it to his mill to be ground, and then ships it to New York to the same market which receives the wheat and flour of the Chicago dealer. Chicago is a great railroad centre and a competing point with several of the great trunk lines leading to the seaboard, and between these lines competition is very strong. The New York Central, in order to get business from Chicago, is compelled, therefore, to its great loss, to bid against the other roads, and sometimes to accept a less rate for carrying grain and flour to New York city than is charged from Rochester, an intermediate, non-competitive point. In this case, while the railroad is the great sufferer, because its road is in operation and must take what it can get, even if there be no profit, the Rochester miller suffers with it. He finds, for the time, his profits destroyed or materially lessened—not because his own rates are too high, but because of the low rates prevailing between Chicago and New York. Somebody living at a competing point enjoys advantages he has not, and no legislation, no expenditure of money, can equalize localities having different natural advantages, as between such nature herself has discriminated.

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San Francisco, located as it is upon the Bay of San Francisco, has an open highway for her products to almost every market in the world. As a seller she has the advantage of the competition of purchasers, and as a buyer she has the same advantages of all markets at which to buy cheapest. She avails herself of competition. She profits by it, as people always do. She discriminates in her markets and in her routes of transportation; and so it is that San Francisco is a large, prosperous commercial city, and is located upon this peninsula because of its great natural advantages. She is able, because of her location, to substantially dictate the price she will pay to the railroad companies for the transportation of freight from one ocean to the other. She has a route by the way of Cape Horn, another by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, and the prices she pays the railroad companies are regulated by what she can command from these routes. In fact, the railroad company, aside from the one class of freight which pays the maximum, has no power to arbitrarily fix the prices of freights. They are fixed by circumstances which the railroad company can not control. About seven per cent. only of the freight moved upon your road pays the maximum, and probably the price to the consumer is not increased upon a single pound of this class of freight because of any charges made by your company. In managing their business, railroad companies are influenced by a consideration of their own interests, the same as all corporations and all individuals. When, from any circumstances, the price of grain in Europe is high, and European purchasers are in the market as competitors with our own purchasers for the commodities of our State, we find the farmer takes advantage of that competition and obtains from the home purchaser a price equal to that which the foreign purchaser offers. In this way the farmer sometimes obtains double the price for the product of his farm that he would have received if it were not for this competition. In like manner, competition is availed of by all classes of people in all kinds of business, and it is a factor that must be considered and can not be denied to any corporation or person, except at the expense of the business.

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Again, referring to our local business here: At Los Angeles, under the new Constitution, the railroad company will be deprived of that freight business absolutely. It is not large in itself, and not therefore of very serious importance to the railroad company, but it practically deprives the people of Los Angeles of railroad freighting—perhaps the use of the railroad entirely. When we reflect that the whole question of production, the exchange of products, and commerce itself, is dependent upon transportation, it seems strange, indeed, that investments which tend to facilitate and cheapen it by offering additional accommodations or by increasing competition, which increase and develop the resources of the country, should be discouraged or hampered, and their profits limited—possibly destroyed. It would seem that wise statesmanship requires that a business of this kind, which harms nobody, but which almost always tends largely to the benefit of the commonwealth, even though the stockholders should fail to reap the anticipated profits, would be encouraged, and, if regulated at all, that the State should provide a guarantee against loss of profits because of such regulation. It would seem but fair that if the State should regulate any legitimate business, so as to endanger its profits, it should make such a guarantee, and such will be the conclusion of a wiser statesmanship than was exhibited in the formation of the new Constitution. Your company, however, has little to apprehend from the illy-digested and illy-considered article in the new Constitution providing for the election of Commissioners with autocratic powers, because the Act of Congress authorizing the construction of your road has given to you the regulation of your own freights and fares up to a certain point, as appears in section 18 of the Act of July 2, 1862. If the Commissioners should be inclined to rule hardly against the railroad companies, the interests of the State (which can not be developed fairly except through the construction and operation of many more miles of road than it now has) will require that they shall practically do no injury to existing railroads; because, if they do, there will surely be no further construction of railroads in the State, for no capitalists can be found so reckless as to make investments where the gross proceeds are to be regulated by somebody aside from those who make the investment, and who may be the owners.

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This question of transportation is not settled by the Constitution. It is so important that it will never be settled except upon a just and wise basis. This the new Constitution does not do; and while it will, in some respects, injure existing railroads, it will probably, in a narrow sense, benefit them by guarding them against competition in the construction of new and competing lines. Your railroad, however, is so located, being a trunk line, that its interests are above any such narrow view, but will be best subserved by the largest development of the industries and the resources of the State. How community of interests becomes a factor in the regulation of freights may be illustrated by assuming a country without railroads and unimproved. It may be rich in agricultural and mineral resources. One body of men may desire to cultivate the land, another to mine, and so on, and another may be willing to furnish means of transportation, the price to be regulated by what the commodities can afford to pay, and by what the carrier can afford to move them for. Thus, if the product of the mines is gold, a very high rate can be charged for it, but if it is iron or coal, the rate must be so low as to permit the producer to meet competition in the market. The same rule applies in the case of agricultural products. In such cases, among other factors, not only should the products of the country be taken into consideration, their bulk, their value, but also the volume of business the railroad may have to do, and whether the freight moves principally in one direction or equally both ways. The prosperity of the railroad depends upon the prosperity of the State. The railroad, therefore, is always interested in building up the country, as is the public in maintaining the railroad in order that it may have transportation.

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Your company has suffered from the influences of the communistic sentiment. Labor, machinery, and capital have been employed, and of course the business of the company has not improved as much as you might otherwise have reasonably expected. Communism, however, in our country, where every citizen is on an equality with every other citizen, can have no permanent hold. We have much more to fear from absolutism, without which communism is a mere sentiment. Our Government is peculiar in that it was really founded upon a civilized idea, and thus far been mostly maintained upon it. Other Governments have been founded in force, and have been maintained by force. Our fathers, declaring the inalienable rights of man, and, further, that Governments were instituted to secure him in those rights, proceeded to form a Constitution based upon those principles and for their maintenance, under which the one citizen was to be as safe in his person and his property as all the others; but, unfortunately, scarcely was the Constitution adopted when came the declaration that the majority should rule, intensified afterward in its application by that calamitous declaration that to the victors belonged the spoils. The idea of the Constitution was that the majority should administer, but the Constitution should always rule. As the idea that the majority should rule has grown, the protecting force of the Constitution has been weakened until, at last, the "Granger Cases," the "Warehouse Cases," the railroad laws of the Northwest, your own case under the "Thurman Bill," and the decisions in those cases, have been made possible. The principles laid down in those decisions seem to recognize two things: the communistic idea of the distribution of property, and the absolutism of control by a majority of the people. Absolutism may be as complete, and has oftentimes been more complete and tyrannical and oppressive, under a republican than under a monarchical form of government, and statesmen and teachers will be compelled to take consideration of the present tendencies to absolutism in our Goverment and instruct the people as to the true interest they should follow. We shall then soon return to the civilized Government of our fathers, which gave protection to the individual and made him truly a free and independent citizen. The idea of our Government was adverse to the paternal or patriarchal idea of guardianship of the individual in his person, and in the acquisition and disposal of his property, that so long prevailed in the formation of Governments. The intention of our system was, that every man should be perfectly free and independent, subject simply to police regulations, restraining him from using his own to the detriment of his neighbor.

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The changes in the organic law in relation to railroad corporations were undoubtedly influenced by the consideration that your company has received in some manner aid from county, State, and National Governments; but, as to what this aid was, there is unquestionably great misapprehension. The fact is, there has never been any donation made to your company either by the national, the State, or the county governments. The counties of Sacramento and Placer subscribed to the stock of your original company, and gave their bonds in payment. Afterward they disposed of their stock for as much as, or more than, the bonds were worth at the time they issued them. The city and county of San Francisco, apprehensive of possible liability for the debts of the company when its affairs did not look very bright, compromised with the company, and, in lieu of subscribing for stock, gave four hundred of her bonds. The only aid rendered by the State was, under contract, to pay the interest on 1,500 of the company's bonds of $1,000 each—the company to pay the principal, and in return it was to render, and has been rendering, very important service. The aid derived from the Government of the United States was its bonds loaned, and alternate sections of land given upon a contract very onerous upon your company, and of which only its possible want of ability to otherwise construct the road justified acceptance. Your company has not been enriched by donations. The county, State, and National Governments have, under their contracts, not only realized all, and more than they expected, but have had much the best of the bargain. If, when they made those contracts, they wanted something else than therein provided—a freer exercise of power of regulation, for instance—they ought to have so nominated in the bond. To claim and to take what is not so nominated, is to take by the exercise of might—not of right. Under these contracts the company owes the counties, the State, and the United States nothing but its good will and loyalty.

LELAND STANFORD.

## THE WIDOW CHIPS IN.

She Handles the "Old Pard" Without Gloves.

TUTTLETOWN, September 21st, 1879.

YOU OLD FOOL :—I don't believe you've sense enough to last you over night, Jim Snaggleby. When it comes down to square up and up tomfoolery you never miss a trick. Here you've been writing a string of nonsense to that other old idiot, Bill Belcher, and Bill's been reading it out regularly to the gang down to Frisbie's, making you the laughing stock of the whole country. You're a born jack, Jim Snaggleby, an out and out fool, and I wouldn't take it back if I was to die for it this minute. In the first place, you can't spell worth a cent. I've seen your two last letters; and if I had a five-year-old boy that couldn't spell better than you do I'd settle his case on mighty short order—I'd tie a quartz stamp to his neck and chuck him into the Big Ditch. Jim Snaggleby, your spelling's a disgrace. Then there's your hand write, it's *positively horrid*. Quail tracks on a sandy bottom's newspaper print to it. Egyptian hieroglyphics is a red, white, and blue circus bill alongside of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jim, and if you ain't, I am. Big a fool as you are, Snaggleby, I'm teetotally disgusted with the lack of education you show by the letters you write. If I was you I'd hire one of them *niggers* you tell about to write your letters for you. May be he'd write them for you *on a tin plate*, and send it to your correspondent *in a wash bowl*. Why don't you get some of those *gorgeous women* you talk about to help you out? They'd do it, you know. They're famous for assisting uneducated institutions like you to make a good show in the world. And besides that, you've got to be such a *ladies' man* that they couldn't resist. Jim, you're the worst I ever saw. What kind of a teacher did you have when you went to school, anyhow? I'll bet she was cross-eyed and red-haired, or you'd a paid more attention to what she was learning you. But it's a two to one bet that the old thing didn't have no education herself. And then there's your grammar. Do you know what grammar is, Jim? The Chinamen round here talk better grammar than you do, and a mighty sight less slang. Why, Jim Snaggleby, you can throw more solid slang to the square inch than any man in forty counties. Bill Belcher's bad enough, the Lord knows, but you can discount him and give him points every time. And another thing, Jim Snaggleby, I don't want you to keep ringing me in your letters until you learn how to spell *widow*. It's sickening, the way you're eternally fetching my name into your *unspelled, ungrammatical, badly written* letters to that old whisky-drinking, good-for-nothing Bill Belcher. Familiarity breeds contempt, and you've done it. Your remarks about me taking a bath at them *wash houses*, as you called them, was especially hateful. Do you suppose I want to make a show of myself in a sky blue jumper and a pair of short-legged bloomers for you? Not much, I ain't a circus woman, and I don't ride a bronco straddling. The idea of you talking about women. *Wimmen* don't spell *women*, Jim. You don't know no more about women, Jim, than a yaller dog knows about the day of judgment. You go on at a great rate about what nice clothes they wear, and what beautiful complexions they've got. Complexions! Why, Jim, those complexions is laid on with a brush just as you'd lay on the color of a red wagon. When calico fades we say it won't wash, and when a woman fades she paints. As a general thing beauty's only skin deep. What do you think of your *gorgeous wimmen* now? If you'd behaved half-way decent, and was capable of understanding or appreciating *good advice*, I'd give you a point or two on the fashionable women that're turning your brainless old head, but you ain't, and I suppose the next thing we'll hear about you will be that you've got married to one of them hateful old painted Jezebels you're for ever shouting about. If you know what is good for you, you'll steer clear of *fashionable women*. They're too high for you, and before you've been married six months you'll be busted cleaner than a whistle. When you're busted the fashionable woman hasn't any more use for you, and you'll be out in the cold. If you know when you're well off you'll come back to Tuolumne and settle down. A rolling stone gathers no moss, and a candle that is burnt at both ends don't last long. But you might as well blow against the wind as to try and beat common sense into the head of a born fool. If I was you, Jim, I'd go to night school while I was staying down at the Bay. I'd improve my education in spelling, writing, and grammar. You may be a fool for luck, but you're not a fool for anything else—except your own foolery. If you don't want to have everybody in the county grinning at you when you come back you'd better let up on those letters to Bill Belcher. Write to somebody that'll improve your spelling and grammar.

PRISCILLA JONES.

P. S.—If you can match this piece of Empress cloth you can send it along. I guess seventeen yards will do. Go to the store yourself and ask the clerk for the stuff. He'll know what you want better than any of your *wimmen* will. It'll cost about four bits a yard. P. J.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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The following good one is told of the Hon. Tom Fitch, when he was member of Congress from Nevada: He was young and inexperienced in the ways of the world. From his rural constituency he had never learned to play "poker," but in Washington he was seduced into the game. He played there with uniform luck—bad luck. One morning, after an all night at the round table, he turned out weary and sad. Upon his countenance was marked a deep melancholy; there was regret and repentance in his languid gait, and remorse in every movement of his person. He met Rice, of Arkansas, given to the same weakness.

*Rice*—Good morning, Tom. What's up?

*Fitch*—I have had a bad night. Luck run against me—lost on every card—out six thousand dollars.

*Rice*—Well, you have had a Waterloo.

*Fitch*—Yes; and what makes me feel bad is, there was fifty dollars of actual money that I lost. The rest is credit. That I can stand.

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It takes twenty able-bodied men to stand and look at one poor little sign painter while he is at work.

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"Feathery Acoustics" is the latest substitute for "taffy."

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

[Some forty years ago a member of the English Parliament first gave to the literary world a specimen of what is known, and has been popular since, as society verses, being a mixture of sentiment and cynicism pleasant to read. From an old volume before us we reprint one of the oldest sort, and perhaps the identical inspiration of Bret Harte's poem, "Her Letter."]

### Our Ball.

"Comment! c'est lui! que le je regards encore! C'est que vraiment il est bien change; n'est ce pas, mon papa?"—*Le Premier Amour.*

You'll come to our ball? Since we parted
I've thought of you more than I'll say;
Indeed, I was half broken hearted
For a week, when they took you away.
Fond fancy brought back to my slumbers
Our walks on the Ness and the Den,
And echoed the musical numbers
Which you used to sing to me then.
I know the romance, since 'tis over,
'Twere idle, or worse, to recall;
I know you're a terrible rover—
But, Clarence, you'll come to our Ball!

It's only a year since, at college,
You put on your cap and your gown;
But, Clarence, you've grown out of knowledge,
And changed from the spur to the crown;
The voice that was best when it faltered
Is fuller and firmer in tone,
And the smile that should never have altered—
Dear Clarence, it is not your own.
Your cravat was badly selected,
Your coat don't become you at all;
And why is your hair so neglected?
You must have it curled for our Ball.

I've often been out upon Haldon
To look for a covey with Pup;
I've often been over to Shaldon
To see how your boat is laid up.
In spite of the terrors of Aunty
I've ridden the filly you broke,
And I've studied your sweet little Dante
'In the shade of your favorite oak.
When I sat in July to Sir Lawrence
I sat in your love of a shawl,
And I'll wear what you brought me from Florence,
Perhaps, if you'll come to our Ball.

You'll find us all changed since you vanished;
We've set up a national school,
And waltzing is utterly banished,
And Ellen has married a fool;
The Major is going to travel;
Miss Hyacinth threatens a rout;
The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
Papa is laid up with the gout;
And Jane has gone on with her easels,
And Anne has gone off with Sir Paul,
And Fanny is sick with the measles—
And I'll tell you the rest at the Ball.

You'll meet all your beauties—the Lily
And the Fairy of Willowbrook Farm,
And Lucy, who made me so silly
At Dawlish, by taking your arm;
Miss Manners, who always abused you
For talking so much about Hock;
And her sister, who often amused you
By raving of Rebels and Rock;
And something, which surely would answer—
An heiress quite fresh from Bengal.
So, though you were seldom a dancer,
You'll dance, just for once, at our Ball.

But out on the world! From the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth;
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth;
And the flow of our feeling, once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it can not turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees.
Time treads o'er the graves of affection,
Sweet honey is turned into gall;
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our Ball.

You once could be pleased with our ballads—
To-day you have critical ears;
You once could be charmed with our salads—
Alas! you've been dining with peers.
You trifled and flirted with many,
You've forgotten the when and the how;
There was one you liked better than any—
Perhaps you've forgotten her now.
But of those you remember most newly,
Of those who delight or enthral,
None love you a quarter so truly
As some you will find at our Ball.

They tell me you've many who flatter,
Because of your wit and your song;
They tell me—and what does it matter?—
You like to be praised by the throng;
They tell me you're shadowed with laurel,
They tell me you're loved by a Blue,
They tell me you're sadly immoral—
Dear Clarence, that can not be true!
But to me you are still what I found you
Before you grew clever and tall;
And you'll think of the spell that once bound you,
And you'll come—won't you come?—to our Ball.

—*Praed's Poems.*

### Chance.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen, or a thought unguessed;
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet or to know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt,
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At women and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses with bitter tears
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

—*London Society.*

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A man is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman will just stand before the glass and see for herself.

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A writer in one of the Eastern periodicals has been bragging of the enormous fortunes of New Yorkers; of the wondrous wealth of Vanderbilt and the sequence of millionaires; of the famous Stewart memorial monument on Long Island, and the extravagance and sumptuousness of the world in general. Now, we can mouth just a bit here of money, and millionaires, and mansions reaching nearly to the skies; but the whole subject sinks into a small retail business when we recall how the ancients took the shine out of this nineteenth century. People had big fortunes, and built fine houses, and gave swell dinners, and drank old wines, and were liberal with their money before Vanderbilt, or Stewart, or Sharon, or the bonanza kings were thought of. Why, what is Stewart, or Belmont, or Flood, or Mackey, or the Marquis of Westminster, to Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, who amassed a little property of $350,000,000? And which of our extravagant young ladies in these boasted times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved) worth $400,000? Then there was Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, who used to wear jewels when she returned her visits, worth $800,000. They boast of Stewart's marble palace, on Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. We do not suppose this house, which is about the best they have in New York, cost more than a million or so of dollars. Cicero, who was a poor man, gave $150,000 for his house, and Clodius paid $650,000 for his establishment on the Palatine, while Messaia gave $2,000,0000 for the house of Antony. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth $120,000,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly $120,000,000. Now we talk of a man's failing for a million as if it were a big thing. Cæsar, before he entered any office—when he was a young gentleman in private life—owed $14,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Quæsor for $2,500,000. Marc Antony owed $1,500,000 on the ides of March, and he paid it before the Kalends of March. This was nothing—he squandered $720,000,000 of the public money, the latest defalcation being for the contemptible sum of $450,000. And these fellows lived well. Esophus, who was a play actor, paid four hundred thousand dollars for a single dish. Caligula spent four hundred thousand dollars on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them were sold for twenty dollars an ounce. Dishes were made of gold and silver set with precious stones. The beds of Heliogabulus were of solid silver, his tables and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth and gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge. It took eighty thousand dollars a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman senator, and some of them spent $5,000,000 a year. Cicero and Pompey "dropped in" one day on Lucullus—nobody at home but the family—and that family dinner cost $4,000. But we talk of population. We boast of London and New York. Rome had a population of between three and four millions. The wooden theatre of Scarurus contained 80,000 seats; the Coliseum, built of stone, would seat 22,000 more. The Circus Maximus would hold 385,000 spectators. There were in the city 9,000 public baths, those of Diocletian accommodating 3,200 bathers. Even in the sixth century, after Rome had been sacked and plundered by the Goths and Vandals, Zachariah, a traveler, asserts that there were 384 spacious streets, 80 golden statues of the gods, 47,097 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 3,785 bronze statues of the emperors and generals, 22 great horses in bronze, 2 colossi, 2 spiral columns, 31 theatres, 11 amphitheatres, 9,091 baths, 2,300 shops of perfumes, 2,026 prisons. As a set-off to Stewart's "monumental tombstones," we may merely mention the mausoleum of Augustus in the northern part of the Campus Martius, consisting of a large tumulus of earth raised in a lofty basement of white marble, and covered on the summit with evergreens, as in the manner of a hanging garden, the whole surmounted by a bronze figure of Augustus. At the entrance were two Egyptian obelisks fifty feet high, and all around was an extensive grove, divided into walks and terraces. We have not heart to speak of the Forum Romanum, the Forum Julium, the Theatre of Narcellus, the Pantheon, the Palace of Nero (entirely overlaid with jewels and mother-of-pearl), the Claudian Aqueduct, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the Coliseum, the Arch of Titus, the Villa of Hadrian, the Baths of Carcalla, nor the great Roman roads straight as an arrow, paved like the streets of a city, divided by mile stones, and having houses for travelers every five or six miles, affording uninterrupted communication from the Wall Antonius through York, London, Sandwich, Boulogn, Rheims, Lyons, Milan, Rome, Brundusium, Dyrrachium, Byzantium, Aneyra, Tarsus, Antioch, Tyre, Jerusalem—a distance of 3,470 miles. Nor have we space to refer to Thebes in Egyyt (which had a population of 2,500,000), and that noble palace with its grand columns, whose cornices were inlaid with mountings or sheathed with beaten gold; nor Alexandria, whose annual port dues were $6,000,000, and whose library, in an age when books were rare, contained 700,000 volumes; nor to Capua, the second city of Italy; nor to Rhodes and its statues and one hundred collosi—one of them the seventh wonder of the world, costing $3,000,000; nor to Antioch, with a street four miles long, perfectly level, with double colonnades through its whole length; nor to Athens and the Parthenon, and the theatre of Bacchus—the most beautiful in the world, which seated 30,000 persons; nor to Syracuse, and its fortress one mile long by a half in breadth; nor to Tyre, and Carthage, and Babylon, and Byzantium, and a hundred others.

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"Hello, where are you off to? Going traveling?"

"Yes; my friend Soandso, editor of the *Whatsitsname*, has got me passes to the seaside, and I'm going to spend a few weeks there and write some letters to the paper."

"You ungrateful wretch!"

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One of the questions asked by life insurance companies is, "Do you expect to go to Mississippi or California and run for office?"

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A Whitehall justice is called "Old Perfumery" by the boys, because he sent 'em up so often.

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George Eliot says: "Women don't love men for their goodness." This is lucky, if true.

## PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES.

A Picture of the last Loodon Fashions in Women.

Beauties are sometimes out of fashion. We do not deny that beautiful women are always more or less admired, but beauty mania, like other manias, is an occasional epidemic and not a chronic disease. Even when beauties are in fashion, only one variety commands the market at a time. There are men old enough to remember the time when the political beauty was dominant. The woman of this description was on rather a large scale—mature and strong-minded. She flirted with statesmen and diplomatists, and her boudoir was supposed to be a hotbed of political intrigue. If she had been as powerful as she pretended, no monarch could have called his kingdom his own; but, although the world took her too much at her own valuation, she was in reality little better than a lion-hunter and busybody. The queens of another period were the young, the innocent, and the fair. Many of their portraits are still extant, in which they appear in long, limp, white garments, with waist just below their arm-pits. They would have been voted slow in our time, but in their own day they were considered models of purity and grace. They had little to say for themselves, but poetry was written to them by the ream. Their loveliness was of the wishy-washy style, and they were pure because they knew no better. Very different were the heroic beauties. They would be thought bores and blue stockings in these days, and they were very flighty in their own. "Emancipated women" have fortunately not been hitherto beautiful, and fashionable beauties have not yet been champions of women's rights. Religious beauties have throughout history had occasional reigns, but, upon the whole, beautiful demons have had their turn more frequently. For good or for evil, beauties are now in fashion. Indeed, so fashionable are they that to be a beauty is one of the recognized professions. Amateur beauties are despised and neglected, and have no more chance of success than a medical man with no diploma. The faces of the leading statesmen, barristers, and physicians are not so familiar as those of the leading beauties. Marriage seems to be a necessary preliminary to recognition as a beauty in these days. When the pretty woman has been married she has, as it were, passed the first examination—the "smalls" of beauty. A woman hardly attains her full beauty until she is twenty-two, and if she is not married by that time the world thinks she ought to be. Having passed her "little go," the candidate has to enter into a competitive examination, the examiners for which are fashionable men of the faster sort, but only a small number are allowed to pass into the ranks of professional beauties. In all professions and trades the way to get on, according to modern notions, is to advertise, and beauties are not slow in availing themselves of this method of attaining fame. We consequently find them advertised, like lost terriers and missionary meetings, in shop windows. Beauties contrive to combine the two modern agencies of advertisement and photography in their thirst for admiration, and we see their names and their photographs in so many windows that, were it not impossible to be tired of them, we might grow slightly weary of the repetition. The simple might expect to find the *cartes de visite* of husbands by the side of their wives. Not a bit of it. If we look at the photograph of one of the beauties in a London shop window, we shall probably find the representation of Cardinal Manning on one side of it, and that of an eminent murderer on the other. All three are notabilities in their way; but with this difference, that neither the Cardinal nor the murderer have any wish to be advertised, whereas this is the heart's desire of the beauty. The persistency of the latter in this pursuit is amazing. She even rivals the patent-medicine monger, who takes a column of a daily paper to explain that his wonderful syrup is good for headache, heartburn, chronic rheumatism, and pulmonary complaints. She is not to be beaten by the quack, and occupies a large space in every shop window of a certain type, portrayed in as many aspects as the unfailing physic. She seems to say: "Look at me in this position, and if you do not then admire me, look at me in that. Don't I look bewitching under an umbrella, and can not I melt your stony heart by standing with my head on one side and my thumb in my mouth? Look at me, buy me, talk about me, and oh, write about me! Speak of me as the beautiful Mrs. A., and say that I am lovelier than Mrs. B." And thus the beauty hopes to gain even more celebrity than the anti-bilious pills in the chemist's window next door. She would despise the comparatively obscure fame to be obtained by the exhibition of her photograph in the drawing-rooms of good society. There are other worlds for her to conquer. Are there not the shop boys and the city clerks—yea, and even the errand boys? Is life worth having unless every snob will turn to look at her in the parks and the streets? Wherever we go in our great metropolis we seem unable to escape the well-known faces of the beauties, and in the public picture galleries we find them in the character of nymphs, vestals, or sylphs. We suppose we shall see them before long "done" at full length in marble, as Venuses. The conversation in good society is occasionally rather commonplace, and the weather or the parties of yesterday and to-day form the principal topics of polite small-talk. A fresh subject of interest, therefore, in a world where there is apparently so little that is interesting must necessarily be a boon. Formerly, such observations as, "What a crowd there was at Lady A.'s last night!" and "I am afraid it is going to rain," brought the average fashionable man pretty nearly to the end of his conversational tether; but now the remark that "Mrs. B. is looking very well this morning" increases his resources fifty per cent. The approach in the park of one of the beauties attracts an attention which used to be accorded to royalty only, and the privilege of being unblushingly stared at is no longer confined to the blood royal. Professional beauties have a class of journal specially devoted to their glorification. Here their sayings and doings are faithfully chronicled. Occasionally a long article is devoted to a descriptioo of their charms, and they generally monopolize prominent paragraphs. No description of a race-meeting in any newspaper is complete without a description of the dresses worn by the professional beauties, and a bazar or fancy fair is unnoticed unless they are present. During a late London season the doings of the celebrated French actress, who was received with so much enthusiasm by the once straightlaced English, threatened to obscure our national beauties. Columns of the so-called "society journals" were devoted to her, in which she was briefly described as "she." But "she" has now left our shores, and the erring devotees have returned to worship at the shrines of the beauties. The appearance of the goddesses is again chronicled with the same accuracy as the price of consols or the rainfall, and their proceedings and whereabouts are more faithfully recounted than those of the reigning sovereign herself. Writers in the fashionable journals seem to attach more importance to the blowing of the nose of a professional beauty than to a general engagement at the Cape. Old-fashioned people marvel much at the homage paid to the professional beauties in society. If one of them stays at the house of a lion-hunting old peer, she is taken in to dinner by her host in precedence of ladies of far superior rank. Her wishes are law as to the arrangements and amusements of the whole party, and everything is made subservient to her whims. She generally has a little court of ladies and gentleman in waiting, and if you invite her to your house you must ask some of these to meet her or she will be bored and sulky. When you have succeeded in persuading a beauty to stay with you, you must of course be prepared to take the consequences. Her will must be yours. You will be lucky if her favorite amusement is simply to pose herself in graceful attitudes and look beautiful. If less interesting, the statuesque beauty is far preferable as a guest to the lively beauty; the latter, when in a playful humor, is apt to become overpowering. She exhibits her light-heartedness by cramming pieces of ice inside gentlemen's shirt-collars, and by throwing a glassful of champagne at an admirer on the opposite side of the table. She hurls peaches, which have cost you a shilling apiece, at the heads of her friends; scrambles with her neighbor at table and breaks one of your best dessert plates. But you must not mind; this is merely the little fee of the great professional. She proposes a ride, and astonishes the inhabitants of your well-conducted and quiet village by riding one of your horses through it at full gallop, accompanied by her court, whom she compels to ride at the same pace. She volunteers to drive your phaeton or four-in-hand, and will think it a good joke to drive into somebody or something; and if she smashes your carriage, it is all done in fun, and she expresses herself as so thankful that "nobody was hurt." When you are sitting with your men friends after dinner, you will probably congratulate yourself upon your temporary respite from the pleasantries of your pretty guest; but perhaps you would scarcely feel so satisfied if you were aware that she was at that moment engaged in paying private visits to the rooms of each of your male visitors, making an apple-pie bed for one, pomading the sponge of another, sewing up the night-shirt of a third, peppering the pillows of a fourth, and so on. It will probably end in your having to apologize for her conduct to at least one of your guests in the morning; and when the party is dispersed you will most likely register a vow that whatever lions or lionesses you may pursue for the future, you will never take home another professional beauty. It were better even to fill your house with prigs and blue-stockings, women of mind, and girls who are "intense," than to become the host of a professional beauty and her court.—*Saturday Review.*

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A correspondent, writing from the Continent regarding cigarette smoking, says: But what one thinks in America of the habit, one soon ceases to think in Europe, where it is so frequent. For does not fat, famous, and frolicsome Emily Faithful smoke like a tugboat? Does not the Duchess of Edinburgh enjoy a quiet puff now and then, and even the Princess of Wales have her pretty little cigarette case, which she hides profoundly from the smoke-abhorring nose of her royal mamma-in-law? Mme. Ratazzi, in Italy, is said to be a great smoker, and so also is Elizabeth Thompson, the artist, in England. Two daughters of the Duc d'Orleans, one of whom was the beautiful Mercédes, Queen of Spain, were fond of a quiet smoke, as also is the wife of the Pretender Don Carlos. Although smoking ladies are so numerous in Europe, one often hears it insisted upon here that American ladies are the greatest habitual smokers in the world. "I never saw a lady smoke in America," I had occasion frequently to say in France, and always with the unsatisfactory feeling that I was not half believed. Once upon a time in Paris I lived several months in an extensive *pension des demoiselles.* In this flourishing school was Mlle. N., a young American of twenty-two, from Boston, a sort of parlor boarder, who had many extra privileges besides that of a private bedroom, when every other pupil slept on a tiny couch in a dormitory that looked exactly like a hospital. "Ah, but your American ladies do smoke, and smoke a great deal more than our French men," said the matron of the school one day. "Mlle. N. smokes much more than M. le Professeur. I will some day show you the ashes that come from her room." I said nothing; and yet I could have told that which would have made madame's golden wig stand up like quills on a fretful porcupine, and reduced the matron to a state of gibbering idiocy. I could have told that, indeed, many cigarettes were smoked in Mlle. N.'s room each night, and that great were the ashes thereof; also could I have told that every night, when that huge dormitory full of pupils was still and every girl asleep, four of the teachers—all girls themselves of from twenty to twenty-two, whose business it was to watch and guard that sleeping fold—stole softly from their beds, up the attic stairs, across the roof, down a skylight, and thus into Miss N.'s room, where, with a bottle or two of beer and unlimited cigarettes, they smoked, drank, and chatted till—goodness only knows how late, as if this were, indeed, not a *pension des demoiselles*, but a popular Braserie in the Latin Quarter. "Girls, girls! how indiscreet!" I exclaimed one night, when, returning from the theatre after midnight, I was quietly let into Miss N.'s room, whither I had been attracted by the light, and where I found the smoke so thick that I could only half distinguish five flushed and laughing faces, looking, if truth must be told, more like the merry bacchantes of Ruben's pictures than like the nun-like maidens of a *pension des demoiselles* in virtuous, monastic France. "Ah, but you will not betray us!" they chorused. "We must amuse ourselves a little, and you know how *triste* our life is here!"

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He had an auburn-haired girl and promised to take her out riding. She met him at the door when he drove up, and he exclaimed: "Hello! Ready?" She misunderstood him, and they don't speak now. Thus slang makes another slap at love's young dream.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Coachman to Minister of Finance, whom he has driven to the Treasury Department on the first day of that functionary's incumbency—When does your Excellency desire to leave the Treasury?

Minister of Finance, abstractedly—Never!

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Judge to mendicant whom another mendicant has had arrested for assault and battery—What made you beat this paralytic man, your companion in misery, eh?

Mendicant—I'll tell you, your Honor. For a whole month I drew him round in our cart, we being partners, and then, when, according to our articles of partnership, it was his turn to draw me round for a month, and mine to be the paralytic, he refused to fulfill his contract.

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"Truly," said Mr. Skimpole, "when creditors come to dun you they so completely feel the dishonoring character of their mission that they have to invent the most shameless and extravagant excuses for troubling you, such as their threatened insolvency, sickness, and increased expense in the family, and so on. Why, actually, one fellow came and dunned me for some money because he was being pressed for payment of the court fees and a retainer by the lawyer he had employed to sue me."

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"Doctor, I'm very much troubled with these pains, but I find considerable relief from a bandage over the region of the liver."

"Then by all means wear a belt. A simple strip of flannel will answer every purpose, only be careful to draw it a little tighter on the side where your liver is than on the other."

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A politician, who had been on terms of intimacy with actors and artists, is suddenly elevated to an important official position. One of his friends, a distinguished actor, goes to call on him, and, entering the office, says genially, "Hullo, old fel., how's—?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the official in a glacial manner; "I am occupied for a moment. Be so good as to take a seat."

The actor sits down in surprise and a chair, and presently his friend says, "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Why, don't you know me? I'm—"

"I do not precisely follow you," says the official. "You have come to—?"

"I came, sir," says the actor, in a terrible voice, jamming his hat down on his head—"I came, sir, to give you some hints as to deportment now that you are a public official, but, by the nine gods, you don't need any! Good morning, sir!"

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A youthful philosopher is taken to the Hippodrome to see a pantomime, in the last act of which five bears are very severely handled by the alleged Cossack hunters.

"Those are not bears," he says, coldly; "if they were real live bears they wouldn't bang 'em about so and run the risk of spoiling 'em—they're only men."

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Some young people are amusing themselves by recounting the stories of their first love—how the tender passioo began to kindle in their breasts, and so on.

When it comes to the turn of a follower of Emile Zola and the naturalistic school to speak, he begins:

"The first time that my heart gave tongue"—

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The eloquent counsel, Maitre X., recently appeared at the assizes to defend a prisoner, and delivered an oration as long as Mont Cenis tunnel and as dry as dust.

When he had concluded the jury were aroused from their slumbers and charged, and presently brought io a verdict of guilty.

With a pleasant smile the presiding judge then sentenced the prisoner to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor, the time spent in listening to his counsel's argument to be counted as part of the punishment.

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"Cham's" great delight was to give nice little dinners to his friends and then disparage them.* As thus:

"Terrible about Dumas, isn't it?"

"Terrible about Dumas? Isn't what?"

"His being arrested last night for theft. A man of his talents and position, with such a future before him, to be arrested for petty larceny!"

"Why, I didn't hear of it before. He was at dinner with us at your place last night."

"Yes, I know it, and leaving us he stole a loaf of bread at a bakery. However, he pleaded that hunger drove him to it—that he had dined with me—and so they let him go."

* Disparage the dinners.

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"Now, young man," said the fond mother to her son, aged four, "you've got to get over being such a cry-baby, and I want you to understand that if I see a tear out of your head again to-day I won't take you to the matinée—understand?"

The young man promises to abstain from tears, but in less than half an hour they are chasing each other down his innocent nose.

"Is this the way you keep your promise?" says his mother. "No matinée for boys that cry."

"O ma," he responds promptly, "I ain't crying—these ain't tears—I'm—boo-hoo!—I'm laughing—boo-hoo!"

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A butcher enters the office of a lawyer.

"Sir, I want your advice. Is the owner of a dog responsible for any damage that the animal may do?"

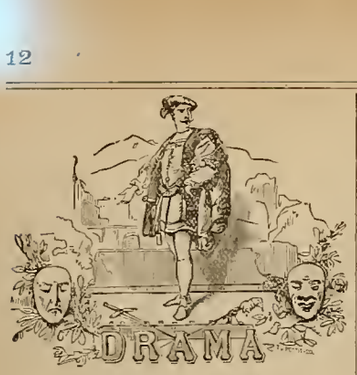
"Certainly."

"Then your dog has run away with a leg of mutton from my stall, and I will trouble you for ten francs."

"Very well, my friend; have you five francs change?"

"Yes, sir." [Produces them.]

"That just makes it square; my fee for advice is fifteen francs."




San Francisco, October 3, 1879.

General Grant having brought his star engagements at the theatres to a successful issue, those hapless establishments have relapsed into their normal condition of emptiness and desolation. People come tiptoeing in as to a house of mourning—you know just how. You have seen them come into such places from health and happiness, light and sunshine outside, and pause appalled by the solemn hush of mourning within. There seems to be no formula of etiquette, but you will soon observe that the most self-possessed people on such occasions invariably plunge into conversation by asking at what hour the funeral takes place. It is sure to strike the hearers as being rather a clever remark at the time—however superfluous the answer may be, after due notice in the morning papers—not so much for its matter or originality as in the courage of the speaker in hazarding a remark at all. People talk just like this in the theatres nowadays. The pleasant babbling murmur of light conversation has died away. The place has all the gloom of a cathedral without its solemnity. When they do say anything they huddle themselves together and whisper it, and the whisper echoes to the very groins of the roof. The ushers distribute you at wide intervals like Pauline roses in a parterre. You feel crushed, saddened; you wish you were at home, and yet you wish to lift a protesting hand against letting the custom of theatre-going fall into disuse, as it threatens to do. How bright and cheerful seems by contrast a night like Monday night when all the world went to see the new opera. Usually there lingers about a theatre something reminiscent of the last engagement, something to suggest a regret or a rejoicing. But there was nothing to make one think of the Mastodons, even in the audience, for it glittered with all the panoply of figurative war-paint, and there were tiers of singers and musicians generally waiting with revengeful intent to indulge in the fierce pleasures of retaliation. There was a very attentive hush of expectation as the unusually full orchestra commenced what the minstrel's interlocutor calls the "introductory overture." This and the opening chorus put people into the most appreciative humor, when there entered a creature with a very respectable pair of legs, a very bad voice, and a very bad everything else, and informed us in a most ill-tuned croak that he was the high and mighty Caliph who ruled over Babylon. He might as well have been the Mayor of Saucelito, in point of fact the whole story might have been laid there—Saucelito, or Milpitas, or any other well known suburb for any unity that has been preserved, or any relic of the times and customs of Babylon. There is nothing unique in the loves of Pyramus and Thisbe. Many lovers have loved through stone walls, and

> "For aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth."

It has only been their accessories that made their love a story and passed it down through history; and in this instance there is nothing Babylonian about "Thisbe" no more than there is Greek about "Pyramus." There is an odd discord between the music and the libretto, as if the librettist and composer had never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, and never held consultation over the eternal fitness of things, for the long, solemn, jokeless burlesque of the writer is ill-adapted to the music of the composer. If "Pyramus" had slain himself, as he ought to do, and made a tragedy of the occasion, the strains would not have been too solemn, for although the opera has frequently a glint of Offenbachian sparkle, it has much of *Aida's* stateliness. There are those who predict a future for it, but these are undismayed by the flatness of its dialogue or the manner in which it was sung. Leave technicalities to the musical critics to fight it out among themselves, but people who go to enjoy themselves are affected by all the details, dialogue, dress, scenery, and action, as well as music. As for the dialogue it is hopelessly dull. As for the dress it is exceptionally fine. Everything is so new, so fresh, so clean, so characteristic, that it was pleasant to look upon. As for the scenery it was beyond cavil. I was irrestibly reminded of the play within a play—this same *Pyramus and Thisbe*—which was played with such admirable scenic effect that, as the "Lion" roars and runs away, one spectator exclaims: "Well roared, 'Lion;'" another, "Well run, 'Thisbe;'" and another still, "Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace." "Is it the moon they applaud?" asked a bewildered spectator, the other night, as the curtain rose to reveal a small Corinthian cottage, and a stone wall with the historic hole in it—a hole big enough for three pairs of lovers to crawl through in solid phalanx. It *was* the moon, as it chanced, for the scene boasted a new cloud effect which so entranced the enthusiastic audience that the scene painter was called until he rushed wildly through the house in full sight to the stage door to make his bow of acknowledgment from the stage. I wonder that no one ever wrote a book on the moon. Paradoxically speaking, it is always the star of the evening. It is applauded more than the diva herself. It is a mild charm to the dress circle and a delight to the gallery. There were finer scenes in Babylon, the Bush Street Babylon, than this moonlit garden of "Thisbe's," but the cambric moon was irresistible. It shone upon the best of the opera, for Susan Galton sings her best aria just here, and she sang it charmingly. Her voice is too small, but it is so sweet and true, and so thoroughly cultivated, that she delights at last where at first she fails to satisfy. But she is not at all an actress, has not the first faint sparkle of *chic*, and a piquant "Thisbe" would be so charming. But, for the matter of that, what would they have done with her in such a cast? Neither is Miss Hammond an actress. She is an amateur, I take it. So is Mr. Ben Clark, notwithstanding his recent experience in *Pinafore*. He unites with a most delightful voice a most utter deficiency in dramatic action. Miss Hammond has nothing extraordinary to recommend her, even in voice. Mr. Makin was charitably suspected to be an amateur in opera. Mr. Caselli is not an amateur, but a very bad actor. Mr. Torrance is the same, although he carried a green umbrella right manfully, and utilized it to stave off the lion whose roar came from the side wings in a faint bass. A story is told of a lady in India who warded off death with an umbrella. A comfortable picnic party were about to regale themselves with brown curry and Allsop—that would seem to be the picnic fare in that country—when they were confronted by a Bengal tiger, who had scented the air and wanted some picnic, too. Upon the inspiration of the moment, and having no more redoubtable weapon at hand, the lady suddenly opened her umbrella full in his face, and the tiger fled affrighted. I think Mr. Torrance's umbrella would have scared a jungleful of tigers, and it was such a distinctive feature that it deserves a page or two of mention. By the way, is it not odd that in these scenes of oriental spectacle the umbrella is so rarely used! Do you not remember old pictures of Pharaoh's daughter with a dark skinned attendant holding a huge feather umbrella over her royal head? In pictures of the luxury of the Ninevehites, does not the umbrella, various and fantastic in shape and texture, always shield the people from the sun? There are pictures extant of Egyptian princesses being wheeled around in barrows, to which gaunt, stiff-looking umbrellas are attached, even as they are to a modern pony phaeton. As for the Chinese, they carried umbrellas when Confucius was making mud pies. It was the notorious office of a captive Chinese prince to carry the umbrella of the Emperor of Tartary when he went out hunting. History does not go on to say whether he hunted ducks in a boat, or quail on a hillside, or a fox across country, but the captive prince must have had a very romantic time of it if it was etiquette that the royal head be always shielded. But, when they give us a Chinese spectacle, they give us lanterns and fans and gold embroideries and tom-toms, but no umbrellas. But what has all this to do with *Pyramus and Thisbe?* Nothing, indeed, excepting that, next to the music, the green umbrella formed a very conspicuous feature. While in the mood for scenery one naturally turns to the California, since Jules Verne holds the boards. The wild imaginings of this fantastic writer lead one to many lands; and as it is his especial province to gild refined gold and paint the lily, to add luxuriance to the abundance of tropical bloom and a fresh vastness and whiteness to the frozen seas, one is prepared for any extravagance. *The Children of Capt. Grant*, however, is not quite so improbable as some of the others. "Capt. Grant" is shipwrecked somewhere, no one knows where, and his two children go skirmishing around till they find some one to go look for him. A Scotch nobleman, having a superfluous yacht, likes the scheme, and starts out. The President of the Geographical Society, an absent-minded old French scientist, gets on board the yacht by mistake, taking it for a Cunard steamer. The servants, and sailors, and the *children* of Captain Grant make up the rest of the crew. Of course they fall into the hands of a villain, and go through many dangers by flood and field. They are befriended by a South Sea savage, who looks exactly like Cooper's typical North American Indian, and speaks exactly like John McCullough. Mr. Welles takes the part of "Lord Glenarvon" most acceptably. *A propos*, I wonder what is Jules Verne's idea of a traveling costume. All his heroes are travelers, and it has been really interesting to observe their various ideas in the dramatizations. He hurries them with such speed from cold to warm countries, and back again, that they are put to it to keep track of their route. If he is a traveler he must have comfort reduced to an exact science. Perhaps after all he only makes the tour of his library and his imagination. Mr. Keene bloomed out as comedian, or eccentric character actor if you like it, as "Paganel." He has an excellent French accent and an excellent conception, but alas for the expression of it. He is so loud, so overdraws, is so determined to fill the stage, that he spoils what might have been really artistic. Why will not Mr. Keene restrain himself? And yet, for all, it would have been dull enough without him. As for the "Children of Captain Grant," they have nothing to do but look pale and plaintive, and run about giving the *dramatis personæ* their pedigree like a refrain. There are some pretty bits of scenery; notably, an Australian forest, where, although the trees are as stiff and straight as fence pickets, there is a greenness and luxuriance which make it coolly inviting and quite unlike the ordinary stage vegetation, where gold, and silver, and pink, and blue tinsel grow on the leaves. There is a ballet divertissement by the Alleo sisters, but this would hardly give it a claim to be called a spectacle. Perhaps, however, the Patagonian earthquake—a really striking tableau—and the frozen scene of the rescue give stronger claims. At all events it is worth better consideration than it has received. But who is going to the theatre as a matter of duty—except the deadhead?

Betsy B.

## PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

**An Opera, in Three Acts, by Oscar Weil.**

In this country we see plainly that Music augments its votaries by vast numbers year after year. Never did such armies of composers court the favor of public and publishers as now, and never did such stacks of musical patchwork issue from the press. But the votaries being only worshipers, and not prophets and apostles of art, the armies are made up of rank and file, led by corporals and sergeants, and the new works are little ripplets, which subside and are forgotten as the breeze passes. Under such circumstances, a new man, who gives us undeniable proof of his ability, becomes the centre of eager, and often exaggerated, hopes, and our wish is father to the thought that he may stand a Saul among his fellows. The production of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, from the pen of M. Oscar Weil, is, then, an event of such importance that the sapient critic is half inclined to accept the Argonaut's invitation, and commit himself to a few positive opinions upon the exact merits of the work, after but one hearing. Its ultimate rank in art it would be imprudent to forecast, seeing, as all who have eyes must see, how many elements more uncertain than the composer's talent are factors in the problem. But the composer who can produce such music as I heard last evening ought to fix at once the highest regard and support of his countrymen, and ultimately to justify the applause of the whole musical world. *Pyramus and Thisbe* is nearer to Donizetti *at his best* than to Wallace, and there is abundant proof throughout the whole work to assert the composer's complete familiarity with every phase of the broad and varied treatment demanded in grand opera. There are no weak and crude ideas covered up by trickery, but there are throughout the bold and manly ideas of one who knew what he had to say before sitting down to write, and then said it effectively. This is particularly noticeable in passages where the lightness or frivolity of the text would naturally call for and justify light treatment. But the composer, even in airy or fairy-like passages, seems to have gone steadily to work in incessant seriousness to uphold the highest interests of his art. He seems to have disowned frivolity in musical treatment, whatever the demands of the text, and the critics who range themselves on the side of the artist, rather than the public, should applaud him therefor. I do not say that Mr. Weil has not given an amusing—frivolous, if you like—form to some of his numbers—even as Schubert has interjected many of his most serious and tender thoughts into music of equal levity; but I think I am correct in assigning his *treatment* of all his subjects to the domain of grand, rather than comic opera. Regarding the shortcomings of the text it is not my purpose to speak; for if, as I have heard, it is the composer's intention to have it re-written throughout, there is no reason why *Pyramus and Thisbe* should not be received as a valuable addition to the present meagre *repertoire* of English opera. The text is decidedly the only weak spot in the work. All honor, then, to the man who has given us the first American opera, an opera which should be supported by press and public throughout the length and breadth of the land—the work of a thorough, careful, and conscientious musician, a work worthy of study by the highest lyric artists of the day, a work which will make its mark if the American public will only be fairly just to what is, in my mind, of national importance.

W. J. M.

The pedestrian contest at the Mechanics' Pavilion is attracting everybody's interest and attention, and thousands throng to the sawdust track to witness the test of muscle and endurance. Every day increases the excitement, and there threatens to be a crush at the close that will match the famous Grant camp-fire congregation.

Next to an appropriate costume for a beautiful woman the most important matter is, perhaps, that of good taste in the framing of pictures; indeed, in many respects the latter is of even greater importance, for while an ugly dress will wear out and pass away, a picture frame will not, but remain a perpetual annoyance. The great improvements in style made of late in the manufacture of frames is manifest in the fine display of novelties just at hand and being made to order by Snow & Co., successors to Snow & May, 29 Post Street.

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## ARCHERY NOTES.

The last event of the season (in archery) comes off to-day at Adams' Point, Oakland. All archers have been invited to draw a bow, bring along their lunch, win a prize if they can, and make themselves comfortable and jolly, for in such spirit should every archery meeting be approached. How to get to Adams' Point is a question often asked, and which, though often answered, seems to slip away from the memories of all except those who have visited the range. Here, then, are the sailing directions: Take the 9:30 boat, or the 10:30, and ride as far as Oak Street Station—the next station above Broadway and Seventh Street; walk along Oak Street toward Lake Merritt; at the foot of Oak Street, which is as far as one can go, is a picturesque though unpretentious wharf, where boats will be on hand to take the archers to the Point. The lake is not more than three feet deep, so that nervous people need not go to the trouble and expense of taking out an accident policy for the trip. The fare for ferriage across the lake and return is ten cents. Those who do not want to worry about getting up and bringing along a lunch, will be accommodated, at Señor Brousseau's farm house, with fresh butter, milk, mutton, sardines, etc., and other comforts of an invigorating nature. All are enjoined to get across the bay, if possible, by the 9:30 boat, if not the 10:30, remembering that every half hour boat connects with a train to Oak Street Station up to half past twelve. The shooting will be individual altogether, unless a match be made on the ground between the Bow Club and the Pacific Archery Club. The first part of the programme, which is altogether informal, will be a match among the ladies at the Columbia round, twenty-four arrows at thirty yards, twenty-four at forty, and twenty-four at fifty yards. But after the first round is shot the ladies will rest upon their laurels, or, in other words, set out the lunch, while the gentlemen shoot at the first range of the American round. After lunch the gentlemen will shoot at the second range, to give the ladies a chance to clear away the lunch. The ladies will then pick up the thread of their archery, and finish their round. Prizes of more or less value—principally less—will be given to the following: For the best score at each of the ranges for ladies and gentlemen; for the aggregate of golds at all the ranges for ladies and gentlemen; for the greatest number of hits at all the ranges for ladies and gentlemen, and for the largest aggregate score. No archer will be allowed to carry off two prizes. This rule is enforced with the object of checking all inordinate vanity, and preventing the undue individual accumulation of articles of virtu. The prizes will be distributed by the committee at the close of the day's shooting. Among the rewards for good archery may be mentioned a beautiful rosewood bow; a fine hunting horn, with heavy gilt chain, such as bold Robin might have wound under the trees at Sherwood Forest; a set of ladies' target arrows, presented by Mr. Wight; a magnificent quiver and set of fine hunting arrows; and numerous other prizes. There will be separate shooting for beginners who are not sufficiently confident to try their luck at the regulation ranges. There will also be a consolation prize at forty yards for those who have not won prizes. Lunch will be eaten at 12:30, and at 1:30 the game will recommence. The Pacific Archery Club now numbers forty-five members, and is the largest archery club in the State. The new range at Gates' Garden is well protected from the wind, and is shaded by spruce and Scotch fir trees. The target is placed at the end of a perfect avenue of trees, arching over head, and a distance of eighty yards is the extreme limit. This flourishing club has in contemplation the purchasing or leasing of an archery range in the central portion of the city, if possible; or if one can not be obtained in San Francisco, they will probably look out for a suitable place on the Alameda side of the bay. In order to have the matches at the picnic go off expeditiously and smoothly, no promiscuous shooting will be allowed. Stray arrows cause a great deal of delay and confusion; so it is hoped all will direct their energies toward hitting the target only when their turn comes.

Quiver.

Mrs. Colgate Baker's School and Kindergarten, at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Ellis Street, is intended to be, and undoubtedly is, a most complete institution for the education of young ladies. It takes girls of tender age into its kindergarten department, and from a beginning of little things inducts them along the paths of knowledge to the higher branches of education, completing them and turning them out from the post-graduate department finished young ladies. Mrs. Baker has, and deservedly so, the confidence of our best people; they intrust to her care and management their young girls, and so far the history of the school has justified this confidence. This school receives both day and family pupils, and it is a part of its policy to take but those whose family and whose personal deportment are guarantees of the most unquestioned respectability, recognizing that the part of education from association in the school-room, play-ground, and family circle is not the least important part of the education of a young lady. There are advantages in having a ladies' seminary in San Francisco that can not be had in the country: pupils are brought within the reach of libraries, lectures, churches, musical instruction, art galleries, amusements, and social influences not attainable in the interior. Mrs. Baker's has the seclusion, space, and breezy surroundings of a country school, with all the advantages that pertain to city life and that are indispensable to the requirements of a finishing class. Mrs. Baker is permitted to make reference to the very first and leading gentlemen of our city, and will at all times take pleasure in sending to parents and guardians a printed pamphlet containing memoranda of terms and such other information as they may desire.

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When passing along Montgomery Street do not fail to take a look at the handsome cabinet of photographs displayed by the firm of Bradley & Rulofson. It is an interesting and artistic exhibit. There you will see handsome cartes of celebrities, and a tone and finish in them that is characteristic of all the work of this firm, with a world wide reputation. In arranging for your sittings consider what you have seen, and remember that the best work is always the cheapest.

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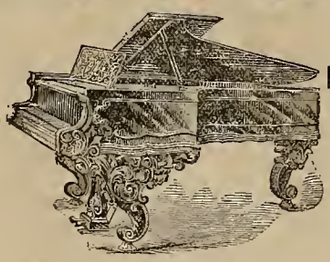

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Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

**Phaetons,**

HARNESS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repository and Salesrooms, 411 and 411½ California St.

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S. B. BOSWELL & CO.,

*STOCK BROKERS,*

**No. 318 California Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

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FRENCH LANGUAGE

TAUGHT BY

PROF. LOUIS ARMAND,

*MASTER OF ARTS, GRADUATE* of the University of France, Faculte des Lettres de Paris, ex-Professor of French at the State University of California. Apply to the ARGONAUT office. Terms, $2 per lesson. Special arrangements for pupils or classes by the month.

REFERENCES:

JOHN LE CONTE, President State University; HON. JOHN W. DWINELLE, HON. JOHN S. HAGER.

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SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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RUBBER GOODS.

TRADE MARK,

**Maltese Cross.**

**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

*FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF* RUBBER GOODS.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER,

501 Market Street, San Francisco.

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SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL

EXHIBITION.

**Round the World Tickets.**

*THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP* COMPANY will issue Round the World Tickets, giving first class accommodations for the entire route, at the low price of $650.

For particulars apply to

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.,

General Agents, corner First and Brannan Sts.

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H. A. WEAVER,

(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERIS,)

PRINTER,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

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**Lithographers. Bookbinders.**

KANE & COMPANY,

Successors to Kane & Cook,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

412 COMMERCIAL, 411 CLAY STS.,

Between Sansome and Battery.....San Francisco.

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JOHN DANIEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Italian and Scotch Granite**

MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Grates on hand and made to order at the lowest rates.

Warerooms, No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO*ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

**Does in every case.**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumalism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

---

NOOK FARM.

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and Improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

The "Farm" embraces about 50 acres vineyard, now ripening, affording an opportunity to those who wish to try the "grape cure."

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

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*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirtieth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 59) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Friday, the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second (22d) day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 15) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the second (2d) day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-second day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the third day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-fourth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 29th day of August, 1879, an assessment (No. 1) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, 293 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 7th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of September, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of one dollar and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

## NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose... .....$1 00
On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4.00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $1 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.


# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

# COMMERCIAL

## INSURANCE COMPANY OF CADA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, Presideot.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.


## C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Colfax with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

### FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | n*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

Change cars at West Oakland.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | 3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Geo. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN* Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbel's, Guernsville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA* San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Lagunа, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

## JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shangbae,

| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | October | 25 |
| February | 28 | January | 17 |
| | | April | 10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 15. SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 11, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## PHILIP HALL'S AIR SHIP.

By Robert Duncan Milne.

While passing along Fremont Street the other morning I was hailed from the opposite sidewalk by Mr. Andrew Aitken of the Cyclops Iron Works, who, having succeeded in attracting my attention and arresting my progress, came across the street and spoke as follows :

"Just the man I wanted to see. I have got something for you—something in your line. Here it is," producing a paper packet which looked as if it contained manuscript, and placing it in my hands.

"Well," said I, "what do you want me to do with this? What is it?"

"It's a manuscript or narrative of some kind," replied Aitken, "and I want you to get it into some leading paper. It was sent me a day or two ago by a gentlemen for whom our firm has done a good deal of work lately, with the request that I would see that it was published, and of course I wish to oblige him. I know you can assist me in the matter if you wish."

"What is it about?" said I.

"I know no more than you do. I haven't had time to look into the packet, even if I had thought proper to do so—which I didn't. But, stay," pulling a letter from his coat pocket; "here is the letter that came with it, which will tell you all that I know of the matter."

I opened the letter and read the subjoined :

"KNIGHT'S FERRY, 20th September, 1879.

"ANDREW AITKEN, ESQ., Cyclops Foundry, San Francisco :

"DEAR SIR :—Enclosed please find draft on Bank of California for $587.65, which closes the account between us. Accompanying this letter you will receive a packet containing a manuscript which I shall be greatly obliged if you will hand to some leading San Francisco journal for publication. I wish it placed in the hands of some paper of reliability and good standing, where the subject will not be looked upon in the light of an ingenious *canard*, but will be accorded that respect and credence which it deserves. The affair of which it treats is one of national and, I may say, even of world-wide importance; and my only reason for not publishing it in some Eastern periodical is the patriotic regard which I feel for California, and my desire that the Pacific Coast should not lose the *prestige* that necessarily attaches to an exploit of this character, but should show the world that it is as far ahead of it in brains, ingenuity, energy, and independence of thought and action, as it is in its climatic conditions, the productions of its soil, and the wealth of its mineral strata. The narrative will speak for itself, and ought to convince the most skeptical of its truth by internal evidence alone. That it will encounter the caviling animosity of the scientific, equally with the vacuous incredulity of the ignorant, I can not but be aware, for have not all the most important achievements in science, art, and discovery ever done so? It will not be long, however, before I shall demonstrate its truth to all by actual eye-witness. I am only prevented from doing so immediately by my desire of making a still further test before demonstration. Please express me three dozen bolts and nuts, same size as last, to Oakdale as formerly, and oblige

"Your obedient servant, PHILIP HALL."

When I read the signature, "Philip Hall," I started with surprise, and turning to Aitken asked him whether he was acquainted with the individual in question.

"Not exactly," said Aitken; "I have only seen him once, about six months ago. All my dealings with him since then have been by letter."

"What manner of man is he?" asked I, excitedly. "What is his appearance? What is his profession?"

"So far as I remember," returned Aitken, "he is a man of rather past middle age, tall, dark, strongly featured, and, by the style of his orders and the execution of his plans and draughts, I should judge him to have a more than ordinary acquaintance with civil engineering."

Aitken's language was sufficient to convince me that this Philip Hall* was a man who possessed for me more than a common interest, and in this manner: About a year ago I casually met at a place of public resort a man of the above name, and answering to the above description, and, after some conversation on the subject of alchemy, was induced to accompany him to a building upon Broadway, where a man whom he designated his partner was, as he asserted, engaged in producing gold by the agency of electricity within quartz-rock. We observed the maneuvres of this man, whose name was Hunsdecker, through auger-holes which Hall had previously bored in the side of the house; and, during the confusion occasioned by a disastrous explosion which ensued and which resulted in the death of Hunsdecker, Hall disappeared, and I had since then neither seen nor heard anything of him. He had, however, in the course of this episode, so strongly impressed me with his intelligence and ingenuity, that I confess I was deeply interested to learn more about him. And so, bidding Aitken good-bye, with the assurance that I would attend to his commission, I pocketed the packet and repaired to the same resort where I had previously met with Hall, and where I knew I should have leisure and tranquillity for the perusal of the manuscript. What had Hall been doing? I thought on my way thither; what new direction had his ingenuity taken? Or had he succeeded at last in the production of gold by that process which had been left obscure and indeterminate by the fate of his partner? Speculation was futile; so, having arrived at my destination, I seated myself, opened the packet, took out the manuscript, and proceeded to read

THE COMMUNICATION.

My purpose in publishing the following communication to the world, in advance of publicly demonstrating the fact of which it treats, is to assure myself that, in the event of any unforeseen casualty happening to myself, the record of the exploit may not be shrouded in darkness and oblivion—the more so on account of the peculiarly hazardous nature of the enterprise. With this apology as prelude I shall accordingly begin my story. My name is Philip Hall, and my profession that of civil engineer. I came to California from the State of New York many years ago, and have since then followed different modes of life with varying success. Within the past year I experienced a stroke of good fortune. It is immaterial and extrinsic to the subject to detail the nature of that good fortune. California affords so many example of sudden changes in this respect that mine need excite no surprise. It is sufficient for me to say, that from a poor and struggling professional man, I suddenly found myself transformed into a capitalist with extraordinary facilities for increasing my capital. I found myself in a position to assist my friends and indulge my own propensities, whatever they might be. The former was a pleasant but not an onerous duty, for the poor man is not commonly blessed with a superabundance of friends; the latter took the form of a project which had engaged my attention for years past, but had never found me in a position to advance it. This was neither more nor less than a solution of the problem of aerial navigation. Scientific men had, indeed, of late years been theoretically dallying with it; incompetent practical men had expended time and money on trials which embodied no principle of success; the theoretical men propounded theories which would not stand the test of practice; the practical men did not sufficiently take into account the force of elementary natural laws; capitalists would not embark in an enterprise which had been so often tried and had so often failed that there was little encouragement even for the most sanguine. The prophecy of the poet, who

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,"

seemed as far from realization as in the days of Montgolfier. Thus the matter stood. When I began to study the question it formulated itself on this wise: What is wanted in an air vessel to make it of practical value? Evidently it must meet the necessities of trade and commerce by its ability to transport passengers or freight with as much ease and security as our present lines of land or ocean transit. If it could not effect this it could never hope to compete with, much less supersede, such lines of transit. Clearly, I reasoned, a balloon can never be of practical value in these particulars, because it is impossible to control its motions, either during or at the close of a voyage. Balloons are liable to be wafted not in the direction the voyager desires to travel, but at the pleasure of the breeze; and when he seeks to regain *terra firma* he does so at the risk of his life and limbs. Balloons were indeed a promise of future results in aerial navigation, but a promise merely to the extent that the *æolipile* of Hero, two thousand years ago, was a promise of the modern steam engine. The crude efforts of more recent experimenters on aeronautics have failed because they would not approach the subject at its root, but made blind and vague efforts to obtain their object by following up chance ideas or intuitions, which had as much likelihood to be correct as the accountant who should hazard the result of a column of figures without going through the process of adding them up. Several conditions (I argued) must be fulfilled in the successful air-ship :

(1.) It must be capable of ascending from or descending to any point of the earth's surface at will, easily, gradually, and without shock to its machinery, freight, or passengers.

(2.) It must have the faculty of propulsion in any required direction.

(3.) Its construction must depend upon such mechanical and dynamical principles as will insure it incurring no more risk of accident than a ship at sea.

(4.) Weight must be no obstacle to its successful working.

Having satisfied myself that these conditions were essential, I proceeded to study upon the first, viz.: levitation. I found that birds, with, perhaps, the exception of the meadow lark, the condor, and one or two others, do not use, if they possess, the faculty of mere levitation. Propulsion in a horizontal or oblique direction is their more natural as well as expedient mode of travel. Those birds which raise themselves perpendicularly do so with great effort, and at the expense of much energy. The abnormally rapid motion of the wings of the lark while soaring, or of the humming-bird while sustaining itself in equilibrium, is evidence of this. The same is observable in the case of such insects as the dragon-fly, and other of cognate *genera*. If the curves described by the wings of these birds and insects were analyzed they would be found to represent not a mere reciprocating motion, but a motion embodying not only the form, but the mathematical peculiarities of a screw-propeller. This was actually proved not long ago by the successful transfer, by means of an extremely delicate and sensitive autographic adjustment, of the vibrations of the wings of an imprisoned insect to a prepared card, when the result was found to be an almost perfect horizontal figure-of-eight. The fact that the primary mechanical power of the screw should have been employed by nature long before it was registered among the dynamical appliances of man was sufficient reason to examine its claims and advantages as a means of leverage very narrowly. Man uses it as a means to propel heavy bodies (iron vessels) through a heavy medium (water). Nature uses it as a means to propel comparitively heavy bodies (birds) through a light fluid (air). The question was, whether the principle of the screw could be effectively employed in elevating and propelling through the air a heavy body. Theoretically, the matter involved simply a very ordinary mathematical problem, the factors of which resolved themselves into—

(1.) The gravity of the body to be raised or propelled.

(2.) The gravity of the fluid (air) through which said body was to be raised or propelled.

These two factors being given, it was easy to compute, from the proportion which the one bore to the other, what should be the dimensions of the screw and its rate of revolution. Taking again the analogy of nature, the rule stood thus: The smaller the bird, the greater the number of wing-vibrations in a given time; the larger the bird, the fewer and slower these vibrations. This seeming paradox was merely the exposition of the common principle of the correlation of forces, the *area* of the lever (the wing), and the *space* through which it is moved, being convertible terms with the *time* occupied in such motion. A certain definite amount of energy had to be expended in producing a certain result, and it was (theoretically) perfectly immaterial whether this energy took the form of long leverage, wide sweep, or quick motion. There was no mathematical or mechanical doubt that a horizontal screw-propeller was competent to raise a heavy body perpendicularly through the air, and similarly propel it in a horizontal direction, *provided* (and herein lay the doubt) the mechanical difficulties which stood in the way could be overcome. There was nothing novel in the physical principle, for the average child in every civilized country was familiar with the evolutions of the flying top, which is a perfect illustration of the said principle in action. The flying top consists merely of a mere humming top, weighted at the lower, and furnished at the upper extremity with a light screw propeller. The rapid rotary motion imparted to the top by an energetic pull upon the cord coiled round its spindle supplies the screw-propeller with power sufficient to raise itself and the whole body of the top to a height and at a speed commensurate with the rapidity of its revolution. A top of this class, under powerful initial impulse, will rise steadily and perpendicularly—the propeller being compelled to preserve its horizontal position, if set at right angles to the axial line of its shaft, by the weight of the lower portion of the top—to a height of fifty feet or more, until, the energy of its screw-revolutions becoming dynamically equivalent to the gravity of its mass, it poises for a moment in mid-air, and then descends at a rate proportionate to the diminished energy of its rotation and the accelerating force of gravity. It is evident that if the top contained within itself the means of preserving its initial velocity it would continue to ascend, with slowly decreasing speed, until it attained that altitude where the tenuity of the atmosphere would afford just enough fluid resistance to the blades of the propeller to sustain the top *in equilibrio*, in which condition it would remain so long as its rotary motion, or the machinery which produced it, lasted. Theoretically, there is no reason why, if a similar machine were constructed on a large scale, observing the same conditions of proportion in its several parts, the same results should not ensue. Practically, there were very grave difficulties in the way of this. These difficulties were, mainly, two :

(1.) The construction and management of a suitable propeller.

(2.) The weight and cumbrous nature of the machinery necessary to move this propeller.

A propeller of sufficient strength to raise a vessel or car of heavy weight would require to be constructed with blades of proportionate length and breadth, and capable of revolving at a high rate of speed. The pound-pressure upon these blades would be unequal throughout their entire length, being many-fold greater at their outer extremities than at those points where they were connected with the driving-shaft. The consequent unequal strain would render them liable, if made of too brittle or unyielding material, to snap or strain; if composed, on the other hand, of a too elastic substance they would be in danger of bending to such a degree as to render them unfit for the purpose for which they were intended. The other great difficulty connected with the propeller lay in the friction of the driving-shaft in its bearings, which, when viewed in the light of its rapid revolution and the dead weight it would have to sustain (for the whole weight of the vessel would attach to the bearings of the shaft), presented a serious obstacle to overcome. The second difficulty—that of the driving power—was also no mean one. Steam seemed the only power capable of effectually furnishing the necessary motive force. But steam implied immense weight. First, there was the engine and-engine-bed, which would have to be built of solid metal to prevent vibration; secondly, there was the boiler; thirdly, the water; and fourthly, the fuel to be considered. It seemed as though, even supposing it were possible to construct a suitable propeller, and to move it with suitable machinery, the weight of the entire apparatus would be so great as to preclude the possibility of its being raised at all! The prospect was certainly far from encouraging, but I still determined to demonstrate either the possibility or impossibility of accomplishing the object in view. To ascertain the actual merits of this matter of weight beyond a doubt, I went mathematically to work and approached the subject from a different side. The line of my argument was thus: The dynamical value of "horse-power" is the ability to raise 33,000 pounds [illegible] one foot of space is one minute of time; or (weight [illegible]

* *Vide* "A New Alchemy," ARGONAUT, July 12, 1879.

and time being correlatives in mechanics) 330 pounds, through one hundred feet in one minute; consequently, the value of a 50-horse power steam engine would be the ability to raise 330 × 50 = 16,500 pounds through one hundred feet in one minute. Given, therefore, a car or vessel containing a 50-horse power engine with its ordinary accessories, furnishing motion to a horizontal propeller of suitable construction, the whole not exceeding 16,500 pounds in weight, it ought to be capable of being raised through the air at the rate of one hundred feet per minute. Having thus theoretically demonstrated the practicability of raising a vessel through the air by means of power generated within that vessel and applied to a horizontal propeller, I proceeded without delay to put my theory into practice. Nearly a year ago, with the object of conducting some scientific experiments on which I was then engaged without risk of interruption or observation, I had secured the use of an uninhabited farm house on the banks of the Stanislaus River not far from Knight's Ferry. Having by the success of these experiments realized ample means for all present requirements, with the assurance of continuing to do so in the future, I went up to San Francisco and gave my orders and drawings to the Cyclops Foundry. I secured the services of a machinist, Mr. James Auchincloss, to accompany me to my ranch, offering him such monetary inducements as to make it to his interest to do so. When I say that Auchincloss was a Glasgow mechanic, thorough in the profession, and as conversant with the construction and management of steam machinery as ordinary men are with the use of the knife and fork, I have said all that is necessary. The machinery, after being cast and fitted at the iron works, was shipped, piece by piece as required, by the Southern Pacific Railroad to Oakdale, whence I had it conveyed in teams to my ranch. Here we had free opportunity to work unmolested by that curiosity and intrusion which would inevitably have annoyed us in more thickly settled localities. The farmers in our neighborhood, and they were far and few between, were too stolid to care about, and too ignorant to divine, the object of our labors. Under our hands the work grew apace. We worked conscientiously and unremittingly ten hours a day from the beginning of March until the middle of September. During that time we produced a machine novel in design, beautiful in workmanship, accurate in detail, and without parallel in the annals of mechanism. By the middle of September there stood within an inclosure at the back of the house a vessel, which may be briefly described as follows: Its body presented the appearance of a flat-bottomed boat or raft twenty feet long, pointed at both ends, fifteen feet broad in the beam at the centre, provided with bulwarks of light railing four feet high. The material composing the boat's bottom was composite, consisting of oak and teak boards set transversely to each other, and braced with ribs of steel. In the centre of the bottom lay the bed for the machinery, which was made of solid cast-iron, and weighed one and one-half tons. Through the centre of the bed ran the driving-shaft of the propeller, so that the bearing of the shaft was below the bed. This shaft was of steel, twenty feet long by four inches in diameter. To its upper extremity was attached at right angles to its axis a disk of steel three feet in diameter by three inches in thickness, to which were bolted the ends of the propeller—blades sixteen in number. These blades were constructed in six sections of three feet by five, each section being independent of every other section of the same blade—though bound together by steel straps running the entire length—but connected with all the corresponding sections of the other fifteen by means of two circular iron rods of two inches diameter running through all, one above the other, to which the sections were firmly secured by means of bolts and washers. By thus constructing the blades in sections it became possible, in addition to the advantage of strength, to approximate the true mechanical angle of a propeller which varies in the ratio of its distance from the shaft. When the sections were set up they presented the appearance of a huge sixteen-bladed propeller, thirty-six feet in diameter, strengthened by six sets of concentric rings three feet apart, the blades being sixteen feet long by three in breadth. By the employment of wood in the construction of the propeller I secured the requisite qualities of lightness and elasticity; while building the blades in sections and bracing them with iron and longitudinal steel straps I rendered them strong enough to withstand the enormous pressure which would be put upon them, especially at their extremities where the rate of motion would be highest; though I compensated in a great measure this disparity of pressure by making the angle of the blade at the outer extremity as acute to the plane of motion as was consistent with the requisite *desideratum* of power. The friction of the shaft in its bearing at the bottom of the bed I almost totally obviated by the employment of the hydraulic principle which has lately come in vogue with heavy machinery, and which consists in forcing oil between the collar of a shaft and its bearing, so that there is always a film of fluid intermediary between the two. By this method a freedom from friction and ease in working unattainable in other manner was secured.

An ordinary engine, 15 by 24, capable of running up to 60-horse power with ninety pounds pressure to the square inch, and thirty revolutions per minute, was set upon the bed in the after part of the vessel and supplied power to the driving-shaft. A pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch on the piston-surface of this engine represented an aggregate energy of 16,000 pounds; and as this was the estimated weight of my vessel, including all its appurtenances, it followed that the velocity of the piston in the cylinder should exactly correspond with the rate of elevation of the vessel in the air. Thus, if the piston traveled through the length of the cylinder (two feet) in one second, the vessel should rise in the same ratio; if the piston made one reciprocation in the same time, which would be equivalent to one revolution of the screw-propeller, the latter would furnish an elevating energy of four feet to the second. Beneath the cylinder bed there ran along the length of the vessel to its stern another shaft in every respect similar to the perpendicular one just described, terminating in a screw-propeller of similar construction to the first, the blades of which were, however, much shorter, broader, and stronger, being only four in number, and eight feet in length by four in breadth. A joint in the centre of this shaft permitted the propeller to be raised by a lever clear of the ground when necessary, while its inner extremity was connected with the perpendicular shaft by beveled gearing, which played loose upon the upright shaft, but could be rendered rigid by a ratchet at will. When this gearing was brought into play it followed that power would be transferred from the perpendicular to the horizontal shaft in proportion to the respective diameters of their gearing, and the respective dimensions of their propellers. By making the diameter of the toothed wheel upon the horizontal shaft only one-third of that upon the perpendicular shaft about twice as much power (taking into consideration the disparity of the propellers) was communicated to the horizontal as to the perpendicular, leaving just sufficient to the latter to sustain the vessel in equilibrium. Upon the forward side of the upright shaft and opposite to the engine stood the generator. I had from the first determined to discard steam, as being too cumbrous, clumsy, and troublesome for my purpose, and to use compressed air obtained in a somewhat novel fashion. The contents of the engine cylinder were somewhat over one and a half cubic feet, consequently three cubic feet of compressed air would be used during each revolution of the propeller. Estimating the pressure used at ninety pounds to the square inch, as much air would have to be compressed for each revolution as was represented by the difference between ordinary atmospheric pressure (15 pounds) and requisite engine pressure (90 pounds), or six times as much, otherwise eighteen cubic feet. My generator consisted of a cylinder four feet in diameter by six in length, with a capacity of seventy-five cubic feet fitted with a free piston. One end of this cylinder opened into a receiver made of boiler iron with a capacity of 200 cubic feet, the orifice being fitted with a valve opening outward from the generator. Another orifice on the upper surface of the same end of the cylinder fitted with a valve opening inward admitted the outside air into the generator. At the other end of the generating cylinder there revolved upon a shaft let into the cylinder head a massive steel disc perforated with twenty-four holes, six inches apart, near the periphery. These holes, as the disk revolved, passed in rotation over the mouth of a larger hole in the head of the cylinder in the same manner as the chambers of a revolver pass over the breech of the barrel. The generator was used in the following manner: The holes in the revolving disk were charged with cartridges filled with compressed gun-cotton, the size of the charge being accurately gauged to the contents of the cylinder and the pressure desired. These cartridges as they passed in rotation over the breach in the cylinder automatically closed the circuit of an electric battery, the spark from which ignited the cartridge. The explosive force thus acquired acted directly against the free piston in the generator, which was driven to the further end of the cylinder, compressing the air in its progress and forcing it through the valve which opened into the receiver, at the same time closing the valve which opened inward from the outer air. The piston having reached the other end of the cylinder, and the force of the explosion becoming spent, a partial vacuum was left behind it, which was immediately taken advantage of by the outer air rushing in through the valve in the top of the cylinder, and forcing the piston back to its original position as the other end; at the same time filling the generator with air to be compressed at the next explosion; while the pressure of the compressed air in the receiver against the valve which opened from the generator did not permit of its escape. The disk containing the cartridges was caused to revolve at any desired speed by a simple contrivance connecting it with the driving shaft, so that it could be regulated in conformity with the pressure indicated by the gauge on the receiver; the nominal rate of its rotation being in the ratio of one propulsion of the compressing piston for four revolutions of the driving-shaft, since the cubic contents of the generator were eight times as much as those of the driving cylinder. The generator was composed of an alloy of aluminum and gun-metal in such proportions as rendered it only one-third as heavy as if it had been cast from iron. Not being able to obtain the aluminum upon this coast, I had procured one thousand pounds of it from an Eastern firm at considerable expense. The elasticity and toughness of this alloy was better suited to sustain the strain of explosion than iron or even gun-metal would have been, while its lightness was a strong recommendation for its use. The duties of the engineer who superintended this machinery were, besides the ordinary care of an engine, simply to keep the revolving chambers charged with cartridges, and to regulate their rotation by the pressure-gauge in the receiver. The rudder consisted of a flat section of wood twelve feet long by four in breadth, and performed its functions beneath the after part of the vessel, being elevated or lowered at will through a slit in the bottom. As it pivoted on its centre its action was duplex both fore and aft, and consequently very powerful. The forward part of the vessel for fifteen feet, or to its centre, was surrounded by a wooden bulwark eight feet in height, provided with cabin windows, and covered by a roof. This effectually sheltered the machinery and passengers from the atmospheric resistance which would be experienced in a quick passage through the air. This cabin was provided with chairs and a stationary table, together with lockers at the sides. I procured from an Eastern manufacturer 30,000 cartridge shells, 3 inches long by 2 in diameter, of a very simple pattern, for a quarter of a cent a piece, and, having previously prepared a large quantity of gun-cotton, Auchincloss and myself, on the arrival of the cartridges, spent the day in charging them with the explosive, and packing them in five boxes six feet long by three in depth and breadth. These we put in the cabin, and then rested from our labors.

This was on the fifteenth of September, and on the morrow we proposed to test the machinery and make our trial trip. We slept little that night, and were up at daybreak. After a hasty breakfast we went out into the yard and stood gazing at the vessel. Strange feelings came over me as I looked. What if the machinery should not work? What if the propeller refused to act up to its theoretical requisitions? What if this flying-machine should imitate the behavior of its predecessors, and remain a standing memorial of the folly of its projector? This at least I determined it should not do, but that if it would not take an air-trip in one way it should in another, under the combined action of all the cartridges at once. The world, at least, should not be a witness of my defeat. Strange that such feelings should have come over me at the moment of completion, when I had been perfectly confident and sanguine of success during our five months' work! I expressed my feelings to Auchincloss, who stood silently by my side smoking a very short and rowdy-looking clay pipe, as was his wont at all times and under all circumstances. That practical worthy did not waste either word or look in reply, but jumped into the vessel, and proceeded to lubricate the various bearings of the machinery. I followed him, and charged the revolving disk with cartridges.

It was necessary in the first place to test the working qualities of the driving-machinery, and, for this purpose, the connecting rod was disconnected from its own crank and attached to another, the pulley of whose shaft was loaded with a brake. I made the connection with the battery, and the first cartridge was fired. There was no report, as the explosion did not occur in a confined chamber; but the piston had evidently done its work, as I could tell by the sigh of the air as it rushed in through the valve at the farther end of the cylinder. As there was not yet sufficient air compressed to move the engine, I turned the disk by hand power till the next chamber came in contact with the wire from the battery, when the cartridge was exploded with the same result as before. The gauge on the receiver rose to fifteen pounds, and at each discharge registered a higher pressure till, after eight chambers had been exploded, it stood at sixty. While I made the belt connection with the conical pulley which turned the disk, Auchincloss gradually opened the throttle-valve and admitted air to the engine. The crank began to move, the pulley worked against its brake, the cartridge disk revolved in unison, and, by regulating the conical pulley, I maintained the pressure in the receiver at sixty pounds. After five minutes of steady and regular action Auchincloss pronounced the machinery in first-rate working order, and again attached the connecting rod to the crank of the propeller shaft. Now was the exciting moment. With beating heart I stood with a box of cartridges by my side, ready to load the chambers and remove the empty cartridges as they passed by. Auchincloss stood by the engine, pipe in mouth, but with fixed and concentrated gaze. Slowly he turned the globe valve, and, keeping his hand still upon it, raised his eyes upward to the propeller. Slowly the enormous blades began to move, and then, under Auchincloss' gradual manipulation of the valve, their motion became quicker and quicker. With straining eyes, and trembling with excitement, I watched the enormous fans as they swept through the air with a shrill, whistling sound like that of wind rushing through a narrow passage. Then the blades became indistinguishable, the whole resembling a light brown circular disk poised motionless in the air.

"I've got the full head on," said Auchincloss; "she's not going to go. We must give her more pressure. Move your belt so as to make the discharges faster."

I did so, though with sinking heart, for the failure of the propeller to raise the vessel with a power of more than sixty-horse caused my spirits to droop.

I called to Auchincloss, "How many revolutions a minute?"

He was standing, watch in hand, looking at the crank, and presently answered, "Forty-five." The gauge rose to seventy-five; Auchincloss, still looking at the crank, called, "Fifty-five revolutions." I felt the timbers beneath my feet tremble; my frame, too, trembled with excitement; when, suddenly, snap! crash!—something was giving way overhead. Auchincloss, quick as thought, closed the valve, and sprang for the cabin. My eyes were riveted as by fascination on the propeller which, after a few revolutions, slackened its speed, and presented a demoralized spectacle to our gaze. Seven of the blades were twisted and broken, their sections twined in every direction, while three of them hung down at an angle, having bent the rings which bound them. I looked ruefully at Auchincloss, and spoke not a word. It has ever been my failing (and, though I know it, I can not overcome it) to be easily elated by good fortune and depressed by bad. Auchincloss seemed to understand this.

"Brace up, boss," said he. "I'll stake my hat the thing'll go yet. She was just on the move when these confounded blades burst their lashings. They want stronger bracing."

We lowered the propeller on its shaft so as to bring it on deck, and examined the wreck. Then we consulted as to the proper bracing required, and having taken measurements and made drawings, it was agreed that Auchincloss should go up to San Francisco and get the necessary pieces, which, as they were all to be made of wrought iron, he said he could do within three days. During his absence I indulged in gloomy reverie, which was not thoroughly dispelled by his return and the work we then engaged upon. Each of the blades was strengthened by a stout iron brace running from its centre to the centre of the shaft; likewise by an additional strap running lengthwise. The sections were further strengthened by cross-bracing. Three days were spent on this, and this morning—the 20th Septhember—saw the propeller again hoisted to its place at the top of the shaft. I can not say that I was either as sanguine or as excited as upon our first trial a week before. The novelty of expectation which had then been so vivid had worn off, and I entered upon the trial in a thoroughly business spirit, though certainly without any strong idea of success.

"Jim," said I, addressing Auchincloss, "we made two mistakes last time through our extreme caution. We increased both the air-pressure and the propeller-speed too gradually. We must remember that in raising heavy bodies through a light fluid like air very quick and vigorous action is required in the propeller. I mean to begin and maintain the pressure at 120 pounds, and you must open your valves less gradually—handle it as you would an ordinary steam engine—and I will be responsible for the result. If, after our extra bracing, either the vessel refuses to rise or the propeller breaks, I swear that I will blow up the whole apparatus within five minutes afterward with the gun-cotton contained in these chests, and never again recur to the problem of aerial navigation."

Auchincloss simply took his pipe from his mouth, spat, replaced it, and walked to the engine. I attended to the generator, and the gauge speedily registered 120 pounds. I signed to Auchincloss to turn on the air, and, as the crank quickened its action at every second, the monstrous fans upon which my gaze was riveted lost their individuality, and as they resolved themselves into an apparently motionless brown disk with a shrill, whirring sound, I became sensible that the floor on which I stood was raising past the walls of my house, and was in a few seconds far above it. My bewilderment at this sudden realization of my hopes and disappointment of my expectations speedily changed to one of elation and joy which it is impossible to describe. At last, thought I, the vexed problem of the age is solved; at last theory has become

practice; at last thought has wedded fact. I was abruptly aroused from this pleasant train of thought by the voice of Auchincloss.

"Mind your cartridges," called he, still standing by the engine. "I told you she would go."

I looked down and saw that I had a dozen empty cartridges to replace, which, at four seconds to a discharge, showed me that I had been self-absorbed for nearly a minute. I speedily filled the chambers, and calculating the revolutions of the crank, which I found to be really ninety a minute, I readily computed the velocity of the vessel to be three hundred and sixty feet a minute, or six feet a second. There was no motion whatever perceptible in the vessel except a slight vibration caused by the engine. Nothing could exceed the ease, steadiness, and gentleness with which we rose through the air. The objects on the ground below us seemed not to move, but to diminish in size. My house looked like a candle-box. The prospect was magnificent. Below us the Stanislaus River looked like a silver thread winding among its trees till it became lost to sight among the hills north of Knight's Ferry. Broad tracts of land stretching south, east, and west, dotted with hundreds of grain-stacks, and here and there a threshing-machine gleamed brown beneath the rising sun. We had now been ascending for nearly five minutes, and were rapidly approaching an altitude of two thousand feet.

"I am going," said I, "to see how she acts in descending. Turn off the air a little."

Auchincloss did so, and for some moments I could observe no change either in the motion of the propeller or the appearance of objects below. In about a minute, however, I discovered that the objects below us were getting larger, and in three minutes I could see very clearly that we were again approaching our house, having deviated in the ascent scarcely at all from the perpendicular line.

"Turn on the air again, Jim," exclaimed I; "I want to see how our horizontal propeller works. Get it into place, and adjust the ratchet on the shaft."

While Auchincloss was doing this I could see that we were again rising. No sooner, however, had he adjusted the ratchet, and thereby transferred two-thirds of the power from the perpendicular to the horizontal shaft, through the beveled gearing, than I became sensible of a great and sudden change in the condition of the vessel. We were probably at a height of about a thousand feet, and as soon as the horizontal propeller began to revolve it seemed as though a terrific wind struck the vessel. Auchincloss, who was standing aft, was nearly blown down, and might have been carried over the side if he had not caught the railings. He got as quickly as possible to the vicinity of the engine, which was protected from the violence of the breeze by the wedge-like shape of the cabin, which shed the wind to both sides of it. Meanwhile fields, trees, and houses were passing beneath us at a tremendous rate. Our head happened to be in a northerly direction, and in less than two minutes we were abreast of the town of Knight's Ferry, which was four miles from my house, and in two more we were careering uncomfortably near the tops of the hills which lie north of the town.

"Throw off the ratchet," shouted I to Auchincloss, as we seemed to be running full tilt, with tremendous impetus, against the side of a mountain, and though he did so instantly, the impetus we had received was not checked for several hundred yards, and it was only owing to the fact that the elevating capacity of the vessel had returned when the propelling faculty was removed that we escaped a disastrous collision with the ground. Again we rose into the air. I now reduced the pressure in the receiver to sixty pounds, seeing there was actually no necessity for more. During our sudden and buried aerial experience we had been so occupied with the immediate duties of our position that we had totally forgotten to ship our rudder. I now requested Auchincloss to do this, and again to bring the horizontal propeller into play, taking care at the same time that he did so to diminish the supply of air to the engine. Under horizontal propulsion we again flew over the country at a bewildering speed, which though we could not compute it accurately, could not have been less, judging from the atmospheric resistance or wind which opposed us, than one hundred miles per hour. Under my direction Auchincloss maintained the rudder (over which he had command by the ordinary wheel leverage) at a constantly-increasing angle, so that we flew round in the concentric circles of a gradually diminishing spiral, till finally a circle of about sixty yards in diameter having been described in about three seconds, I considered the sailing qualities of the vessel to have been sufficiently tested, and desired Auchincloss to turn her head for home. At this time we were, so far as I could judge, about three miles to the northeast of Knight's Ferry, and consequently in the neighborhood of seven miles from my ranch on the Stanislaus River. I decided that this would be a good opportunity of arriving at some definite knowledge of the vessel's speed by timing her passage over this distance. We were, I judged, about a thousand feet high; the pressure in the receiver was sixty pounds; and the house was plainly discernible in the distance. It wanted just three minutes of six. Auchincloss brought the horizontal propeller into play, and away we shot like an arrow from the bow. As the minute hand marked six we were just over the house, when I turned the rudder, at the same time gradually closing the globe valve, by which arrangement the vessel dropped gently to the ground in my own yard, Auchincloss at the same time unshipping the propeller, while I performed the same office for the rudder. We had traversed the distance at the almost inconceivable velocity of one hundred and forty miles per hour! and our whole morning's experience had not occupied more than fifteen minutes, during which we had ascended two thousand feet into the air, and traversed nearly twenty miles of country!

"And why is it," asked Auchincloss, as we sat smoking after our adventure, "that we can only ascend into the air at the rate of four miles an hour, while we can travel through it horizontally at thirty times that rate?"

"That, James," I replied, "depends upon a very simple mechanical law. The lifting of a dead weight in direct opposition to the force of gravity is a very different matter from the propulsion of the same weight upon a level plane. A mechanic of your experience is perfectly aware of this fact, though it has not struck you in connection with our recent experiment. You can roll a barrel weighing a ton with ease upon a level, while you could not raise it from that level without powerful mechanical aids. The locomotive which whirls a train of cars, weighing one hundred tons along a level at the rate of sixty miles per hour, if its engines were applied to raising the same weight by suitable leverage, estimating the power of these engines at two hundred horses, would raise it only about two thousand feet, or less than half a mile, in the same time. Compare, again, the difference of speed in climbing a ladder and the same man skating upon ice, though the muscular exertion in both instances is equivalent. Given the sustaining power, the capacity of propulsion depends upon the density of the medium through which the propulsion acts, and the friction incident to its action. *Theoretically*, there is no reason why a locomotive should not run at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. *Practically*, it would jump the rails, and its high piston-speed would injure the machinery. In the case of our air-ship there are no rails to jump; our engine is not driven beyond the speed of an ordinary stationary engine of the same size, and scarcely one-third as fast as a locomotive engine; we have had ample proof that our propellers are built and braced so as to be beyond the probability of any ordinary accident. The speed at which it is possible for us to go is accounted for by the tenuity of the fluid through which we travel, and the almost total absence of friction, combined with the power of our propeller.

"By increasing the power I am confident that the speed of one hundred and forty miles per hour, which we made yesterday under low pressure, can be increased to two hundred or more without injury to the machinery. The greater the velocity at which we travel the less the sustaining power which we require. At very high rates of speed the expanse of the horizontal propeller alone, and the bottom of the vessel, will be sufficient to sustain us, and we can either increase our driving power or diminish our pressure as we please. An eagle, when it has acquired sufficient *momentum*, will sail for a mile upon extended wings without moving them save to balance itself. A skater will pass with safety at high speed over ice which would break under one-tenth of his weight were it stationary. An atmospheric resistance equivalent to a breeze of two hundred miles per hour velocity would certainly be inconvenient without shelter, but our wedge-shaped cabin cuts it, and in its shelter we shall be as still as we are here. There is nothing for it to injure, since the contiguity of the horizontal propeller to the body of the vessel renders it part and parcel of it; and blades, the extremities of which beat the air in their revolution at a nearly equal rate without injury, can and must, if there is any virtue in steel and iron, weather the same when coming from without. Our upright driving-shaft of four-inch steel, braced as it is with a bearing at half its height from deck, will not snap or go by the board like a ship's wooden mast in a typhoon. Besides if anything *should* happen to the machinery, have we not our life-boat handy upon the davits—our parachute of the most approved construction—which will land us safely on *terra firma* after our ship has been dashed to a shapless mass? Therefore, Jim, I want to know if you will make a more extended trip with me. My ambition rises with my success, and if you will accompany me, I propose going where mortal man has never been before. There is no other man I could go with but you; for together we have tightened every bolt in the craft, and you alone, besides myself, know the ways and working of the machinery. I warn you that the voyage will be difficult and perilous in more ways than one, but the achievement will ring through the habitable world. Will you go?"

Auchincloss' answer was characteristic of the man. He looked at me fixedly, took his pipe from his mouth, blew a cloud of smoke, spat, blurted out emphatically the simple words, "To hell, if you like," replaced his pipe, and relapsed into silence.

*20th September, 5 P. M.*

It is now five in the afternoon, and I have been writing the above all day. I am now going into Knight's Ferry in the light wagon to get some necessaries for to-morrow's trip—for we purpose starting to-morrow at daybreak. The foregoing communication will vouch for what we have already done: *that* at least will be preserved to the world. The enterprise we are about to enter on is still more important and hazardous. If it turn out successfully, Mr. Aitken of the Cyclops Foundry will receive further communication shortly; if no such communication be received, the chances are that the author is beyond the reach of any human communication whatsoever.

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One windy day "Cham" stepped inside of a doorway to light his cigar, whereupon the janitor's wife comes bounding out of her lair, exclaiming wildly: "Hi, there! You musn't light your cigar there; people ain't allowed to smoke here."

"Cham" (in his grandest and blandest manner)—"Thank you, madame, in the name of my dead mother and better angel. You have saved me from the commission of a dreadful crime. I didn't come here to light my cigar; I only intended to set fire to the house. Farewell!" (Vanishes, leaving the good woman stupefied.)

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"Why, old fellow, what is the matter? You look remarkably gloomy for a man that is going to be married next week. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"N-no; only in looking over the letters and things I burned to-day I was struck by the fact that every time I've been in love with a married woman her husband has died within the twelvemonth. Now, I ain't superstitious, but it is odd, you know; quite startles a fellow."

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*Wife* (repulsing her husband).—Don't hug me—don't come near me. You smell of tobacco smoke awfully.

*Husband.*—I haven't smoked pipe, cigar, or cigarette for a mortal week. It must have been from your cousin John I caught the smell; he's smoking from morning till night.

*Wife.*—Why, I never noticed it.

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In society, while one should not talk too much, neither should one carry silence to an extreme. Still it is better to say nothing than to talk nothings.

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"What is marriage?"

"One woman the more, and one man the less."

## OUR OWN POETS.

### In Chancery.

In legal lore my love is learned,
And with her subtile art
She seeks, by bill in equity,
A judgment 'gainst my heart.

The bill was writ with dainty strokes
Upon white parchment slips;
'Twas bound up with a tress of hair
And sealed up with her lips.

It cited me to straight appear,
And not defy arrest,
On pain of armed imprisonment
Upon her snowy breast.

I can not answer or demur,
And to the suit defeat
Must pay the judgment with my heart,
The costs with kisses sweet!

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. SIGNA.

### Night in Nevada.

The morn, with grayish bars,
Slow creeps athwart the night's black noon;
The distant, lonesome stars
Unfriendly glow without the moon.

Coyotes yelping by,
The redman wailing o'er his dead,
With wild, uncanny cry
Breaks the silence vast and dread.

The hills, uncertain, dim,
Afar off stretching clouds of doubt,
Stand warders mute and grim,
Keeping for e'er the bright world out.

The sage, that endless strays
Across the desert's bleakful span,
Like death-plume fitful sways
Above each mound of drifted sand.

The wind from chilly peaks
Moans through the nut-pines brown and sere,
Whirls on with chilly shrieks,
Over the lone wastes fraught with fear.

MARINER J. KENT.

BATTLE MOUNTAIN, NEV., October, 1879.

### Satisfied.

They mourn for me because my life seems cold
And barren, destitute of warmth and bloom;
They do not know that one glad hour can hold
Enough of joy to brighten years of gloom.

They mourn for me because I seem to miss
The little pleasures for which others live;
I better love the ghost of my dead bliss
Than any living joy that earth could give.

For I have had my portion, full, complete,
A cup with Love's own vintage running o'er;
Shattered full soon, but, oh, so sweet, so sweet!
A perfect draught. What mortal can have more?

I would not even bid the bounty back;
And if I died to-night, it would be mine
To feel no bitter waste, no empty lack
In life. My cup has had its wine.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., October, 1879. CARLOTTA PERRY.

### The Critic.

Once on a time the nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear.
Of course her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake,
To pick a flaw or carp at a mistake.
She sang as only nightingales can sing,
And when she'd ended
There was a general cry of "Bravo! splendid!"
While she—poor thing!—
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
The turkeys gobbled their delight; the geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
Gave this one no denial.
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.
But 'mong the critics on the ground
The ass was present, pompous and profound,
Who said: "My friends, I'll not dispute the honor
That you would do our little *prima donna*.
Although her upper notes are very shrill,
And she defies all method in her trill,
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
With study may some cleverness attain.
Then her friends tell me she's a virtuous soul.
But, but—"
"But," growled the lion. "By my mane!
I never knew an ass who did not strain
To qualify a good thing with a *but*."
"Nay," said the goose, approaching with a strut;
"Don't interrupt him, sire; pray, let it pass.
The ass is honest if he is an ass."
"I was about," said long-ear, "to remark
That there is something lacking in her whistle—
Something magnetic—
To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,
And kindle in the breast a spark
Like—like, for instance, a good, juicy thistle."
The assembly tittered; but the fox, with gravity,
Said, at the lion winking:
"Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion without shrinking;
But to do justice to the nightingale
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 'tis that does not fail
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill?"
"Why," said the critic, with an air potential—
And, pricking up his ears, delighted much
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential—
"Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry me away,
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray!"
"I thought so," said the fox, without a pause;
"As far as you're concerned your judgment's true;
You do not like the nightingale, because
The nightingale is not an ass like you."

MARYSVILLE, October, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

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When a woman says, with much expansiveness to her lord or her lover, "I was at such and such a place and I did so and so," it may be safely set down she wasn't there at all, and did something else.

## SOCIETY CORRESPONDENCE.

Senator Sharon's grand reception at his country seat, Belmont, to General and Mrs. Grant is a thing of the past, and it will stand in the social history of California as one of its memorable and brilliant events. It was a magnificent and splendid thing for a private individual to do. The bidding of twenty-five hundred guests, their transportation by rail in special trains and carriage convoy to the country villa, their entertainment and refreshment, and safe return home again to the city, is something that princes, with palaces, and revenues, and leisure at hand, would hesitate to undertake. But the Californian Senator did it, and that, too, in so open-handed, and liberal, and matter-of-fact a manner, that even the distinguished guests, who had experienced the social honors of the world, marveled. I have been to many an entertainment—State and private, informal and ceremonial—but never before have I experienced a more characteristic scene than that of last Wednesday evening. It was Californian in every sense of the word—Californian in its novelty of situation, in its lavish expenditure and complete detail, and in the democratic character and complexion of its guests. Belmont is charmingly situated, and suited to the entertainment of a large company; but the eleven or twelve hundred society people who elbowed each other on the staircase the other evening, on their perspiring way to the dressing-rooms, above the blockaded hall, tested the capacity and arrangement of this charming mansion, and it was elastic enough to comfortably respond to the pressure, after the first grand crush. And wasn't it a splendid sight when the well-dressed and animated throng began to circulate, and the currents swept their devious ways, from apartment to apartment, in and out, breaking here and there at the ball-room entrances into little eddies, that whirled responsive to the movement of the witching waltz? It reminded me—in appearance—of the swell Washington receptions, where everybody dressed their best and looked their prettiest. It was like Washington, however, only in dress and numbers; for in brilliancy, and beauty, and dash, and excitement of acquaintance, and quality of conversation, and depth of social *finesse*, and daring of intrigue, there is nothing in reckless California even to approximate the society life of the National Capital. There was really nothing to do at Belmont but to see and be seen, and be swept along by the throng, and jostled in the ball-room, and run over in the supper-room, and drift out into the night, and sink, with a tired sigh, first into an overloaded carriage, and then into a crowded car, to be dragged, in a species of weary delirium, cityward in the early morning. In fact, while it was what is called a success, this, "the grandest soirée" of the year, had its disadvantages and discomforts, for which, however, the entertainer was in no way responsible. In the first place, the evening was so cool—absolutely cold—that the brilliantly illuminated grounds were useless as promenades, thus overcrowding the apartments, and depriving the guests of the pleasure and the romance of a rustic ramble; and in the second place, the crush in carriages and cars of a twenty-five-mile trip, did not admit of the dressing that would obtain where the lady could step from her *boudoir* to her *coupé*, thence, without a crumple of lace or skirt, direct to the carpet. This last—and to women most serious—objection probably accounted for the absence of many a bediamoned dame, and the rather modest and simple, yet, perhaps, more attractive dressing of others. It is useless for me to attempt an elaborate description of the toilets displayed in dance and promenade—and, by the way, ladies arrayed in expensive finery are partial to the promenade—so I shall ramble on in my own way without regard to completeness of description or the assumption that I saw it all, because I didn't, and, what is more, I couldn't. Mr. and Mrs. Grant were assisted in receiving by the genial host and daughter, Col. Jackson, and Mesdames Fry and Kinsey. Mrs. Grant was dressed in a perfectly fitting white satin, *en train*, low corsage, and short sleeves, with a wide flounce of point lace; hair dressed high, with two or three finger puffs behind the Pompadour roll, in which was a diamond butterfly. Every lady and gentleman presented to Mrs. Grant received a smile and a grasp of the hand, which expressed more than the formula customary on such occasions. Miss Flora Sharon, who betrays the ineffable charm of youth, was dressed in white gros grain silk, *en train*. Mrs. Fry, who assisted in receiving, had on an exquisite lemon-colored satin, *en train*, with brocaded overskirt. Mrs. Kinsey was in white satin, *en train*, elaborately trimmed, and displayed her many diamonds to advantage. There were ten or twelve magnificent dresses at the reception, and much speculation was indulged in as to who carried off the honors in this respect. Many ladies were divided in their opinions. For my part, I am at a loss to decide between Mrs. Charles Main, Mrs. Schmiedell, and Mrs. McDermott, of the married ladies, and Miss Coghill, Miss Wood, and Miss Woodward, of the demoiselles. From the utterances of many I discovered that a pronounced opinion existed in favor of three married sisters, who were dressed in white satin; their toilets were undoubted models of the dressmaker's art. A majority of the gentlemen present, I would add, so far as I could glean information in this direction, unhesitatingly pronounced Mrs. Gashwiler and Mrs. Major Ustick the best dressed ladies in the room, and Mrs. Joseph Marks the prettiest. As for my own opinion in dress, I liked the toilets of Mrs. McDermott, white satin, court train, and high corsage made in Paris; Mrs. Main, *écru* brocade, square cardinal velvet train, trimmed with fine lace and autumn leaves, made here; Mrs. Schmeidell, if she did not display the most costly dress, showed the best fitting one, made in Paris. There were many ladies who thought that Miss Nellie Wood wore the handsomest dress—a white silk, exquisitely embroidered and trimmed. Miss Mamie Coghill, wore an elegant white silk, beautifully trimmed with silver leaves around the bodice and in the drapery of the overdress, corsage *décolleté;* Miss Nellie Hyde, in blue silk, with festoons of cardinal and blue ribbons; Miss Jennie Robbins, in lavender silk, maroon velvet trimmings; Miss Poole, in white satin, with sprays of multiflora roses; Miss Nellie Hopps, in maroon satin; Miss Belle Ford, in white silk; Miss Maud Ford, in white crépe; Miss Emma Hayward, of San Mateo, in blue silk; Miss Alice Collins, in salmon-colored satin, beautiful shade; Miss Rice, in white silk, pink trimmings; Miss Josie Belden, in lilac silk; her sister Laura, in violet silk, with sprays of Hermosa roses; Miss Hawkins, in white silk, with pink overdress; Miss Zoe Cobb, in sea-green silk; and Miss Sweetapple, the same; Miss Nellie Taylor, Miss Fannie Houghton, Miss Mollie Livingston, were all dressed in white silk; Miss Kate Stone, in blue silk, with sprays of Hermosa roses and wild daisies; Mrs. Shillaber, in velvet, court train, and a profusion of diamonds; Mrs. Phelps, of San José, in brocaded satin; Mrs. Captain Roberts, in garnet silk, trimmed with maroon velvet; Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, brocaded pink silk; Mrs. Judge Hall, in lavender silk; Mrs. H. T. Scott, in sea-green silk; Mrs. Morrow, in handsome black satin; Miss Hull, in pink silk; Mrs. Baker, in pink silk; Mrs. Rosener, in black silk, with chantilly lace; Miss Mamie Hyde, in pale blue silk; Mrs. C. L. McCoy, in white silk; Miss Dollie Brown, in blue silk; Mrs. Goodman, of Napa, in white gros grain silk; Miss Newlands, of Jamestown, N. Y., in brocaded silk; Miss Alice Livingston, pale blue silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace: Mrs. J. F. Canell, ruby satin, trimmed with point lace; Miss Gertie Livingston, rose-pink silk; Mrs. Isaac Requa, blue silk, trimmed with velvet; Mrs. Wyatt, black silk, velvet trimmings; Miss Effie Brown, white satin, low corsage; Miss Rule, blue silk, with sprays of moss roses; Mrs. Clark, of San José, black velvet, trimmed with point lace; Mrs. Spaulding, corn-color, very beautiful, made in Paris; Mrs. J. P. Jackson, black velvet; Mrs. G. F. Ulhorn, black velvet, with sprays of Malmaison roses; Mrs. Dupuy, pink silk, with gauze overdress; Mrs. Homer King, *écru* satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Mrs. T. G. Phelps, in black velvet; Mrs. Savage, in purple velvet, with overdress of Duchesse lace; Mrs. Charles Sontagg, in corn-colored satin; Mrs. Frank Pixley, in ashes of roses silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Chamberlain, in brocaded pink; Mrs. Shewell, of New York, in dark silk, trimmed with duchess lace; Mrs. Paymaster Schenck, in white satin, trimmed with point lace; Mrs. Carroll, in brocaded satin, with point applique lace; Mrs. Edward Martin, in white satin, trimmed with lace; Miss Annie Martin, in white silk; Miss Anna Van Cleve, in a rose-colored silk; Mrs. Edgerton, in white silk, with Duchesse lace overdress; Mrs. C. Martin, light shade of *écru* silk, with pink train; Miss Emma Cole, white crépe, with sprays of white roses; Miss Lutie, in white tarletan: Mrs. James Crittenden, in brocaded satin, square corsage; Mrs. Col. Taylor, black velvet; Mrs. Judge Frelon, black silk, velvet and point lace; Mrs. Judge Hillyer, of Nevada, in a blue silk, plaited red front; Mrs. Garniss, black silk; Mrs. Rosenstock, black satin, elaborately trimmed with jet; Mrs. Black, gros grain silk, fringe of jet *passementerie;* Mrs. Judge Wheeler, black silk, trimmed with guipure lace; Mrs. Reis, in pink silk, with white silk overdress; Mrs. Flood, in black velvet, trimmed with Duchesse lace; Mrs. English, in pale blue satin, trimmed with brocaded white satin; Mrs. H. Highton, black velvet, embroidered with beads; Mrs. Crockett, cherry-colored silk, with overskirt of brocaded white satin; Mrs. Gov. Blasdel, black velvet, trimmed with Duchesse lace; Mrs. Gould, white satin, with white daily rose buds; Mrs. Newton, pale blue satin; Mrs. Tewksbury, dark satin, with court train; Mrs. Smith, of Virginia City, in rose pink silk, with court train; Mrs. Capell, in cardinal satin, trimmed with point lace; Mrs. M. Gray, in pink silk, with wreaths of wild flowers; Miss Savage, in white silk, with sprays of moss rose buds; Miss Nopie McDougall, in black grenadine; Mrs. P. H. McGowan, blue silk and brocaded satin; Mrs. Sam Mayer, brocaded silk, court train; Miss Blasdel, seafoam silk, with pink trimmings; Mrs. D. Yost, in white satin; Mrs. George Ladd, Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mrs. Frank Unger, and Mrs. Clay M. Greene were handsomely and tastefully dressed. I counted 21 ladies in velvet, 19 in black silks or satins, 101 in white satins or silks, 83 in colored silks and satins, 61 ladies who wore point lace, 143 who wore Duchesse, point appliqué, Valenciennes, Spanish blonde, Honiton, Smyrna, Chantilly, and guipure laces, and 19 who wore the new laces, like Breton—Miss Flood's dress was trimmed with Breton; there were 313 ladies who wore diamonds, 5 of whom wore diamond necklaces—Mrs. Gashwiler, Mrs Shillaber, Mrs. Schmiedell, Mrs. Bucknell, and one other lady. No lady was ungloved, and only one gentleman; the latter were in full dress, and, with the exception of differently tinted gloves, they looked as much alike as so many blackbirds, so far as dress distinguished them. There was a sprinkling of army officers, who were good enough to attend in uniform, which gave individuality to the assembly. There were but few navy officers present, owing to an unexpected suggestion from Commandant Colhoun regarding manner of dressing for the occasion. Outside of the reception, General and Mrs. Grant had a very jolly and enjoyable time of it at Belmont. At noon last Wednesday, Senator Sharon ordered a four-in-hand for the purpose of taking Miss Jennie Flood home to Menlo Park, and for a drive about the country generally. The driving party was composed of the General and Mrs. Grant, Ulysses Jr., and Miss Flood, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gool, and Senator and Miss Sharon. The General took the reins, and then the fun commenced. Mrs. Grant made objection to being driven by "a person who had no knowledge of the country," whereupon the General turned a sharp corner up a lane, touched the leaders with the whip, and sent the team into a gait that would have put the son of Nimshi himself to shame. Then Miss Jennie Flood gave the General a compliment for his splendid horsemanship, whereupon he replied by saying, "You must remember I am out of employment at present, and I want to get my hand in at something." For half an hour that driving party had one of the most rollicking and agreeable times on record. They went into Selby's place, then through Latham's, and then Gansl's, and finally brought up at Flood's. Here there was a lively time, during which some one asked Ulysses Jr. how he thought he would like the house after it was finished. He took, but made no reply; he was embarrassed, but not to such an extent that he did not jump out with alacrity, and help the precious Jennie to alight. After a superb collation at this place, and a turn around the corners and through the gates and up the lanes, the General and party returned to Belmont. An hour passed, and then General Grant and Mrs. Grant, Ulysses Jr., Eugene L. Sullivan, Colonel J. P. Jackson, E. L. Gool and Mrs. Gool, Chief Justice Wallace, Colonel J. P. Hoge, Dr. Lyon of Oakland, General J. G. Fry and Mrs. Fry, and Senator Sharon sat down to a social and thoroughly enjoyable dinner. And now, to drop Grant, I see a statement going the rounds of the Eastern press that Mrs. Field, wife of Justice Field of the Supreme Court, had become, during a late visit to Canada, a convert to Catholicism. In the first place, Mrs. Field is still a member of Epiphany Church, Washington, and has not turned Roman Catholic; in the next place, Mrs. Field has been in California all summer, which is about as far away from Canada as she could possibly get on this continent. The error was no doubt founded on a confusion of her name with the wife of General Field, doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, of whom the statement is quite true. Justice Field and wife arrived in New York yesterday from San Francisco. Ben. Holladay spent last month at the Warm Springs of Bath County, Virginia. Capt. Wm. Kohl and family arrived home from Europe on Monday last, and are at the Palace. Maj. W. C. Connell, U. S. A., arrived here from Washington on the 9th inst. General Jno. S. Williams and wife, of Kentucky, arrived in San Francisco on Friday evening last. Clarence King, the geologist and writer, has been in town for a week past. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Lankershim, formerly well known in San Francisco society, but now residing in Southern California, after a sojourn at the Palace a few weeks returned to Los Angeles on Saturday last. Ex-Gov. Stanford and wife, Leland Stanford, Jr., and Mrs. and Miss Lathrop, accompanied by Dr. Stillman, went East on Monday last for health and recreation. Mrs. Stanford will go to Europe, and probably be absent for two or three years. General Irwin McDowell left San Francisco a few days ago for the East; he will be absent a month or more. Miss Glassell, daughter of Andrew Glassell, Esq., was lately married in Los Angeles to Maj. H. M. Mitchell, sheriff of that county. Mrs. Mitchell, *née* Glassell, is a granddaughter of Dr. Toland of this city. General Miller has sent several invitations to parties to accompany General Grant on his Oregon trip. Between thirty and forty ladies and gentlemen will be invited in all. The Driggs-Holt wedding, an announcement of which was made in these letters a few weeks ago, took place quietly at Grace Church, without bridesmaids or groomsmen, on Thursday evening last, Right Rev. Bishop Kip performing the ceremony. Lieut. Driggs is at present attached to the *Hassler*, on coast survey service. The unexpected and sudden sailing of the *Tuscarora* a few days ago put a stop to a good many little flirtations that have been going on in Vallejo and in this city during the past two months, and not so many hearts are trumps in consequence.

HEBE.

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Those who are friendly to General Grant's candidacy for a third term reason in this way: It is not a third term, it is a first term. The intervention of a term has answered the argument of tradition, and that two terms are the limits as fixed by the early Presidents. There is nothing in this two-term alarm. There is no reason why one who has served two terms well may not serve twenty if the people desire it; on the contrary, it is eminently fit that one who has gained the experience of eight years of administration should serve again, and as often as it is the pleasure of the popular will. All this argument of Imperialism and Cæsarism, of Augustus, of the crown upon the Lupercal thrice denied, then assumed, is arrant nonsense. General Grant has shown no such insane ambition. He has dismissed a great army back to peaceful pursuits; he did not seek a third term; he is not seeking it now. It is the popular wish that is beginning to voice itself, and that asks him again to assume a public service, and to perform a public duty. General Grant is modest, does not love power, and has never shown a disposition to abuse power. He is the first citizen of the nation; to be again President confers no honor upon him. If he should consult his feelings he would not be a candidate. He has no right to decline his candidacy; he has no right to say he does not want it, or could not have it. He has no right to refuse the Presidency. It would be selfish, unpatriotic, and ungrateful for him to consult his own ease when the nation demands his service. He is doing just the right thing now in refusing to be interviewed. He is right in keeping silence. It will be time enough for him to decline the office when tendered him. It would be neither proper nor modest for him to assume that he is a candidate before the meeting of the National Convention. It would be absurd for him to refuse before the place is authoritatively tendered to him. He ought to be President; the times demand it. We need a strong, firm administration. There are dangerous elements at work. The political horizon is overcast. There is communism, agrarianism, socialism, Kearneyism, riot, disorder, and violence abroad. The South indicates a desire to again disturb our political relations. With Grant in the Presidential chair we have assurance of a strong, conservative, safe Government; we have assurance of peace, and with peace, progress and prosperity. This is the reasoning, and almost the language of the argument of an enthusiastic friend of ours, who has a great deal of money and means to keep it; who has a very great confidence in General Grant, and hopes to see him again nominated and again elected to be President of the United States, and when we hint at the possibility of a monarchy, and cite the example of Roman history, answers by saying there is vastly greater danger of anarchy than monarchy, and that one-man rule is not to be so much feared as the rule of a lawless and propertyless majority.

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"With the present Congress my official life terminates. "It is not probable that public affairs will ever again receive "attention from me further than as a citizen of the Republic, "always taking a deep interest in the honor, integrity, and "prosperity of the whole land." These are the closing sentences of General Grant's last message to Congress, in the December before the expiration of his second term. In nothing that he has said or done since has he shown a desire to renew his political relations with any party. He has said nothing to any one in California since his arrival to justify the belief that he has in any respect changed his mind. Unless it shall be the unanimous desire of the Republican party, expressed by acclamation in its National Convention, it is our opinion that General Grant will not be a candidate. Otherwise, otherwise.

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A high old simile from an Eastern exchange: "Nellie Thurston, the beautiful and brave aeronaut, hops into her wicker-car, and rises like a soda biscuit in a hot oven.

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"Eye-glasses make a young man look like an idiot." "True; but nine young men out of ten who wear 'em would look like idiots anyway."

## THE SHE EPICURE.

When honest Mr. Peter Jerring proposed for the hand of pretty Barbara Miffle, the young lady's father, a shy, care-worn man, cleared his throat and said :

"My dear Peter, if I were selling you a horse you would expect me to inform you of any defects it might have, should you not?"

"It would be very kind of you to do so," answered Peter Jerring, civilly.

"It would be my duty to do so," replied Mr. Miffle, in a sententious tone, and he sighed. "Well, I am not selling you my daughter, though I shall no doubt derive considerable pecuniary advantage from parting with her; but I feel bound in honor to tell you of her defects."

"Don't, don't," said love-stricken Peter. "You are, perhaps, a little exacting, as a father—h'm—has a right to be; but I do assure you Miss Miffle has no faults."

"None to affect her character, that I admit. Barbara is a good girl, and I dare say means well; but, my dear Peter, she's awfully greedy."

"Ah! is that all?"

"I'm afraid you wont say, 'Is that all?' when you see the bills she will run up for you at the confectioner's and fruiterer's. Why, at school she spent all her pocket money on sweets, and she got into debt besides. Haven't you noticed what a knife and fork she plays at dinner?"

"I have remarked that Miss Miffle has a good appetite; but I rather like to see that," said Peter Jerring, with a laugh. "I don't like your namby-pamby girls who are afraid to own that they are fond of steaks and porter."

"If it were only a question of steaks and porter," moaned the sorrowful father. "However, I don't like to put you out of conceit with my girl. I have warned you, and that is enough. After all, you are a rich man, and can well afford to keep an expensive wife."

"I am not rich," demurred Peter Jerring. "But let us hope that, with £1,500 a year, I shall be able to keep a table that will satisfy my wife."

"Let us hope so," echoed Mr. Miffle, as he felt rather desponding on the subject; and the consent to Peter Jerring's marriage to Miss Barbara having been thus given, the bridegroom expectant left his future father-in-law's study, and repaired to the garden to join his intended bride. He found her among the strawberry beds, holding in one hand a cabbage-leaf half-full of powdered sugar, into which she lovingly dipped her strawberries as fast as she plucked them.

A most pretty sight this seemed to the amorous Peter, who was of a not unpoetical turn of mind. While he breathed his tale of love into Barbara's ear she went on eating fruit, and, at the magic moment, when he implored her to be his, she gracefully gathered the biggest strawberry she could see (one as big as a small tomato), rolled it into the sugar till it was all white, and then offered it to her lover's lips by way of answer.

"You bite off half of it first," was his softly-murmured prayer.

She sweetly complied, and bit off the biggest half; then Peter ate the rest, and in a loving transport pressed the stalk to his white waistcoat, where it made a red stain. This, by a happy inspiration, he forthwith compared to his heart's blood, which he would always be ready to shed, said he, for the girl of his choice.

A month later the tender pair were married, and Barbara's appetite at the wedding breakfast left nothing to be desired.

Peter Jerring was a young man about thirty, who had nothing to do beyond trying to amuse himself. He owned a fine mansion in a country town, and, before his marriage, had resorted to many honorable expedients for killing time. He was lieutenant in a rifle corps, vice-president of a Society of Postage Stamp Collectors, and secretary to a Soup Club. He was constantly busy about work which might well have been left undone; he saddled himself with an amount of correspondence which would have appalled a solicitor. He spent quite £50 a year in stamping letters.

In taking a wife he had cherished the unavowed purpose of increasing his tasks by giving hospitality to the numbers of persons with whom he was—to use his own term—"officially" connected—*e. g.*, his brother officers in the rifle corps, his fellow committeemen of the Soup Club, and the various ladies and gentlemen who collected stamps under his auspices. As to these last, he rather hoped to become president of the stampers, and have the meetings of the club held at his house every week, coincidentally with a dinner and a party. As soon as his honeymoon was over he said, fondly, to his young wife :

"My darling, I want you to manage a nice little dinner for twelve every Thursday evening. The president of our Stamp Club is getting beyond his work; if we feed the members of the board well, I dare say they will promote me to his chair next election day."

"You shall have nothing to complain of, love," answered Barbara, dutifully. And the fact is that she so schooled her cook that her husband's Thursday dinners soon became things that were talked about reverently by all who were lucky to get invited to them.

Barbara Jerring spent a good deal of her time studying the divers cookery books that have been published since the days of Mrs. Glass, and she was an expert connoisseur in the science of roasting and boiling. A pretty woman withal; always well dressed and smooth-tempered, she had nothing in her appearance or manner that suggested an addiction to menial pursuits; and though visitors might call at a moment when she was anxiously engaged in rolling the paste for a pudding, they saw no traces of flour on her hands when she flowed into the drawing-room, all spruce and smiling. She, therefore, passed as the model of a housewife, and her husband thought her such. To be sure, the tradesmen's bills that he had to pay after he had been married three months seemed to him a little stiff; but then how well he had breakfasted, lunched, and dined in the meanwhile! Even as to the five o'clock teas which Mrs. Jerring inaugurated, and to the little "snacks" in which she indulged before going to bed—everything was perfect. Being somewhat of a dyspeptic habit himself, Peter Jerring had never fairly appreciated food of any sort until he had become a married man; but Barbara charmed his appetite, as it were. Her dainty side dishes would have tempted a monk out of his vows of abstinence on a fast day; and what with her excellently buttered muffins of a morning, her entrees at noon, her tea cakes at five, her salamis and supremes at dinner, her consommes and salads at supper-time, Peter gradually became conscious that he was consuming far larger quantities of nourishment than were good for him. He had first one attack of indigestion, then another, and he lost his slimness of waist. As for Barbara, she got plumper and plumper, and what is worse, the increase in her girth was accompanied by a corresponding decrease in her intellectual vivacity, so that a time arrived when she seemed unable to talk about anything else but eating and drinking. If spoken to about family affairs she yawned, fidgeted, and answered in monosyllables; but if her husband, licking his lips, said: "My dear, that is a savory smell of truffles coming up from the kitchen," she would rouse herself like a charger at the sound of the trumpet, and hold forth on the divers methods of accommodating the vegetable pearl of Perigord till she reminded one of a Methodist deaconess preaching on an inspired theme from a tub-top.

Now, this was all very well; but a man requires something more in a wife than that she should be able to expatiate on the art of dishing up food. Peter, for instance, having won the good graces of the Stamp Club by his Thursday entertainments, was growing anxious about his election to the presidency, and devoted many arduous hours to the compilation of a memoir which was to be read at the next quarterly meeting of the club, and which treated of that exhaustive subject: "The growing scarcity of three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamps." He had some reason to expect that his wife would take some interest in this composition which was to set the seal to his fame; but, so far from doing so, Barbara, being one day in want of paper to cut frills for some cutlets, carelessly abstracted the manuscript from his study and clipped it with her scissors. "I couldn't find any clean paper, dear," said she, artlessly, when caught by her husband in the very act; "but as we are dining alone, paper that has been written on won't much matter, you know."

"Won't matter!" roared Peter, his first shock of faintness culminating in furious wrath. "Why, it's the labor of three months you are destroying in that fashion!"

"Oh, you can write the essay again; you are so clever," said Barbara, sweetly.

Peter was not appeased. This was his first conjugal tiff, and the accumulated bitterness of many months now burst from his lips. "I have much to complain of in you, Barbara," he cried, excitedly; "I saw you at the pastry-cook's again to-day at noon."

"Why, but I go there every day," she answered, innocently.

"You go there to eat ices and sponge cakes at noon, when you lunch here at one! Are you utterly insatiable, then?"

"I don't know what that long word means, Peter; but it seems to me that I have every right to eat ices if they agree with me." Thus spoke Mrs. Jerring.

"Ah, and I dare say you think yourself entitled to consume sandwiches and buns toward three in the afternoon, when you are going to take tea here at five?"

"Perfectly. Why not?"

"And to carry home bags of sweetmeats, which you eat in the middle of the night when you awake. I caught you at that game last night."

"Well, it's your fault if I wake up in the night—you snore so terribly!"

"Better and better! Be saucy now," retorted Peter, indignantly. "But, pray tell me now, where the money is to come from for all your gluttonous orgies?"

"From your pockets, I suppose," answered Barbara, drily, for her dander was up by this time, and she spoke with the spirit befitting an outraged wife. Her retort, however, only exasperated her husband.

"I'll put you on short commons," shouted he. "We'll dine off plain roast and boiled with a pudding, like others of our station, and you shan't see an *entrée* except on Sundays. As for truffles—"

He stopped short, for Barbara had cowered under the unmanly threat, and was shedding bitter teats. One is sorry to add that the consequences of Peter Jerring's roughness did not end here, for Barbara's heart and stomach were such tender allies that any attack on the latter wrung all the chords of the former, doing deadly injury. At dinner that evening, the aggrieved wife's eyes being all swollen with weeping, she could eat nothing. She sat looking mournfully at soup, fish, and entries, but when the roast came on the sight was too much for her, and she fell down in a swoon. Alas! that swoon was apoplexy, and when the doctor arrived, post haste, he could only certify that poor Mrs. Jerring was dead.

One may imagine the awful self-upbraidings of her husband!

He abandoned himself to preparations for the funeral; and by way of rendering a graceful homage to the poor departed one's proclivities, he resolved that all friends who attended that sad ceremony should be regaled with a stand-up luncheon.

Speaking to his cook in the mortuary chamber, Peter Jerring discussed the arrangements for this banquet in a tone of suitable gloom.

"We must have *foie-gras* sandwiches. She dearly loved those—and so do I," said he, sadly.

"Shall I put much mustard in them, sir?" asked the cook.

"I suppose so; isn't it usual?"

"Well, poor misses never let me do so, sir. She said it wasn't the thing. However, there's room for two opinions about that."

"Ah, well, it's I who rule now, so we'll have mustard," said Peter Jerring.

"Never!" cried an emphatic voice, that seemed to come from the nether world, and poor Barbara, wrapped in her shroud, sat bolt upright in her coffin. She had only been in a catalepsy, and the heresy of mustard with *foie-gras* had given her shock which brought back life. "Never, never!" repeated she, with flashing eyes; "and mind, an ordinary loaf won't do for these sandwiches—you must have new French rolls."

"My darling!" ejaculated the penitent husband, overcome with emotion, and he dropped on his knees; but at the same time he did not forget to turn to the cook and say: "Bring up a snack—your mistress must be hungry."

Since then he has abandoned himself to his fate. He and his wife are getting to be the fattest couple in these isles.—*London Truth.*

## A NAKED FACT.

Not many years ago the following incident occurred, which, for want of a better title, I will call "A Naked Fact:" In the summer of 187–, some friends of mine were sojourning for a few months in the southern part of this State. There were three ladies in the party, but no gentlemen, consequently they soon grew tired of their surroundings. Being devoted to the ocean they had selected a quiet town on the Pacific, in which to rusticate and regain strength for the gayeties of the coming winter. Having climbed all the hills, explored all the out of the way places, asked all the questions of the landlady which the faculties of three very sprightly women could suggest, they very naturally cast about for something, or some one, to afford them further entertainment. In the same hotel dwelt a young Prussian officer, who had served with distinction in Emperor William's cavalry. These and many more particulars concerning him were gleaned from the landlady. That he was very tall, being about six feet four inches, very shy, and so painfully thin as to need a good thick overcoat to enable him to cast a respectable shadow, they could see for themselves. The chance stumbling of a child of one of the party into the midst of some prickly pears, from which he was rescued, shrieking wildly, by the young officer, commenced an acquaintance which was certainly pleasant, and to one side, at least, excruciatingly funny. Among the various gifts bestowed by nature upon one of the party, Madame A. by name, was a most unaffectedly good appetite. Without that appetite this article would never have been written. Those of my readers who have ever sought for comfort in a California country inn, will remember how, after a week or so, feeding upon dead sea fruit, in the shape of stale fish, unlimited flies, and coffee which certainly furnished *grounds* enough for complaint, one's mind would revert to memories of good things eaten in days past. Thus it was with Madame A. One day in riding, she espied to her great joy some tempting terrapins dreaming their lives away on the sunny side of a mossy log in a pond, about two miles from the town. The young officer was wont regularly to ask if there was anything he could do for the ladies. The next morning after Madame A.'s discovering the terrapins, he was charmed to hear that of all luxuries the ladies most esteemed terrapins, and they would be *so* much obliged if he could only catch a few. Naturally he volunteered. He was warned that the terrapin is of a most coy and retiring disposition, and that sometimes he has to be dived for. He assured the fair ones that he was an accomplished diver, and twirling his long blonde moustaches, he scornfully smiled at the bare suggestion that any terrapin could baffle him! Arraying himself in an immaculate suit of white linen, crowned with the broadest of Panama hats, having donned his immense cavalry boots, he mounted his fiery mustang, and with many a curve and bound disappeared in a dense cloud of the inevitable California dust. On reaching the pond he stole softly to the tank, and looking over saw with delight the terrapins sweetly sleeping in unconscious security, little dreaming of the fate o'erlooking them! Remembering the instructions about diving, our gallant Prussian silently and quickly disrobed. He had previously tied his horse to a lithe willow wand, which grew close to the margin of the pond. Now, our friend had a marked distaste for insectivora of all kinds, and his dread of snakes amounted to horror! Fearing that some of these abominations might steal into his clothing while he was in the water, he placed them all, with the exception of his boots and hat, in a large sack which he had brought along to carry home the terrapins. To guard still further against unwelcome intruders he securely tied the sack to the back of his saddle. These preparations completed, he crept silently forward; but the wicked little eyes of the terrapins quickly unclosed, and speedily one after another slid off the log to the bottom of the pond! Our brave soldier, nothing daunted, with a spring and a splash, followed. So far, so good. His faithful horse, alarmed doubtless by the noise and sudden disappearance of his usually quiet and steady master, started back in affright, snapped the rope which bound him, and darted away, taking with him, of course, our hero's clothing! On coming to the surface, it is needless to say *without* having caught anything, our luckless friend descried his horse in the dim distance, rapidly vanishing. Here, indeed, was a predicament! Ten miles from home, with the August sun pouring down, and actually without clothes! There were no houses in sight; few people ever came to the pond as it was off any regular road. He knew there were three or four ranches between him and the town, so he concluded to try and reach one of these so that he might get some one to pursue and lasso his horse. Donning the remainder of his wardrobe, which was merely his broad hat and cavalry boots, he started. On nearing the first house he saw the good woman feeding her chickens. Modestly trying to shelter himself with his hat, he attracted her attention by a gentle salutation. At the best of times his English was a little bit obscure, but, under the accumulation of adverse circumstances, it must have been absolutely unintelligible. Be that as it may, the good woman gave a wild scream, disappeared into the house, seized a shot-gun, and darted out of the back door in frantic pursuit of her husband! He went on, producing like effects, until he was fortunate enough to find a Mexican asleep under a tree, with a horse tied beside him. Fortunately, our soldier had a little knowledge of Spanish. On waking the man, after convincing him that he was not a lunatic, he prevailed upon him, by promising to pay him well, to pursue, capture, and bring back the truant horse. This the Mexican did. It was not until three days after his departure that the crestfallen warrior summoned courage to return and tell the result of his mission. The ladies tried not to laugh, but failed miserably! He struggled bravely for a few days, but, finding that it was impossible to converse with any one of the three without her developing a tendency to go into convulsions, he retired from the town. I think it safe to assert that never since then has he sought to gratify any lady's fancy for *terrapins!*

OAKLAND, October 7, 1879. W. H. O.

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It is force of character that puts you rapidly forward in the world; and it is stress of circumstances that prevents your neighbor from keeping pace with you.

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There is never a proper time to fret over trouble have yet to occur.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—VII.

Steam communication across the bay was inaugurated at an early date. As soon as a line of steamers was established, Oakland became a favorite objective point for pleasure-seekers. There was no Oakland then, though—only a few houses at the creek wharf, and a dense forest of oaks for miles around. Malachi Fallon, formerly Marshal of San Francisco, lived in this forest ever so far away from any sign of civilization. My father used to take me over there and exhibit to his friend his precocious wonder. In after years, while attending college, I was a boarder in the house of this worthy old gentleman, who often reminded me that I had not turned out exactly as he had predicted. The groves of Oakland were almost endless in extent, reaching from the Point to San Antonio, and almost all of the Sunday-school picnics were held there. As I wander through the neighborhood nowadays and ponder over the pleasure of those beautiful Saturday afternoons under the shade of the oaks, where the air was heavy with the perfume of yerba buena and the baneful presence of poison oak, I see everywhere evidence of the vandalism of civilization. Those destroyers of Nature's handiwork, the suburban villa-builders, have so devastated the place that a family of six could not picnic there with any degree of comfortable seclusion. It was really a wild and romantic spot, and we youngsters were always careful not to wander far away from the crowd, owing to the fact that it was declared by one of the residents of the neighborhood that the woods were full of robbers, and that even Joaquin Murietta and Three-fingered Jack had breakfasted that very morning on two fair-haired boys from Frisco. In these days we should call such an astounding announcement "giving us taffy," but that is an invention of modern years. Apropos of Joaquin Murietta, I remember a most novel auction sale which occurred in 1855. Every one has heard of the thrilling exploits of this Claude Duval of California, and old residents are familiar with the circumstances of his pursuit and capture by Colonel Harry Love. When captured, Joaquin's head was severed from his body and placed in a jar of spirits. The hand of Three-fingered Jack was served in a like manner. From mountain to town, from town to city, these were conveyed, and their arrival in San Francisco excited as much commotion as the shooting of a political candidate. They were set up for a show, and thousands flocked to see them at the rate of one dollar a head. Everybody beamed with satisfaction to see these unmistakable proofs that these creatures were really placed beyond the commission of further depredations. Everybody saw them, and finally, after a run of bad business, they were attached for debt by the Sheriff, and actually sold at auction. Here is the item describing the sale:

"William R. Gorham, Sheriff of San Francisco County, by virtue of an execution issued from the Superior Court, *offered for sale*, in front of the Court-house, the *head of the notorious robber, Joaquin Murietta, and the hand of Three-fingered Jack.* At twelve o'clock the sale took place, and these natural curiosities were knocked down by the Sheriff to Judge Lyons and John V. Plume."

Since that time there have been exhibited as many heads of Joaquin and hands of Jack as there are "authentic fragments of the Holy Cross." And, after all, one is as good as the other, for all the heads are shriveled and brown, and disgusting, and all of the hands had three fingers upon them. A showman once told me that people were getting tired of Joaquin, and he was going to announce "The Head of John the Baptist." There were two events connected with the jaunts to Oakland which firmly fixed themselves on my boyish memory. One was the first balloon ascension I ever saw, and most likely the first in California. The announcement drew a large crowd, and I remember that we stood nearly all day watching the process of inflation. Just as we were about to retire in disgust somebody cried "all ready," and the aeronaut leaped into the basket. The balloon was cut loose, but refused to rise. Two or three men of lighter weight entered the basket at different times, with the same result. After elevating them a short distance, the obliging monster would gently set them upon the ground again. The basket was removed, in order to lighten the load, and a light board substituted, but still the balloon refused to rise further than a few feet. At last a small boy, named Joseph Gates, climbed upon the board, and, to the horror of all, the balloon shot up suddenly into the air. Some one shouted to the boy to pull the valve rope, but if he heard it he was too terrified to obey. Women screamed, men shouted, children cried; and in an instant horses were mounted, and excited men followed the course of the balloon. Several times the boy was seen to almost fall from the narrow seat upon which he sat, and as many times shouts of horror went up from the crowd. The balloon rose higher and higher, and was soon lost to view in the clouds. When last seen, it was floating rapidly toward Benicia. The crowd dispersed with heavy hearts. There was no doubt in each and every mind that the death of the boy was inevitable. Had he known the use of the safety-valve he would unquestionably have used it, and made a descent; or else the probable entanglement of the valve cord rendered such a thing impossible. That evening the papers teemed with accounts of the thrilling and fatal adventure of Joe Gates, "the orange boy," but two days afterward the dead came to life, wandered into a newspaper office, and told his story. He was a hero. For the first and only time in his life he was famous, and he told his story with the air of a general who had won a great victory. Upon rising he had endeavored to pull the valve rope, but found it broken. He then tried to cut a hole in the balloon, but could not climb up to it; and giving up all hope of controlling its movements, he clung to his narrow perch, and calmly awaited his fate. At 5:30 P. M. he came to earth on the plains, about thirty-five miles from Sacramento, and thirty from Benicia. The next day he walked to the latter place, where he arrived in time to take the evening boat for San Francisco. It used to be said that fright had turned his hair white, but I never had an opportunity of testing the truth of the assertion. The other incident that impressed me was the explosion of the steamer *Contra Costa*, while racing to Oakland with the opposition boat. There were three hundred passengers aboard, and the number of killed and wounded was appallingly great. A friend of our family was lost, but all that could be found of his body was his right hand, which was recognized by a peculiar ring upon one of the fingers. This was long held up to me as the usual result of Sunday excursions, and since that time I have always taken the precaution to be as far as possible from the vicinity of the boiler on Sunday. Steam navigation to San José, *via* Alviso, was inaugurated at an early date, by a little iron steamer—in all probability the *Mint*. I give the name at random, as none of the notes in my possession mention it. The trip to Alviso was made in between five and six hours, thence by stage to San José in two hours. The venture proving successful, the steamer *Santa Clara*, a more commodious craft, was substituted. This line, added to the stage from San Francisco, made San José easy of access; and when the State Legislature met there for several seasons, it was the liveliest town in the State. In the old days California was decidedly fickle in the matter of her capital, and when we enter to-day the quondam capitals of the past, we wonder at the selections made, and a strong suspicion of "job" suggests itself. Charming San José, our garden city, I could deem most fitting; but what mind could conceive Vallejo and Benicia proper locations for the centre of governmental machinery. The *Santa Clara* was short lived, and scarcely had time to dim the lustre of her paint before she was burned at her wharf, in company of the propeller *Hartford*, March 3d, 1851. San Rafael was not then, as now, the Mecca of the invalid, being a small adobe village inhabited by Mexicans and Indians. A small steamer made trips once a week to San Quentin, whence San Rafael was reached by a trail across the marshes. Sonoma was a favorite summering place in the old days, and was reached by steamer and stage *via* Sonoma Creek. An event which used to excite San Francisco to its very foundation was the arrival and departure of a steamer for Panama. The former was signaled from Telegraph Hill in the following manner: On the very summit of the hill was an observatory, which answered the same purpose as the present one at Point Lobos. The building was surmounted by a tall flagstaff, and when a steamer was sighted a board was hoisted, giving the staff the appearance of a huge cross, or, more properly, a guide post. This signal hoisted, business was at once suspended, and such a rush made for the wharf as that of three weeks ago, upon the arrival of the *Tokio*. Wharves, house-tops, and hill-tops were black with people, and upon the appearance of the steamer the neighborhood would resound with cheers. Upon the wharf where the passengers were landed the scene was a mingling of joy and sadness. Some received friends and relatives they had waited for, and others had waited for loved ones who did not come. The appearance of a lady or a child was always a signal for three rousing cheers. When it is known that of the arrivals in San Francisco ninety per cent. were males, this enthusiasm can readily be understood. The day of departure, which was called "steamer day," was even of more importance, and the holiday was more general. Debts were always collected, if possible, on the day preceding, in order to meet Eastern obligations. When any prominent resident was about to return East he was generally given a party on the evening before, and escorted to the steamer next morning by a host of friends and a brass band. Long after the opening of the overland railroad there were two collection days a month, which were called "steamer days," by courtesy, as they in no wise related to the departure of a steamship. Wrecks were frequent on the coast, numbering eleven in less than two years. Prominent among these were the *North America*, with a loss of 80 lives; the *Tennessee*, 100 lives, and the *Independence*, 150 lives. The recent grand pageant held in our city, and the very bad taste shown by many in objecting to the appropriation by the city of the funds necessary to defray the expenses, reminds me that in the early days more money used to be expended on such occasions than now, when the city can better afford it. The visit of General Scott was celebrated by a procession just as imposing, and which cost more money than that which recently received a much greater man. And when I contrast the beautiful and tasteful triumphal arch on Montgomery Street with the shocking structure under which General Grant passed, I am convinced that in the matter of liberality and decorative taste we are sadly retrogressive. Besides, we were more patriotic then, for there were no "bloody shirts" and no "unreconstructed rebels." The announcement that a Fourth of July procession was to be held meant that every man or boy who could walk, "Jew or Gentile, bond and free," was expected to appear in it. There was no limit to the expenditures, and as high as $3,000 have been expended for fireworks, and this, too, in times when the city was head over ears in debt, when everything had to be paid in scrip bearing interest at three per cent. per month, when every man who had a bill against the city would treble it in order to allow for the discount on the scrip. In addition to this I will mention the fact that there were no infamous ordinances directed against patriotic boyhood. We could shoot pistols, bombs, cannon, and crackers; set fire to wood piles, hay, and houses without the slightest danger of arrest. When the day closed with a magnificent display of fireworks on the Plaza, there may have been some trifling damage done—a house or two burned, a few trifling panes of glass broken, a skull or two crushed by a fallen rocket-stick—but the patriotic pioneer ejaculated, "Everything goes," and a munificent city fatherhood footed the bills. I do not pretend to say that there were no complaints against this liberality; alas, there are heretics everywhere! An impious editor upon one occasion presumed to question the propriety and good taste of making the appropriations, and dared to issue a burlesque programme of the procession, which, with a few eliminations, I will give you as a journalistic curiosity:

Upon the patriotic celebration of the Fourth of July depends the glory and permanency of the American nation. Unless a certain amount of 'crackers' are exploded the Union is sure to burst; unless the military be on parade a foreign foe will pounce down upon us at about five o'clock in the morning on July 5th, storm the battery at Fort Point, put out the farthing candle which glimmers with a sickly lustre on Alcatraz, open the trenches before the armory on the corner of Jackson and Dupont, storm its bastions, and put an end to the dancing school now flourishing there. The Fourth of July must be kept up or the national flag must come down. Unless an enormous quantity of slings and smashes, juleps, punches, and toddies should be swallowed, the American eagle would get costive, and his eye no longer look toward the sun. * * * This is practically the reasoning of many of our people. This is the reasoning of our Common Council. They have appropriated $5,000 for celebrating the Fourth of July. They have no more right to appropriate money for such a purpose than they have to steal it. It is a shameful squandering of the city's credit, for money it has none. A larger police force is needed in consequence of the unbridled crime which runs riot through the city, but the Council votes it down because the city has no money; yet they can find credit to the amount of $5,000 for a purpose contemptible and childish, viz.: buying scarfs and rosettes for aldermen and other officials to wear on Independence Day, and for gew-gaws of other kinds, 'tar, pitch, and oakum,' cocktails, gas, and gammon. * * * Is the $5,000 appropriation to be turned into gold medals as was once before attempted with the overplus of the admission festival appropriation, or is it to buy additional fans, tails, and wooden shoes for the Chinese, who will, of course, turn out in procession on that day, being such ardent Republicans? Who is to be the treasurer of that fund, and how much per cent. is to be to receive for squandering it? Who is the favorite retailer of ribbons for which the appropriation has been made? What lumber merchant in the Council, or friend to some friend in the Council, is to speculate by selling lumber to erect a beautiful rostrum in that beautiful plaza where * * * the Stars and Stripes may grow redder as they flutter over the head of the praising patriot? * * * What is to be the show, the procession? Give us the programme. Or suppose we suggest an

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The place of meeting to be the disputed territory opposite the gas works.

Common Council on donkeys will head the procession, followed by sixteen organ grinders.

Grand High Priest of the City Grades, bearing a representation of the Clay Street Tunnel and the Sacramento Street Causeway and Promontory.

Picture of the falling houses on Clay Street. Ex-Coroner Gray, having buried the dead, being buried by Mr. Hoadley.

Mr. Hoadley, standing down on the bottom of Clay Street, endeavoring through a celestial telescope to decide whether the lights above him are stars or the lamps of those who dwell on the bluffs he has made in that vicinity.

Telegraph Hill on wheels, moving into the harbor.

Suspension Bridge over Powell Street.

Methodist Church on stilts.

French Consul's castle in the air.

Twenty-five ragged policemen, gnawing bones.

Five hundred street contractors, engaged in mining the city.

Col. Pierson piling in the harbor.

The Grand Jury on the prostrate form of Recorder Baker, attempting to give him a whaling.

The Street Commissioner using a Sansome Ladder to climb over a heap of dead cats, rats, dogs, and garbage.

Eleven political jugglers bearing poll boxes with false bottoms.

Judges of the Eighth Ward, counting out votes on the seventh day after election.

Alderman —— acting as a sounding board for the fire bell.

View of Third Ward election, illustrating law, equality, and purity of franchise under the present city organization.

A shoulder-striker on the bench, and the judge at the "bar."

The Joint Committee of the Council, Messrs. C., W., and V., in the act of eating the Grand Jury's indictment of Recorder Baker.

Should this series of views meet the approbation of the Council, it can be continued *ad infinitum*. The escort will consist of five thousand loafers who have served out various enlistments under the Recorder. A buck against the "tiger," to decide who shall act as Marshal. If Mayor Garrison does not veto the appropriation, this programme is recommended as the most suitable under the circumstances, and illustrative of this city and its government. Should it be followed literally, the city will be safe—there will be something in the treasury to steal.

I will mention casually that this was published in the *Whig*, and the city authorities were Democrats. Notwithstanding these heretical attacks, the patriotic Aldermen invariably remained firm and inflexible, and celebrated as their consciences dictated. The first Fourth of July procession I remember formed on the Plaza, marched down Washington Street to Montgomery, to Pine, to Kearney, and back to the Plaza, where, after marching around the four sides, it was dismissed, and the literary exercises held. I was carried about on the truck of Sansome Hook and Ladder Company, and, during the march, I fell asleep and dropped backward among the ladders. My discomfiture was in no wise mollified by the laughter of the spectators. In after years I often fell asleep on the Fourth of July, but it was not from sitting upon a truck. The most imposing procession ever given in this city was that in celebration of the laying of the first ocean cable. It was miles in length, and was more generally represented by the various nationalities than on any occasion before or since. In addition to the military, fire department, and civic societies, were the Masons, Odd Fellows, and other secret organizations, who never participate in public parades nowadays. The different trades were practically represented; there was a blacksmith shop built upon a truck with the men at work, a foundry furnace in full blast, a shoe shop, printing office, bakery and candy factory, and the carpenters built a cottage upon a truck. Every dray, truck, cart, and express wagon in the city formed in line, and the cable was represented by a rope which was suspended under the axles of the vehicles and measured half a mile in length. In the evening a grand mass meeting was held on the Plaza, and the celebration ended with a grand display of fireworks. None of this sort of thing nowadays. We have grown avaricious, and the proverbial "liberality of us Californians" is rapidly assuming the proportions of a gigantic myth. The Chinese always formed a prominent part of all processions in early days. They made extensive preparations, and were lavish in the expenditure of money—something they have learned not to do now. I have seen at least five hundred of these creatures in a procession, bearing immense dragon flags and lanterns, and accompanied by two or three band wagons, from which were discoursed the maddening melodies and the harmonious discord of Chinadom. Thank heaven, we are spared the infliction nowadays, and indeed it did not take a great while to discover that they were not desirable acquisitions to our population. I have before me a scrap, which will be a curiosity in the days of advancement in anti-Chinese sentiment. It must have been written very, very early.

On the 29th inst. the death of President Taylor was commemorated by a funeral procession, one remarkable feature of which was the appearance of a large body of Chinese. It was probably the first procession ever witnessed within the limits of Christendom of which that curious people formed a prominent portion. From that time to the present they have taken great interest in all public proceedings, and have invariably proved to be, as a people, docile, sober, and orderly, thus exhibiting the proper traits of good citizenship.

O thou sage and sober philanthropist, would thou wert one of us now to publicly express such an opinion!

CLAY M. GREENE.

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**C.—Sunday, October 11.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Beefsteak Pie.
Baked Bell Peppers. Lima Beans.
Roast Mallard Ducks. Sweet Potatoes.
French Artichoke Salad.
Baked Peaches.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Grapes, Pomegranates, Apples, Plums, and Figs.

TO BAKE PEACHES.—Cut peaches in halves, remove the stones, and with a paste-cutter cut some slices of bread, and place them in a buttered bakepan, with half a peach on each, with the skin downward. Dust well with sugar, put a piece of butter the size of a large bean on each, place in a slow oven, dish when cooked; turn the juice over, if any; if none, add a little fruit syrup and serve warm.

## FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Uncle Ned he fetched in a green gozlin, and wen he puld it out of his pockit he sed to my mother, Uncle Ned did: "You see this a quatic bird? Shows you how carefie you ot to be, cos the sins of the parents is visited onto the childern, and a goos wich swims in that green pond wil hatch tinted gozlins."

Then my mother she fired up, and she sed: "Edard, do you think its likely Ime a goin to swim in a green pond?"

Then Uncle Ned he sed: "Wel, mebby not: some geese is more prudenter than uthers, but good advice don't hurt none of em."

You never seen sech a furious woman like my mother was, but I sed how did the goslin git them lethers tween its toes? Uncle Ned he thot a wile, and then he sed: "Johnny, you are right; this dicky bird must be took back to Mr. Bample, the shoo maker, cos I gess its hisn."

Gooses hiss, but when my sister gets mad she boxes, and Mose, wich is the cat, he blows his tail up like a balloony sossige and spits fire. My father he says cats tails is mity boastfie and insultin cos thay are so far away from the fightin, but the tail of a wops hasent got any small vices.

One day ole Gaffer Peters was to our hous and there was a wops, and the wops kep a litin on ole Gaffers hed, wich is a bald hed, ony jest a few hairs, and Gaffer he kep a slappn and dodgin. Uncle Ned he sed: "Gaffer, wot a admible rangement of Profidence for to giv us hair onto our heds, thick like a brush, for to tangle the wopses and buz flies in; cos if we hadent any thay wude make us keep duckn and slapn like fools."

Gaffer he sed yes, it was all for the best, and nex time the wops lit Gaffer dident move, but jest shet his eyes up tite, and was wite like a sheet, and trembly. Uncle Ned he dident seem to take notice, and said: "Yes, in deed, a feller wich was al ways a dodgin and cuffn for buz flies wond be a jackous, but if he dident have no hair bow cude he hellup hissef?"

Then he apeared to notice how bad of Gaffer was, and so he sed: "Wy, how sick you be, Gaffer! I gess its yeller fever, and I ben tole it can be cured by a smart slap on top of the hed."

Fore the words was out of Uncle Neds mouth Gaffer he up and give hissef sech a lick were the wops was that he kanocked hissef out of his chair onto the flore, you never see sech a sprawly ole man! Wen he had got up he sed: "Edard, if you was to Memfis you wude make a heap of money a docterin."

Mister Pitchel thats the preecher he come in for to git my father to give some money one day to be sent to Memfis for the yeller fever fellers, but my father he jumped up and he said, my father did: "Mister Pitchel, Ime a bleever in doin good, and I got the money, thanks to my brother Edard not havin any ded shure pint on mining stox for a week, but I jest tel you wot it is, Ime the last man to stand by tween an avengin God and a town wich rolls up a Dimmicratic majority evry lection. Let em clean their sewers, and stop eatin corn pone and drinkn wisky. Then thay won't have no more yeller fever, cos thay wont have no more Demockricy. Boevlence is a virtu, I kno, but the best way to hellup the Sowth jest now is to git Genl Grant in the presdental chair agin. No, sir, Mister Pitchel, Ime not a contributin any thing to the Demmicratic campaign fund. Ime on the other side."

Mister Pitchel he sed he was sprised for to see my father take sech a narro sectionel vew of it, cos it wasent a pliticle matter but a great national clamity.

Then my father he kicked over Missys music stool and sed: "National clamity bedam! I beg parden, but spoze them fellers was to all git wel, and ole Sam Tilden was to be lected by jest a hundred majority—wot wude *that* be? I dont want em to die, of course not, but it wil do em a heap of good for to git that black vomit off of their stummuckses, cos its that wich they are Demmicrats with."

Then Mr. Gipple, wich has ben to Affrica, he spoke up and sed: "Them sentiments does equal credit to yure hed and yure hart. It reminds me of wen I was in Ugeegee. One day a mitionary preecher he come to me, and he sed wudent I let him have a bale of vegetarian tracts for to be distributed amung his natif niggers, cos thay had took to eatin each other up awfie! I tole him I was jest out of sech litterture, but if his congergation wude accep a thousan bottles of Dockter Joneses Appetizin Bitters thay was mity welcom."

Billy he come to me the other day, Billy did, and he sed: "Johnny," and I spoke up and sed: "Wot?" Then Billy he said a other time: "Johnny, lets have a ovation. Sammy Doppy wil be ole Grant, and Ile be Genl John Macobm coz Ime bigger than him and got more buttons onto my jacket, and you be Hecktor Stuart, the poetry feller, wich is a prince."

So Sammy Doppy he went out and come in agin and I sung "He comes, lo! triumfent," you never herd sech nice singn, like a canary! Then Genl Macobm, wich was a straddle of a saw hors, he drod his long saword for to sloot, but ole Grant he seen it and run like a deer. But if Ide ben Grant Ide stood my ground and cut Macobms belly of and said hooray!

And now Ile tel you a little story bout a theef. One time he was fetched into cort for to be tride for steelin a horse, and the judge he said: "Prisner at the bar, wot do you say to the charge?" Then the feller he luked at the judge a wile, and then he sed: "I aint a goin to say nothin, cos if I sed I was innicent it wudent save me, and it I sed I was gilty it wude save you."

A other time there was a feller brot out onto the scaffle for to be hung, and after the deth warnt had ben red, and the preecher he had prade, and evry body had shuke hands, and the rope was put onto the fellers neck, the sharif ast him did he have any thing for to say. The feller he luked at the peeples and then he sed: "Feller citizins, considdrin the pculiar cercumstanches under wich this meetin is held I hope yule excuse me from makin a regler speech, cos I reely cant aford to let you occupy my time. Bizness is bizness, but as soon as me and the sharif git this little job off of our hands my brother, wich is a candidate for Supevizer, wil be happy to adress you from this rostrum on the pliticle issues of the day."

San Rafael, October 3, 1879.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### A Thousand Years Ago.

Thou and I in spirit-land,
A thousand years ago,
Watched the waves beat on the strand,
Ceaseless ebb and flow;
Vowed to love and ever love—
A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade,
Nine hundred years ago,
Heard the wild dove in the glade
Murmuring soft and low;
Vowed to love for evermore,
Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,
Eight hundred years ago,
Saw strange forms of light afar
In wild beauty glow;
All things change, but love endures
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman halls,
Seven hundred years ago,
Heard the warder on the walls
Loud his trumpet blow—
"*Ton amor sera toujour*,"
Seven hundred years ago!

Thou and I in Germany,
Six hundred years ago,
Then I bound the red cross on:
"True love, I must go,—
But we part to meet again
In the endless flow!"

Thou and I in Syrian plains,
Five hundred years ago,
Felt the wild fire in our veins
To a fever glow!
All things die, but love lives on
Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,
Four hundred years ago,
Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand,
Heard strange breezes blow:
In the ideal love is real,
This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,
Three hundred years ago,
Lived in faith and died for God,
Felt the faggots glow:
Ever new and ever true,
Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,
Two hundred years ago,
Felt the perfumed even-breeze,
Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
Had no care or woe;
Life went dreamily in song
Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I 'mid Northern snows,
One hundred years ago,
Led an iron, silent life,
And were glad to flow
Ooward into changing death,
One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
Met in Fashion's show,
Love, did you remember me,
Love of long ago?
Yes; we keep the fond oath sworn
A thousand years ago!

—*Chas. G. Leland.*

### Hindoo's Search for Truth.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that, I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and northward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here in the mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say: "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and over the censer swings;
As they bow to mystical symbol or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards, who are loth to die.

For the destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of hills.
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that kills;
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the warfield, and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guide our race—
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret—whence and whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list the words of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is naught but the wide-world story, how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities, where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depth we float on, or measured the unknown main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and hear me to silence, and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of woman who weep?

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

## "IMPORTANT INFORMATION."

The "Old Son" Takes His Caustic and Convincing Pen in Hand.

Rawhide Ranch, October 1, 1879.

Ol' Pard:—She's mad. Her back's up an' still a risin'. A thunder-storm ain't a circumstance to her. Wrath ain't no name for the tantrums she's in 'bout you. The widder Jones is on her ear an' she's makin' it mighty lively 'round Table Mountin, you bet. Yer see I'm in the habit o' readin' yer billy duxes to the boys down to Frisbie's—it 'livens 'em up, an' makes 'em relish ther whisky better, an' some o' the blamed galoots hez ter prance round to the widder's an' tell her that you was gittin' soft on her an' publishin' yer folly in yer letters to me. Thet kinder riled her, 'cause yer see 'taint a woman's style to hev a rooster play softy an' post the hull county on the state of his case. Besides, she thinks ye blow yer horn too loud, ez ef you'd only to wink an' she'd nod to ye. But the wust break ye made was alludin' to them gorgeous females ye've bin buzzin' 'round down to the Bay—thet galled her. To tell ye the truth the widder's jealous. You oughter a heerd her lay into ye down to Mackintosh's. Ther wasn't anythin' too mean fur her ter shout. Ye was too low down for anythin'—she'd ruther marry ol' Bill Belcher, she said, 'n to hev you loafin' 'ithin twenty mile of her. She wouldn't consent to be yer wife ef ev'ry hair in yer head hung 'ith diamon's. The widder's mad, pard, an' ye'd better take a passear to Chiny er somewhar afore ye come back to Tuolumne. The longer ye stay away the better show ye'll hev of savin' yer bacon w'en she get's within range of yer scalp. Yer wrong, Jim, 'bout us boys goin' back on the ol' Dimmycratic party. We stood up ter the rack an' polled fifty three straight Bourbon tickets—we'd a polled sixty, but seven o' the Robinson Ferry precinct stan'bys fell down early in the fight, an' hed to be kerried home on a shutter. The rest of us pulled through, but we was so disappointed 'bout the outcome o' the 'lection thet a lot of us hevn't hed the heart to leave Frisbie's sence we tuk our dose o' castor ile. It wuss'n snake bite an' a derned sight harder ter cure, but we're doin' our level best, an' I reckon we'll be ready ter take a right lively hand in the Presidential skirmish. How're the *Zaminer* chaps on Tilden? A good many o' our boys is whoopin' 'em up fur Thurman. Ef the Gale crowd up to Tuttletown an' 'round Mormon Crik hed ther way they'd put up Ben Hill, and ol' Patterson goes 'round advocatin' the nomination o' Aleck Stephens fur President, and Bill Toombs fur Vice. Pat's ticket 'd be a fust-rate true blue Dimmycratic dockyment, but somehow the doughfaces north o' Mason an' Dixon's line don't seem to cotton to Aleck an' Bill ez I'd like to hev 'em. Grant ain't come through yer yet, but I reckon he'll take us in on his way to the Big Trees. The Radicals over in Sonora is goin' to give him a send-off at the City Hotel w'en he comes in. They've got three ban's o' music a trainin' on Glory Halleluyah tunes; committees is out scourin' the kentry fur yaller-legged chickens, flags hez riz in price, speeches is bein' writ, and Charlie Keefe's got a clean hickory shirt salted fur the occasion. The Dimocracy gazes on the racket 'ith the supremest contempt. We don't take no stock in the blow-out, an' we ain't a goin' to. We ain't even goin' ter git drunk down to Frisbie's the day the man o' circumstance comes through. Jim, I'm afraid you're loosenin' yer holts on the principles o' Dimocracy. You talk too much 'bout the nigger—them tavern darkies you recollect. Now, Jim, the war's over and our side's bin licked. Ef it hedn't bin fur the cussed nigger, we'd never a bin licked. We'd a bin free an' independent, an' we wouldn't a hed to see our sons an' daughters marry niggers ef they wanted to marry 'em. I can't see how a dyed in the wool dimmycrat whose Bible's the *Weekly Zaminer*, an' whose prayer-book's the Resolutions o' 98, ken so fur furget his manhood ez to accept favors from a nigger. 'Taint ez ef they was slaves yet worth coin, an' the less a true Dimmycrat hez to 'ith 'em in any capacity the better it is fur the purity of the Dimmycrat's principles. Why, Jim, I wouldn't let a nigger black my boots; I'd black 'em myself fust or hire an Irishman. Ef I was you, ol' pard, I wouldn't put up in a Republican tavern either. I've heard that Bill Sharon owns the shebang you're spendin' yer coin at, an' Bill Sharon's a radical ef I've got the rights o' the case. Move into some Dimmycratic tavern, Jim, whar the hash isn't chopped by sich men ez swindled us out o' the reins o' government. Jim Burr hez just come down from Tuttletown, and he says the widder was at the dance over to the school-house las' night, and hed on thet dress you sent up to her. He says she looked scrumptious. Jack Hathaway was follerin' her 'round like a mule in a 'rastra. Jim says the widder wasn't exactly gone on him, but she didn't buck w'en he hugged her so tight swingin' on the corners in the cowtillions thet the other gals commenced to grin an' snicker. I shouldn't wonder, Jim, but w'at Jack'll cut you out since she's took on so 'bout the way you praised them 'Frisco wimmen. Mebbe you'd better write her a billy dux an' take it all back. It's mighty unpleasant ter be situated too close to a keg o' giant powder, or a blast with the fuse lighted. Ef I dared to tackle the widder I'd try an' splice the difficulty, bet ez the case stan's I'd ruther embrace both the hind heels of a mule. I'd a derned sight sooner fool 'ith a Gatlin gun loaded to the muzzle 'ith hoss-shoe nails, an' w'at's more, I don't intend to, nuther. Savey? Ther ain't much news in this yer section, 'ceptio' the widder. Ol' Mother Bilkins is down flat 'ith a bad case o' the roomatics, an' young Bilkins is beginnin' ter talk purty loud 'bout w'at he's goin' ter do 'ith the sack w'en she caves. Hog Wilson's in jail agin fur alterin' cattle bran's, an' I reckon they'll cinch him. Dan Dimond's gone ter the Legislater. Dan's bin tryin' ter make the riffle, ye know, ever sence the Legislater's bin runnin', an' this is the fust lick he'shad at it. He an' Shoemaker Smythe's bin readin' up *Congressional Globes* ever sence 'lection time, an' I reckon he'll make it mighty lively fur the boys down to Sacramento w'en he begins to sling himself in the debates. Mollie McCosh is goin' ter marry thet ol' hoss thief, Tim Bennett, an' the Lord hev mercy on her soul. I wish ye'd look round an' see ef ye can't find some genooine Kentucky Bourbon—the quality o' Frisbie's delight is gittin' thin. Mebbe ef you'd pay the freight, Frisbie'd stan' the balance, an' the boys wouldn't hev to cool ther throt'les 'ith ditch water an' aquafortis instead o' forty rod stuff like we've bin in the habit o' fallin' up aginst. That's all. So long,

Yer ol' pard, Bill Bel[illegible]

To James Snaggleby, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

*PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1879.*

The reception of General and Mrs. Grant by Senator Sharon, at his Belmont residence, was the social event, not of this season alone, but of California. Our people are, we believe, justly entitled to the palm over all other communities in the brilliancy and costliness of our social entertainments. It is our pleasure to believe that our ladies can not be rivaled for their beauty, and it is the remark of Mr. John Russell Young that there is no court, class, or circle, in any city in the world, where the ladies dress so well as in San Francisco. The mansion and its grounds were resplendent with lights. Bands discoursed sweet music, the ladies were beautified with tasteful and costly ornaments of dress, and brilliant with jewels. The trains and carriages were moved to and fro with regularity and safety. There was order, harmony, beauty, generous plenty, warm welcome, everything to make the affair exceptional and elegant. We question whether there is another residence in America so well adapted for such a gathering as this house, which Mr. Ralston must have planned solely for such entertainments. We think there has been no social gathering at any private residence in the United States, where all the appointments were more sumptuous and elegant. There was everything that wealth and good taste could furnish. Everything that a generous hospitality could provide. Champagnes of the finest qualities flowed as freely as water from an artesian well. Every luxury that money could buy was provided in the most generous profusion. The supper tables were literally laden with abundance; the servants were attentive and polite. An elegant and spacious mansion, thrown open to polite, well-dressed, and cultivated people, provided with music and flowers, and furnished with a generous repast by a wealthy host in honor of distinguished guests, ought to have had no incident to mar its harmony, or to leave upon the memory of those so splendidly entertained an unpleasant reflection. But breaking over all the rules that Jenkins has formulated for the description of social events, and apologizing for a departure of that universal complimentary writing of well-dressed people, we must say that we saw more ill-breeding, more genteel ruffianism, more unpardonable selfishness and greediness upon the part of men than we have ever before seen at any social gathering—greater only in degree because a greater number present. Nevertheless, we desire, right here and now, to bear testimony to the fact that there is no social pork-packing establishment in America that can equal San Francisco. General Irwin McDowell gave to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, upon the occasion of the rifle-firing by the military contestants for the Creedmoor prizes, a morning breakfast. The occasion was an elegant one, the guests as a rule our best people, the breakfast as generous as wealth and hospitality could suggest. At the tap of the drum such an onslaught as was made upon that banquet we never witnessed. To the overturning of one of our most cherished traditions, we observed that the military gentlemen were foremost in the most ungentlemanly exhibition of greed and voracity that we ever saw; they and others formed a cordon around that table that no engineer could penetrate, no daring could scale, and no strategy could circumvent. We saw ladies sitting in the outer circles, unprovided with refreshment, because their escorts could not reach the table guarded by a triple row of men, unaccompanied by ladies, feeding themselves. When the train arrived at Belmont this same class of male skirmishers made a dead rush for the carriages, loaded themselves head over heels into the vehicles, and with most undignified haste secured for themselves an early transmission, leaving ladies to stand waiting upon the platform. Some ladies remained for an hour before this indecent rush gave them the opportunity of entering a carriage gracefully and being transported comfortably. At the banquet, out of fourteen hundred guests—half of whom were ladies—many obtained nothing, more but little, and others none except what was filched from this same greedy band of marauders, who rushed to the tables and stood with obdurate and insatiable firmness till they had gorged themselves like the brutes they most unquestionably were. It was a disgusting spectacle to see these men feed; they strained, and reached, and crammed, and stuffed themselves; they littered the tables, spilled wine, angered the waiters, elbowed and gorged, while ladies sat unattended, many leaving the room, and many more not making the attempt to reach it. If Senator Sharon had not provided the most sumptuous and generous of repasts there would have been scant plenty for all who were not willing to put both feet in the trough. No gentleman should have entered a carriage at the depot till the last lady had departed. No gentleman should carry the fork to his mouth at any social gathering till the last lady is provided; and it might be well to remember that gentlemen use wine in moderation only, and never take cigars by the handful.

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There is work to do in Ireland in the way of agitation, home rule, and land reform, and we advise Kearney to go back to the "ould sod" and see what he can do about it. Since General Grant has sat down upon him, and the soldiers of the blue and gray have taken possession of the sand-lot, and since the *Chronicle* is no longer engaged in writing for the small advertisements of Irish servant girls, the occupation of the wrecker of Timoleague is gone. Ireland is in a bad way, and its people have undoubtedly many causes of just complaint. The crops have failed for three years, the cabin leaks, and the pig has grown thin. There is no money to pay the rent, the landlord is exacting, the three-headed and horrible wolf of want, beggary, and starvation stands snarling and showing his gleaming teeth at the shanty door. American grain, and meat, and fruit, raised upon free lands in the ownership of those who till the soil, comes into ruinous competition with lands that pay £10 per annum per acre rent, and this spent abroad by absentee landlords. The solitary pig is driven out of the market by the great packing houses of Cincinnati and Chicago. The roast beef of old England no longer comes from the stall-fed ox of Hertford, Berks, or Surrey, but from the broad plains of Texas. America's free and fruitful lands are driving the hard pressed tenants of Ireland to the wall, and the "foinest tinantry" in all the world is now in hot revolt. Mr. Parnell, and Mr. O'Connor Power, and other leading agitators are holding enthusiastic meetings over Ireland, demanding abatement of rent and peasant proprietorship, and Limerick is wild for Fenianism. In Munster they hiss the Queen; in Tipperary it is, for landlords, "an ounce of lead." Rebellion is muttering loudly. Old memories of "Croppies," "Peep o' day boys," and O'Connell gatherings are agitating the land. The Irish peasant, as a rule, belongs to the land; his occupation is oftentimes older than that of the lord. The lease is older than the fee. The landlord has difficulty in ejecting the tenant, and now the tenant contemplates the ejectment of the lord. There is trouble in the Emerald Isle, and it is a kind of trouble in which our sympathy is with the oppressed and toiling slave of the soil, and not with the absent lord. We should have a greater sympathy with the Irish race in their native land if our own country was not accursed of a mob of low-browed, brutal, vulgar Irish, who, hiving in our cities around church and gin mill, refuse to go out upon our broad, free acres, and to take—as the generous gift of our generous Government—the privileges and opportunities for which their starving countrymen at home are now preparing to fight.

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A miserable good-for-nothing drunken Indian, detected in his eighth murder, is tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. He never ought to have been born. He ought to have been hung ten years ago. Just so soon as the death sentence is pronounced, priests and reporters gather around, the former to save his soul, and the latter to gather his dying and probably lying confessions. The hanging of Salvador at San Rafael is the last of these disgusting spectacles. Father Lerda, a Catholic priest, ministers to the last hours of the penitent rascal. Men about to be hung are always penitent, always ready to die, always confident of a happy immortality, and always sure of meeting Jesus. We quote from the *Bulletin*: "Father Lerda says the murderer has fully repented, and he is convinced that he is prepared to meet his Saviour in the next world." So this good-for-nothing Indian murderer gets the Holy Sacrament, partakes of the consecrated wafer, and amid priestly consolations and pious blessings, is sent up the golden ladder to God; to chant eternal anthems, and to play on golden harps through a blissful immortality in the company and society of angels. Is it not about time that this dreadful and blasphemous mockery of holy things should cease? Is not the civilization of the age sufficiently advanced to dispense with this offensive and swindling cant? Is there not some other kind of religion and religious teaching to take the place of the confessions of penitent murders on the gallows, and the hypocritical nonsense of priests and preachers, who take such pride in cheating the devil, and imposing upon God by surreptitiously sneaking murderers into heaven? Heaven must be nearly full of penitent thieves and murderers by this time. If there is a hell, and the Indian Salvador is not now roasting in it, then the devil has been robbed of his just due, and God has been imposed upon.

## INTERESTING TO DEMOCRATS.

We commend to our political readers a careful perusal of the following most important letter. It was written by a Democrat of national reputation. If the truth of any of the details are questioned by any whose names are mentioned therein, or by any one of authority in the Democratic party, we are authorized to surrender the name of the writer upon request. It was written under the following circumstances: During the month of August last, a gentleman connected with investigations of the Government, was journeying in Southern Nevada. At White Pine he encountered Hon. Wm. Chandler, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and afterward Chairman of the Republican National Committee. They took the stage-coach together for the town of Ward. During the night's ride they had a conversation relating to the times when they had been in office together, and to the subsequent political history of the country. Judge Reeves, of Nevada, was in the coach, and heard the whole conversation. Finally, Mr. Chandler was asked what he thought of the present situation. His reply was that Lucius Robinson, Mr. Tilden's friend and adherent, would be pushed upon the New York Democracy; that they would be compelled to nominate him, and would possibly elect him; that his election would be tantamount to the nomination of Tilden next year by the Democratic National Convention; and that he hoped this would occur, because Tilden was the easiest candidate for the Republicans to beat.

"But suppose Robinson is elected and Tilden not nominated?" asked the Democrat.

"The supposition is impossible," rejoined Mr. Chandler. "In the event of Robinson's election, Tilden is sure to be nominated. You can not fly in the face of the preponderating vote of New York in your National Convention, and Robinson will be sure to organize and control it in the interest of Tilden."

"But suppose I know and can prove that of Mr. Tilden which would render his nomination odious to my party," said the Democrat, "might I not save the country from the chance of being ruled by a false and bad man?" And he rapidly recounted the events related in the letter now published.

Mr. Chandler listened to the recital with great attention.

"Your statement is entirely damaging to Tilden," said he. "But why did you not make it in 1876?"

"Because I was away off here in the desert attending to my official duties, and paid no attention to politics. I feel now that to make this statement is a duty I owe to the country."

"It is," rejoined Mr. Chandler. "But, speaking as a Republican, I would rather you did not make it. We should like nothing better than to meet your forces under the leadership of Tilden again. We have not expended half of our ammunition upon him yet. However, it is too late for you to do anything now. Robinson will be nominated in a fortnight, and you will then have to take Tilden or nobody."

The Democrat thought otherwise, but said nothing more. The friends parted at Ward, Mr. Chandler going to Osceola, and the Democrat to Pioche. After transacting his affairs at that place he suddenly left for New York, and arrived there in ten days' time.

He at once saw John Kelly, and told him his story. The Tammany chieftain was profoundly impressed by it.

"We all knew that Tilden was false," said he, "but we had no idea of the extent of his treachery. This lays his whole character bare, and explains the aversion of our leaders to this man. We shall have made a narrow escape if we can avoid nominating his henchman, Robinson. I will lay the matter before Tammany Hall, and, if occasion offer, you shall lay it before the Convention, at Syracuse."

That night Tammany Hall passed a resolution declaring it impossible for them to accept the nomination of Lucius Robinson for Governor. At a subsequent meeting of the delegates Mr. Kelly stated that it was desirable that two Democrats of national reputation should go as delegates to Syracuse, and called for resignations in favor of David Dudley Field and the writer of the following letter. A number of resignations were offered, two were selected, and the two gentlemen named were duly accredited as members of the Tammany delegation to Syracuse. And thus, within a fortnight after the conversation with Mr. Chandler on the plains of southeastern Nevada, the witness of Mr. Tilden's perfidy sat in the New York State Convention, and there nerved his colleagues to resist and subvert the intrigues of a false leader. The result of this and other circumstances was the secession of Tammany Hall from the Convention, the organization of a bolting convention, and its nomination of John Kelly for Governor of New York.

### An Open Letter to John Kelly.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 10, 1879.

HON. JOHN KELLY, Tammany Hall, New York:

DEAR SIR:—I embrace the earliest opportunity to lay before you and my other colleagues of the Tammany delegation more fully than was practicable during our recent meetings, the grounds of my opposition to Mr. Tilden. If it be asked why I did not state these matters openly in the Convention, my reply is that, although we all knew that Robinson was Tilden's adherent and representative, no connection between the men was brought out during the debates, and that, therefore, no suitable opportunity occurred to set forth these matters publicly.

They were, however, freely discussed in private before and during the Convention, and, I am happy to believe, did much to nerve the great resolution which distinguished the action of Tammany Hall.

My opposition to Mr. Tilden is due to the knowledge of the fact that to serve his own selfish purposes he deliberately betrayed his party, and in so doing changed for the worse the history and destinies of his country. These transactions relate to the memorable campaign year, 1868. There are plenty of witnesses to its various parts; there is but one witness who can put these parts together, and that one is myself. A close personal friendship, and the hope that Mr. Tilden would voluntarily retire from a contest in which he must have felt conscious he had no right to participate, have hitherto held me back. But since it is manifest that he still intrigues to become President, I deem it my duty to apprise my countrymen of what sort of Presidential timber he is composed.

The great issue that framed the platforms and indicated the Presidential candidates of 1868 was that of paying off the public debt in greenbacks or in coin. Mr. Pendleton was the exponent of the former policy, and so numerous and enthusiastic were his followers that they succeeded in carrying the all-important Third resolution of the Democratic platform. This victory so elated them that they boasted that they would camp down in Tammany Hall until their candidate was nominated; but after many fruitless ballots this was seen to be impracticable, and Mr. Pendleton's friends, finding that they could not rule, determined to ruin. They suddenly massed upon Seymour—one who had repeatedly evinced his objection to any such distinction—and succeeded in carrying a man who for that and other reasons they believed could not be elected.

But Seymour developed more strength than these plotters had imagined. Aside from the bond question the campaign of 1868 had turned at first upon the war issues, in which respect the Republicans had a decided advantage. Later on, however, the questions of expenditures, administrative extravagance, etc., took possession of the public mind in all parts of the country, and bade fair to carry Mr. Seymour into the White House. At this juncture all the marplots of the party came to the front. Mr. Seymour was the single heroic figure of the occasion, and him the politicians intrigued to crush.

The first of these was a beautiful and highly accomplished lady, whose name has lately been brought into an unfortunate prominence, chiefly, as I believe, through her irrepressible passion for political intrigue. Her father had been an unsuccessful candidate before the Democratic National Convention, and, anxious to push his fortunes farther than his counselors had deemed it prudent, it is said that, in the early part of October, she prevailed upon a prominent politician in New York to telegraph to Wash. McLean, Mr. Pendleton's "manager," that the result of the October elections called for a change of candidates; that McLean replied, acting upon the suggestion, and naming Mr. Chase as his first choice in the place of Seymour; and that this reply was placed in the hands of Mr. Barlow, and afterward in those of Mr. Tilden. This matter I relate merely upon hearsay, and as part of the history of the case; which, however, is complete and strong enough without it.

The second of these allies whose ambition or interest helped to defeat the election of Mr. Seymour was Mr. Belmont. This gentleman was, and is still, the agent of the house of Rothschild, who at that time were heavily interested in United States bonds and their payment, principal and interest, in coin. Mr. Belmont exhibited to me in the early part of 1868 a letter, dated, as nearly as I can recollect, Paris, March 13, 1868, and signed by Baron James Rothschild. Beginning with the then pending proposition to convert the 5-20 six per cents into 50-year four per cents, the Baron remarked, substantially, that the process proposed was compulsory and smacked of repudiation; that any other plan than that of paying principal and interest in gold was inadmissible; that the Pendletonian plan was dishonest, and should be opposed with energy; and that ruin would light upon the country in the event of its adoption. While showing me this letter Mr. Belmont manifested the strongest approbation of its contents. From these circumstances I was afterward enabled to understand why Mr. Belmont was so indifferent to the success of our ticket (and its Third resolution) that he deserted his post as chairman of the National Democratic Committee during the campaign, and relegated his duties to Messrs. Tilden and Schell, whilst he amused himself with race-horses and hunting-dogs at Newport.

The third and most formidable ally of the Pendletonian intriguers was Mr. Tilden. This gentleman was himself, although as yet not openly, an aspirant for the Presidency. It was first requisite to control the politics of his own State, and meanwhile necessary to prevent any New Yorker from occupying the White House; otherwise, being himself well advanced in years, his own chances for the coveted preferment would be practically extinguished. These were his motives; his opportunity was Mr. Belmont's neglect of official duty and absence from the city. The instrument selected for the damaging blow which he was about to inflict upon the party was the New York *World*.

Previous to the events now to be related it was generally understood that the *World* was owned between Tilden, Belmont, and Barlow. It was universally regarded and trusted as the organ of the party, and this trust it had tacitly accepted, and has since explicitly admitted. In its editorial of August 24, 1874, on *Pendletonism*, it proudly avowed itself "a leading organ of the Democratic party," spoke of the Democratic as "our party," and admitted the duty of practical coöperation in support of the party's nominees. Going back to the year 1868, the *World* had zealously endorsed the entire platform, including the famous Third resolution, and had supported Mr. Seymour with enthusiastic warmth.

I have said that Mr. Seymour developed much greater strength than had been anticipated, and that in the latter part of September and early part of October the successful diversion of the public mind from the war issues to the finances, gave us every reason to expect an overwhelming victory in November. It was this moment of success and elation that Mr. Tilden selected to betray and defeat his own party.

On the 15th October, 1868, and to the amazement and consternation of every Democrat in the country, except the arch-intriguers who planned and executed the movement, the New York *World* came out flatly against its own ticket, and urged the withdrawal of Mr. Seymour as the Democratic candidate for President! Withdrawal, within two weeks of election day! Withdrawal, when victory was plainly in view! Withdrawal, indeed! It was treason, shameful, outrageous, villainous treason, and I charge Samuel J. Tilden with having been the principal author of it!

The defection of the *World* was at once telegraphed to all parts of the country. The news reached Washington on the same morning (Thursday) that it was published. I was an officer of the Treasury at that time, and did not deem it becoming to take an active part in politics. I was nevertheless upon terms of intimacy with the Congressional Democratic Executive Committee, and had frequently shared its deliberations. Colonel Jonah D. Hoover, who was the chairman of the organization, called upon me at the Treasury with a copy of the *World* article in his hand. We read it over together, and admitted its irreparably disastrous effects. Unless instantly and explicitly disavowed, repudiated, and condemned by the Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. Belmont, and his coadjutors, Messrs. Tilden and Schell, it would rend the party to pieces and set up a dozen rival aspirants for the Presidency. With these convictions, Mr. Hoover at once telegraphed, nominally to Mr. Belmont, but really to Mr. Tilden, who was acting in his stead, demanding to know the meaning of the *World* article, and whether the Committee (that is, Tilden and Schell acting for Belmont) were in any way responsible for it. To this telegram no reply was received that day: an act of neglect on the part of Tilden that furnishes the first but a most important link of positive evidence against him.

While awaiting such reply a meeting of Democratic leaders was called at the office of the *National Intelligencer* to consider what should be done in the emergency. This meeting took place at 9 P. M., nearly twelve hours after Colonel Hoover had telegraphed to Tilden. There were present:

Alexander Randall, Postmaster-General of the United States.
Colonel Jonah D. Hoover, ex-Marshal of the District of Columbia.
Mr. Worden, President Johnson's Private Secretary.
John F. Coyle, Proprietor of the *Intelligencer*, and afterward Tilden's intimate friend and emissary in the Florida election affair of 1876.
Mr. Snow, Coyle's business partner.
Colonel Whitely, Editor of the *Intelligencer*.
Alexander Del Mar, Director of the United States Bureau of Statistics.

Colonel Hoover opened the meeting by referring to the *World* article and his telegram to Tilden. Twelve hours had elapsed, and no reply had been received to the telegram. It appeared evident, possibly for reasons which were too dark for him to see through, that the New York politicians were bent upon destroying the party. What was to be done?

Mr. Coyle said there was no destruction about it. The thing was as plain as a pikestaff. It was useless to doubt that the *World* article was authorized by the New York Committee. The *World* was owned and governed by the Committee, and would not have dared to print so momentous an article without their concurrence. The result of the October elections had doubtless prompted the movement. For his part he was prepared to second it. We must keep the party together by rallying under a common flag, and victory might yet be ours. With these views Mr. Whitely had seen the Chief Justice, urged him to carry the standard which had been snatched from the weak hands of Seymour, and had met with such encouragement that he had caused to be written and had determined to publish the following article in the *Intelligencer:*

"THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.—We lay before the readers of the "*Intelligencer* this morning the following significant article of the New "York *World*. We are convinced that the Democratic party seek only "the restoration of the Constitution of 1789. In putting forward a "ticket in the present temper of the country we have always maintained "they should have kept in view the fact that the Republicans were decided in sentiment upon the measures of reconstruction, as well as "upon the finances. It is unquestionably true that the Republicans, "before the adoption of these measures, constituted a majority of the "Northern people. In putting up a ticket, then, sound policy and patriotism commanded that the Democrats should distinctly recognize as "within the pale of their organization all who opposed the measures to "which we have referred. The New York Convention thought otherwise and nominated Governor Seymour and General Blair.

"Those nominations, we admit, were judicious enough if the object "alone was to maintain the integrity of the Democratic party; but we "have again and again declared that the preservation of the Union "under the authority of its organic law was the grand purpose we had "in view in entering upon the canvass of 1868. As a minority could "avail little in such a work, policy and sound principles demanded nominations which would largely draw from conservative men of both "parties. That demand was not heeded, but it is still in full force, and "now is the time to obey it. If Mr. Seymour and General Blair will "withdraw, as we doubt not they will, let those having authority "substitute *Chief Justice Chase in place of the former and* General "W. S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania; John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts; Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana; General Thomas Ewing, "of Kansas; General W. B. Franklin, of Pennsylvania, or some one of "that character of men, *in place of the latter;* and the victory in November will be ours. We need another battle of Winchester, where "a change of commanders in the midst of the fight brought us a glorious victory, as the nominations to which we have referred will crown "our efforts with success in the battle of November."

I then asked Mr. Whitely if Judge Chase thought that anybody had a right to remove Mr. Seymour's name from the ticket without his consent; and that even supposing his consent were obtained, and Mr. Chase's name could legally be substituted for his, whether Mr. Chase thought that there was the slightest hope of winning a cause which seemed so liable to be betrayed?

Mr. Whitely admitted that Judge Chase had doubted the existence of any authority to remove Mr. Seymour's name from the ticket, and that on account of the lateness and unexpectedness of the *World's* defection the cause was hopelessly lost. But that it was still time to keep the party from going to pieces, and that if the use of his name could help to effect this object, he would gladly lend it; but only after consultation with Mr. Seymour, and the fullest approbation on all sides.*

I then said that I had been a member of the committee which had endeavored to procure Judge Chase's nomination at the National Convention, that I yielded to no man in devotion to Judge Chase, and that because of these facts I objected to taking advantage of his amiability and degrading his great name by mixing it up with this shameful defection. And especially did I object to it before any reply had been received from Mr. Tilden regarding the authorship of the movement.

These remarks prevailed so far as to induce Mr. Coyle to strike out the name of Judge Chase and the other italicised words from his proposed article; and in this altered form it was published the next morning. Proof slips of both articles are now in my possession. The revised article was handed to Mr. Worden, for the Associated Press, and in a quarter of an hour's time it had flown to the corners of the continent. The meeting broke up at eleven o'clock. After midnight Col. Hoover received the following dispatch from Tilden:

"NEW YORK, October 15.

"JONAH D. HOOVER, ESQ., Washington, D. C.:

"No authority or possibility to change front. All friends consider it "totally impracticable, and equivalent to disbanding our forces. We "in New York are not panic-stricken.
S. J. TILDEN,
"AUGUST BELMONT,
"AUGUSTUS SCHELL."

It will be observed that the dispatch merely says that a change of front was impracticable and ruinous, which we knew as well before it was received as afterward. It wholly omits to disavow, repudiate, or condemn the *World* article; or to state whether or not it was authorized by the Committee, or any member thereof. This was the all-important point; and it was the omission, neglect, and, afterward, refusal to answer this question that threw the party into a disastrous rout, and accomplished the treasonable object of Mr. Tilden.

When this dispatch was received in Washington, the article which it had been determined to print had already flown all over the country, and was on the *Intelligencer* press. It was too late to change the course of the paper, even if Mr. Coyle had so desired—a thing which, in view of his more recent transactions, is to be greatly doubted.

The next day I had a long interview with President Johnson. Said he: "It is quite evident that Tilden and Belmont control the *World*, and for sordid reasons have instigated this movement to defeat the party; else why did they send you an evasive dispatch at so critical a moment? In case I am wrong there is yet time to carry the election. Go you to New York, see Mr. Tilden himself, and ask him, point blank, whether he or any of the Committee were privy to the publication in the *World*. If he repudiates it, let him do so in writing, and flash it over the country at once. That will save the party and elect Seymour. Go to-day, and with my fervent wishes for your success."

I started for New York by the first train, and arrived in the metropolis on Saturday morning. At this juncture the disorder throughout the country was intense. Some of the Democratic papers were putting up Chase, others Hancock, Pendleton, Hendricks, Ewing, Thurman, Johnson, etc. There was no unanimity among them, except in the conviction that the refusal to go on with Seymour had emanated from the Committee, and was the deliberate act of that body, undertaken for good and sufficient cause, which no loyal Democrat had need to question.

The first person I called upon was Mr. Belmont. He was out of town—at Newport, I was informed. I then went to Mr. Tilden's house, opposite Gramercy Park. Mr. Tilden had gone out of town—not known whither—supposed north. I had resided during the previous month with Mr. Tilden, and knew something of his habits—a circumstance which now afforded me a clew to his whereabouts. With this clew in hand I went to Mr. Schell's. Out of town. Mrs. Schell said she was not at liberty to say whither her husband had gone. I mentioned the urgency of the occasion, when she said enough to enable me, with my other clew, to guess at the truth. I went immediately to the Western Union office, and telegraphed to Samuel J. Tilden and Augustus Schell, care of Horatio Seymour, Utica, New York, appointing to meet them at Mr. Tilden's house on Sunday, at 3 P. M. Another day gone, and the party crumbling to pieces all the time! But there was no help for it. All I could do was to wait.

However, I did not wait idly. I went to see John T. Hoffman, who was then Mayor and at his post of office. In reply to my eager questions on the subject, Mr. Hoffman stated that in his opinion a change of front was preposterous and impracticable, that the suggestion was most unfortunate, and that so far as he knew—but he could not speak positively, for he possessed no information on the subject—such suggestion was neither made by nor with the knowledge of the Committee.

The general belief that the Committee was privy to the publication of the *World* article was not weakened by Mr. Hoffman's communication. He plainly knew nothing of the matter.

* There is said to be extant a letter to the same effect, from Judge Chase to Alexander Long, of Cincinnati, dated Washington, October 17, 1868.

I next saw several other of our leaders, but all with the same result. The movement had taken them by surprise; it was totally uncalled for; it was treacherous and disastrous; and they did not know who to regard as responsble for it. Tilden, said they, was the bottom figure in the problem; and until I saw Tilden it was useless to pursue the matter further.

But I did pursue it. I went to Manton Marble's. "In God's name," I cried, "what induced you to print such an article on the eve of election, when everything promised us success?"

"What right have you to put such a question to me?" retorted Marble.

"The right of an honest man, the right of a Democrat, the right of the candidate whose interests I represent."

"This paper is not a Democratic organ," cried Marble. "It is not the organ of any party. It is an independent sheet, and does not propose to be controlled by politicians."

"Why, sir," said I, "it is owned by politicians—by Tilden, Barlow, Belmont—"

"There is where you are mistaken," said Marble. "Those gentlemen have no longer any interest in the paper. A few days ago I became its sole owner and proprietor."

"Mr. Marble," said I, "it matters not what you call your paper or who owns it. The Democratic party trusted you, and you accepted the trust. Now, what has induced you to betray it? You must answer this question, or others will answer it for you."

"You persist in regarding this paper as a Democratic sheet," replied Marble. "Well, I will now prove to you how utterly mistaken you are. I have told you that I am the sole owner of it. I care so little for the Democratic or any other party that I am prepared to make any of them the subject of a sensation. What will you say when I tell you that my demand for the removal of Seymour was purely a newspaper sensation, and that it has greatly increased the circulation of the *World?*"

I looked at the man in amazement and indignation. And so it had come to this, that the great political party with which I had worked for twenty years—the party of Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, Jackson, and Douglas, had fallen to the office of a plaything for this Judas Iscariot!

"There is nothing to be said to such an avowal," I replied with heat. "Its infamy repels all comment," and I left the place.

I saw through the whole scheme. The *World* had been the price of its own treachery.† I saw that in dealing with Mr. Tilden I had to deal with a cold and selfish man, who would stick at nothing to accomplish his object, whether it happened to be the Presidency of the United States or the favor of the house of Rothschild.

The next day at three o'clock I was at Mr. Tilden's house in Twentieth Street. There were present Messrs. Tilden, Schell, John T. Hoffman, Col. North or Northup (the secretary of the committee who attended to the mailing of campaign documents), a nephew of Gov. Seymour, and several others whom I can not at present recall.

"Mr. Tilden," said I, "the chosen and trusted organ of the party has deserted its standard and organized a panic on the eve of victory. The moment this occurred, we in Washington telegraphed you to know if it had been authorized by the committee which represents the party. Your reply was tardy and unsatisfactory. We did not receive it until it was too late to prevent the *Intelligencer*, and the Southern press generally, from hoisting independent banners. It failed to inform us explicitly whether or not the committee had authorized the change of front; and, in consequence of the uncertainty which this omission occasioned, the general belief is that the committee did authorize, or, at least, connive at it. Hence the party is broken into several factions, each of which is offering a different candidate in place of Seymour. Unless this confusion is ended at once, the party will inevitably go to pieces. I now ask you and Mr. Schell, as members of the National Committee, acting for Mr. Belmont, whether you authorized, or were in any way privy to, or responsible for, the *World* article?"

Mr. Schell declared, without any hesitation, that, so far as he was concerned, he knew nothing about it. Mr. Tilden commenced to defend the propriety of his conduct in relation to the telegram.

I reminded Mr. Tilden that it was useless to go over this subject. The point for the country was, did you or did you not authorize this movement? If you did not, say so at once, explicitly, and over your signature, and the panic will end.

Mr. Tilden objected to signing any paper on the subject. Deadlock.

Here Mr. Hoffman got up, and in a pointed and energetic speech approved of all I had said, and united with me in demanding that an explicit and written denial of any complicity on the part of the committee with the betrayal of the party should be prepared and given to the country at once.

Col. North here leaned over to me and said, in a whisper: "For all this, I predict that you will not get the paper." I whispered back, "I predict that I will."

Mr. Tilden showing signs of yielding, I sat down at the table and penned a dispatch from the National Committee to the Democratic State Agent in Illinois, setting forth explicitly that the *World* article was without authority or knowledge of the National Executive Committee, or either of its members; that a change of front was out of the question; that victory was certain if the party held together; and wound up with a rally. Mr. Schell signed the paper without any scruples. Mr. Tilden eyed it all over, suggested several verbal alterations, all of which were made to suit him, and signed it with extreme reluctance and many questions as to what was proposed to be done with it. No sooner was his name down than I blotted the paper, folded it up, cast a look of triumph at Col. North, and moved toward the door.

"Gentlemen," said I, "time is precious. This important document shall be on the wires within fifteen minutes."

My hand was on the door knob. Mr. Tilden ran after me and caught me by the arm.

"Mr. ——," said he, "that document is incomplete without Mr. Belmont's signature. I refuse to let it go without it."

"Mr. Belmont is at Newport," I cried. "He has declined to act any further as Chairman of the National Committee, and left all his powers in your hands. You are fully authorized to act for him; and whether you are or not, it is your signature and not his that is important at the present juncture."

Mr. Tilden reiterated his objection, and demanded the return of the paper. The objection appeared so reasonable that nobody sided with me. Col. North smiled sarcastically. I held on to the paper a moment longer. Mr. Tilden promised positively to obtain Mr. Belmont's signature and to put the paper on the wires the very next day. It was only the loss of a few hours.

Could I doubt the word of a gentleman who was my friend and had so lately been my host, especially when given at such a time and under such circumstances? Impossible. I handed him back the paper, and the meeting broke up. When I got into the street and by myself I felt that our cause was lost. There was something about Tilden's air which betokened a profound insincerity.

The next day I returned to Washington. We all looked for Mr. Tilden's dispatch; looked for it day after day, but it never came. He had suppressed it. By election day the party was all broken up, and there were a score of candidates in the field. It was a lost cause—lost through the intrigue and treachery of Samuel J. Tilden, and his accomplice and tool, Belmont and Marble.

This is why I oppose Tilden for President, and this is why I oppose Lucius Robinson for Governor of New York. In his arbitrary and unjust removal of Gumbleton and Smith, and in other ways, Mr. Robinson has plainly discovered his intention to use his political opportunities to elevate Tilden to the Presidency. I trust that Mr. Robinson will now see his mistake. The *World*, under another management, has taken a new departure and turned its back upon Tilden. Let Mr. Robinson do the same thing, by resigning in favor of a candidate whom no unfortunate ignorance of Mr. Tilden's true character has made either his friend, his adherent, or his tool.

A DEMOCRAT.

† The New York *Leader* (Tammany organ), of September 11, 1869, alluded to Marble's "coincident sale of the masses and purchase of a Fifth Avenue house last November."

The foregoing letter is so particular in detail, and so interwoven are its facts with other facts that are known and historical, that it must impress all readers as entirely reliable. It will exercise—and rightfully—an influence on the pending result in New York, and must exert a controlling interest upon the future political course of Governor Tilden. This is not a trifling accusation, and will not be passed in silence. Of its truth the character of the writer is a sufficient guarant[illegible] ent of the internal evidences of the article itself.

## THE MYSTERY OF BOTTLE GREEN VALLEY.

### THE PRELUDE.

Robert Edwards was a handsome man. There was no use denying that, even if one had been jealous minded or inclined to be carpingly critical. For had not young Dr. Blake, the village dandy, who had been to Paris and Vienna and "abroad" generally—had not he decided the question, absolutely and for ever, by declaring that Bob Edwards was the "handsomest fellow" he had ever seen; and, furthermore, that if he—Charley Blake—were "one half as handsome," he could "catch all the girls in Bottle Green Valley, in the first six months?"

"A clever fellow, too," said the same high authority; "and, by capsicum! he minds his own business—the first school-master I ever met who did though, by nicotine!"

The fluent M. D., while "abroad," had acquired the habit of using medical, or chemical, terms, in lieu of more orthodox swearing; and his profanity, like his practice, ran largely to stimulants.

But the new principal of the Redan graded school made no effort to catch the girls of Bottle Green Valley, and pursued the even tenor of his laborious way with rare industry, and tantalizing disregard of all things feminine outside the school-house palings.

All that memorable autumn and winter, throughout the length and breadth of the pleasant valley, dances, dinner parties, literary entertainments, and church sociables, were projected and carried successfully along. But at the dances, to which he contributed with becoming open-handedness, he was always a wall weed; and neither church social nor literary medley ever won from him that active participation which many worthy persons believed to be the school-master's "bounden duty." Not that he shut himself within himself. He was uniformly cheerful and courteous; had ever a nod for the village young men, a smile for the children, a graceful lifting of the hat for the maids and matrons who met him in the streets; he used even to play ball, marbles, "bull in the ring," and "drop the handkerchief," with his pupils; but there was about him so much reserve of temperament, that those who brushed against him in the routine of life rarely failed to yield him prompt apology, only to discover that he had not even noticed them. He was evidently a studious young man, but even more reticent than studious.

"What the b—brimstone does he do with his time, I wonder! He doesn't write for the papers, for I heard him say to Parson Rouse that amateur literary fellows were generally either "light headed," or "out at elbows"—or both. What *does* he do?"

Dr. Charley Blake was the anxious querist, and his pretty married sister was his listener.

"How should I know?" she replied; but it set her to thinking.

Now, there were certain unquenchable persons in Redan village—chiefly feminine, of course—who were not to be put down by the young man's far-away cordiality and airy courtesy. They demanded more than blank civility of the gifted young fellow who had fallen in their midst, and they were determined upon having what they believed to be their "rights."

Mrs. Frank Somerton was the "biggest gun" in Redan society. She gave better parties, "ran" more successful church benefits, created more dazzling sensations, and made more matches than any other woman in the valley. This lady was sister to young Dr. Blake, and the wife of Redan's leading merchant. A plump, audacious midget of a woman, with a tongue in her head and brains to guide it, and a good heart to sweeten the bitter—when her temper did not run away with her judgment. It was she who set the ball of inquisition rolling in the direction of the new principal—the handsome, self-contained young gentleman, whose only apparent care seemed centred upon the hopeful urchins under his watchful brown eyes.

"It is a shame for that splendid fellow to shut himself in like a hermit, when the very nicest girl in the valley is fancy free."

"It *is* a shame, Lou, by chloral!" chimed in her learned brother. "You ought to trot him out, and put him in training. But if you mean to amputate my chances with Sallie Dunning, then I consider it compoundedly unsisterlike of you, that's all."

"I wish you'd leave behind that tiresome slang of the shop when you come among ladies, Charles; and become a better listener, and interfere less, and—"

"That's a dose, Lou; *peccavi, peccavi.*"

"I was about saying, Mrs. Jenkyns," continued the dandy's sister, impressively, "when my ill-bred brother interrupted me—I was about saying that we must take up Mr. Edwards."

"Take him up tenderly," hummed the incorrigible.

"Charles," snapped his sister, viciously, "I warn you fairly. Another impertinence from you, and I'll send you a patient this very afternoon."

"Then consider me dumb at once."

"Yes, we must take him up, Mrs. Jenkyns, and make him useful to society. So much talent must not be allowed to waste itself inside the walls of a country school-house—"

"Or a nunnery, either, b—"

"Charles, you may be excused," said his sister, firmly; and the dandy scapegrace bowed himself out of the room.

Besides the pretty hostess there remained three ladies in Mrs. Somerton's parlors. Of these Mrs. Jenkyns, a portly, middle-aged matron of imposing front, was manifestly the most important. She was the widow of the late "Jedge Jenkins," who had been too proudly democratic to spell it with a "y," and the polished and ponderous relict was a ruling magnate among the "upper tendom" of Bottle Green Valley. What she lacked in brains and culture she made up in wealth and traditionary prestige, and so she came to be the effective complement of pretty Mrs. Somerton, and the irreverent dubbed them "the team."

Mrs. Judge Jenkyns did not illuminate broadly in a conversational or literary way, but she had a habit of assenting to propositions which she did not quite understand—provided she believed in the authors—which her pretty *confrère* at least thought very charming; and it was clearly defined treason to breathe disparagement of the Judge's widow within the purlieus of Mrs. Somerton's influence.

The other ladies present that day are not essential to the conduct of this tale, and need not be described.

The important debate, whose inception has been so crudely indicated above, was carried on briskly after the Doctor's dismissal, its essential backbone being supplied by the lively monologue of the hostess. Its result was a unanimous agreement that "the team" should visit the Redan School on the following day, in order to make an inventory of the handsome principal's affairs and purposes, in the interest of sociability and the general weal.

The worthy inquisitors had also another reason for their projected visit. That very morning the new lady assistant from 'Frisco had arrived, who had been engaged to fill the vacancy caused by Flora Redman's unannounced defection on behalf of the seductive driver of the San Flores coach, and the visitors wished to find out for themselves if the new comer were worth "taking up."

Miss Mopsa Angelo was in "doleful dumps." The night before had been her first experience of Redan, and she had not enjoyed it. She had come from San Francisco *via* San Flores, Sunday, reaching her destination after dark. When she woke in the morning all Bottle Green Valley was shrouded in a thick "Bodega mist." The view from her window in Stump's Hotel was anything but inspiriting. A rambling block of wooden houses, alternate "store" and "gin-mill," flanked by watering troughs and hog wallows, blinked through the fog in the unkempt foreground. Above, and to the left and right, nothing but "fog, fog, fog;" not even the ghost of a liberty pole to thrill her with the assurance that she still lived under the flutter of republican bunting. All was dreary, and dirty, and profoundly disagreeable.

The young lady was a creature of moods, and the present one was in dismal consonance with the cheerless morning. She did not forget that, on rare occasions, it is foggy in San Francisco and London, and other large towns, but she said to herself, almost angrily:

"I thought they had sunlight in the country. I wish I'd stayed at home."

Creatures of mood are a sort of a moral mustang. One never knows just where to put one's hand on them, and, indeed, it is generally safer not to try the experiment at all. Yet a woman of moods is at times the most charming of creatures, and the man who is skilled in the management thereof is the most enviable of men.

If the young San Franciscan could have seen beyond the dingy breadth of Main Street, westward to the freshness of the pine clad uplands, and away to the northwest, where the redwoods on Irish Ridge stand like an outward bastion of the forest—that interminable forest which stretches north into the blue distance; if she could have looked eastward over the fair San Flores Valley, to where the splendid profile of St. Helena Mountain overlooks five counties—the possibilities of an empire; to the southeast where the white houses of San Flores glimmer among the oaks, and distance lends enchantment to a grouping of severest prose; and then directly south where a score of beautiful homes nestle close to the outlying knolls, and brighten the landscape for five miles, till the fringe of valley ends in the craggy abruptness of Freestone Hill; if she could have had just then even a glimpse of the exceptional, almost unique, beauty of the region she had entered, her spirits that morning would have been very different. As it was she felt "dreadfully homesick."

And yet she had not left a pleasant home, in the sense most of us mean when we use the sacred name so lightly. She was an orphan, too high mettled to live dependent upon her brothers and her married sister, and too distrustful of self to dare anything but "teaching," which all her authorities agreed in calling "woman's work."

"And this is Redan—I wonder if I shall live to call it Sedan," she said to herself, with a half-hearted skit at that worst of witticisms, the historical joke. And at breakfast, having no appetite, she scribbled a postal card in pencil, to "dearest Laura" Savage, S. F., in which she wrote more than one expression not at all complimentary to the hamlet; which expressions caused the Redan postmaster to scratch his head and mutter: "Why wunt them wimmen never lern to rite letters."

"My name is Mopsa Angelo. I have come to teach the primary room. Some one was to meet me at the hotel this morning, before school, but I tired of waiting. I think this place is dreadful."

That is what Robert Edwards heard when he looked up from his desk in the Redan school-house, on a certain morning in August, 187–. And this was what he saw at a first glance: a plain, brown, little thing, of the Jane Eyre pattern, looking discontentedly at the faded walls and the shabby furniture of the school-room. He saw, too, that she scarcely noticed him at all—as if he was merely part of the whole unpleasantness.

"You are my new assistant," he said, kindly, but somewhat stiffly, for he was studying her as he spoke, and the pastime was not instantly fascinating. "You are my new assistant?"

"I suppose so," she answered, forlornly; and then she looked at him scrutinizingly for the first time, and then she blushed.

"I thought the principal was an old man, with blue spectacles—Laura Savage told me he was."

"Then you know Miss Savage?" he asked, musingly; for she and he had been playmates once upon a time, and were not, latterly, very close friends.

"She is my dearest chum. It was she secured me this position, through Mr. Van—Van something—a trustee of yours."

"Mr. Van Whindle?"

"Yes, but it was real mean of her, wasn't it?" And the young woman smiled for the first time that morning.

The smile was a revelation to the school-master. It showed him a very strange sort of face—brimming with smiles, and merry laughter, and winsome sauciness; and yet full of explosive willfulness, and tart irony, and unreasoning impatience. Robert Edwards had a queer way of looking at things, which, when hardened into set resolve, was extremely tenacious and unyielding. He looked at the girl's strange face for a moment, and then said to himself, swiftly and as if inspired: "I shall marry that girl."

### THE PLOT.

The principal of the Redan school sat alone at his desk during the forenoon recess of the following day; before him a draughting book, on which he was sketching rude designs of certain mechanical apparatus—for the young man was an amateur inventor, having theories of his own touching certain unsettled mechanical questions. There came a sharp feminine knock at the door, and "the team" entered.

The school-master advanced to meet the visitors, and said politely: "I am glad to see you, ladies."

"I'm sure you should be, sir," said pretty Mrs. Somerton, shaking hands; "we can't do this sort of thing often; the social tension won't allow; will it, Mrs. Jenkyns?"

"Oh, yes! of course not, certainly," assented the Judge's widow, who panted vigorously, after the climb.

"Can you imagine why we have come to see you, Mr. Edwards?" asked the younger lady; and before he could answer she went on in her blandest tones: "We have come to catechise you, sir; to be meddlesome, impertinent, positively unlady-like—for your sake. Are you married, Mr. Enwards?"

The principal did not wince, nor even laugh nervously, as most young men would have done; but he answered in faultlessly courteous tones, though somewhat gravely: "No, Mrs. Somerton, I am not married."

"Engaged, then?"

"No, madam."

"Then, sir, you are in our hands. I saw you glance at the clock; we will leave you to your duties for the present. But, *remember!*"

He touched his call bell, and the monitor of the day struck the big gong, which told that recess time was at an end. If Mr. Edwards was annoyed by the eccentric behavior of the two society field marshals, he certainly did not betray his emotion as the pupils filed in. But, during the afternoon, when Master Philip Somerton—a precocious, rather masterful, eight-year-old—set the room a giggling at some juvenile repartee, the teacher said to him, quietly, "Phil, when you go home, please say to your mother that I can't realize that you inherit your excessive talkativeness from *either* of your parents."

"Miss Angelo, is it not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is Mrs. Jenkyns, of whose distinguished husband, the late Judge Jenkyns, you have doubtless heard. I am Mrs. Frank Somerton; and may we stay a little while?"

"Certainly," said the new assistant, who had bowed to the great lady with distant awe, being rewarded by a fat smile, which, curiously, was not in the least unpleasant; and then she felt her little hand squeezed graciously by another little hand, and she almost feared the tiny fire engine of a woman was about to kiss her. But nothing so unconventional happened just then. The children came in and behaved wonderfully well, under the spell of Mrs. Jenkyns gold rimmed spectacles, perhaps. So, before the noon hour came, Miss Angelo was positively thankful for the intrusion.

After the children were dismissed, Mrs. Somerton said to the young lady: "You must come home with us for lunch. I positively can not accept any excuse. No one else will be there—not even my husband, not even my boy."

So, under protest, the stranger accompanied the two great people; and, before she had left the Somerton residence, she had entered the great army of Mrs. Somerton's ardent admirers.

"I tell you *she* is the wife for him," said the junior member of "the team," musingly.

It was not often that the Judge's widow—with all her elephantine hauteur—ventured to dissent from an opinion of her more self-assertive colleague. But this was a special occasion. Yesterday's scheme of action had decided that Miss Sallie Dunning—the acknowledged belle of the valley—was to enjoy the exceptional favor of being maneuvred into the matrimonial noose in company with Mr. Robert Edwards; and Sallie Dunning was Mrs. Judge Jenkyns niece. After a while, and in rather a quavering voice, the widow said: "But I thought—"

"Oh, yes! I remember; but I've decided differently. Sallie won't do for him, nor he for Sallie. Two such good looking people would dull each other. There should be contrast in such affairs. I didn't reflect on what I said yesterday, and I'm sure you will agree with me when you consider a moment."

Mrs. Judge Jenkyns was a prudent woman, slow to anger, and the reverse of voluble; she followed the lead of more rapid folk—particularly of Mrs. Somerton—pretty uniformly, and generally with greater wisdom than she would have shown by being original or independent; but there were moments when her righteous soul rebelled against the velvet tyranny of her lively chief. The occasion indicated above was a moment in question. Resentment of the cavalier ring of her friend's dictum, and a certain justifiable family covetousness, combined to crowd the worthy widow's soul with strong resentment. It was too much, this whimsical impulsiveness, which had caused her associate to abandon so meritorious a plan; and she felt compelled to assert herself with some emphasis, and at explicit length, in defense of her outraged social right.

"May I explain myself fully, my dear Mrs. Somerton?" she asked, hesitatingly and almost timidly, for the instinct of obedience was still strong within her; and, as has been previously explained, "my dear Mrs. Somerton" had a tongue in her head.

The little lady raised her pretty eye-brows just perceptibly, and answered, sweetly, "Of course, Mrs. Jenkyns, of course."

Thus encouraged, the other began to explain, hesitatingly at first, how sorry she was that there should arise any difference between two old friends who had worked together, so long and so harmoniously, for the peace and comfort and well-being of the community. At this juncture the junior schemer elevated her pretty eyebrows another point, but made no effort at interruption; and the other, stimulated by the silence, went on to say that she felt deeply about the matter; that even before anything had been formally said about it, she had cherished the belief that her niece and the new principal would make an *excellent* match, and she was of that opinion still. Furthermore, that it seemed to her quite unsafe to arrange so grave a matter on such slight knowledge concerning one of the parties thereto, and that she should feel constrained to protest against the new arrangement, quite independently of her own preferences in the premises. Here the widow waxed valiant at the echo of her own fluency, and elevated her tones; but Mrs. Somerton was still silent, though her face had assumed an expression of almost painful astonishment, and the blaze in her angry eyes was ominous.

"And that isn't all, Mrs. Somerton. Folks has opinions

of their own on matters and things. Folks can't allers be led by one pussun, no matter how smart and capable; and I am 'bliged to remark, Mrs. Somerton, that a pussun of my soshall standin' can't allers swaller my own judgment at your beck and call."

It was lack of breath which compelled the irate and panting relict of the late "Kounty Jedge" to "pause for a reply."

The answer, totally unexpected, was a peal of ironical laughter; so long, so loud, yet so exquisitely modulated—for Mrs. Somerton's voice was like a chime of sleigh-bells—that the orator almost forgot her wrath, half pleased and half in terror.

"Now, my *dear* Mrs. Somerton," continued the widow, blunderingly, "I think ——"

But the little woman was herself again, and interrupted blithely, "Now, please, my *dear, considerate* Mrs. Jenkyns, don't begin to think. Silent, unquestioning acquiescence becomes you so much better. You are a sort of presiding elder among the rest of us, you know—an imposing figurehead for the end of the room, a big flourishing official signature, so to speak, but you mustn't imagine you have any *veto* power, my dear."

The Judge's widow did not further compromise her dignity by any additional display of eloquence, and the good-natured chief, recovering her natural politeness the moment she had silenced her ambitious sub., fairly burdened her with pretty acknowledgments of her numerous rare and imposing good qualities. But the smart was too galling to be healed by pretty speeches. Mrs. Judge Jenkyns went away from that little *tête-à-tête* love-spat with iron in her soul. Before many days certain of the Redan villagers observed that "the team didn't hitch together as formerly," and within a fortnight it became noised about that Mrs. Somerton and the Judge's widow were no longer on speaking terms.

Quite unconscious of her own share in this awful feud was changeful, mood-governed, rather morbid Mopsa Angelo. Busy with her own duties, engrossed with her own affairs, and perhaps too careless of the little world about her, the new assistant was daily becoming more fully aware how passing handsome and agreeable, and "altogether splendid," Robert Edwards really was; and this despite certain prudential reasons which will transpire anon. Pretty Mrs. Somerton was not altogether blameless for this, and certainly she showed no disposition to shirk her full share of responsibility. Miss Angelo decided to leave the hotel after the first morning; and Mrs. Somerton insisted that she should come and live with her, at a ridiculously nominal monthly payment.

"Thar is wimmin in this yer townd, which would take the bread out of yer moweth, and the roof from yer head. And thar hasn't ben a roach in this yer tavern goin' on 'leven month," said Mr. Sandy Stump to the Redan postmaster, indignantly, over their noon-tide nip.

"You are kerrect, brother Stump," replied the postmaster, "wimmin is queer critters."

Miss Angelo accepted her new friend's good-natured offer, and soon became quite one of the family. Somerton, Sr., "thanked the Lord" that his wife had found a companion a trifle less incongruous than the "Jedge's" widow. Somerton, Jr., used to divide his bed-time kisses rather unfairly in Mopsie's favor, and brother Charley Blake swore by every drug in the pharmacopœia that the little school ma'am was "an oxide ahead of all outdoors." Nor was it many days before Mr. Edwards learned the shortest way to the cozy little lounging room of the leading merchant's house; and if Redan society could only have known it would have opened its eyes and ears, for in that cozy lounging room the reticent Apollo read Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, spouted Shakspeare and Frank Bret Harte, and even sang occasional tenor, in a quartette of which the hostess sang soprano, Miss Angelo contralto, and brother Charley bass.

Like a bubble had disappeared the little lady's plans for "bringing out" the principal, and to the astonishment of all Bottle Green Valley she became suddenly neglectful of all her society duties. She had not given a party for six weeks, not even a dinner party, though she was the most hospitable of entertainers; but, somehow, the principal of the Redan school dined there very often, and brother Charley happened in of an evening pretty uniformly when there was nothing more exciting on foot.

At first society did not grumble very loudly. The influence of the leading merchant's pretty wife was still everywhere patent, and Redan was used to her whimsies. But as the little chief retired more and more within the home shell her quondam associate came to the front in stronger force than ever, and there was fear and trembling among those who remembered Parson Rouse's favorite text: "A house divided against itself may not stand."

THE DENOUEMENT.

Long before this, Mopsa Angelo had seen the landscapes of Bottle Green Valley under the most favorable circumstances. She had wandered under the hill-side pines, with Robert Edwards for naturalist and guide. Together they had climbed the fern-fringed fastness of the Freestone bluffs for the sake of the noble outlook, and to catch a breath of the salty air from the inter-reaching curve of San Pablo Bay; together they had walked to San Flores through the stubble paths, and one long Saturday they had tramped all the way to the summit of Irish Ridge, riding back through the dusk and starlight on Murray Fay's butcher-wagon; a score of happy rambles close to the very soul of things, while the great pulse of Nature beat in unison with their own unquestioning hearts.

Yet all this while the young assistant was nursing a secret which grew daily heavier and more unlovely. She knew that somehow her heart was no longer in her own keeping, and she knew also that Robert Edwards was either her ardent lover or a hypocrite; but she also knew this blissful condition of things was all wrong, wicked, inexcusable, for daily she saw, with cumulative clearness of vision, the far away face of another lover, honest as the sunlight, generous as the rain, whom she had promised to love always, whose letters she answered almost daily, whose ring, slipped from the engaged finger in a moment of playful pique, lay neglected in her trunk to mock at her with its flashing eyes. Certainly there could be no middle course for a sensitive, high principled woman so circumstanced, though never so unfortunately morbid. There was no question in the young girl's mind as to the right and wrong of the matter; but how settle it? That was the question of questions which was always tugging at her conscience-valve to shut it tight with an excuse.

And so the beautiful summer dried up and was blown away piecemeal by its own zephyrs; the autumn came, and the first rains, and the frost, but the dilemma was a dilemma still.

In a month it would be Christmas Day, and in a week the winter vacation would begin, and Mopsa would go back to San Francisco, and then—

By this time Mopsa knew, in so many words, that Robert Edwards loved her, and just as unmistakably the young man knew that his love was returned to the full. Of a surety, also, Mrs. Somerton and Charley Blake knew the tender secret; and of all the four the pretty match-maker was the happiest. For Robert had doubts, which were financial, and Mopsa had regrets, which were moral, and the young doctor thought it was just his "analytical luck" to be too late for the races; but in the pretty schemer's beaker of delight there was not one drop of gall, for hers was the gladness of complete triumph.

With a quaking heart and downcast eyes Mopsa answered "yes" when Robert proposed a Christmas marriage; and that very night she sat down and wrote her faithful, far-off lover a self-scourging letter, full of the bitter kindness of regret. This letter reached its destination almost a week too late.

The next day was Saturday, and Robert came to take Mopsa for their usual ramble. But in obedience to some mysterious feminine premonition, or in sympathy with some equally mysterious secret of the toilet, Miss Angelo decreed to stay at home, and the school-master started alone to walk alone to San Flores Station, promising to return by stage in the evening.

When the train left the San Flores depot a lady had the box seat, and as the next choice was inside, the school-master climbed into the coach and took the strap seat beside the only other inside passenger, a young man, apparently about his own age.

After the first mile the mutual American stiffness of the fellow-passengers relaxed somewhat. A match, a question of locality, a compliment to the weather, *something* set them to talking quite familiarly. After a while the stranger said:

"I stay at Redan."

"So do I," replied Edwards.

"I have come from Puget Sound—to see a friend."

"Have you?"

"A young lady."

"Ah!"

"Yes, she teaches there; a Miss Angelo. Do you know her?"

"Yes, I have that pleasure. I teach, also, in the same school."

"Then, I suppose," observed the stranger, in tones of frank confidence; "then I suppose you have heard her speak of me—of Raymond Ridge."

"I'm afraid I have not, Mr. Ridge. Are you a relative, a connection?"

"No; but we're engaged to be married, and I have come to arrange it all. Do you know where she lives?"

Almost any other man would have betrayed his astonishment in his voice, or otherwise; but Robert Edwards was no ordinary man. His plans were formed in an instant, and fortunately they were the plans of a man of resources. No one hated a lie more explicitly and sweepingly than he; but this was a question which overrode the ethics of previous experience. It was an hour for action, and in that hour the schoolmaster was enough the Jesuit to gird his purpose with the armor of absolute ruthlessness. So, with scarcely a second's hesitation, he said: "Yes, Miss Angelo lives with Mrs. Frank Somerton, at the forks of the road, which I will show you presently; but I happen to know that there is serious illness in the house, and—though perhaps I am taking an unpardonable liberty—I think it would be pleasanter for you to call in the morning."

"Why, of course—under the circumstances," said Mr. Raymond Ridge, and a few minutes later they parted at the hotel door.

Ten minutes after the San Flores mud wagon had halted at Stump's Hotel, five minutes after Andrew Stump's red-haired daughter had asked Mr. Raymond Ridge whether he would have "mutton chops, beef steak, or rabbit pie," Robert Edwards was in Mrs. Somerton's lounging room. Miss Angelo, Charley Blake, and their hostess were there alone.

"Listen!" said the new comer, breathlessly; "I want your joint advice; and, please, you must hear me through without interruption."

Then he marched over to Mopsa's side, and put his arm about her shoulders, with a rather wild gleam of defiance in his eyes. Mopsa trembled, but she did not shrink nor speak a word. Then he told them what he had learned, unfolding his plan as he went on.

"We love each other, we belong to each other, and this is no hour to explain or recriminate. This is my scheme."

And then he unfolded a plan—a pretty plan—for which all the others voted aye so cordially that poor little Mopsa's dazed dissent was turned into mute submission.

An hour later three horsemen—they looked like horsemen in the moonlight, and two of them *were* horsemen—crossed the San Flores road, a mile east of Redan, at a muffled walk, and entered a bridle path which leads due north and bisects the Guerneville stage road near Mark West. Half a mile after crossing the San Flores turnpike the riders touched their horses into a gallop and rode on through the moonlit woods for an hour of time and fifteen miles of latitude.

"We are *just* in time," said Charley Blake, forgetting his expletives in his excitement. The long freight train was just trembling into motion after its brief halt at the little water station. The lovers climbed into the little caboose. The solitary horseman stood ruefully yet proudly at the heads of the three horses. "Good-bye!" he shouted.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

And in another moment he was riding backward through the moonlit woods, alone with the midnight glory and his great secret.

* * * * * * * *

On the Sunday morning following that eventful night Redan was in a ferment, and the virtuous sympathizers with Mr. Raymond Ridge were neither few nor far between. There were persons in Bottle Green Valley who looked askance at Mrs. Frank Somerton, whose flippant tongue parried every query regarding the great mystery with choice abruptness. But, one day, society discovered that the Judge's widow had returned to her allegiance, and that "the team" were again "hitched together" as of yore; so, as a matter of course, the herd came together again also.

For weeks and months after the little happening of that notable Saturday night, Dr. Charley Blake, M. D., was simply insufferable. He openly named himself, "The man with an inviolate secret," and swelled with grandiose importance, almost rivaling the stateliness of Mrs. Judge Jenkyns.

Perhaps the big, jovial leading merchant shared his pretty wife's piquant secret; but, if he did, it was in perfectly safe keeping; and, at last, the nine days' wonder fell asleep, because, if possibly the widow be excepted, there was not an unsnubbed questioner left in all the society ranks of Bottle Green Valley.

One fine June morning—so many months thereafter that the mystery of the previous winter had ripened into legend—the members of Parson Rouse's congregation were invited to remain after the close of the morning service, to witness the marriage of Sallie Dunning and Dr. Charley Blake.

On the evening of the following Wednesday the upper tendom of Bottle Green Valley assembled in Mrs. Somerton's parlors; and, among the numerous guests, no one smiled more extensively than Mrs. Judge Jenkyns, of fragrant memory.

The guests were gracious, the gifts were various and costly, but the wedded lovers, and their charming sister, looked longest and most lovingly upon two full editions of Gounard's and Mailliard's songs, with which had come a card, inscribed:

"For the friend indeed of the friend in need, with the congratulations of Mopsie and Bob." R. S. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879.

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Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

La conversation des femmes roule le plus souvent sur un rien. Un rien les occupe, les amuse, les éblouit, les enchante, les séduit; mais un rien a suffi pour faire filer Hercule aux pieds d'Omphale.—*Adrien Dupuy.*

En amour, oui et non sont bien courts à dire, mais avant de les prononcer, il faut y réfléchir longtemps.

L'occasion est comme un fruit qu'il faut cueillir, quand il est mûr: une fois tombé de l'abre, on nê l'y rattache plus.

On peut diviser la vie des femmes en trois époques; dans la première elles rêvent l'amour, dans la seconde elles le font, dans la troisième elles le regrettent.—*Saint Prosper.*

L'amour est un maladie que chacun doit avoir une fois et dont on guérit toujours à regret.—*P. Rochepèdre.*

La flatterie est une fausse monnaie qui n'a de cours que par notre vanité. Celui qui vous flatte est votre ennemi.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Les femmes se complaisent tellement dans la flatterie, qu'il n'est pas jusqu'à la plus laide et à la plus maussade à qui vous ne puissiez persuader qu'elle est aimable et jolie.—*Aug. Guyard.*

Je me suis toujours bien trouvé des maximes suivantes sur les femmes: Parler toujours bien du sexe en général; louer celles qui sont aimables; se taire sur les autres; le voir peu; ne s'y fier jamais; et ne jamais laisser dépendre son bonheur d'une femme quelle qu'elle soit.—*Champfort.*

Il n'y a de plaisir véritable pour l'âme que dans l'amour; l'excès du bonheur naît de l'excès de la passion; l'homme indifférent est celui qui n'a pas encore vu la femme qu'il doit aimer.

Au américain William Bird, s'étant séparé de sa femme a fait insérer dans les journaux un avis au public annonçant que désormais il ne paierait plus les dettes de sa moitié infidèle. Sa femme répliqua de la façon suivante dans les mêmes journaux:

"Monsier W. Bird aurait pu s'épargner la peine et la dépense de son avis dans les papiers publics. N'a-t-il pas la réputation de ne pas payer ses propres dettes, comment paierait-il les miennes?"

Il en est du mariage comme d'une charrue à laquelle sont attelés le mari et la femme: tant qu'ils tirent tous deux de concert, la charrue va bien; mais si la femme se met quelque fantaisie dans la cervelle, le mari se chagrine; la femme alors tire d'un côté, le mari de l'autre et tout va mal.—*Dancourt.*

Le cœur d'une fille contient le germe de l'amour, comme le bouton de rose en recèle le parfum.—*J. Petit Senn.*

Madame de Staël n'etait pas belle; c'est un fait historiquement connu, mais elle avait deux beaux bras qu'elle montrait volontiers. Un soir, dans un bal donné par Mme. Récamier, celle-ci lui dit en heurtant familièrement ses magnifiques bras nus:

—N'est ce pas, vous aimez à les faire voir.

—Que voulez-vous, ma chère? répliqua Mme. de Staël, on fait ce qu'on peut. Tout le monde ne peut avoir un beau visage.

La reconnaissance est une dette qu'on avoue franchement quand on sait qu'on n'a pas besoin de la payer.

Epitaphe copiée dans un cimetière:

Ci-gît ma femme. Oh! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien!

Pour qu'une lettre d'amour soit ce quelle doit être, il faut la commencer sans savoir ce qu'on dira et la finir sans savoir ce qu'on a dit.—*Horace Raisson.*

San Francisco, October 10, 1879.

And what does the "great big stupid" want now? Truth to tell, the San Francisco public, which once prided itself on its discriminating taste in the drama, is either letting judgment rust from disuse, or it has exhausted the article. You no longer know what you want, O hypercritical grumblers; you no longer recognize the good when you find it. Of course, you did perfectly right to stay away from *Crutch and Toothpick*, and to avoid the *Children of Captain Grant*. As for the former nothing can be more absurd than to take the specialty of the most famous exponent of high comedy, and put into the hands of an actor who is essentially of the heroic type, *malgre* the drawing-room drill they are putting him through week after week. As for the *Children of Captain Grant*, it is milk for babes, and badly skimmed at that. But here you have a superb woman, like Miss Cavendish, to look at, to listen to, to enjoy. Is it not a treat to see a splendid vitality like this? We all read Wilkie Collins most absorbedly, and if we do not like his heroines, who are, the best of them, to say truth, subject to much infringing upon the commandments, we are, at least, enchained by them, and never lay their story down without a pang of poignant regret that they had not been better women. Perhaps of all this shady sisterhood, "Miss Gwilt" is the stroogest character, and the circumstance that Wilkie Collins himself selected Miss Cavendish to play it is a point of interest. No actress is quite artist enough to paint a female villain in her worst colors. Come what may she will appeal to the sympathies; therefore the Miss Gwilt of the play, who weeps over her unconscious husband, that she is "not all bad," is by no means the auburn tigress who so thoroughly graduates in crime under the tutelage of "Dr. Downward" and "Mother Oldershaw." "Mother Oldershaw," by the way, is discreetly dropped from the dramatization, as being perhaps rather too *pronounce* even for the modern play. Wicked old women are not interesting. One could not fancy a more striking picture of "Miss Gwilt" as she dawned upon "Ozias Midwinter" in the morning sunlight than Miss Cavendish, when she made her bow to the thin dress circle of Monday night. You were not there. You did not see her graceful carriage, as if she were at home, and knew no stage. You did not hear her cultivated voice and too rapid speech, for Miss Cavendish is not faultily faultless. You did not see her pretty, womanly ways, her charming surrender when love led her for a time out of the dark by-ways, and almost saved her. You did not watch her gradual hardening, her desperation, her daring. You were not there to have your sluggard pulses thrilled by those brief and startling flashes of strength, which are almost peculiar to Miss Cavendish, for, notwithstanding a Junoesque, a commanding appearance, she is sometimes actually kittenish in her ways. It was very bad judgment on the part of the managers to bring *Armadale* out in two theatres on one night, but it was interesting to trace the points of resemblance or difference between the two women. It is not fair to place Miss Lewis in comparison beside Miss Cavendish; yet one can not help comparing, for while Miss Cavendish's touches abound in light and shade, Miss Lewis' play has all the unbroken blackness of a *silhouette*. She tunes "Miss Gwilt" up to concert pitch at the wings, to change the figure, and keeps her at this tension till the end. She strikes one as a most uncomfortable sort of a woman to spend a honeymoon with, for she has none of the light play of the more experienced actress, who knows that "Lucrezia Borgia" herself did not go about all the time crooning over the poison bowl. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis is such a really excellent stock actress that it is a pity she does not loosen the "Zicka" pegs now and again. What an admirable arrangement if there could have been a conjoining of the forces of the two theatres, with O'Neill for the dark and silent, shy "Midwinter," instead of the boiling, bubbling Keene. Keene started off well, and told the sad tale of "Midwinter's" life very impressively, but by the time he got to the fourth act, and the scene with the Armadale widow, he looked like the most vivid page in an elaborately illustrated book of elocution, where hate, fear, anger, etc., are presented in a set of cartoons which give one the nightmare for weeks after seeing. Yet the calm of O'Neill's "Midwinter" needed tempering with a little of Keene's fire. The two "Dr. Downwards" likewise might have mingled spirits with benefit to both, for while Mr. Cooke's was the more unctuous villain of the two, Mr. Jennings' was the more artistic. He looked such a venerable rascal, and such a respectable one; just such a soft-voiced, bland old sinner as one would expect of that eminent practitioner in fiction. As for the "Manuels" in both theatres, they quite routed the probabilities of the story. One could not imagine that beautiful arch fiend, "Miss Gwilt," placing herself in the power of so utterly commonplace a man as the Barrows "Manuel" at Baldwin's. As for John Wilson, at the California, he chose to make of this fascinating, dark-skinned Cuban a cross between an Italian organ-grinder and the gorgeously apparelled monkey that dances on the organ. Barrows wisely eschewed the accent altogether. Wilson gave us a combination of all the accents under the sun. Mr. Wilson chose to think himself extraordinarily funny, and, in pursuance of this line of thought, played the clown till the gallery was ready to hiss. Figure to yourself a woman of Miss Cavendish's intelligence and refinement, to say nothing of artistic excellence which gave her so delightful a place on the English stage, being obliged to play against such a foil as this. It is inexcusable in an actor with ordinary common sense to buffoon a part in this way out of his own willingness, when the discipline of the theatre is not such as will restrain him. It is not easy to put up patiently with gagging—a horrid word, but the right one—even from so experienced an actor as John Wilson, who is rather a good hand at a joke when he does introduce one, but spoils it by his own too palpable enjoyment of it. But he is deliciously funny withal, and finished to a degree that is something to enjoy. He is one of the fortunate actors who has never needed to trouble himself about repertoire, and has mainly subsisted on one "chaw of terbacker" these twenty years. Broad as is his school of comedy, he must be to some extent a natural actor, for in the three or four or five parts which he has played so very long and so very often, he could not have kept on an artificial straight jacket all these years, or perhaps the very artificiality has grown to be natural. Friendship and brotherly love are abounding between the managers, and you meet the companies harmoniously mingling in any of the theatres, for Kennedy's company is at the California one week and anon the California company flies to Kennedy, but no one's company plays to full houses. To see that delightful condition of things once more we shall have to wait for the two-headed woman, whose charms are so profusely advertised. Alas! we have degenerated. Grace, intelligence, and artistic excellence are, at the present time, a drug in the market. We like abnormal feats and monstrous developments. We incline to the cheaply curious. We are about in the condition of the English public when the Duke of Montagu—if there ever was such a peer—made his famous bet. He offered a wager, that if he would declare he would creep into a wine bottle, he could fill the biggest theatre in London with fools who would pay their money to see the feat. The wager being taken up, the Duke issued his advertisement: "Haymarket Theatre. On Monday next a person will perform the following incredible things: First, he will take a common walking-cane from one of the spectators and will produce from it the sound of every known musical instrument. Secondly, he will present to the audience a wine bottle, which they may examine to see that there is no deception; he will then place it on a table, and, in sight of the whole house, creep into it, and during his stay he will sing several popular songs." This extraordinary manifesto called out all London, high and low. The huge theatre was crammed. Dukes and duchesses, knights and earls, ladies and lacqueys, came thronging in. They sat with long expectancy, waiting for the wonderful bottle and the wonderful man, and would not be consoled, even when the facetious Duke, having won his wager, returned the money and put, or tried to put, them out of the house. The better classes retired in most admired disorder, but the furious mob, who had come to see a man get into a wine bottle, avenged themselves by demolishing the interior of the theatre. Perhaps such gullibility may be explained by the fact that this took place a long time ago, for there is a P. S. to the advertisement which reads: "N. B.—Persons in the boxes may come in masks, and the performer will, if they desire it, inform them who they are." This must have been in the last century, but the cycle of time has swung around so that we might go to see a man creep into a wine bottle, but I doubt if Salvini or Irving could draw a week.

Betsy B.

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The female pedestrian contest, now in full swing at the Pavilion, is of more than ordinary interest, and is receiving the patronage of the town to an extent that has thoroughly demoralized the theatres. There is something fascinating in this test of endurance and the staying qualities of women, and as the end draws near the excitement threatens to eclipse that over the male contestants.

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"See!" said a reverend gentleman: "Here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now." Raising his hand, he said, gently, "Go away, fly; go away." But the fly only tickled his nose the more. The reverend gentleman, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender, and, being successful, opened the window to throw the insect from him, when, in extreme disgust, he exclaimed, "Why, d—— it, it's a wasp!"

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"Will you ever be mine?" he asked her rapturously; and when she answered, "There is one above knows all," he thought camp-meeting had struck in and clinched; but she only referred to the old man, who was slumbering in the "front room—second."

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Women are spiteful creatures. Fechter's two wives kept their row quiet until it is too late to serve him as an advertisement.—*Boston Post.*

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

Mr. Herold's initial Matinée for the season of '79-'80, which was given at Baldwin's Theatre on last Wednesday afternoon, was at least sufficiently well attended to be considered a very encouraging beginning. When the Author's Carnival is once behind us, and General Grant on his way East, matters will undoubtedly look better. Meantime, I understand that the subscription is quite large. The transfer of the Concerts to the theatre can only be regarded as a wise movement in so far as it increases the comfort of the audience. Baldwin's is not a good house for acoustics, and with the orchestra buried in the depths of the stage it is particularly bad. To be at all good the stage should be terraced down from the first wings to the footlights; if it could be made to cover the space usually occupied by the band it would be so much the better. As it is the tone is muffled and much of it wasted; life and brightness of tone are almost completely lost, and the music sounds very much as though it were being played in a neighboring apartment. The interest of this first Matinée centered in Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony, *Es muss doch Fruhling werden*, an interesting and beautifully constructed work, in which the absence of direct power of invention is fully compensated for by the charming coloring of the instrumentation and refined, musician-like treatment of the themes. Hiller's quality, which is purely lyrical and at times exquisitely poetic, is one that does not well adapt itself to the breadth of treatment required in the symphonic form; he excels in the delicate handling of detail and is consequently more enjoyable in smaller works. Nevertheless there is much in this Symphony to delight the hearer—notably the *Scherzo*—and I have no doubt that its reproduction will be welcome to most of those who heard it on Wednesday. The *Egmont* Overture was a weak performance, suffering from an utter want of sustained power or coherent conception. From the first chord (which was *ff* only at the beginning, and weakened instantly to a pale, colorless *mezzo* forte) to the last there was nothing like an attempt at unity or symmetry; the movements appeared like detached fragments and consequently produced only a fragmentary, incoherent effect. The *Turkish Patrol* (borrowed for the nonce from the programme of the Tivoli Gardens, minstrels, *et als.*) was much better done—certain *sforzandi* and *pp* accents by the first Horn (Mr. Schlott) quite exquisitely—and consequently left Mr. Beethoven—whose Overture it immediately followed—quite in the shade. But Mr. Beethoven hardly expected to fall into the hands of conductors who would so place him on concert programmes, and is surely not to blame in the matter. He could probably have scored his Overture with three trombones by drum and cymbals, and thrown in a tamborine and tamtam as well, and made a stunning effect, had he known how things were to be.

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A Soirée given by Mme. Zeiss-Denis and Messrs. Hugo Mansfield and Ch. Geoffrie—at Decker Hall, on last Tuesday evening—brought a varied and interesting programme, of which, however, I could hear only the beginning and the end. Schubert's lovely *Rondo* in B minor—the opening number—was but indifferently well played by Messrs. Geoffrie and Mansfield; neither of the gentlemen seemed to be quite up to the intellectual standard of the work, nor thoroughly familiar with its technical side. This *Rondo* is very long (Schumano, speaking of Schubert's fondness for spinning his movement out inordinately, says that the C major Symphony has "a heavenly length," meaning thereby, probably, that although it has a beginning it seems to have no end), and requires to be handled with great care and intelligence to prevent its growing wearisome; it was not so handled, and became very tiresome. Besides this I heard Tausig's transcription of von Weber's *Invitation*, played by Mr. Mansfield. I very much prefer von Weber's composition in its original form, and do not think that Tausig's spangles and frippery add anything desirable to the healthy, sound music we have known and loved in the past. But if we are to have it in this form it must be much better played than we heard it on Tuesday evening if it is enjoyable. I think it was an "off night" with Mr. Mansfield; he played wrong basses, and mangled passages *ad libitum*, and handled his facile fingers with much less dexterity and precision than is usual with him. Mme. Denis' portion of the programme was a pure delight; she sings with great breath and warmth of style, her phrasing is mostly admirable, and her voice is always satisfying. It is even more than that—it is a noble, beautiful voice. As Mme. Denis sings but rarely in public, I trust all our young singers—especially those with dramatic aspirations—will hear her as often as they can; they can not fail to profit by it. O. W.

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They were wrestling. Plug was flat on his back, but had a good grip on the head of Gallagher, who still kept his footing and presented at a side view the form of an inverted V; at the angle of the V, *i. e.* from the hip pocket, waved a bright red handkerchief, and the goat which came around the corner didn't miss his calculations on it by an inch, and the violence with which Gallagher's head was driven into Plug's stomach sent the breath out of the latter with such force that the "yah" he uttered was heard six blocks away.

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An unsuccessful vocalist went to the poorhouse and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he had been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

## ARCHERY NOTES.

The archery picnic at Adams' Point on Saturday last was one of those pleasant occasions which particularly endears the sylvan sport to the men and women who draw the bow. The day was delightful, and the ladies' shooting was good. Of course the gentlemen did not work particularly to distinguish themselves, as the meeting was more for the open-air lunch, and general free and easy shooting, than at attempts at careful archery or large scores. The two ladies from Sacramento, Mrs. Cravens and Mrs. Leftwich, shot gracefully, as indeed did all the fair Dianas, Miss Darneal making a capital record at the fifty-yard range. Mrs. Cahill won a set of arrows, presented by Mr. Wight, of Oakland; Mrs. O'Connell, an autograph album and pen; Miss Darneal, a basket; Mrs. Cravens, an album, and so on, the souvenirs and trophies of the meeting having been selected by Mr. F. M. Ward, the secretary of the executive committee, with much taste. Mr. Frank C. Havens, the champion, won a handsome and melodious horn, with which to wake the echoes on Vernon Heights when the obnoxious polecat or the unscrupulous weasel approaches his chicken yard. Major Otey drew the Rev. Mr. Welles' prize, which happened by the purest accident to be a pack of cards. However, as no man is so saintly as not to enjoy a game of whist, the cards may not prove an unacceptable prize.

An adventurous youth and a speculative maiden set up an archery range at the Mechanics' Pavilion, getting the worst lot of bows and arrows that could be bought for cash. And the populace shot into the walls and through the windows—everywhere, in fact, but at the target; which proves that, unlike many other amusements, archery requires a certain amount of education. An Apache Indian attracted quite a crowd at this range, which is about fifty feet in extent, last Monday. He shot eleven arrows, and made fifty-three. An Oakland archer happened in and scored thirty points more than the Apache. This surprised the crowd, and one sagacious fellow sensibly, though ungrammatically, remarked: "Them Indian archers ain't half the pumpkins they're cracked up to be."

There is to be another event in archery this year, at least it is now the subject of discussion; namely, that the archers of San Francisco, Oakland, and vicinity should each shoot the double American round, the result to decide the status of the year's shooting, and the places in the first and second teams. This would be interesting, and if such a trial were to take place every three months it would encourage the archers to work hard for places of honor.

Will Thompson made fifty-six points at the American round. This leaves our champion, Frank Havens, something to do. No question about it, those Eastern fellows shoot well, and it will be long before California will have the "ghost of a show" in a match.

Quiver.

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### Cleopatra and the Asp.

"Give me my robe, good Iris,
And assist me to a chair,
Then you shall lace my gaiters,
And attend to my back-hair;
I've immortal longings in me,
And although it give me pain,
The juice of Egypt's grape shall never
Moist these lips again!

"Methinks I see brave Antony
Rise and say, 'Well done!'
Hear him mock the luck of Cæsar—
But, husband, here I run!"
Then gathering up the deadly asp,
She placed it to her breast:
"Untie this knot intrinsicate,
And let me be at rest!"

No second invitation
Was required for the snake,
For he quietly proceeded
Of that royal feast to take.
Cleopatra to the reptile:
"Be angry, and dispatch;
Call great Cæsar ass unpolicied,
Without a living match!"

"O Eastern star!" said Iris.
Cleopatra: "Silent keep!
You'll wake the baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse to sleep!
As sweet as balm," continued she,
"As gentle—" then a gasp,
And called upon her Antony
To bless the little asp.

* * * * * * *

Cleopatra is alive to-day.
On this my head I'll stake;
But in less than forty seconds
It was fatal to the snake.

—*R. W. C., in Puck.*

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### Autumn Wear in New York.

New York, September 29, 1879.

Ruby roses and tiny sunflowers are superseding the daisies for belt boquets. The hair is dressed low in the back, with braids and curls, and with puffs on the top of the head; or in the style of the Greek statues, with the knot and simple fillet or band of gold, a few curls drooping from the knot in the nape of the neck. Brunettes are the style at present. The ladies have adopted the mob-caps the muses used to wear. The overskirts are made open in front, and shirred longitudinally for the back drapings. Plain dark blue and plain black camels-hair buntings are worn in round basques, the overskirts shirred up nearly out of sight under the basques in front, showing the long kilt-plaiting of the underskirt. Some long overskirts have two groups of shirring in front, six inches apart at the belt, and two feet apart at the bottom of the overskirt. Belts are wide, and match the trimming on bottom of basques, often of striped silk and satin. Little round capes and white neckties are still worn.

K. Boyd.

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Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little four-year old good-by, saying to him, "Be a good boy to-day." He somewhat surprised us by saying, "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough, we thought. We need the exhortation more than he. And who, who could give it more effectually than this guileless prattler? The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we wrote letters or editorials, pacified an irate correspondent whose effusion we could not publish, or pruned a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear the sweet child-voice saying, "Be a good man, papa."

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Hamilton County, Ohio, has had a cooking contest, and a prize has been awarded to a young woman who prepared a good dinner in sixty-five minutes. Another girl cooked a dinner in fifty-four minutes, but it was not good.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.
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A WORD ABOUT YOUR PORTRAIT.

When one comes across an attractive, and well posed, and nicely finished photograph, there is instinctively an impulse to turn it over, there to find on the back the familiar imprint of the world-famous firm of Bradley & Rulofson. It is really getting to be the test of a good photograph, simply because these people make it a point to do nothing poorly. It is astonishing that so many people will submit to the workmanship of the ordinary artist simply because it is cheap. They are badly posed, horribly drawn by being misplaced, and cheaply and ineffectively toned, and—never satisfied. Now, if there is any one thing that a person is justified in spending money on it is a portrait of themselves; and as first-rate artists demand first-class pay, the only place to get a first-class photograph is at a first-class establishment—*i. e.* Bradley & Rulofson's.

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SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET LINES.

204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. - - San Francisco.

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**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.,**

**Commission Merchants,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

*OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR* Street.

☞ Liberal advances made on consignments.

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NATHANIEL GRAY. C. S. WRIGHT. J. A. CAMPBELL.

N. GRAY & CO.,

*UNDERTAKERS, NO. 641 SACRA*mento Street, corner Web. Connected by Telephone with all the American District Telegraph Company's offices.

☞ Embalming a Specialty. ☜

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE* INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 79.—The monthly dividend for Sept., 1879, will be paid on Oct. 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, October 6, 1879.

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**HOLCOMB BROS. & CO.**

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

**Phaetons,**

HARNESS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repository and Salesrooms, 411 and 411½ California St.

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S. B. BOSWELL & CO.,

*STOCK BROKERS,*

**No. 318 California Street,**

SAN FRANCISCO.

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FRENCH LANGUAGE

TAUGHT BY

PROF. LOUIS ARMAND,

*MASTER OF ARTS, GRADUATE* of the University of France, Faculte des Lettres de Paris, ex-Professor of French at the State University of California. Apply to the ARGONAUT office. Terms, $2 per lesson. Special arrangements for pupils or classes by the month.

REFERENCES:

JOHN LE CONTE, President State Univers'ty; HON. JOHN W. DWINELLE, HON. JOHN S. HAGER.

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SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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RUBBER GOODS.

TRADE MARK,

**Maltese Cross.**

THE GUTTAPERCHA & RUBBER MF'G. CO. SAN FRANCISCO 1857

**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

*FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF* RUBBER GOODS.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER,

501 Market Street, San Francisco.

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SYDNEY INTERNATIONAL

EXHIBITION.

**Round the World Tickets.**

*THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP* COMPANY will issue Round the World Tickets, giving first class accommodations for the entire route, at the low price of $650.

For particulars apply to

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.,

General Agents, corner First and Brannan Sts.

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**Lithographers. Bookbinders.**

KANE & COMPANY,

Successors to Kane & Cook,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

412 COMMERCIAL, 411 CLAY STS.,

Between Sansome and Battery.....San Francisco.

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JOHN DANIEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Italian and Scotch Granite**

MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Grates on hand and made to order at the lowest rates.

Warerooms, No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

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MRS. COLGATE BAKER'S

*ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN* Boarding and Day School for young ladies, and Kindergarten for children, 848 and 850 Van Ness Avenue. The next term commences Friday, October 10th.

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METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.*

Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

---

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO*ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

**Does in every case.**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world in

Rheumalism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 120 SUTTER ST. S.F.

*FRENCH AND SPANISH PERSON*ally taught by PROF. DE FILIPPE, by his easy method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons.

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ETCHINGS AND RARE ENGRAVINGS.

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM No. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection, either as visitors or purchasers.

Readers of Hamerton will find some of the Etchings reviewed in his "Etchings and Etchers," in present collection. Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

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JOE POHEIM

*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.

Suits to order from.....$20
Pants to order from..... 5
Overcoats to order from.....15

☞ The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is, at

JOE POHEIM,

203 Montgomery St., and 103 Third St.

Samples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

---

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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NOOK FARM.

*THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY* HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

The "Farm" embraces about 50 acres vineyard, now ripening, affording an opportunity to those who wish to try the "grape cure."

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of September, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of one dollar and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of October, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 8, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on MONDAY, October 13th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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DECORATIVE ART ROOMS,

**14 O'Farrell Street.**

*ARTISTIC ARTICLES FOR HOME* Decoration or Personal Use. New designs in Mantel and Table Drapes. Art Needle-work, as developed by the English School. FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TABLES, SCREENS, etc. Paintings and Etchings upon China, Silk, and Wood, etc. DECORATIVE ART ROOMS.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

**8.00** *A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

**10.00** *A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY)*, Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and CARSON. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

**4.30** *P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

**5.00** *P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | E 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | E 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | E 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | *2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | E*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | E 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

# NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

**8.20** A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

**9.30** A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

**10.40** A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

**3.30** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

**3.30** P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

**4.25** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

**5.00** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

**6.30** P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00

On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

**8.15** *A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


**FRANK KENNEDY,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MERCHANT St., Room 16.* Probate, divorce, incolvency, and all cases attended to. Rents, etc., collected.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

**JAPAN AND CHINA,**

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | BELGIC. |
|---|---|
| December ..... 6 | October.....25 |
| February.....28 | January.....17 |
| | April.....10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

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*VOL. V. NO. 16.* *SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 18, 1879.* *PRICE, TEN CENTS.*

## A FLIGHT TO THE POLE.

How Philip Hall Reached the Extremity of the Earth's Axis.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

Four days had just elapsed since I had received from Mr. Aitken the manuscript containing Philip Hall's account of his aeronautic experiences, and I was still pondering at odd moments over the strange disclosures which he had made, and wondering whether another communication would be received on the subject of the voyage which he intimated that he was about to undertake, when a knock came to my door, and a lad clad in blackened shirt and blue overalls, and whose hands and face both bore witness to his intimate relations with the business of a foundry, entered and presented me with a packet, with Mr. Aitken's compliments. Evidently then, thought I, Hall has succeeded in his venture, and sends the account of it according to promise; and, dismissing the boy, I proceeded to examine the contents of the packet. There was first a letter from Aitken, with one from Hall enclosed in the same envelope. Aitken's letter ran as follows:

"CYCLOPS FOUNDRY, 24th Sept., 1879.

"DEAR SIR:—Inclosed I beg to hand you a further communication, just received from Mr. Philip Hall, which please take care of, same as last, and oblige Yours truly, ANDREW AITKEN."

I next read Hall's letter

"KNIGHT'S FERRY, 23d Sept., 1879.

"MR. ANDREW AITKEN, Cyclops Iron Works:

"DEAR SIR:—In pursuance of agreement, I send you herewith a manuscript containing a description of the voyage I have just successfully completed, which please have published in the same journal as my previous communication, so as not to impair the connection between the two. I purpose coming up to San Francisco shortly in my air-ship for the purpose of exhibiting its working, when I shall probably give you further orders for machinery, on a more extensive scale. Please express to Oakdale two oil-cups, same gauge and pattern as you supplied last, also a heavy monkey wrench, and oblige

"Yours, very truly, PHILIP HALL."

I then unfolded and read:

THE COMMUNICATION.

At the conclusion of my last narrative I mentioned that I proposed to Auchincloss that he should accompany me in my air-ship on a voyage which would entail a considerable degree of peril, and that, he having expressed his readiness to do so, I set out for Knight's Ferry in my light wagon to procure some things which were essential, as we proposed starting early the following morning. About eight o'clock I returned, and was met at the door by Auchincloss, who came out to help me to unload. Having handed out supplies of bread, crackers, and various kinds of canned delicacies, together with some wine and spirits, I flung out six buffalo robes, and the same number of heavy blankets.

"Hallo, boss!" exclaimed Auchincloss, "are those to be used on the trip? You've got wraps enough for the North Pole."

"Glad you think so," replied I; "that's just where we're going."

"The devil it is," returned he, blowing a cloud of unusual dimensions from his pipe; "all right, if you say so."

"These robes and blankets were the best I could do, Jim. I pretty well cleaned out the store at the Ferry," said I, as we went into the house and sat down.

"They're good enough for the body," replied Auchincloss, "but what about the feet? If we try those latitudes without proper covering, we'll very soon have no feet to stand upon, nor hands to work the machinery."

"We havn't got much walking to do," I answered. "We can make rough moccasins out of the robes lined with blankets that I think will serve us; but I propose stopping at one of the Hudson Bay Company's settlements, or else at some Esquimau village, if we are lucky enough to strike one, to get more suitable wraps. We couldn't have got anything better than these even in San Francisco, unless specially made to order. My principal reason for bringing such a supply of spirits was for purposes of barter. Money is nearly valueless in those desolate regions, and as nature in northern latitudes craves alcohol, I decided that spirits would procure us what we wanted more readily than anything else. Neither did I wish to postpone the voyage any later, since to morrow is the equinox, so we are just entering on the six months' Polar night. By regulating the time, however, we can, barring accidents, make the trip to the Pole and back under continuous sunshine, which will be in our favor in many ways. I shall only stop there long enough to locate approximately, by observation, the true position of that extreme point of the earth's axis, where diurnal rotation ceases, and to mark the spot by some sign recognizable by future explorers. It will be a delicate piece of business, since the compass and chronometer will both be useless—the first owing to the unknown disturbing influences of the magnetic pole in these high latitudes; the second, because longitude in the vicinity of the Pole is *nil* and immaterial to my purpose. The pole-star, were it visible, would be an erroneous premise to draw deductions from, since it makes an angle of 1° 25' with the axial line of our planet. I must therefore depend upon two solar observations—one taken to determine, as a preliminary step, my latitudinal distance from the Pole; the other, to determine the true time of either noon or midnight, so as to fix the direction of a meridian line passing through the Pole. Having thus found, firstly, our distance from the Pole; and secondly, the direction in which it lies, we must depend upon dead reckoning for the rest. Had we the time, we could accurately locate its position by the ordinary rules of surveying. As it is, the speed of our vessel must be the measure of distance, and the more accurately we estimate this element in our calculation, the nearer we shall approximate a true result. I do not, however, apprehend making an error of more than one mile, or about a minute of a degree."

Auchincloss listened to the foregoing remarks with gravity, but without much appearance of interest.

"All right, boss," said he, removing his pipe to spit, "I don't doubt you can do it, though it's all Greek to me. A man that can build an air-ship, and go to the North Pole in it, can surely be depended on for finding it when he gets there. I don't know much about astronomy or surveying, but when you talk machinery I'm there. Now, there are some little questions I wish to ask you before I trust my carcass on this trip. I'm not afraid of the springing of the braces, or the straining of the metal by contraction from the cold, for when I put up anything I always allow play for expansion or contraction; but how about your cartridges? Are you sure you've got enough? It would be a nice thing to run out of power at the North Pole and starve to death like Franklin, or turn Esquimaux. Satisfy me on that point, and I'll chance the rest."

"Make yourself easy on that point," replied I. "Our trial of this morning shows that, after we have attained a sufficient elevation, our direct propulsion through the air is accomplished with comparatively little expenditure of power. A pressure of 60 pounds, with 200 revolutions of the horizontal propeller per minute, will maintain a speed of about 140 miles per hour, at an expenditure of ten cartridges per minute. I am confident I can increase the speed to 200 miles per hour at an outlay of 12 discharges per minute, which will be 720 per hour. We filled, as you know, 30,000 shells with gun cottoo, and did not use quite 300 this morning. We have, therefore, enough left to keep us going for 41½ hours, which, at our estimated speed of 200 miles per hour, covers an aggregate distance of 8,300 miles. This distance, as I will show you, will take us to the Pole and back, and leave a handsome margin. We are here in latitude 37° 50' N.—therefore, 52° 10' of longitude from the North Pole. Computing, roughly, 69 statute miles to a degree, we have an aggregate distance of something over 3,650 miles to get there, or a total distance of 7,300 miles to go there and back. This leaves a margin of 1,000 miles, or five hours, for accidents. If we can not make the estimated speed, or, in making it, use more than the estimated fuel in the first three hours of our journey, I promise you to turn right back, and postpone the trip till we are better provided."

"I'm satisfied," said Auchincloss; "when do we start?"

"To-morrow morning, at daybreak—half past four."

"Then let's go to bed."

Day broke dim over the hills and plains of Stanislaus County as, after a hasty breakfast, we stowed into the vessel the things I had bought on the previous night. We also carried in our stove and clamped it securely to the cabin floor, piling in at the same time about half a cord of wood for fuel. Two ten-gallon kegs of water completed the commissariat. I secured a small but beautifully-fitted compass, with all modern appliances, at the forward end of the cabin, where it would be furthest removed from the influence of the iron; and, beside it, a very fine chronometer. This latter marked just twelve minutes to five as Auchincloss, standing by the engine, turned on the air, and, under the enormous draught of the horizontal fans, our vessel with a singing noise rose vertically into the air. This morning, being still earlier in our operations, we escaped observation as on our previous trip. The threshing of the grain on the plains below us was mostly completed, and at this hour of the morning the men would all be at breakfast. Two steam whistles only, sounded by stokers getting up their fires, proclaimed that some stacks in the neighborhood had yet to be threshed. By five minutes to five the barometer which hung upon the cabin wall indicated an altitude of two thousand feet. The most conspicuous object below us was the Stanislaus River, sometimes lost between precipitous bluffs, sometimes gleaming brightly as it wound through the open country to the south. Other objects had not yet begun to take distinct form, though the Eastern horizon was fringed by an ever widening yellow hem. I now told Auchincloss to let down the rudder and the stern propeller; and, as he adjusted the ratchet which transferred the power to the latter, the same change came over the condition of the vessel that I have described before. Under the new impetus we drove through the air at a rate and in a manner that, had it not been for the apparent motion of objects on the land below, would have induced the belief that we ourselves were motionless but had suddenly been struck by the blast of a mighty hurricane. It was my office to look after the condensing cylinder, while Auchincloss took care of the driving engine, the rudder, and the propelling gear. The wedge-like shape of the vessel and cabin did not permit us to feel the slightest inconvenience from the resistance of the atmosphere, for every part, excepting the extreme stern, was protected from its effects. The moving panorama beneath us now began to be beautiful in the extreme.

I purposed keeping roughly in the region lying between the 120th and 122d meridians of longitude, deviating from a strict northerly course where necessary to avoid a mountainous country. We therefore passed in a northwesterly direction over Farmington and Linden; crossed the Calaveras River at 5:04; the Mokelumne at 5:10; the Cosumnes at 5:14; and were scouring about five miles to the east of Sacramento at 5:20. These landmarks I knew well, and, by reference to the chronometer, determined accurately the times of passage. Keeping on above Antelope, Lincoln, and Wheatland, we reached Marysville and the basin of the Feather River at 5:33. Oroville was made by 5:40; Chico at 5:47; while the sunrise, which should have poured upon us as we shot up the valley of the Sacramento River, was intercepted for a time by the hills and bluffs of Tehama. By 6 A. M., we had passed Red Bluffs and Cottonwood, and were abreast of the Black Buttes of Lassen; while far away to the north, seventy miles across the intervening county of Shasta, and in that of Siskiyou, the white cone which gives its name to the aforementioned district pierced the cloudless ether. Still keeping up the main water-shed of the Sacramento, at 6:20, we skirted the western base of Mount Shasta, which towered twelve thousand feet above us. Ten minutes later we came in sight of the Klamath Lakes upon our right, and I told Auchincloss that we were just crossing the Oregon line, having passed over more than four degrees of latitude, or three hundred miles, in an hour and a half. The vessel was answering expectation; the pressure in the receiver was only 80 pounds, and the discharges of cartridges in the condenser had been kept to twelve a minute. Auchincloss continued to smoke imperturbably, and went methodically round with his oil-can.

We now and again made a divergence to the northeast to avoid the Cascade range of mountains; and passing over the lakes and the Klamath Indian Reservation, we struck the headwaters of the Deschutes River half an hour later, and for the next hour followed up its course, leaving in turn Diamond Peak, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Hood upon our west, at intervals of about a quarter of an hour each. At 7:45, we sighted the Columbia River, and crossed into Washington Territory at the Dalles. Striking still eastward into the valley of the Yakima, Mount Adams, Mount Rainer, and Mount Aiks were successfully left behind us during the next half-hour. Here, the mountains becoming more broken, we had to rise to a height of nearly six thousand feet to avoid their ridges. At 8:30, we crossed the 49th parallel, and entered the British territory. The next three hours were passed at a great altitude, for we were continually approaching the Rocky Mountains. These we crossed between 9:50 and 10:15, at an altitude of eight thousand feet by the barometer, and entered upon a region much colder than that which we had left on the other side of the range. I now lit the stove, as it was getting sharp and cold, for the sun was no higher in the heavens than it had been two hours earlier, though it had, of course, swung further to the south. I also spread out my charts upon the table, and at 12 noon, I took a sextant observation, and determined the latitude to be 61° 40' N., while the river which ran beneath I concluded to be the Mackenzie River, in longitude 121° 20' W. The variation of the compass had increased since leaving California, where it had been only 14° 30' E., which I judged to be on account of its changed position in relation to the magnetic centres of the planet; but, by consulting my tables of magnetic variation and deflection, I was enabled to frame an approximate northerly course; and determined now, as there were no more mountain ranges to cross to keep as closely as I could to the 121st meridian. At 1:20 P. M., by the chronometer, we sighted an immense body of water, which I knew from reference to my charts must be Great Bear Lake. Our course lay directly across this inland sea, which is nearly two hundred miles in length, and took us an hour to traverse. By the time we had gained its further shore no examination of the chart was necessary to tell us that we had entered the Arctic circle. The biting breeze from the east, and the sun which, though skirting the horizon, seemed never to approach it, were sufficient to acquaint us with this fact. The air of the cabin, excepting in the immediate region of the stove, was keen and bitter in the extreme. Auchincloss' business, except that of oiling the machinery, having been found to be a sinecure, with such regularity did all portions do their work, he had, half an hour previously, come into the cabin, and was engaged in cooking some food for dinner; previous to doing which he had converted two of the buffalo robes and blankets into very rough leggings with the aid of a brad-awl and some leather laces. At 3:15, while engaged in taking a hasty meal, with the welcome addition of hot grog, one of us eating while the other attended to the charging of the condenser, I descried an unbroken line of water, which we speedily approached, and in a few minutes we were flying over the Arctic Ocean. At 3:45, we again descried land, which a reference to the map showed me must be Baring Island. An hour's passage brought us again to an open sea, which examination proved to be Banks' Strait. At 5 P. M., we again reached a line of coast, which I presumed to be Prince Patrick's Island, and accordingly knew that we had reached the 77th parallel of latitude, or less than nine hundred miles from the pole, having actually traversed the distance of 2,800 miles in a little over twelve hours!

As it was not my object to approach the region of the Pole until nearly midnight, when I could take an observation to determine its true location, I resolved if possible to find some Esquimau village where we could obtain suitable [illegible] continue our voyage, since neither of us now dare [illegible]

the vicinity of the stove for more than a minute or two at a time, or without quickening the circulation of the blood with copious draughts of spirits. This latter seemed to be wholly appropriated by the extremities and external portions of the body without being conveyed to the brain. We, therefore, determined that stimulants, athough held to be deleterious to sojourners in frozen regions, were yet, in view of the short time occupied by our trip, the best means of attaining the end we wished to accomplish—viz: the preservation of animal heat. We now slackened our speed and rose into the air, so that I might have a more extended view, through my binocular, of the region beneath me, and if possible catch sight of an Esquimau village. I was able to sweep a circle of some ten miles radius, and, after going over some twenty miles of territory, I descried on the horizon what I thought we wanted. Again turning on our propelling power a run of a few minutes brought us over the place, which proved to be a settlement of some thirty huts, so we proceeded to drop down upon them at a few yards distance. When we got to within five or six hundred feet we had evidently attracted their attention. Each pigmy hut poured out two or three denizens of every age and size. They looked at us for several moments motionless with amazement, then suddenly dispersed, some running to their sledges and dogs, which they proceeded to harness with every sign of alacrity, others taking refuge within their huts, but not one staying to look further at the strange visitors. We descended very gradually, and at length alighted quietly on the ground. We next got out and walked about to show that we were men; and Auchincloss, who had brought out a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, held them out and beckoned to one pigmy who was peering from the door of his hut. This individual must at some previous time have become acquainted with the merits of strangers and black bottles, for under the influence of the continued signs of Auchincloss he at length approached and received a tumbler of the beverage, which he swallowed with evident relish. It acted like magic. With some unintelligible gabble he called to his kinsfolk, who reappeared as speedily as they had previously vanished, and while Auchincloss administered the remains of the bottle, I went to the vessel and returned with a demijohn. A tumblerful was given to each member of the population, male and female, except those of very tender years, and during the hilarity and free-heartedness which ensued I pointed to the rough fur garments which they wore, and made them understand by signs that I would give a demijohn of spirits, and a dozen plugs of tobacco for two suits of furs. The suits were brought from the huts by several of the women (though it was difficult to distinguish by mere garb between the sexes), the desired exchange was made, and we were again ascending into mid-air amid the admiring glances of the Esquimaux ten minutes after alighting among them, having demonstrated the potent effect of spirits upon the human organization in the way of opening the heart and dispelling fear; and having left them means for repeating the experiment to suit themselves, and substantial tokens that it was not all a vision, which, without these latter, they might very naturally have supposed it to be.

So swift had been our passage over that portion of the continent of North America that lies between California and the Arctic Ocean, and so constant had been my duties in attending to the mechanical necessities of our vessel, that I had little time to notice else than our rapid change from a region of sub-tropical vegetation to one where even the lichen grows with difficulty, through successive gradations of both temperate and frigid zones. I must, therefore, take the liberty of referring readers who are interested in such matters as dominant vegetation or physical *contour* to those explorers who have gone before me, and who had greater facilities for observation than one who scudded over the face of the planet at heights varying from two to ten thousand feet, and at an average speed of two hundred miles an hour.

Leaving our friendly Esquimaux on Prince Patrick's Island to pursue as they pleased their professions or diversions, we shortly passed into the unknown sea. A reference to the chart showed me that explorers, though penetrating further to the north in more easterly meridians, had here left the geography of the earth a *terra incognita*. We were now, in fact, breaking upon that isothermal line which passes through the twin poles of intensest cold, and which runs in a zigzag curve through the northernmost regions of America and Siberia. We kept the stove (which was new, and of thorough heating-principle pattern) nearly red hot; we kept the kettle singing; congratulated ourselves on the acquisition of the fur robes, lit our Partagas, and took turns of five minutes each in the duty of charging the condenser and oiling the machinery. We were now running across a tract of ocean blocked, for the most part, with ice in uncouth, irregular masses, but with here and there straits of open water, varying from a few hundred yards to (as far I could judge from the time taken in passing over them) a hundred miles in width. The scene was white, drear, bleak, monotonous, and ghastly; no vegetation, and the animal kingdom—but sparsely represented by an occasional bear or walrus—looking like mere dots beneath us. The compass had now become entirely untrustworthy, for I had no *data* on which to base its probable variation. I was, therefore, compelled to steer by an empirical angle, computed from the sun's apparent westerly motion and my supposed latitude, reckoning by speed and time. At six P. M., when we left the Esquimau village, I reckoned our distance from the Pole to be 900 miles, and had accordingly slackened speed somewhat, as I did not wish to gain its vicinity until nearly midnight. For five hours we had been traversing the frozen deep, and now, at eleven P. M., I determined to descend and take a trial observation to find our latitude. The gearing was changed, and we descended upon a somewhat elevated ice plateau. I proceeded to make my calculations with all dispatch. The sun's upper limb alone was visible, though the horizon was sufficiently sharply defined for all practical purposes. After corrections for semi-diameter, dip, parallax, and refraction, I computed the sun's altitude, and from it, by an indirect method sometimes used by navigators, I determined our longitude to be 93° 32′ W., which proved that we had gone eastward of a true northerly course. Having thus fixed the meridian and the local time, I proceeded to take the latitude, which I found to be 89° 42′, or only 18′ or a little over 20 miles from the Pole. My only course now was to pass over this intervening distance by dead reckoning, dependent upon the speed of our vessel; but I resolved first to take a midnight solar observation to verify my first; this would correct possible errors; and, as there was still half an hour to midnight, we took a lunch and comforted ourselves round the stove. At five minutes before midnight I brought my sextant to bear upon the sun, and found that my register on the *vernier* corresponded within 4′ of my previous calculation, making our distance from the Pole 22′, or 25 miles. Having now also secured an absolute meridian, differing but slightly from my first computation, I made my partner understand that we must now lose no time in getting over the distance. Auchincloss sprang to the valve, and we were presently again rising over the ice fields, and steering straight for the eastern limb of the low, red sun. I allowed seven minutes and a half for covering the 25 miles, at full speed, and two degrees of Right Ascension for the sun's travel during that time; and, taking this latter element into consideration in the steering, as the chronometer marked the time, I signed to Auchincloss to reverse the gearing, when we slowly dropped upon the desolate scene. A blank landscape of barren desolation stretched on every side to the limits of the horizon, and the weird crimson beams of an impotent sun shed a ghastly light upon this frozen sea. No land, no soil, no vegetation, no animal life, no still or flowing water acted as a relief to the deathlike nature of the picture. It seemed as if the dead inertia of the planet at this point had transferred itself to everything around. The stillness of death prevailed, and a deep horror came over me as I stood upon this mysterious spot hitherto trod—at least, within the period of our physical history—by none of the human race. Beside me stood Auchincloss, looking, in his Esquimau suit, very different to the engineer in blue overalls and jumper who had left the ranch on the Stanislaus River nineteen hours previously.

"Here we are, Jim," said I, "as near as we can go. I don't think we're more than a mile out, but in what direction I don't know. It would require a fresh observation to determine everything with perfect accuracy, and that I don't feel disposed to make. From what I actually know we are here very near the true termination of the earth's axis; in fact, allowing for all probable errors, we are not more than a mile out of the way on any side. And now to signalize the accomplishment of the fact. How are subsequent explorers to tell that any one has been here before them? I confess I am at a loss; but my mind was so taken up with the sudden requirements of the trip that this thing completely escaped my notice."

"Make yourself easy, boss," said Auchincloss, as he jumped back into the vessel, "I thought of that very thing while you were gone in the wagon to Knight's Ferry. I knew d—d well there was no pole here, so I made one. Here it is," and suiting the action to the word, he proceeded to pull out from beneath the centre of the vessel a roughly-planed piece of timber which had escaped my notice as it hung supported by rope nooses beneath the length of the boat.

"How will that do, boss?" he exclaimed, as he pulled it from its fastenings. "I made it from four sixteen-foot pine boards, planed it fairly round, and painted it black while you were gone. While we were flying the paint has had time to dry;" and he kicked it with his foot to give effect to his words. "Likewise," he went on, "I rove a block and tackle to it, and I took that Union flag of yourn that was tucked up on the top shelf of the shanty, and dusted it, and brought it along. Likewise, I took a couple of yards of our calico awning—after I had fixed up the pole and before you came back—and took hold of the balance of the paint-pots, and slapped the red vertical cross of St. George over the blue diagonal cross of St. Andrew, thereby making a Union Jack, and here they are;" and he brought out a couple of extremely ordinary looking flags. "Now," continued he, "I charred the end of this pole, and after that I tarred it. Now, if you'll take the pick and crow-bar and put a hole in this d—d ice, I have no doubt we can leave a pole here if we didn't find one."

In fifteen minutes our pole was securely imbedded in the ice, surmounted by the twin banners of the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, which would have floated to the breeze had there been any. As it was, our black pole stood out in bold relief against the interminable icy white which surrounded it on every side, and afforded sufficient landmark and guarantee to future explorers that they had not been the first to acquaint themselves with the virgin position of the planet's axis. Of half a dozen bottles of champagne, which had been brought along three had been drunk, two had burst through expansion as they froze, and but one had retained its liquid condition, having been kept beneath the stove. This last was shivered against our rough mast which Auchincloss christened "North Pole," while I stood sponsor. Formalities having been expended, and our mission accomplished, we returned to our vessel, again speeding southward under a continuous sun, passing over pretty nearly the same country as we had done on our northward voyage; though after crossing from the basin of the Mackenzie River to the west of the Rocky Mountains, we pursued the coast valleys of British Columbia, Washington Territory, and Oregon. Suffice it to say that we arrived at our ranch on the banks of the Stanislaus River by seven P. M., or a little after sundown, of the day subsequent to that on which we started, having completed the trip to the North Pole and back in somewhat less than thirty-eight hours, and under continuous sunshine; our bodily strength during that time having been kept up (as I attribute the fact) by the unusual excitement of the journey, and also no doubt by the stimulating effects of the climatic changes we passed through.

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The second edition of *Sage Brush Leaves*, a characteristic and interesting little volume by the late Harry Mighels, of Nevada, has just been published by E. Bosqui & Co. We are gratified to learn that the work is selling well, and that the copyright is valuable to the family of the well known journalist. The sketch, entitled "Recollections of Harry Mighels," written by Sam Davis, of Virginia City, and first published in the ARGONAUT, has been, at the personal request of intimate friends of the author, honored with a place in the edition now published.

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Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, was traveling not long ago to his diocese, when a breeze sprang up, then a squall, and at last matters got so bad that the skipper went below with a sad countenance. "My lord," said he, "in a very few minutes you will be in heaven." "Dear me!" ejaculated the Bishop, "how very, very horrible."

## OUR OWN POETS.

### After the First Rain.

Last night we said the rain would come;
The south wind blew the clouds all home;
Along the coast the curlews cried,
And gulls flew landward side by side,
While, still and white, across the bay
Crept in the fog from Monterey.

The world is young again this morn;
Her face, but yesterday so worn
And dimmed by dusty months of thirst,
Is glorious now, as when at first
Creation's song thrilled the new air,
And e'en her Maker found her fair.

October crowns the year with gold—
Brave year, so swiftly growing old!
Yet new-born violets scent the air,
And tea-rose buds are bursting where
The locust leaves and walnuts fall
Along the sunny southern wall.

O mystery of Life in Death!
Spell that seems wrought by wizard breath!
What latitude so fair as ours
That buries her dead year in flowers,
And crowns the new one's birth again
With grasses and upspringing grain!

SANTA CRUZ, October, 1879. ISABEL HAMMELL RAYMOND.

### Life.

Life is *not* what many dub it—
All a fleeting show, at best.
Fate is *not* a hardened cynic,
Our best efforts to arrest.

Why should *we*, but toiling mortals—
Striving for the topmost round—
Think to reach it, think to gain it,
Only *one* step from the ground?

Ah, ye haughty! Ah, ye proud hearts!
Ye must learn the lesson all—
Up to Fame, or up to Glory,
Hand o'er hand we all must *crawl*.

*Crawl*, aye, *crawl*, ye sons of freedom,
Naught we gain without some tears,
Many tumbles, many bruises,
Many backward steps, and fears.

Should you fall, in climbing upward,
Try again—'tis not too late—
Do not grapple with the goddess—
No one *ever* conquered Fate.

If it *is* to be, why *let* it—
Bear the ill winds with the good;
Do not shun life's jagged corners—
You could round them if you would.

Come what will, let's meet it bravely,
With our hearts on triumph set,
And we'll soon be thinking: "Truly,
Life is *not* a failure, yet."

OAKLAND, October, 1879. AL AARAAF

### An Autumn Night.

The night is drunk with beauty; all the air
Is flooded with a mystic melody,
And waves of music, ravishingly rare,
Lave all the ambient space 'twixt earth and sky.
From rippling seas of lustrous light, the moon
Smiles with soft radiance on night's perfect noon.

The glassy bosom of the limpid stream
Reflects the timid light of myriad stars,
Whose shadowy rays, as in some fairy dream,
Cage half the slumbering world in silver bars,
And weave a gauzy web of silvery sheen,
From cot to tower, from spire to village green.

All Summer sounds are hushed; the spicy breath
Of Summer flowers comes not, for they are gone;
But their last fragrance, yielded up in death,
Mingles with ripe fruit-odors, and is borne
In clouds of deathless perfume far on high,
And angels breathe it with a rapturous sigh.

A solemn silence rests on land and sea,
Spirits and genii haunt the midnight skies,
And gentle ghosts through every moon-lit tree,
Gaze heavenward with sweet and quiet eyes.
Nature is regal in this Autumn night:
Midsummer's amorous eyes are not so bright.

MARYSVILLE, October, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### Vineta.—From the German of Wilhelm Muller.

Up from the sea's abyss comes softly stealing
Chime of evening bells subdued and slow;
To those above thus wondrously revealing
The fair old wonder-town that lies below.

Sunken it lies beneath the restless ocean,
Its peaceful ruins buried in the deep;
From its tall battlements, with ceaseless motion,
Bright golden sparklets to the surface leap.

And should a sailor see the magic gleaming
'Neath the red splendor of the sunset sky,
He haunts the spot for ever, idly dreaming.
Though in dark circle near the black rocks lie.

From my sad bosom's depths comes softly stealing
As 'twere chime of bells, subdued and slow;
They bring my heart once more a strange revealing
Of the sweet love that dwelt there long ago.

Fair is the world there lying sunk and hidden,
Its peaceful ruins buried in my breast,
Yet oft celestial sparks arise unbidden
Gilding my dreams, and sweetening my rest.

Then in the sea's abyss I fain would plunge me,
Through the upleaping sparklets fain sink down,
For I feel as though the angels called me—
Called me to the fair old wonder-town.

PINOLE, October 5th, 1879. MARIA E. FREILIGRATH.

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Most Christians consider the Bible more precious than gold. Yet they lock up their silverware and jewels at night, and allow the Word to remain on the parlor table.

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The Chicago type of a girl has a nonpareil head on a brevier body, and long primer feet—typograghically speaking.

## THÉRÈSE, OF LA VENDÉE.

Vendee, a district of France, lay upon the Loire River, adjacent to Brittany. Its inhabitants were a simple, religious people, devoted to their own customs, their curés, their homes, their fields, their flocks. At once, devout and merry, frank and trustworthy, hospitable and discreet, such a one would have seemed a marvel to the gay Parisian, whose proud birth place was a cauldron bubbling with politics, a spot made memorable by successive reigns of tyranny, a city with a throne set in its midst from which issued edicts of oppression and outrageous enactments upon the provinces. In Paris were two peoples, the high-born and the low-born. In La Vendée these two had met and mingled; they had a common love as friend to master; together they shared the pleasures of hunting, the sports of the field; the blessing of their pastors made of them one common heart—they were both *le peuple*. An outrage upon the peasants roused the blood of their nobility; an insult to a nobleman made of the peasant an enemy. They scarce knew they had a broader country than their own fields; to them "Vive la France" meant Vive la Vendée, and "Vive le Roi" "Vive le peuple." To the nineteenth century such a condition of affairs would have been impossible, but upon the breast of the eighteenth century it lies like a rose with perfume.

By means of one of the tyrannous requirements continually passing and repassing the districts from the highest authority in France (and it soon became known throughout La Vendée), certain of the beloved curés were displaced for entertaining conscientious scruples in the matter of taking the oath imposed by the all powerful Convention. Peasants and nobles rose in anger, and a large national force was sent to enforce obedience. Then occurred a war, brutal even in the history of France. The people of every age and sex, in the end, were put to the sword, and La Vendée, bleeding, shuddering, shrinking, was subdued by the power at which it had never really rebelled. The war was so confused that, after its beginning, when battle followed battle, the Vendeans only knew they were fighting a cruel enemy, and, like disturbed tigers roused in lair, they fought with the enthusiasm and courage the occasion suggested. Armed with old sabres, rusty pistols, implements of husbandry, clubs, stones, they rushed upon the enemy, or skulked near them waiting for opportunity, and again and again were the soldiery defeated, and city after city was captured bravely—all in vain. Even the women exhibited the courageous hearts of one contending for his fireside, some even advancing into battle and striking with good aim at the hated dragoons, others sheltering the people, hovering near them wherever they bent their steps

Leaders rapidly sprung from the resident nobility, distinguished for intrepidity and rash courage, but the foremost of these was Henri de Larochejaquelein. Idolized by his followers, respected and admired by his fellow officers, he stands out in that disastrous war of La Vendée like a great oak in the foreground of a picture.

In one of the rural villages, before the war, had lived Thérèse, a pretty dreamer. Her long golden hair, when let down beneath its cap, alone would have told you that she, and her mother before her, had come from at least the heights overlooking the Loire, while her gentle, lisping patois betrayed to the ear the very village of her birth. The *fête* day of her seventeenth year had but just passed, and she dreamed upon the hillside, unheeding her flock of geese.

Her blue eyes drooped, and the film of a dream by day lay across them, while her golden lashes curved away from their lids. Her cheeks, in spite of the warm sun which slanted so often along them, were fair as a white fruit, and her red lips parted and half pouted away from her two pearly and even rows of teeth. Soft sighs escaped her two red lips, and disturbed the heaving of the handkerchief, crossed like hands at prayer, upon her breast. Not Pierre, not Louis, not François—who herded, like herself, their sheep and geese among the hillocks and the interlacing paths—none of theirs was the vision filling her thought. Whatever it might have been who can tell, for the dreamer sees sights and hears sounds that are the glimpses of a second world? And the geese, unheeded, hissed and writhed their necks.

Another six months, and Thérèse, the listless maiden, had wakened. She was abroad among the hills and thousand ravines, and a red glint shone in her blue eyes. Rapine and murder lay behind her—the wrung necks of her pretty geese gaped with open wounds; open throated and covered with blood were Pierre, Louis, and François, and across the hearthstone, dead, stretched the mother that bore her. Wide awake was Thérèse, I warrant ye, but the memory of those bloody scenes made her smile—not the old, shy, dimpling smile, but a wide smile, like a silent laugh that was laughed to show two rows of gleaming white teeth, which she would not fear to tear the flesh of her own scratched and bleeding arm with should hunger, the wolf, glare too close.

To the South, to the South! She held her hand, clotted with blood where the sabre she had grasped, as she pleaded, slipped through her fingers—she held this hand above her head to catch the wind which guided her course, and her blue eyes restlessly searched the hills, her glances thrusting in and out the hollows like darts of bright steel. Aye, I warrant ye, she was awake!

The sun shone hot, beating upon her head still wearing its snow-white cap, but her lips were cracked and oozing a dark red blood, from thirst. All the little rills were dry, their round stones seeming to knock against each other in derision as she went among them, looking, looking for the drop of water they might have caught and held. And so on to another, that grinned at her again. She felt no fatigue; there was no hunger, unless the red-hot gnawing at her bowels was hunger; and her strained, cool eyes felt no pain. It was only a great thirst consuming her she felt. But not one step out of her course would she have gone, not even for a fountain that should shower its drops upon her hot face.

That night, at even fall, she espied a soldier lying upon his side, still, as if in sleep. Immediately she became a cat, with cushioned claws and sharpened fangs, stealthily creeping along upon the edges of stone, that no twig might crack, her hard breath hushed, and her teeth set upon her under lip. Stealthily, and so silently, almost crawling, her step was so slow, and stilly she sank upon her knees by his side. Then, with fingers nerved to soft touches, she reached over as he slumbered, to find his throat, when—what was this?—they played upon a great, dried wound, opening under his chin. Some other had been before her; the man was dead.

Then off, over another hill, still to the South, with that stream of old, dried blood winding away from his throat, pooling under her tongue, and sickening there. And then it rained, a sheet of moisture that fell from heaven upon the trees and the earth, but when it touched her it was blood, till her garments were soaked and dyed in red. Wherever her foot stumbled a stream of it, thick and muddy, ran trickling, and upon the leaves of the trees it gathered like dew. But Thérèse was not afraid; oh, no!

Henri de Larochejaquelein, mounted upon his charger, threw off his spurs before his men.

"The horse of La Vendée," he said, "needs the coaxing of no spur in his side to spring to-day into the fight. He knows the scent of battle."

A crimson handkerchief bound his hat, his scabbard passed through another at his waist, while a third across his broad breast held his pistols. His young face glowed, and his eyes were watchful as he turned them upon his men.

"My General," shouted a voice above the trampling of feet, "we will retake *Marie Jeanne* to-day, shall we not?"

"Aye, aye," was the bold answer, and "aye, aye," said they all in a confused murmuring.

"And we will turn her again upon themselves, and again shall she strike them with thunder and flame," called a shrill voice over the heads of hundreds.

"Who speaks there?" called the youthful general, quickly.

"The woman of Bressiure," was the answer given by fifty mouths, and way was made for her to pass. Forth came Thérèse the dreamer, Thérèse the wanderer, Thérèse the soldier, a man's hat upon her head, her long hair coiled under it, the silent laugh disfiguring her face.

The glow of victory and expectation died from the cheek of Larochejaquelein; then turning impatiently he said: "Bring the child that with its wailing wakened last night this whole camp. This woman shall stay behind to tend it. Already we have enough of the women in battle; they are merely tramped upon and slain."

But Thérèse thrust herself before him persistently. "Look at this that set my blood on fire near the Loire," she cried, putting her hand with its angry scar before his eyes. "This from a pistol before Anjou, and this at Bressiure," tearing her own crimson handkerchief away and baring her breast, white and billowy as the breast of any maiden in Vendee, but throbbing with a plastered wound, inflamed and beating with a fever just above her heart. "Leave the child to another; *I can fight!*" and, laughing, she turned away.

Before dark she was astride of *Marie Jeanne*, whose gunner she spurned with her foot, having fallen with his wad in his hand. "Ah-la-la," she was singing in a shrill, high key, beating upon the great gun with the handle of a broken sabre, and the men gathering the dead shuddered as they heard the simple song she made so wild and weird.

One approached her and started. "You have a wound upon the head," he exclaimed. "Oh, it is nothing," she replied, laughing. Her long hair was dabbled with her own blood, and as the golden mass streamed over her shoulders she ran her fingers through it and wrung the moisture from a lock or two.

On the retreat toward the Loire! A great wave of defeat had swept through La Vendée, and Thérèse was with the rest, her face turned northward now. "Why are you shedding tears?" she asked contemptuously of a woman on horse who wept continually. "I shed them for my husband who was killed at Châtillon," was the sad reply. "Weep no more; but have the life of the man who cut him down," said Thérèse, marching on.

A couple walked feebly along over the hills—an old man of seventy and a boy of ten. "Ah! you weaklings!" said Thérèse, derisively, striding up to them. "But methinks I have seen you both before," she added with sudden attention. "It was at Fougères," said the child, in his small treble. "I pointed out the dragoon who would have ridden you down, and grandpère was with me." "What, comrades! I remember!" said Thérèse, and she found them food and drink, and the old man and the child dragged their weary feet along and gnawed the crust of bread she had filched for them.

One day there spread through the camp a heart-piercing cry, "We are lost—the track is lost. The Loire lies in some direction, we know not what."

"Follow on!" shouted Thérèse, promptly, "I know the way," and turning the back of her hand, seamed with its scar, to this way and that, as the wind blew upon it. "To the Loire," she shouted; and taking the lead, she marshaled the long train of fugitives through the hills.

On their way they passed a ruined village in an opening between two hills, into which led the rambling goat paths. It should have brought memories to the brain of Thérèse, but she passed carelessly by the very door in which she had stood to coquette with François and Pierre and Louis.

And then on the heights, below which lay the great valley and the river with its black and rolling current! Ten thousand people shivered upon its banks. "Oh, Brittany, Brittany!" they cried, longingly, stretching their hands in beseeching to the opposite shore. Some were calling friends, some busy about boats and rafts, and some stood staring about them.

"Stay!" shouted Henri de Larochejaquelein, "I will go first and see that the way is safe. The shore seems clear and quiet, but the enemy may lie in ambush."

He arranged himself in his little wherry, saw to his accoutrements, and gave the word. "I, too, mon General!" said a familiar voice, and Thérèse also entered the boat, which a dozen hands then helped to push into the stream. The multitude watched it as it cut the current—all eyes turned toward it. Thérèse stood in it, her hands crossed before her, her blue eyes turned upon the people. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders, and as the little boat swept away from the shore the scars on her face and hands and the tangles in her hair were hidden in distance. To the thousand eyes she seemed the simple, innocent virgin she had been once, fit to feed flocks and coo to babies.

As they touched the landing, like a flash the enemy bristled from concealment. Fighting like a young lion Larochejaquelein fell, overpowered, and like a lioness, a moment after, across his bleeding body fell Thérèse, dead by a score of thrusts and cuts and jagged wounds.

It was the last; bruised and bleeding for nothing, La Vendée still remained, as she had always been, a province of France.

KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879.

## THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Patriotism is a forty-million-power egotism; cosmopolitanism is a world-wide egotism.

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Between the acts one evening at the opera, Déjazet, who had gone upon the stage to see a friend, went to the curtain to peep at the house.

A gentleman, who did not recognize her, approached on tip-toe and put his arm round her waist.

"I beg your pardon," said Déjazet, calmly, "I don't belong to the company."

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Extract from the last act of a new piece:

*The Father* (revealing himself in tears)—The unknown lover that deserted your mother—it was I! My daughter!!

*The Heroine*—Your child! My father!!

*The Father's Son*—The child of my father! My sister!!

*The Father's Nephew*—The child of my uncle! My cousin!!

*The Father's Brother*—The child of my brother! My niece!!

(Tableau—Quick curtain.)

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"Why did you weep so in church?"

"Oh, it was because of the thoughts evoked by those solemn words, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'"

"You are an ass—a preferred ass! If you were of gold and had to turn to dust you'd lost a hundred per cent. by the operation; but as you are dust and to dust return, you neither lose nor gain anything—it's a stand-off."

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L—— is a thrifty young man who would think twice before tying a hungry dog to a post with a string of sausages.

One evening he happened to be visiting at a house where an anonymous letter had been received that very morning, and by way of amusement the members of the family took to teasing him, accusing him of its authorship.

He takes their raillery in earnest and endeavors to defend himself, but they pretend not to attach any weight to his denial. Suddenly he seizes the envelope and cries triumphantly:

"Do you see this stamp? Do you think if I were going to play a trick on you I'd put a postage-stamp on the envelope, eh? Not much."

He is acquitted without leaving the parlor.

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Joseph is a brave workman, loving the labor and the saving, and not giving not a sou of his salary to the merchants of wine. All that which he gains reënters to the house and serves to make big a little pile.

The comrades blarney this good boy, of whom the sobriety astonishes them, and, from time to time, knowing that he has always the pocket well garnished, they from him borrow a little of money.

Joseph, the first days, not having any pretext reasonable to refuse, was letting himself be done by the friends.

In order to subtract himself from all these exigencies, the brave Joseph has imagined this here:

All the Mondays we see him before the door of the workshop, the hairs in disorder, the knot of his cravat flying upon his shoulders, executing the zigzag, characteristics of the true drunkard, and saying, "The friends are the friends! I have made the spree—not one sou left."

We not him demand more nothing *(on ne lui demande plus rien)*, and some minutes after he replaces himself to his labor, which undrunks him as by enchantment.

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Vivier, the famous horn-player and practical joker, has just given to the world his *magnum opus*—a book, entitled *Very Little of What we Hear Every Day*, composed of what he calls the dried flowers of social eloquence—specimens of the laziness of the human mind. For three years Vivier has devoted himself to noting all the platitudes of every-day conversation, admitting none to his collection that he has not heard at least two hundred times. The following are some of his household words:

"They do nothing but quarrel from morning to night, and yet they adore each other."

"He must live near here—we see him passing about this time every day."

"At last he's gone? Good riddance! I can breathe again! I thought he never would go."

"Except the lobster and the iced pudding, everything was gotten up in the house; we have an excellent cook."

"My dear fellow, it is the most natural thing in the world—you never take any exercise; how can you expect not to be fat?"

"I can't understand why you didn't get it—I put it in the letter-box myself."

"We do not see anything of each other at present; his wife and mine don't pull together—that's all."

"You're wasting your time making love to her—she adores her husband."

"You ought to let your beard grow again—it becomes you ever so much better."

"There is no use arguing with him—he always gets mad."

"Don't go to sleep, Johnny, we're almost there."

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The Countess gets up on a chair to explain to a servant man how she wishes the chandelier cleaned.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," says the domestic respectfully, "but one leg of the chair that your ladyship condescends to stand upon is out of repair, and if your ladyship doesn't look out she'll break her dam neck!"

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"Waiter, a bottle of Vieux Mâcon—here!"

"Vieux Mâcon—yes, sir—some of our '69—here you are, sir."

(A minute is supposed to elapse between these two sentences.) "Hi, waiter, I say! This Vieux Mâcon of '69 smells of the cork most abominably."

"Oh, it can't, sir."

"But it does, sir. Smells of a musty, rotten old cork ten years old."

"Ha, ha, ha! Fooled again! That Vieux Mâcon [illegible] was only bottled half an hour ago."

"I thought so, you infernal scoundrel." (The [illegible] covered with shame as with an apron.)

## HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, October 17, 1879.

One day when Prince Pierre Bonaparte was driving to the races, some part of the harness gave way. Fortunately, a saddler's shop was near by; and, while the broken harness was being repaired, the Prince regaled himself with a glass of water, and discovered how marvelously pretty was the saddler's daughter who served him, and curtsied so modestly to his royal highness. True, he had seen beauty in its most artistic and cultivated forms, bewitching and dazzling enough to turn even a Prince's head a score of times. But this roadside flower captured the Prince with the strategy of loveliness, and his heart was left behind him as he went to the races. The Prince, like other men, found it difficult to live without a heart, and he was not long in winning that of the saddler's daughter. And what succeeded was so knightly, so true, and, withal, *so rare*. The Prince decided to marry her, and so placed her to school, from which, in due time, she emerged with the necessary acquired graces. She was quick and apt, and so extremely good-looking that when Prince Pierre presented his wife to the Emperor, his Majesty was gracious enough to forget her origin, and receive her cordially. It would finish beautifully to add that the Empress imitated the Emperor in the reception of her. But, alas! Eugenie, who at that time was the most charming bigot in France, drew her robes about her in scorn at the presumption. But for all that the wife of Prince Pierre graced the court circles of Paris, or did until Auteuil, and the people took pride in her. But what has a French saddler's daughter to do with our society, or how does her romance attach itself to the interest of the fashionable circles of San Francisco? Well, now, truth to tell, I don't know; however, it will do for a preface quite as well as would a local story of a well-known lady in our midst who dresses elegantly, gives magnificent lunches, entertains charmingly, and now and then numbers a guest who remembers very well when she presided at the counter of a lager-beer saloon in Pennsylvania. Some four or five weeks ago I gave out in one of my letters that Lieut. Berryman of the Marine Corps had lost his heart; an event occurred last Thursday evening, the 9th inst., which went to show that the heart of the good-looking marine was lost in the neighborhood of the lighthouse, and that Miss Zallie Watson, the pretty daughter of the lighthouse-keeper found the same. Mrs. Watson is the widow of the late Commodore Watson, and has had charge of the light on the island for some time; her assistant was Zallie, her daughter. Lieut. Berryman saw this charming assistant and loved her; and wooed, won, and wedded her. The wedding took place at the lighthouse, the drawing-rooms of which had been tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Winfield, of Benicia, the usual congratulations and collation following. The bride was dressed in a lovely white satin, with a bride's veil with sprays of orange blossoms. Lieut. Berryman made a splendid looking bridegroom, and was dressed in full uniform. Very few were present except officers and ladies of the yard. Mr. Verdenal and family, who have been quartered at the Palace for the past two or three months, removed to their city residence on Wednesday. J. B. Haggin arrived home from the East on Sunday evening last. Capt. J. C. Worthington, U. S. A., is at the Palace; Lieut. J. A. Howell, U. S. N., is at the Baldwin; Dr. C. H. Hall, U. S. N., was at the Occidental on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Moses Selig celebrated their silver wedding on the 9th inst. Ex-Congressman Sherrill, and Mrs. Sherrill, and Miss Sherrill, and Miss Newlands, of New York, who have divided their two months' time in California between San Francisco, Los Angeles, and the Yosemite, left for the East Saturday morning; Mr. W. V. Huntington, a nephew of Mr. C. P. Huntington, accompanied the party as far as Ogden. Ex-Gov. Stanford and family arrived in New York on Tuesday last; the Governor telegraphed to Mr. Charles Crocker that the trip overland alone had greatly improved Mrs. Stanford's health. Mrs. Stanford will probably remain away for two or three years; the Governor will return in January next. Mrs. Major Hebb, of Mare Island, came down to the city on Tuesday last, and will remain here for a few weeks while her home at the Island is undergoing repairs. Mrs. Edgar Mills arrived safely in New York a few days ago. Among the guests at the Palace at present is Hon. John E. Ward, now a prominent lawyer in New York, but better known as the first American minister at Peking. Mr. D. O. Mills and family have arrived in New York. Capt. Louis Sengteller, of the Coast Survey, is at the Occidental. Mrs. H. G. Kinsey has rented her house, corner of Sutter and Leavenworth streets, for a year, and taken apartments at the Palace. Messrs. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and D. O. Mills gave their checks for $600 each in aid of the Authors' Carnival; Messrs. C. P. Huntington and Lloyd Tevis gave $300 each. General Grant and party will return from their Oregon trip on Monday next. The General will be given a reception by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, on Tuesday evening, the 21st instant, at their mansion, on California Street; by the Bryants on a subsequent evening; and on Saturday evening, the 25th instant, General Grant will be given a banquet at the Palace Hotel. At a late hour that night our distinguished visitors will leave for the East, going over the Sierra by daylight, and spending a day or two in Virginia City. Judge Delos Lake arrives in San Francisco on Sunday. Mrs. Gen. Elliot and daughter and Judge John S. Hager returned from the East last Wednesday evening. Colonel Miller, Fourth Artillery, has been transferred from Battery E to Battery I, and will leave San Francisco for Fortress Monroe in a day or two. Among the arrivals of well-known Californians from the East within a few days may be mentioned that of Hon. H. F. Teschemaker, a former Mayor of San Francisco. On the evening of the 8th instant Mr. Henry H. Nagle, actuary of the Union Insurance Company, was married to Miss Mattie A. Weeks, at the residence of the bride's parents; the bride was dressed in white silk, draped with the customary blossoms. I understand that Joaquin Miller has been secretly married to Abby Leland, a daughter of the late Major Leland—brother of Warren Leland—who died at Saratoga this last summer. When Miller was here some months ago he was then under engagement to Miss Leland, who was in Europe preparing her trousseau. For some reason or other the matter has been kept quiet; it is a fact nevertheless. Yours, etc., HEBE.

## A SONG OF THE SAND-LOTS.

*Tune*—"Babies on our Block."

If you want a new sensation,
Come with me and make a call,
Some Sunday, to the sand lots
That surround the City Hall;
Where the workingmen—and women, too—
Assemble in great throngs,
To grumble at the government,
And talk about their wrongs.
There is Kearney, their great leader,
Since the movement first begun,
Then there's Barbour and Beerstecher,
Wellock, Terry, Wright, and Dunn,
Debating and orating
All as fluent as Muldoon,
In the glory of the sand lots
Every Sunday afternoon.

CHORUS—Little Denis Kearney,
Standing in the sun,
Shouting and bawling
That we are undone.
Rise, Denis, rise, and
Put on your drayman's frock,
And go to work at hauling for
The people on your block.

When Kalloch was elected,
And when Perkins ruled the State,
An era of good-fellowship
We hoped to celebrate;
But Kearney and his Workingmen
Still growl and agitate,
And fan the flame of discontent,
Disorder, doubt, and hate.
There are Levelers and Fenians,
Who would set old Ireland free;
There are Communists and Socialists,
From France and Germany—
All scheming and blaspheming
From their platform on the dune,
And frighting timid people
Every Sunday afternoon.
CHORUS—Little Denis Kearney, etc.

They come in from the Mission—
Aye, and farther out than that—
The city front, and Barbary Coast,
And all about Tar Flat,
To cheer at Kearney's speeches
As he bellows on the sand,
And pass his resolutions by
The raising of the hand.
They are lauding and applauding
While he swaggers to and fro,
Loudly spouting there, and shouting
That "the Chinamen must go;"
All hoping the Millennium
Will be coming very soon,
And howling on the sand-lots
Every Sunday afternoon.
CHORUS—Little Denis Kearney, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. SAM BOOTH.

### Desolate.

My love is gone, and all alone
I sit beside the surging sea,
And listen to the fitful moan
Of winds that breathe of him to me.

In each resistless wave that pours
Its fullness on the shining sands,
I hear the voice my soul adores,
And miss the clasp of loving hands.

Return, O steadfast heart, to me!
Beside the restless sea I wait;
My very soul goes forth to thee—
Thine absence leaves me desolate.

OAKLAND, October 14, 1879. L.

### In Memoriam.—Last Words of H. K. W. Clarke.

"I have not believed in a life beyond the grave; but if there be a future state of existence, I know that the God that made this world so attractive and beautiful, and provided so well for me here, will take equally good care of me there; and I am willing to trust my future with Him."

Ah! life was sweet to thee, a precious boon,
In the full glory of thy fervid noon,
Still gay with hope, intense with plan and thought,
To be ere long in earnest deeds outwrought;
And life was beautiful! pure pleasures tasted
Had left the strength and fire of youth unwasted.

Yet no regret, and no reproachful word,
To pain the ear, from thy dear lips were heard,
When fell the stroke, the sad and fatal blow
That laid thee in thy noble manhood low.
Grandly thy spirit entered the high portal
Of the Unseen—to wear the crown immortal.

I joy for thee! e'en through my blinding tears,
E'en though I wait, alone, for weary years,
That thou hast gained the bright, immortal shore,
Where earthly doubts can cloud thy soul no more;
The mist disperse before the truer vision
And clearer light of thy new home elysian.

Thy faith in God hath been rewarded well—
Oh! more than thought can paint, or language tell—
In His eternal justice, love, and truth
That filled thy heart with joy in early youth;
Ere thou had'st lost, by the cold world's attrition
The glorious promise of the soul's fruition.

Ah! thou wilt learn, as endless ages roll,
That God cheats not the longings of the soul;
The thirst to know—the hunger of the heart—
The love of life, from which 'tis pain to part—
Are sacred pledges, to our inmost being,
Of a fulfillment by the wise All-Seeing.

What heights of knowledge wait thy growing powers!
What depths of wisdom through the circling hours!
What new light on the past not understood!
What grander openings into future good!
What inspiration by the living fountains!
What aspiration on the opal mountains!

I joy for thee! e'en through my blinding tears,
E'en though I wait, alone, for weary years,
That thou hast gained the bright, immortal shore,
Where earthly doubts can cloud thy soul no more;
Where fuller life, with all its rich revealings,
Atones to thee for all of Time's concealings.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 14, 1879. SARAH M. CLARKE.

Eugene Field says: "When the Prince of Wales calls upon a lady, his first inquiry is whether her husband is at home."

## POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

As the social season is now about to commence, we deem it not inappropriate to lay down some leading axioms to direct people in their social deportment.

As soon as it is rumored that there is to be an entertainment, persons desiring to attend should at once commence skirmishing for an invitation. If a female, she should call upon the lady at once; if her cards are out, this should prove no embarrassment. If she has never called before, she can make some excuse for the delay; if long in arrearage, she must have some adroit apology for the neglect. Male persons can usually obtain the intercession of some gentleman; bring some business or political point to hear, or, when everything else is likely to fail, can brass it out with the direct begging of an invitation; or, if the entertainment is to be a very large one, may push in uninvited.

The invitation having been obtained, it is well to display it as much as possible. Females should communicate the fact to all acquaintance, especially to those who are not invited. The male person is justified in casually remarking between drinks that he is going "down to Bill's," or "over to Mac's," or "up to Charley's;" it shows that the male person is on familiar terms with these gentlemen.

We omit full directions in reference to dress. Ladies will, of course, dress in accordance with their means and in good taste; females will dress in the inverse ratio of their means—*i. e.*, those who have least will endeavor to dress the costliest.

What can not be had in way of the real may be supplemented by imitation. Palais Royale diamonds are just as attractive to those who do not know the difference as the real article, are not so liable to be stolen, and, except for the purpose of pawning, are just as serviceable as those more costly gems that come from Brazil: while glass ornaments artistically colored are scarcely distinguishable from rubies, emeralds, opals, and other genuine articles of jewelry.

The quality of laces is not as important as the quantity, while the absence of a necklace is not observed if the corsage is sufficiently low to bring into prominence other attractions. The secret of padding lean women out to graceful proportions is well understood; how to make obesity look slim requires a more scientific and artistic effort. It can be done, however, by absence of under-clothes and great compression.

If the occasion is to be one to which large numbers are invited, it is well for the class of persons to whom we are addressing this advice to go early, and if the opportunity presents itself, it may be hinted that as an intimate and very dear friend of the family you are expected to assist in the entertainment.

If distinguished guests are present, hover around them, address them as often as possible, and lose no opportunity to let it be known that they are old and treasured friends, with whom you are upon terms of great intimacy.

During the early part of the evening as guests are arriving, allow no chance to pass of recognizing all among them that are important for their wealth and social position, particular attention being given to those who have elegant homes, and who are likely to entertain during the season.

If you dance or promenade do not waste time upon those who are of your own social position, but let the motto of Excelsior be ever in mind.

The male person will not have eaten anything for some time in advance of the banquet, thus retaining his appetite in compliment to his host. To the female person a hearty preliminary meal of corn-beef and cabbage is recommended, so that she may not imperil her best frock in contesting with the males of her order in the conflict for grub.

The male person, unattended by one of the sex, is justified in being among the earliest to the banqueting room.

By his agility he may secure the best place, by his strength he may maintain it, and by an earnest attention to the satisfying of his own animal wants, he may enjoy himself.

By dexterous use of his shoulders, he may reach the length of an ordinary table. He should promptly, and without troubling the waiters, help himself. He should so load his plate that he may not require a second effort; he should maintain his position at the table, and, if possible, draw his chair to it.

He should have no hesitation himself in uncorking bottles, and after he has used his glass, or plate, or fork, he should pile them back upon the table, and not trouble a waiter by asking him to retire them. He should not leave the banquet room till he has gorged himself, till the table is littered, till the wine is exhausted, and he should omit no opportunity to spill coffee or ice-cream upon the ladies' dresses. It encourages the dry-goods and dressmakers' trades, and upon apologizing, the lady is sure to smile, and say that "it is of no consequence." To step upon a lady's trail sometimes serves as an introduction.

Wines being free, a generous indulgence will in part compensate for inability to carry away bottles. With cigars it is better to smoke little, and fill your pockets for a more quiet and comfortable future indulgence.

The new regulation by the police of calling for your carriage by numbers discourages expenditure in this direction. Money was in this respect well expended, when one's carriage was loudly called by name at the hall or theater door. The male or female person may now be transported by street cars, and if the hour of departure be late may foot it home unobserved.

Inquiring friends of little Black-and-Tan are informed that he is preparing to enter himself in a pedestrian contest, "go as you please," for a brass collar, best dog to win. George is now on a very sparse diet training for the sawdust. It is to be a national contest for canine endurance. Gorham never ran well, but for a square heel-and-toe, git-up-and-git, we will wager him against anything of his weight and color.

Last Thursday evening, the ladies of the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland, inaugurated the season by an informal hop, which was attended and enjoyed by about one hundred guests. It is the intention to continue these gatherings through the winter, the first having been so satisfactory and pleasurable a success.

There is nothing of which we know so little as our own capacity.

## ABOUT WOMEN.

Marriage is often a mirage.

Those big belt buckles "must go."

The peel of the first belle was a fig leaf.

Hope deferred maketh the girl feel profane.

"Helen's Babies" are now digging clams for a living.

*Llano* is the Mexican for plain. Mary Walker is *llano.*

What kind of leather does a woman use to shoo a hen?

Aphorism by a perfectly reckless belle: "Be flirtuous and you will be happy."

The President has purchased a yacht because his wife denied him a schooner.

Nettie: "You are right, my pretty grammarian. It is atrocious to say "a troches."

"I have a silent sorrow here," as the woman said whose only child was a mute.

At fifteen the arts of the toilet disfigure; at twenty they adorn; and at forty they repair.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

No woman ever refused to accept pictures from her photographer because they flattered her.

The switch will bring a small boy to repentance, but it works miracles for a bald headed girl.

As is the golden tress of hair to butter, so are unkind words from the ripe lips of a beautiful woman.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a kiss as to have the girl sneeze at the very climax of osculation.

There are many women who would be very agreeable and very amiable if they could only forget that they are pretty.

"Yes, I've seen her." "Is she as thin as the boys say she is?" "I should say so. She looks like a string of buttons."

Mrs. Mary Long died at Shamoken, on Thursday, aged one hundred and four. She was long lived, but is not long dead.

It is said that Sara Bernhardt experiences a good deal of difficulty in finding enough of herself upon which to put a corset.

According to the Scriptures "nothing was made in vain," but a freshly engaged young woman comes about as near to it as possible.

Philadelphia is said to have the champion female ball tosser of the United States. She is, properly speaking, the belle of the ball.

The Queen is in the kitchen eating bread and honey, and the honey is made by American bees and the bread is made from American flour.

"You army chap," as a girl said to her military lover. "That's where you soldier yourself," he wrote back when he eloped with another girl.

The fact that "virtue is its own reward" is perhaps the reason why people abandon it for something that brings a more tangible recompense.

Before you eat your usual dish of onions remember that you breathe just about eighteen times a minute and three thousand cubic feet per hour.

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments—you make me start!" "Well, sir, I've been waiting for you to start for the last hour."

Auber, when asked what became of all the young ladies who graduated at the Conservatory, replied: "Some of them succeed by the charm of their voices; others by the voice of their charms."

When the girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly turns around and tells him she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see freckles on her nose.

A Milwaukee girl, suffering from lockjaw, was left alone with a mouse by the shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china closet rattle.

There is scarcely any trouble without a woman being at the bottom of it, so when you pass a house and hear a youngster yelling like "blue blazes," you can make up your mind that the foregoing fact accounts for the noise.

In Paris it has been discovered that the larger the hat the prettier its wearer; the higher the frill the whiter the throat; the longer the mittens the finer the arms; so that women are not unlike kernels in big nutshells.

Bear in mind that a man is always a fool. If he be young, the world says when he is older he will know more; if he be older, it says he is old enough to know better; and when he is old, it says the old fools are the biggest fools. It will always be safe to figure on this last fact.

A belated husband, hunting in the dark for a match with which to light the gas, and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered insane in an instant by his wife suggesting, in a sleepy voice, that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling around in the dark, breaking things.

Mrs. Cornwallis West, one of London's professional beauties, has fair, short hair, a small head, and glorious eyes. She has a husband and three children. At a recent bazaar she was dressed in a robe *courte en cachemire bleu marin.* She had a scarf of red round her neck, the two ends being passed through a ring, man-fashion.

Two artists in conversation. "He's going to marry Mlle. T.?" "Yes." "Is she rich?" "No." "Pretty?" "Scarcely—why, she writes!" "That's no reason why she shouldn't be pretty." "Yes it is, though, generally speaking. Women, my dear boy, never put on blue stockings until there is no longer any curiosity to know the color of their garters."

## A PRACTICAL SERMON.

Poker Bill's First Attempt at Preaching the Gospel.

Leadville, Colorado, has experienced religion, and Faro Bill, one of its most distinguished citizens, preached the other day, in the absence of—as he expressed it—"the boss mouthpiece of the heavenly mill," to a large and select audience, in the variety theatre of the place, used on Sundays as a church. This is the way the substitute began:

"Feller citizens, the preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it fur all it is worth. You all know that I'm just learnin' the game, an', of course, I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe thar's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage o' my ignorance, and cold-deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay-out as this, he plays every card to win, and if he goes through the deal as he orter do, when he lays down to die, an' the last case is ready to slide from the box, he can call the turn every time.

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the Prodigal Son, and I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile, either. I reckon the old man was purty well fixed, an' when he died he intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod give the old man a little game o' talk one day, and injuced him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divvy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He hed a way-up time for a while, an' slung his cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on arth; but hard luck hit him a lick at last, an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up agin some brace game. But anyhow he got left without a chip, or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An old granger then tuk him home, an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin', an' he stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, an' says to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub, while I'm worryin' along here on corn husks straight. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself, an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call fur a new deal.' So off he started.

"The old man seed the kid a coming, and what do ye reckon he did? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intending to wipe him as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he hustle around for a club and give him a stand-off at the front gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't; no, sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, and froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, and killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blow-out the camp ever seed."

At the conclusion of the narrative the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story. Before he could resume a tall, blear-eyed gambler, with a fierce moustache, arose and said:

"'Tain't me as would try ter break up a meeting, or do anything disreligious. No, sir; I am not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoo-doos it is a parliamentary rule for anybody as wants to ax questions to rise up an' fire them off. I do not want ter fool away time questioning the workings of religion; oh, no. As long as it is kept in proper bounds, and does not interfere with the boys in their games, I do not see as it can do harm. I just want ter ax the honorable speaker if he has not given himself dead away? Does it stand ter reason that a bloke would feed upon corn husks when there was hash factories in the camp? Would anybody hev refused him the price of a square meal if he had struck them for it? Would any of the dealers that beat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I do not want to make any disrespectable breaks, but I must say that I have got it put up that the speaker has been trying ter feed us on cussed thin taffy, and no one but a silly would take it up."

Bill glared upon the speaker and fairly hissed:

"Do you mean to say that I am a liar?"

"Wal, you can take it just as you choose. Some folks would swallow it in that shape."

Bill pulled his revolver, and, in an instant, the bright barrels of numerous weapons flashed in the air as the friends of each party prepared for active duty. The brevet preacher was the first to fire, and the rash doubter of spiritual truths fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and when quiet was again restored a score or more of dead and wounded men were carried from the tent. Having secured attention, Bill said:

"Further proceedings is adjourned for the day. You will receive the doxology."

The audience arose.

"May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, now and for ever, amen. And I want it distinctly understood that I am going to maintain a proper respect for the gospel if I have to croak every son-of-a-gun of a sinner in the mines. Meetin' is out."

The crowd filed from the tent as coolly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and a man remarked:

"Bill has got the sand to make a bang-up preacher, and I would not wonder if he made a big mark in the world yet."

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We wish some ARGONAUT subscriber residing at Bodie would ascertain for us the nationality of the cowardly blackguards who compose the Miners' Union—the men who drove George Daly from that place. If they are Americans, or if any considerable number of them are native born, we desire to abuse them for a band of base and cruel cowards, who did an act as an organization which no individual of the number would have dared to do. We have great contempt for that kind of courage that, like the coyote, hunts its victim in packs.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

A gentleman who had been dining out the night before went into a barber's shop to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been taking more than was good for him, for his hand shook very much; and, naturally indignant, he began to give him a little moral advice by saying: "Bad thing, drink?" "Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin awful tender."

In a tavern in Calcutta there is a notice hung on the walls: "Guests are requested not to beat the waiters and servants" This recalls the notice in a London inn: "Do not kiss the servants on the stairs; it makes them drop the dishes;" and the solemn admonition printed and stuck on the door of the only "hotel" in Blue Dog Gulch, Arizona: "Gentlemen are earnestly requested to remove their boots before retiring."

At a funeral service in Slawson the minister, in his remarks, was dwelling upon the loss to the husband of the deceased, when that worthy spoke up: "Never mind me. Just throw your heft on the corpse."

A president of a North Carolina college writes a pitiful letter to the *Christian Union* of September 5th, asking aid. He says he has a "sickly wife and fourteen scrofulous children." We are as much surprised at him as we are at the number and character of his children. Help him, brethren, but with the distinct understanding that he is not to enlarge his family.

A Tennessee darky preacher held forth recently as follows: "You girls call your sweethearts 'darlings,' and you men call yours 'daisies,' and you girls are afraid to come up here for fear some other girls will get off with your 'darlings,' and you men for fear some other fellows will get away with your 'daisies,' and," said he, "between this 'darling,' and 'daisy' business lots of you niggers are going straight to hell."

The other night, when a citizen of Chicago was reckoning up his accounts his wife spoke to him several times, and, receiving no answer, said: "You treat me cruelly. I fear you no longer love me." And the husband and father replied: "I love you passionately, devotedly, frantically, madly; but if you don't hold yer jaw till I get these figures added, I'll give you a clip in the eye."

The art of being gallant is quite lost. The defunct Marquis d'Entragues was the man for making compliments. One day he was playing billiards with the Princess de Foix. "It must be that I am very awkward," said she; "I can't touch a ball." "Princess," said the Marquis, "that is because a billiard ball is not a heart."

Do you know that an obscure coin, current in a remote part of India, is called a "dam?" Or don't you care a—that is, don't you care one of those coins if it is?

The Persian Shah is said to be writing a play—and nobody will dare to condemn him. For his Majesty once painted a picture in which a camel in the background was higher than a tree in the foreground, and an unlucky critic, who hinted that the work lacked feeling, in a few hours lacked a head.

"Here, officer, arrest me!" exclaimed an excited individual as he rushed into the nearest station-house. "I have shot a man; he is, perhaps, dead by this time, and I have come to give myself up." "Well! if this isn't too much," said the indignant officer. "Now, you go home, I tell you, and mind your own business, and wait till we find you."

Little Billy, aged five, has been told that he is going to have a little sister pretty soon. The other day he saw his mother preparing to go out. "Say, mamma," said little Billy, anxiously, "what should we do if little sister should come while you're out?"

Professor—"Is there any way to obtain good fruit without grafting or budding?" Student—"Yes, sir." Professor—"Please explain the process." Student—"Watch your chance, and, when the farmer goes to dinner, crawl over into the orchard and steal it."

A man with a $600 diamond on his shirt bosom leaned over a hen coop in a Cincinnati market, and a hungry hen picked off the jewel and swallowed it. The thief was soon lost among the hundreds, and there was no way of identifying her. So the man bargained to have them killed, one after another, until the right crop was found. To recover the diamond cost him $28.

Every State in the American Union has a law against carrying concealed weapons, and every pair of pants manufactured from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Mexican Gulf, has a pistol-pocket.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

There are sermons in everything in nature. Take the flowers, for instance. They never shoot off their pistils, not even when the bumble bee loafs around with his pocket knife drawn.

An old fellow, who has a son just entering juvenile society, made a terrible mistake the other night. A note was laid at his plate, which said: "Miss ——, No. — —— Street, requests your company Tuesday evening." He combed his bald head and went there. A little girl ushered him into the parlor. "Is Miss —— in?" said he. "Yes, that is my name said the girl. "Isn't Johnny coming to-night?" It all occurred to the old man in a moment. He thought Miss —— was an older sister. He wiped his bald head, took his hat, and said: "No, Johnny has the cholera infantum. Just called in to tell you he couldn't be here." And [illegible] tleman went out and kicked himself.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—VIII.

This week's letter I shall devote to the grand old San Francisco Fire Department of the past, together with a brief recital of the several conflagrations which have at different times devastated the city, and which were the cause of the very appropriate device upon our grand seal—Phœnix rising from the flames. What I have to say about these conflagrations is of course the result of bottled up memory which time has mellowed; and, as it may also be "Extra Dry," I shall be brief. As the first of everything (except new milk) is always desirable, I will state that the first fire of which any record is given was the burning of the "Shades Hotel," in January, '49. The first of the series of awful conflagrations, known in our history as "the first great fire," broke out in the upper story of Dennison's Exchange, on the east side of the Plaza, December 24, '49. It spread down Washington Street to Montgomery, and thence to Clay Street, burning most of the houses in the block. Nearly fifty houses and stores were consumed, and the loss was estimated at about $1,000,000. The second great fire, May 4, 1850, commenced almost upon the same spot. The entire block between Clay, Washington, Kearny, and Montgomery Streets was destroyed, with the exceptions of Dubois' banking house and Burgoyne & Co.'s. North of Washington Street the fire extended from Montgomery Street to Dupont, almost entirely destroying both of the adjoining blocks. Three hundred houses were destroyed, several lives were lost, and the estimated loss was $4,000,000. This fire was attributed to incendiaries, and the usual unsuccessful reward for their apprehension was offered. On the day after the fire, a party of workingmen appeared before the Mayor and demanded remuneration for their services in assisting the fire to spread. When he refused, a riot ensued, which was quelled with great difficulty. Thus it will be seen that as early as '50 the workingmen were a pack of growlers, and Kearney's claim of inventing turmoil among them is entirely a self-bestowed honor. The work of rebuilding was carried on with astounding activity, which, within a few weeks, resulted in a brand new city. But June 14th, of the same year, witnessed the third great fire. It commenced in the Sacramento House, on Kearny Street, between Clay and Sacramento, at eight o'clock in the morning. The wind being high, the fire spread rapidly, and in a short space of time the entire space between Clay and California Streets and down to the water's edge was consumed. Three hundred houses and $3,000,000 of property were consumed. It was not until this time that a Fire Department was organized, nor were brick buildings erected to any great extent. Again the city was rebuilt, stronger than ever, and it was believed to be fire proof, for most of the houses were of brick with iron shutters. On the 17th of September, only three months after, came the fourth fire, which destroyed almost the entire space between Washington, Pacific, Montgomery, and Dupont Streets. Loss, one hundred and fifty houses and $1,000,000 of property. Of all the great fires, that of May 3, 1851, was by far the most destructive, both of life and property. It began on the south side of the Plaza in an upholstery store, and, aided by a strong wind, spread toward the bay with terrible rapidity, extending at the same time north and south. All efforts to stay the progress of the flames were unavailing, and the morning sun rose on a city in ruins. From Kearny to Battery Street, and from California to Pacific, scarcely a house was left. The substantial iron and brick buildings, which were supposed to be fireproof, were as readily burned as the wooden ones. Fifteen entire blocks were swept away. But five buildings on Montgomery Street, and ten or twelve on other streets, were saved, while over one thousand were consumed. The losses were estimated at from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. On the morning of June 22d, of the same year, occurred the sixth great fire, which destroyed four hundred and fifty houses, seven lives, and property worth over $2,000,000. In this fire the old adobe building on the Plaza, formerly used as the Custom House—also as the gallows for Jenkins—was burned. It was at this time that the energies of the citizens were redoubled, and turned toward the organization of a Fire Department, and I can safely assert that no city in the Union boasted of a more efficient and enthusiastic one. Going to a fire in the old days was a task requiring strength, pluck, and endurance. There was no steam to work the pumps, no horses to pull the engine, and no street cars to run to the fire on. In place of the present fire alarm telegraph was a large bell and tower on top of the City Hall, where a watch was stationed night and day. The city was divided into eight wards, and when a fire was discovered the watchman would guess at the ward, and strike the number upon the bell. Think of the delay in reaching the location of a fire in those days, as compared to the present. It was some time before the members of the several companies could reach the engine houses and man the ropes. Then they were forced to hunt for the fire. The light would guide them by night; smoke and rumor by day. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, the department was a most efficient one, and I believe I am safe in venturing the assertion that the damage resulting from fires in the old days was not greater than at the present time, with all of the modern improvements and the most perfect discipline. The observance of the latter was probably the least of the many virtues of the old volunteer boys, but then the races and fights served in a measure to leaven their arduous duties. It was almost impossible for the boys to run to a fire without being forced into a personal collision with some rival company. Provocations were varied, and whether trivial or important the battle was just as bitterly fought, and just as many heads were broken. Of course, when one of these battles occurred, there were two companies less at the fire, but one of them gloried in having won a victory, and the other had ample cause for a fight at the next ringing of the Hall bell. The department, as I first remember it, was composed of the following companies: Engine No. 1, on Sacramento Street, near Kearny—D. C. Broderick was a member of this company, and upon his death it took his name. Our present efficient chief was also an "Empire boy," and, by way of contrast, I will state that so also was Billy Mulligan, whom I saw lying in state in the engine house after his merited death at the hand of Officer Hopkins. Manhattan No. 2 was located on Jackson Street, between Montgomery and Kearny. The Manhattans were New Yorkers, good fighters all of them, and excellent firemen withal. Howard No. 3, on California, near Sansome—in the present "Pantheon" building—was a superb company, noted for their efficiency at a fire or in a fight, as well as the possession of the celebrated "Brannan Engine," the gift, I believe, of Sam Brannan. It was a most magnificent affair, all of the metal work being heavily plated with silver. It was chiefly used for parades, and it is a matter worthy of record that on one occasion the Howards spent three thousand dollars for a "turn out." California No. 4 was on Market Street, near Sansome. Knickerbocker No. 5, on Sacramento Street, near Sansome, was composed of a doughty crowd of New Yorkers, ever "spoiling for a fight," or waiting for a fire, in both of which they were equally effective. "Fives" was happy in the possession of a lady member, a prominent belle of San Francisco, who is now the wife of one of our prominent citizens. I will not mention her name, and, as this letter is for the especial benefit of "old vamps," it will not be necessary, for they all know it. She wore the company's badge on her left breast, and when the Hall bell struck she was always one of the first to be on the scene of action. When a "Fives" boy was exhausted or hurt, there was always a gentle hand and an open purse ready to relieve his wants. After the fire, when tired, wet, and scorched, they slowly drew their "machine" home, they always found substantial relief, both fluid and solid, ready for them in the engine house, and the smiling face and heartfelt congratulations of their ministering angel made them sigh for the next fire. Of course society complained about this young lady's fondness for the fire boys, but she had a mind and fortune of her own, and could afford to snap her finger at her maligners. She is in Paris now, and I am told that among the most highly prized of her mementoes is the big gold 5, the badge of the Knickerbockers. Probably the best known, and most deservedly popular, of all the companies, owing to the social position of its members, as well as their indomitable energy when on duty, was Monumental No. 6, on Brenham Place, on the west side of the Plaza. In paying the company this compliment, I do not, of course, wish to detract from the merits of others, but "Six" was always a favorite. As its name implied, its members were mostly Baltimoreans, and noble fellows they were. Who can forget, for instance, their first foreman, George H. Hossefross, afterwards Chief of the Fire Department. Fire-Marshal Durkee still wears the big 6 on his shirt bosom, and we read every week in the ARGONAUT editorials from the pen of an old Monumental. It was the first engine house I ever saw, and I shall never forget the very small one-story frame structure, with a very large belfry, surmounted by an eagle and flag-staff. This little house, after passing through many vicissitudes, was taken down to make way for the larger and more roomy edifice of stone, which is now occupied by the Fire Alarm Telegraph. The Monumental bell had a history more interesting than any California bell has ever known. It was, in fact, the pioneer of all the bells, having been the first erected in California, excepting, of course, those at the Missions. Its voice tolled the requiem of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. It pealed its noisy clangor to celebrate the admission of California into the Union. As the red glare of the fire-king beamed across the city, this bell was the first to clang out its warning tones, and in those exciting days when the Vigilance Committee had their dread councils, they were summoned by three taps of the "Monumental bell." Volunteer No. 7, on Pine street, near Montgomery, was a favorite company, and some of our prominent fellow-citizens were enrolled upon its active list. Vigilant No. 9, on Stockton street, near Pacific, and Pacific No. 8, on Pacific street, near Battery, were so far out of the way, that I never knew much about them, except that on one occasion I saw Vigilant collide with Manhattan, and get thrashed for it. I remember nothing of importance about Crescent No. 10, except that James P. Casey was a member of it, and was buried by the company. This was the first public funeral I ever attended, and was most impressive. Columbia No. 11 was on Bush street, above Kearney, and those of its members who are left will pardon me if I have no record of their acts of valor, which are doubtless innumerable. Pennsylvania No. 12, on Jackson street, near Kearny, was composed of Philadelphians, and considered what was called a "kid-gloved set" among the more practical members of other companies. Its name is engraven high upon the roll of honor, however, for they were always "ready when wanted," and I have seen them "wield the spanner" with stunning effect. Young America No. 13 was the Mission company, and was so far away that it was of little use. I had the honor many a time of helping pull the hose carriage, and without the slightest hesitation can state that the happiest moment of my life was when I succeeded in first "getting hold of the tongue" to the exclusion of an older boy. In less than ten minutes I suffered the most exasperatingly humiliating moment of my life. I was lifted from my proud position by my ears, and told to "go and fetch in the fire." Shortly afterward the hose carriage became hopelessly stuck in the sand. I approached my muscular friend with a swagger, and facetiously asked him "how he'd have the fire, hot or cold?" The boy—oh! where was he? I saw this gentleman kicked by a horse at Oakland some time ago, and I flatter myself that at last he knows how it is himself. Tiger No. 14 was located on Third street, near Mission. It was composed of younger men than most of the other companies, and my recollection of them is that they were better fighters than firemen. In addition to the engine companies were San Francisco Hook and Ladder No. 1, and Sansome Hook and Ladder No. 3. The former were true "vamps," but the Sansomes were generally reputed to be a fancy company. They owned an elegant house on Sansome street, near Pacific, on a lot donated by James Lick, and some of our most prominent merchants were members. They had a splendid truck, and a most gorgeous uniform, discarding the usual red shirt, and wearing a long double-breasted sack coat of the heaviest flannel. If they never did much service, they were a splendid set of fellows, and first among those who came forward when charity called for aid. When they disbanded they left a monument to their benevolence in the shape of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the greater part of which was built from the proceeds of the sale of the Sansome-street property, which were donated to that institution. There is a room in the asylum in which is a marble slab bearing the name of each member of the company, with an inscription setting forth the nature of their bequest. There were two or three hose companies in the department, but their only usefulness, or rather uselessness always seemed to me to be getting in the way at fires, and "reeling on" more hose than they "reeled off." Late in the history of the Volunteer Department, when Sansome had been disbanded, its place was supplied by Independence No. 3, which was located on Fourth Street, near Stevenson. It was composed of young and ambitious men, who during the brief period of their company's existence did most excellent service. Charley Schultz was foreman and Warren R. Payne President. I have spoken of the battles of the old fire boys. Probably such a thing was not strictly in accord with the true principles of discipline, but what volunteer department ever existed without fighting among themselves? It was inevitable, on account of the bitter rivalry between them, the result of a desire to be first at a fire and first to "get a stream on." Those companies whose houses were close together were the most liable to be forced into a personal encounter. For instance, Howard No. 3, Knickerbocker No. 5 and Volunteer No. 7 were all within three blocks of each other, and almost always went to a fire together, all racing for dear life. On one occasion there was a fire out on Mission Street somewhere, and when Howard turned into Sansome Street Volunteer came down from Pine street, and the usual race ensued. Side by side they ran into Market, up Market to Third, and into Mission. There other companies nearly blocked the way, and the Howards were forced upon the sidewalk. They had then the advantage of their rivals, who, perceiving this, ran into them. This meant war, and war there was in dead earnest. Spanners and nozzles were seized in an instant, and an astounding number of bruised heads and black eyes was the result. The foreman of "Threes" is a mutual friend of ours, and only a few days ago told me how he "dropped" the rival foreman with a spanner. Some of the battles were fought without coming to blows at all. Arriving at the fire, there was of course a race for the first stream. Two companies might be ready at the same time, but one would reach the ladder a moment or two in advance of the other. Those upon the ground must of course dislodge them or they are beaten. "Work the brakes!" shouts the foreman. In an instant a stream shoots from the nozzle. It is directed against the rival party upon the ladder, and they are "washed off." There is then a war of water upon the ground, which continues until the stentorian voice of the Chief reminds them that there is a fire to be quenched. The first company to procure a steam engine was Monumental No 6. The superior stream which this engine could throw, and the rapidity with which it could "get to work," were the cause of engendering the most bitter feeling among the other companies who depended upon their own muscular exertions to work the pumps. Pennsylvania soon followed with a "steamer," but "saw the Monumentals one better," in that they used horses to draw it. Then the rancor of the whole department was directed, of course, against the company who was sure to be the first at a fire, and "Twelves" were forced into many a battle. On one occasion they were met and stopped by "Sixes," who demanded war. They were joined by other companies, and the fight which ensued was highly discreditable to the Department. It in fact served to render certain the passage of the bill authorizing the organization of our present paid Department. All of the prominent members of the old Department went to Sacramento and fought this bill most desperately, but the exigencies of the times and the progress of civilization demanded a change, and the boys were beaten. Many of the companies actually refused to disband, and for a time volunteer and paid companies went to fires together. Calm deliberation, however, soon fastened in their minds the conviction that, after all, the new régime was necessary, and all say now, as they did in the old days, "We have the best Fire Department in the world."

CLAY M. GREENE.

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### Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Une des plus jolies actrices du Vaudeville vient d'avoir la petite vérole. Elle montrait à un auteur en renom son visage horriblement défiguré par ce vilain mal.

—Ne vous affligez pas trop, lui dit-il, on ne grave bien que sur les pierres fines.

C'est joli, riposta-t-elle, mais le burin a trop appuyé.

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O comment t'exprimer l'ardeur qui me dévore?
Par ton absence, helas! je la sens croitre encore.
Accours, aimable objet dont mon cœur est charmé
Et si tu n'aimes point, souffre au moins d'être aimé.
As-tu donc oublié ce bonheur, cette ivresse,
Ces serments de s'aimer, de s'adorer sans cesse?—*Sapho.*

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Les poètes sont des fous d'avoir donné au fils de Venus un flambeau, un arc et un carquois; la puissance de ce dieu ne résidé que dans son bandeau; tant qu'on aime, on ne réfléchit point; dès que l'on réflechit, on n'aime plus.—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

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Un véritable amour est toujours respectueux; il inspire plus de vénération pour une bergère aimée que la noblesse du sang pour la première princesse du monde.—*Prévost.*

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Dans une rivière des diamants, j'ai vu se noyer l'honneur de bien des femmes.—*Alphonse Karr.*

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La vie ne devrait avoir d'autre limite que l'amour: tout ce qui peut encore aimer devrait vivre.—*Adolphe d'Houdetot.*

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Puisez dans la coupe des plaisirs, mais ne buvez jamais à même. Le plaisir est un mal, s'il coûte des regrets. Les plaisirs sont comme ces fleurs qui donnent le vertige, quand on en respire trop longtemps le parfum.—*Rochebrune.*

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Le cœur fait le vrai bonheur quand on s'aime et rien n'y peut suppléer, sitôt qu'on ne s'aime plus.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

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Il est difficile de s'imaginer qu'une jeune fille insouciante qu'on a vu jouer à la poupée à l'âge de six ans, puisse mourir d'un chagrin d'amour à vingt ans, et pourtant cela s'est vu, se voit et se verra, tant que la terre tournera.

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L'amour console de tout, même des chagrins qu'il cause.—*Rochepèdre.*

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Gives a Personal Account of "Bill Sharon's Big Hurrah."

PHIL RAGLIN'S, Oakland, October 9, 1879.

OLD SON:—I've jest got back from the boss hurrah o' the season, an' thinkin' p'raps ye'd like to git the rights o' the blowout afore I cool off, I take my pen in hand to give 'em to ye. Readin' the noosepaper writin's 'bout this yer shindig ye'd think them pencil slingers didn't do nothin' but cavort round takin' notes o' the folks ez hed come down, the duds they hed on, the number o' China lanterns hangin' round on the trees, the kind o' arketeckture the stables was made of, an' the kind of a moon thet was "climbin' slowly over the eminence under w'ich the castle nestled," ez thet *Call* rooster put it. Castle's good, ain't it, Bill? But ef ye'd seen them writin' sharps layin' into the free lunch an' free licker, ye'd a thought dif'rent, an' I reckon they hed to do some tall huntin' through the description books before they left the noosepaper shops to make up fur los' time. It was a lively ol' fandango an' no mistake, an' I'll bet it cost Bill a mighty sight o' dust to floor the expenses. O' course I hed to be on hand; an' ez Phil Raglin's influoence extends into the lower levels o' society, I didn't hev to scoot round like some o' the brokers' clerks, calico pelters, an' billiard markers did, huntin' up vouchers o' ther high toned characters. Phil jest sent round word to the box office, ez it were, an' corralled ten invites 'ith jest askin' fur 'em; it's easier to git invited to a society jamboree 'n 'tis to git reserved seats to fust class comic opera. Bill, ol' son, y'outer a seen my outfit; I went in fur style, an' ye bet yer life I got it. Ez soon 's I'd got the invite I goes to Phil Raglin's *valley de sham*, ez he calls him (he's a frog-eater from Paree, thet don't hev nothin' to do but dust Phil's clothes, an' gits a hundred a month fur the job), an' I says, "*Valley*, ol' man, I'm goin' down to the Grant bizness at Bill Sharon's place, an' I want ye to rig me out; expense ain't no object." "Wee, Mussheer," says the *valley*, an' he tells me to go down to the hat store an' git one o' them kind o' tiles ye ken sit down on and put under yer arm, remarkin' thet society gentlemen sometimes made mistakes 'bout hats in the hurry an' rush o' breakin' up. So I pays $3 for a double-up hat. Then I gits a fish tail coat fur $60, a pair o' high cut pants fur $20, an' a *deckkollettey* vest fur $12. I bought a ruffled shirt, cut bias in the neck, 'ith rows o' plaitin' down the biled front, fur $5, an' a pair o' narrer gauge galluses fur twenty-five cents. I paid $10 fur my low cut, high heeled patent leathers, an' $2.50 fur my red, white, and blue striped Balbriggans. My pants lifter, to show my Balbriggan socks ev'ry time I shook my legs, cost fifty cents, an' my blue cotton shirt underneath an' things footed up $1. I got a gorgeous lavender necktie 'ith filligreed edges, an' paid $2.50 fur thet. My Shakspearean collar, cut *à la* Billy Birch, cost me six bits, an' my diamon' studs, w'ich I bought at Uncle Abram's jew'lry shop cost me $10. My cuff buttons w'ich was solid ammythists cost me $10 more, an' my mother o' pearl 'tachment studs set 'round 'ith genuine rubies cost me $1. In the biled buzzum o' my ruffled shirt, I stuck that $40 specimen pin o' mine, an' I hung my $200 quartz chain thet weighs three pounds to my $600 stop watch, and hed a red silk hankercher, a yard long, where it would show up to advantage. An' ye oughter seen my paws arter I'd hauled on them two-button lavender kids that cost me $5. They made my hands look like a pair o' Chicago sugar-cured hams cased in a couple o' yaller sacks. On my little finger I wore a seven an' a half solitary diamon' w'ich Uncle Abraham tol' me was a bargain fur the coin. I shoved it on outside o' my gloves, so's the folks could see it. My button-hole boquet, consistin' o' three tuber roses, cost me a dollar'n a half, and gittin' shaved by a barber was ten cents more. O' course, I hed to hev my hair dyed, and thet cost me four bits, and gettin' scrubbed at the Hammam was another dollar. Then I bought a Chinchilla overcoat for $80, an' paid two bits fur trimmin' my wool. My kerridge, includin' a nigger 'ith a plug hat to drive, 'an another nigger behind 'ith a plug hat, to let down the steps, was $50, an' the big boquet for the lan'lady, consistin' of flowers from ev'ry nation, includin' China and Australia, cost me $5. Arter I'd got all these things, the *valley* perceeds to grease me an' screw my mustash to a pint 'th beeswax. He tol' me I mus' clean my teeth ez well's I could, an' thet 'twasn't *en reggle* to chaw terbacker in the parlors an' drawn rooms down whar I was goin', so I didn't take my plug o' navy on thet trip, an' I never suffered so much fur anythin' in my life. The hull outfit cost me $1,134.35 clean cash, but you bet I hed a high ol' time an' I ain't sorry fur the expense, not much. W'en I got down to the ranch the music was a jiggin' up lively, an' the invited guests was a promenadin' 'round lookin' at the piles o' grub an' the baskets o' champagne. W'en I fust went in I felt kinder lost among the big nobs, an' the wimmin 'ith ther low cut dresses, displayin' more neck 'n charms, but ez soon's I'd taken my bearin's I spotted Pete, my fav'rite Palace tavern darky, an' then I knowed I was all right, fur ef ther was any congenial comp'ny o' my perticker grade in society, Pete was the boy to fire me up against 'em. So I tackles Pete, and Pete pilots me down to the bollin' alley, whar the free and easy cusses hud congregated fur "the social converse" the noosepaper fellers tells about. They'd rigged up a bar 'bout a hundred feet long an' Bill's niggers was a servin' out the licker like water to a crowd five deep, an' still a pilin' in. Talk 'bout yer hoss-race bars, they ain't a patchin' to this 'n. It reminded me o' Pioche in the flush times, an' w'en a lively young rooster declared himself an' 'lowed thet he could lick any man in the house, I thought ther was goin' to be some lively fun, but nobody seemed to hev the sand to crawl onto him, an' a feller standin' on a cheer, yellin' fur the perlice, pervented me from takin' him up. I felt ez ef I'd struck a Bodie flare out an' the boys a warmin' down to solid work. I got in 'ith a gang o' the boys, an' we punished two baskets o' green seal afore Pete kem down an' tol' us the grub was bein' fetched on up stairs. Ez soon's we found this out we made a rush fur the tables, an' took persession. Ez we didn't hev no wimmen folks to handicap us, we was able to keep ev'rybody off 'til we'd slaughtered all the col' chicken an' turkey 'ithin reach of us. We was considably bothered by the other roosters, thet didn't know no better'n to bring along a lot o' wimmen, an' kep' insistin on tryin' to git their han's on the lunch to carry away to their dimities. But we young fellers stood in, an' ev'ry time an outsider tried to crush through we'd crush up an' squeeze him out agin. Ez it was, one ill mannered cuss reached over an' grabbed a hull chicken, an' gittin' away 'ith the forage dragged it across my bran new coat an' down the middle o' my back. I was mad enough to a knocked him down, but I didn't dare to leave my place fur fear I couldn't jam back in again. Another institution snatched up half a bushel o' salid, an' pirooted off 'ith it to one o' the side parlors, whar he an' two fash'nable wimmen got away 'ith the hull lot; they didn't seem as if they'd hed anythin' to eat fur a month. I never see sech bad manners in all my born days, it was like the grand rally in a cheap rest'rant, jest arter the bell's rung. But mebbe I ain't got no call to complain, seein' ez how I filled up to the brim, and lickered 'til I was ez tight ez a brick. I hed to fight fur it, though, an' I reckon, ez one o' the *invited* guests, I earned what I come down to the reception fur—a free lunch an' all the licker I could drink. But the wust deal was them Palace Tavern darkies thet I've bin praisin' so much; they hed to send 'em home in the smokin' keer, an' they slashed each other with razors al the way up from Belmont. They was nigh ez tight ez the brokers' clerks an' calico pelters er Jim Snaggleby himself. But we hed a good time, Bill, an' no mistake; and ez I've got all the duds an' gimcracks, barrin' a greasy coat whar thet galoot wiped thet col' chicken on it, I wouldn't mind gittin' invited to a fash'nable spree ev'ry week. I got bome 'bout seven o'clock in the mornin', an' I've bin taperin off on soda cocktails ever sence. I was lookin' over the noospapers a little while ago, but I didn't see my name in print, an' I reckon the reporters missed me. I'm goin' down to the shop bimeby to see about it. Ef any o' the boys down to Frisbie's doubts my bein' at the jamboree you jest take it up, ol' son, 'cause I was thar very numerously, an' I reckon my word's ez good's them noospaper fellers' is. I'm played out, Bill, so I won't write no more jest now.

Yer ol' pard, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

To Wm. Belcher, Tuttletown,
Tuolumne Co., via Copperopolis.

### A Bundle of Epigrams.

MY IDOL.

My idol fell down and was utterly broken,
The fragments of stone lay all scattered apart;
And I picked up the hardest to keep as a token—
Her heart.

TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET OF WHITE ROSES.

These roses tried to blush like you,
Warm tints suffused each waxen cup;
They found they had too much to do—
Turned very white, and gave it up.

TO THE SAME, WITH A BOUQUET OF RED AND YELLOW ROSES.

White roses for a maiden's love,
Red roses man's affection prove;
White roses all are plucked and gone—
Red roses, would ye linger on?
N. B.—You gather from the yellow
My feelings for the other fellow.

TO MY LOVE'S PAPA.

"To flirt, to flirt!" the father cried,
"What means that latter day invention?"
Young Lovelace at the word replied,
"Attention, sir, without intention."

—*Gordon Campbell.*

*A propos* of the story in last week's ARGONAUT about Tom Fitch and his night at poker, here is another told by a correspondent: Senator Nye and Fitch had their little misunderstandings; in fact, would not recognize each other for weeks at a time. Fitch had got his pet measure through the lower house—the Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad Bill—and he wanted Nye's help in the Senate. To fix things, Fitch went to Senator Stewart, Nye's colleague, telling him to see Nye and tell him to let "bygones be bygones," and request his aid in getting the bill through the Senate. In due time Stewart opened the subject to Nye, informing him of Fitch's willingness to make up; but Uncle Jim was not in a mood for compromise, and told Stewart that Tom Fitch was a blatherskite, and should have none of his help for the bill. Stewart went over to the House of Representatives, and reported to Fitch the result of the interview. Hardly waiting for Stewart to finish, Fitch started for the Senate in a rage, and ordered Christie, the doorkeeper, to tell "old Nye to come out, as he wanted to see him." As soon as Nye made his appearance, Fitch opened his silver-tongued battery upon him, and finished by repeating what Stewart had reported that Nye said in reply to his olive-branch message. The old man took the scolding philosophically, and when Fitch had exhausted his vocabulary of abuse, put his hand kindly upon Fitch's shoulder, and, looking him straight in the eye, said in that comical drawling tone of voice that Mark Twain can not imitate: "Tom, did Bill Stewart tell you that I said you were a d—d blatherskite?" "Yes, he told me word for word, and you dare not deny it, sir." "Well, Tom, I dou't deny it; but there is one thing I *can prove*—that Bill Stewart is the biggest liar about this Capitol, because when I told him that he faithfully promised he would not tell you." Exit Fitch.

The New York *World* tells the following story concerning our California champagne:

"It was five years ago that I first tackled California champagne. I called on a lady and she opened two bottles. I drank both, all but one glass. Pretty soon I insulted the lady, beat her poodle to death with a chair, kicked a child, broke up the mirrors and gas-fixtures, and was dragged out out of the house by the police. Next day the husband came after me with a six-shooter and demanded an explanation. I simply told him his wife had opened some California wine. He grasped me by the hand and said no apologies were necessary."

Here every listener looked at the speaker and murmured in concert:

"You bet; I've been there."

"Show me the fashion plates of any age," said Talmage, "and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year." All right, brother Talmage, we suggest the age of Adam and Eve.

A Massachusetts patron of literature offered a prize for the best essay on "Honesty." The article that took the prize was found to have been stolen entire.

## IMPROVEMENTS IN GATES.

It is generally supposed that a journal ostensibly devoted to scientific interests lacks romance and sentiment. The unhappy lover whose mistress has frowned on him, and expressed the opinion that he is a tiresome nuisance, never thinks of writing to the editor of the *Scientific Yankee* or the *Chemical Gazette* for consolation and advice, and no fortunate lover would dream of searching the columns of those journals for hints as to the best method of convincing the old gentleman that the clock-hands were turned back by the cat, or that the gas turned itself down to a conveniently dim point. And yet it is in the columns of a scientific journal that there recently appeared a notice of an "improvement on gates," patented by a Wisconsin person, which consists in certain novel features of construction, whereby the "gate is adapted for swinging in either direction, and may be raised to clear obstructions." It need hardly be pointed out that this improvement was made in the sole interest of lovers, and that the scientific journal in question was obviously actuated by the noblest motives in giving publicity to it. In all ages the front gate has been recognized as an indispensable element of real courtship. Of course, girls have been courted in brown-stone houses devoid of front yards and of every species of practicable gate, but in such cases the poetry of love making is lacking. According to Buckle, and Darwin, and Spencer, domestic happiness exists only in countries where front gates abound. Why is it that in France marriages are arranged by the parents of the bride and groom, and are hence based, not upon love, but upon convenience?—and why, in our favored land, are marriages arranged without the slightest reference to the old people? It is plainly because in France the front gate is rare and its true uses are unknown, while in our rural towns every house has its front gate, and the merest child knows its uses. French marriages, contracted without the sweet influences of the gate, are too frequently unhappy; but with us the path to domestic bliss lies through the front gate. Among the Romans, the wife was little better than a slave, and on Sunday nights the young unmarried Roman, instead of spending the evening in the "dim, religious light of the back parlor," as Milton beautifully says, went to the circus or the amphitheatre to witness a gladiatorial walking match or the antics of the Talmage of the period. The discovery of Pompeii explains why courtship was a lost art among the Romans. There was not a gate of any kind in the whole city, except the gates in the city wall, and we have every reason to suppose that nothing analogous to our front or back gates existed throughout the wide extent of the Roman Empire. It is in our Western States that the front gate has reached its highest development as an aid to courtship. As is well known, there are two schools, which differ radically in their theory of the true method of using the gate. The Concord school, of which Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the leader, holds that both the young man and the young woman should lean on the same side of the gate—the inner side being regarded as preferable. The Western school, on the other hand, insist that the young lady should lean on the inside of the gate while her lover leans on the outside. Though the Western school lacks a leader of the fame and experience of Mr. Emerson, it has by far the greater number of adherents, and to the unprejudiced mind there can be but little doubt that its doctrine is the true one. It is easy to comprehend how the front gate originally came into use. The original pair of lovers who first utilized it had doubtless sought a place where they could enjoy privacy, and, at the same time perceive, while yet afar off, the unsympathetic father and the wayfaring small-boy. The locality of the front gate, commanding as it does a full view of the house from which the father may emerge with his heartless boot, and the public street, along which the casual small-boy may wend his whistling way, would naturally be selected even by lovers wholly without engineering instincts. Experience spon showed that the front gate possessed other unequaled strategic advantages. To the eyes of the public the lover on the outside of the gate always seemed to be in the act of going away. When any one except the avenging father drew near, the lover would remark: "Well, as I was saying, I must really go;" and then, when the objectionable person had passed on, the sweet sorrow of prolonged parting could begin again and last until the appearance of an elderly gentleman with a club at the front door seemed to point to the propriety of an immediate and real parting. Swinging on the gate is the peculiar privilege of lovers who have gained the approbation of the parental authorities, and are filled with an ecstasy which finds its only satisfactory expression in the rhythmic motion of a strong and wide-swinging gate. The Wisconsin improvement, by means of which the gate is made to swing in either direction, of course doubles its capacity, and increases in the same proportion the bliss of its occupants. The other improvement described by the scientific journal as a device for raising the gate so as to clear obstructions—such as wheelbarrows or an intoxicated father—may also prove to be of very great value. It is always awkward to climb down from a gate and to stand aside while the passing "obstruction," whoever he may be, has passed through it, and the necessity of doing so at a moment's notice has in more than one instance resulted in a disarrangement of the feminine back hair and the laceration of the masculine hand by the ill-advised pin with which thoughtless waistbelts are only too often fastened. There is still room for further improvements in gates. For example, a gate with seats on either side, and a curved and upholstered rail in the place of the rude, unfeeling pickets now in general use, would command enthusiastic approval. Now that the scientific press has taken the matter up, we may confidently look for a wider and grander development of the front gate, and with it a corresponding increase in the happiness of youth, and the frequency of early marriages.—*New York Times.*

Country doctor to bereaved widow of late member of the Georgia Legislature:

"I can not tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

The most useful pedestrian is the man who walks up and down all night with the baby.

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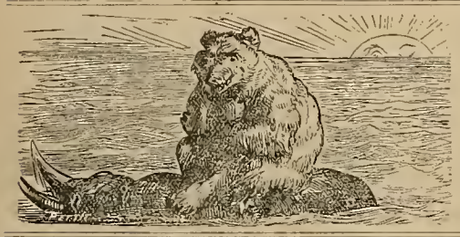

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.*

When General Grant was President of the United States the writer was appninted, with others, to visit Washington as representative of a then growing sentiment in opposition to Chinese immigration. It was to a degree up-hill work. Public opinion was not then as pronounced as now. There was then a divided sentiment upon this coast in reference to the desirableness of Chinese immigration. We found anything but a cordial welcome, and a not very friendly disposition upon the part of our public functionaries in reference to this question, except the President and one member of his Cabinet—Secretary Borie. From the then Attorney General we had jokes and pleasantries at the expense of what he was pleased to regard as an unfounded local prejudice; from other Cabinet officers marked expressions of indifference, and by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hamilton Fish, we were decidedly snubbed. General Grant gave to us a patient hearing. With him we were permitted to go over the history of Chinese immigration, and to explain its legislative history and the legal decisions up to that time bearing upon the question. The President was more than patient—he was interested, and before we left expressed a decided opinion in sympathy with our views. This opinion he acted upon from time to time as the opportunity presented itself, and has ever shown himself in sympathy with the position taken in California. Upon the arrival of General Grant in our city, and from time to time as opportunities presented themselves, we have renewed this discussion. General Grant entertains pronounced opinions upon the question of Chinese immigratioo, which he expresses without reservation. He regards the unrestricted immigration of Chinese to this coast as an evil of great magnitude, one that ought, by every legitimate and proper means, to be checked. He had read and approved the opinions of Mr. Justice Field, as expressed in an interview published in the ARGONAUT of Aug. 9th. Upon the arrival of General Grant in China, and on his way to Peking, he became the guest of Li Hung Chang at Tien Sin, in the Province of Chihili. Peking, the capital, is situated within the Province of Chihili, some thirty miles distant from Tien Sin. Li Hung Chang is Viceroy of the Empire, and the man of greatest authority therein—Governor of the Province, Secretary of the Empire, Superintendent of Foreign Affairs, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, guardian of the young Emperor. He is the Bismarck of China without the impediment of a Reichstag. He is clothed with almost imperial functions, and may, by mandate or decree, control the affairs of the Empire in all such non-essentials as to whether emigration shall be encouraged or restricted. As represented to us by Mr. Russell Young, Li Hung Chang had conceived somehow a romantic admiration for General Grant. They were born in the same year. Li Hung Chang's great enemy and opponent had been one Lee something, and General Grant had fought and conquered a renowned general also named Lee. Chang believed himself and General Grant were the two great men of destiny. Departing from his usual haughty reserve he unbended himself to the American warrior, sought him, entertained him, and in many ways displayed his desire to please him. Prince Kung is also a man of great influence and authority in China, but not in the active administration of affairs. He is uncle to the young Emperor, a member of the royal family, is in the Council of Foreign and Domestic Concerns; he is entitled to be counseled with on all matters of grave importance. But Li Hung Chang is charged with the active administration of affairs. He may depose governors, revise treaties, issue imperial edicts, restrict emigration, and make commercial and other regulations, without any authority of law or other restraint than the counsel and advice of Prince Kung and the Imperial Council of Peking. In other words, he embraces in himself the entire machinery, and directs of his own volition the administration of the affairs of his country.

It was with this Viceroy that General Grant held the interview, the substance of which we give to our readers as the General communicated it to us in a conversation often interrupted. Li Hung Chang exhibited some little resentment toward our people, because they had shown a determination to avoid the spirit and terms of the treaty; were not content to abide by its stipulations; had ill-treated his people who had come to our shores by the express invitation of our international agreement. General Grant asked the privilege of expressing and explaining to him the views of our people, and the relations and complications likely to result from the intercourse of people so dissimilar in their characters and occupations. He explained to him the character of our institutions; how a government, republican in form, depended for its administration upon the consent and coöperation of the governed; how necessary and almost indispensable it was that its population should all be citizens; that all should have a permanent interest in the country, and be capable of legislating in its interests. He represented to the Viceroy the character and magnitude of the emigration passing out of the British port of Hongkong from his southern provinces, entering by permission at length into a full detail of all the arguments that are so familiar to our readers. The result of this interview was that Li Hung then and there expresssed his willingness to arrest this emigration without any change or revision of the treaty. He then agreed that he would issue an order to that end. General Grant explained to the Viceroy that he was but a private citizen; that he spoke without authority; that he had no official power to modify treaties, or even in the name of his Government to assent to propositions. Li Hung then said he would order this immigration to be arrested for five years. This would give time for a more mature consideration of the subject; that he did not wish his people to emigrate; he did not wish to vex the American people, nor do anything that might be disagreeable or unneighborly to them. Li Hung Chang did not think the British would have any disposition to interfere in the question of emigration. He did not doubt that he could control the whole business, and the final determination of the matter. General Grant thinks it is settled for at least five years by the resolve of Li Hung to arrest Chinese emigration. So far as the General could express his wishes, he endeavored to impress upon Li Hung Chang the opinion that this emigration of Chinese, except for purposes of commerce and pleasure, must be altogether and permanently stopped; that Americans did not desire to become permanent residents of China, and were not willing that Chinese should, in unlimited numbers, visit our shores to engage in such occupations as would interfere with the industries of our own people. China is an absolute monarchy, and as the Governors of all provinces, and the province of Quang Tung—from which region nearly all our immigrants come—hold their authority directly from Peking, and at the Imperial will, it would seem as though the question did, in fact, rest with this Imperial Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. If he is sincere, and is disposed to exert his authority in arresting emigration, we certainly have a right to believe that no difficulties will be interposed by the British. We know that Hongkong is a British port, under British authority, with British Courts, and is indeed a port of Great Britain, as much so as is Australia, or the Isle of Wight, or any other of her colonies. We are on terms of friendly intercourse with Great Britain, and as her own colonies of Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand have, by sanction of English law, suppressed Chinese immigration to themselves, surely we shall experience no embarrassment in this direction. We presume Great Britain is as much disposed, and as much interested, in being friendly with us as we with her. So we think we may concur with General Grant in his opinion that this most vexatious and menacing Chinese question is in process of speedy and easy adjustment; that the problem is in fact solved.

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The New York *Nation* congratulates the country that General Grant was not seized upon the wharf at San Francisco by a crowd of political jobbers and converted into a Presidential candidate a year in advance of the election, to be used in ostentatious preparation for civil war or some sort of illegal "salvation of society," and partly in covert preparation for the return to power of the corrupt gang who brought disgrace on his Administration. Instead of this, "he has come back amidst the enthusiastic welcome of men of all parties, as a great general who has deserved well of his country and whose military talents have met with much respectful recognition abroad, and to whom a return to honored repose in his own land is very grateful. When one sees how passionately the people desire a hero whom they can admire and applaud simply and heartily as a man, and not as a candidate, and how desirable it is in the existing condition of American life that there should be such a hero in American society, it is difficult to find words of condemnation sufficiently strong for the plans, both past and present, for using this simple soldier as the head of the Machine, or as the pea with which the managers did their thimblerigging. Grant's fame, as the war left him, was one of the national treasures. The politicians did their mortal best to destroy it, and had he been an older man they would have succeeded. It has happily survived their snares, and everything should now be done to keep it intact during the remainder of his life." The best and truest friends of General Grant will hope that he may remain in private station the first citizen of the land. Better this, in point of honor and of usefulness, than to be the chieftain of a clan or the President of a party.

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The Grant boom sets us to thinking. We can not help it. Brain will sometimes go on thinking for itself; sometimes it wakes us up of nights, thinking, of its own motion. We awake to find the machinery in full swing, literally going it, doing all its work in the regular way, only the hands of the dial that scores the result are detached, and it is sometimes by accident that we find consciousness an unbidden guest. General Grant still being among us, still a guest, and we having been a part of the music—*i. e.*, a part of the "boom," or "whoop-up," or what ever it may be—we must make a show of delicacy in discussing the phenomenon. We wonder, and keep wondering, and still the wonder grows, what charm has this little mao upon the people's imagination that they should so "boom" and "whoop!" Upon what meats hath this our little Cæsar fed that he should have become so great? How is it, and why is it, that like a huge Colossus he so bestrides the majestic world? And are we all but pigmies who crawl beneath him? Grant was a successful warrior, and this would all seem natural if he had just come, all fresh and gory, from the battle-field. But fifteen years have passed, and the laurel wreath has faded and grown dim. Grant was President—President twice—and assuredly not quite the half of half the people were ready to chain themselves to his chariot-wheels to drag him back to the Presidential mansion. It was not the glamor of his military or civic fame that set us wild with enthusiasm. Then what was it? Was it because the sovereigns of Europe, the Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive of Egypt, the Viceroy of India, the Emperor of China, and the Mikado of Japan set this ball in motion that Bryant takes it up, and Boruck gives it a toss, and all of us—Democrats and Greeley men, and Chivs and Yankees, Blue and Gray, corn pone and hard-tack—all join in the jubilee, toss our caps, and strain our throats in loud acclamation? We sometimes think it is because General Grant is the greatest man in the nation, and sometimes because we think that the rank and file, the unwashed mob (of which we are a part), occasionally lose their heads. Popular favor and popular applause is a curious thing. We have tasted it, and now, as from the calm heights of philosophic reflection we look back and down over the way we came, we are constrained to admit that when we were most wrong we were most popular, and when nearest right we were nearest the ragged edge, when popular clamor cursed loudest and when the carrion crows cawed with the greatest harmony. Sometimes we think that popular favor, always capricious, is never right, but as the thing does often change sides it must be sometimes right. When Santa Ana lost his leg it was buried amid salvos of artillery, with all the honors of war, a grateful people went mad with enthusiasm, and Mexico was ablaze with joy. Then came the reaction, and the poor, mangled leg was drawn from its hallowed grave and incontinently kicked through the streets of the City of Mexico amid the execrations of an angry mob. When Banks, of Massachusetts, came back to Boston flushed with some supposed successes, a hundred thousand people with forty bands met him with oratory, music, flowers, and applause; after his Red River fiasco, upon his return to the Hub, the boy who carried his carpet-bag demanded ten cents for the unwilling service. We heard General Grant acclaimed at the Mechanics' Pavilion from ten thousand throats, and shortly afterward at the same place Sadie Donnely, for spurting a lap on the sawdust against big Von Berg, obtained the same cheers from the same throats, and ten thousand men and women went wild over Sadie's legs, and muscle, and nerve. Well do we remember the famous race between "Norfolk" and "Lodi;" how we clapped our hands and strained our throats and cheered when the brave old stallion came in amid thunders of applause. In our enthusiasm we would have preferred him to Kalloch for Mayor. It was such a sentiment as this doubtless that prompted a Roman Emperor to make his horse a Roman Consul.

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Perhaps it is that we are all of us more or less hero worshipers, and must worship something. We believe that all boys follow a boy leader, all geese in their wild flights follow one strong winged goose, all wild animals in a herd have a leader, all tribes have a patriarch, all savages have a chieftain, all sheep will follow a bell, all mules will follow a white mare, all worshipers must have a god, and all religions make their own to suit themselves—sometimes an intelligent, and just, and conscientious god; sometimes a cruel, malignant, cowardly, and brutal divinity; sometimes a destroying Moloch, an avenging fire, or a senseless idol of stone or wood, or jeweled image, or painted canvas. And it is a curious fact that the god is always just as good and no better than the people. God changes in his attributes as civilization advances or recedes. An intelligent people provide for themselves a god and a heaven to suit their own tastes. The thoughtless and inert of the early times had neither gods nor heaven. The Christians made one to suit the times, and

paved heaven with gold, sung songs on golden harps beneath golden trees, and all because the possession of gold was, and is, the highest idea of Christian felicity. The followers of Mahomet made heaven a hanging garden, filled with fruits and flowers, good things to eat and drink, and gave to the blessed who read the Koran, and believed that Allah alone was great, enough of beautiful houris to enjoy an eternity in paradise. The Indian has his happy hunting grounds. Stupid spiritualists hope to go on increasing in stupidity and folly from sphere to sphere, passing a blessed immortality of idiucy. There is one happy feature about hero worship. It never lasts; it is a quick fever; it cures itself, and is soon over. The Grant "boom" will pass away, and die out, and be forgotten. In our judgment it will not make General Grant a candidate for the Presidency. In our judgment General Grant does not expect to become a candidate. We hope he does not want to be; we hope he will not be, if he does expect or desire it. Just now, we can not conceive of any political condition that will make it desirable to the nation that he should be the candidate of the Republican party for renomination. This we say, not questioning the patriotism, service, intelligence, or integrity of him who to-day seems to stand foremost in the hearts of the American people. We oppose a third term, because we believe it dangerous to the welfare of the American people, and subversive to the superstructure of republican government. We are not thinking nor caring for General Grant. What is good for him or ill for him is of but trifling importance; what is good for the country, and good for the people, is of the highest consequence. If General Grant is chosen for a third term he will demand a fourth, and he will fight for a fifth. Every President that succeeds him will plot for a reëlection, and every President will hope to die in the Presidential office. The next move will be to appoint a successor; this established, it will be a son to succeed. This is dynasty, and thus we have ambition, life tenure in office, military power, intrigue at Washington, anarchy, changes of laws, subversion of laws. Thus we change the whole spirit of our institutions and depart from an unwritten common law, tradition, that in the preservation of its spirit involves the permanence and safety of republican government. If General Grant allows himself to become a candidate for reëlection to the Presidential office, we shall look upon the act as one of treason to the Commonwealth. We think he is not, and will not be a candidate, and we think we know the truth and force of what we are now writing.

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Ireland is treating itself to a new agitation. Ireland has been in constant agitation. It has been in agitation all the way back to its remotest historic days. The first story told of Ireland is, that one Partholon, of the stock of Japhet, a double parricide, first enjoyed the land. Then the bards sung of Nemedh, from the frozen North, who warred with sea kings from Africa. From Belgae came the Firbolss, a fighting race. Later came necromancers out of Greece, soothsayers who could quell storms, work in metals and miracles, raise the devil, and restore the dead to life. Then came Gael, bringing a colony from Spain, against whom war was made with magic tempests and terrors. Magic tempests and terrors have been the order in Ireland ever since. From the time of the Druids, from the time of Cuchullin, and Tuin (the father of Ossian), and Gael (the son of Morna), tempests and terrors have reigned on the green wooded Isle of Erin. In the year 432 St. Patrick was driven off the coast of Wicklow by an Irish mob. He converted the Irish by lighting unlicensed fires upon the Druid altars, and by involving in the controversy of a passionate debate pagan princes and a pagan priesthood on the hill of Tara. To fight and argue have ever been the leading Celtic traits; eloquence and the shillalah the effective weapons of Ireland from the time of Strongbow down to that of Thomas Mooney. It has had invasions, insurrections, wars, rebellions, domestic strife and conflicts, fights of barons, kings, and dynasties. It has been independent, it has been subjugated. It has had freedom, culture, schools, parliaments, liberty, and license. It has been crushed down and tyranized over. It has been free and great. It has had eras of abundance and plenty, and times of famine and despair. Its sons have been famous in every department of learning, have won fame on every battlefield, have plumbed the depths of every infamy, and been guilty of every despicable and cowardly treachery. It has been for ages a land of disorder, and its people for all time a turbulent race. Ireland's era of greatest prosperity and quietest repose is under the iron heel of what it pleases to call England's despotism. Ireland never knows what it is to be quiet, always enjoys a grievance, and is never content except in agitation. It would take a column of this journal to name the different questions over which the Irish have fomented since we have been familiar with their political career. Every session of Parliament there is some special Irish question that disturbs Ireland to the very centre of its island, and wherever Irishmen go they carry their noisy tongues and their shillalahs with them. They have always a grievance, are always oppressed, and are always spoiling for a fight, wherever they may go. Wherever any considerable number of Irish gather there is a miniature Ireland; whether it is in London, Australia, Canada, or America, it is the same thing. Irishmen make the best and meanest of American citizens. An Irish gentleman, or an Irish man, who is content to live under the law, and to mind his own business, is the most desirable of all citizens. He is energetic, adventurous, prosperous; he helps and honors the country of his adoption. But the quarrelsome, idle, whisky-drinking, and priest-ridden, political Irishman is the abomination of abominations; and, unfortunately, where there is one modest, quiet, well disposed Irishman, there is a score of discontented, meddlesome, ignorant, blatant politicians; where there is a single quiet, business Irish gentleman, there is a handful of agitators, scrambling for some political position.

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The question now agitating Ireland is one of great moment, more than ordinarily important. The tenant can not pay his rent; the landlord will not reduce his demand. It is impossible to evict a whole nation of agriculturalists. The tenant claims an interest in the soil, and the law has recognized that interest. The tenant claims that his possession is older than that of the lord, and that he has superior rights, arising from the feudal tenure and coming down from the tribal period, and the claim is not without historic value. It is a conflict with law, tradition, and military force on the side of the lord; but with numbers, popular sympathy, and many equities upon the side of the tenant. The land is worthless without the labor of the tenant, and the tenant must starve unless permitted to cultivate the land. Right always triumphs, numbers always prevail; and the end will be some great and important change in the land tenure of Ireland and Great Britain. It has been had in France; it comes next to Great Britain; and when it comes it will bring to England, as it has to France, a greater prosperity. We commend to our agitating Irish in San Francisco an intelligent consideration of this question of land tenures in their native country, and ask them to contrast the condition of affairs there with the condition here. When they talk upon the sand-lot of a division of property, and ignorantly prate of communism, and make their brutal threats to steal what they have not earned, and to plunder what they have not toiled for, we beg to remind them that the feudal condition never existed upon this continent; that we who now own lands never held any tribal relation to the sand-lot; that their family is not our family, their tribe not our tribe; that between us and them there was never due military service, nor did the property we now enjoy, or any part of it, come from their labor; that they are new comers to the soil; that they are here by sufferance, by invitation, only to be endured during good behavior. When they talk of hard times in this country, we beg to remind them of the hardships, want, penury, starvation, and famine from which they fled. When they speak of low wages, we ask them to contrast them with the labor rates of Ireland; when they complain of their political privileges, to remember their condition under English law. If their social condition is considered, let it be in the light of their former positions; their opportunities for education here, their ignorance there; their relation to the English and State church there, their freedom of religious opinions here. Any human thing that reasons—except the lowest and most ignorant of Irishmen—would be ashamed to so outrage a generous people as to come to a country where he was given equal political privileges, and abuse those privileges as the Irishman does in every city in America. It would be well for these political, sand-lot Irish to remember that in this country lands are free—may be had by preëmption. Settlement and cultivation is all the government demands. In Ireland the tenant has not the miserable privilege of purchasing the land upon which his ancestors have toiled for forty generations. This is a grievance. We recognize it as such, but we beg our Irish immigrants not to reason from this condition in Ireland their right to steal our accumulations and our lands, all of which we have acquired by our personal exertions in this generation. If they would have sympathy with their countrymen in this contest for tenant rights, they must not endeavor to steal our property. If they would serve their Irish relations back in their native land, we suggest that they go to work, stop drinking whisky, save their earnings, and bring out their countrymen and place them on our free lands—let Irish politics and American politics alone for a time, and bend their energies in the direction we have suggested.

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We confess ourselves utterly puzzled whenever we undertake to form any definite opinion concerning Samuel J. Tilden. If we may believe Republican or Tammany authority we must conclude that he is a corrupt, subtle, scheming trickster, utterly devoid of principle or common honesty—that he was of the Tweed plunder ring, that he spent money dishonestly in the Presidential election, that he was the author of the cipher dispatches, that he runs the present Governor of New York and New York politics in his interest, that he refused and evaded by false oaths the payment of his income tax, and that he cheated Cyrus Field in a stock transaction in Wall Street. But we know that Republican evidence can not be relied upon when the good name of a political opponent stands between it and party success. We know that Tilden is accredited or was accredited with exposing the Tweed frauds, destroying the ring, and sending the Boss to the Tombs, to exile, and to death. We know that the present Tammany is a corrupt, intriguing political machine, and it is our judgment that it bolts the party because it is deprived the privilege of plundering within it. The rule of Wall Street is for the devil to take the hindmost, and we believe that in any race with Cyrus Field to escape the devil Tilden must have made uncommonly fast time; and as for the Robinson administration of New York, we copy the following figures from the New York *Nation*, as evidencing an improved administration under the Tilden control: "In 1874 the canals cost the State in direct taxation $2,373,425 over and "above the tolls. In 1878 they cost it nothing, their expenses "having been reduced from $3,842,892 to $903,347, and these "wholly met by the tolls. In 1876 the prisons cost the State "$704,379; this year they cost it nothing. In 1874 the State "taxes were $15,727,482; this year they are only $7,678,103. "At the close of the war the State debt was $51,041,537; it "is now, minus the Sinking Fund, only $8,130,726." These are meritorious figures; and it will also be remembered in this connection that Gov. Tilden was prominent in breaking up the canal ring and sending one or more of its chiefs to the penitentiary. People who know Mr. Tilden personally give assurance that he possesses the highest ability, the highest integrity, and the highest patriotism. We should be glad to do Mr. Tilden justice, if we knew what to believe. As the weight of political testimony is against him, we are inclined to think that he is an honest and honorable man.

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We write this article as the door of our office closes upon a poor little widow in black. She goes out in tears and grief after the recital of a story that would make a bronze angel weep. Married young; a butterfly existence of half a score of married years; the best and most generous of husbands; lived at the Grand and Palace; traveled in Europe; two babies; dressed well, lived well, kept servants, horses, had jewels, spent money; never saw the gleam of the teeth of the wolf till the husband died. He had lived on a margin; nothing left; such clever hushands always die at the wrong time. She had sold carriage and horses, jewels and dress, furniture and pictures. Then came poverty and distress—endured in silence and in pride. She would have proudly starved and died but for the babies; she murdered her pride to save her children. She opened a boarding house—the last refuge of genteel distress. This widow's husband had seen an hundred times when he might have bought and given to the mother of his children a home, a roof between her and a pitiless heaven that always scowls in anger upon the poor, a little spot of earth that the sheriff with his blood-red flag must give the go-by in obedience to our generous homestead law. The man that, in his prosperity, does not give his wife a home to be held in her own right, is an idiot and criminal; he is dishonest; he is a brute; he is indifferent and cruel; he ought not to be trusted in business; he ought to be suspected, shunned, and tabooed by all honest men. The meanest and most cowardly of all dishonest pretenses is that false commercial honor that says: "I will not place a homestead "in my wife's name lest my creditors should suspect me of "intending to defraud them." The man who would not give his wife, and family, and himself the protection of a home as an anchor against the storms of life, and a protection against the casualties of business, lacks prudence, business sense, sagacity, and honesty. The man who thinks he owes a higher duty to creditors than to his wife and children is dishonest. The roof-tree belongs to the wife; the hearth-stone should be owned by the mother. There is no man so rich that he can afford to omit this duty. There is no man so desperate in fortune that he ought not to attempt the acquisition of a home for his wife and family.

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One by one the bloody spots on the Southern shirt fade out upon explanation. They are not fast colors and will not wash. It appears that Dixon, who was born in Virginia in 1847, and who ran away to join the Confederate army, arrived in Yazoo early in 1866 as a professional gambler, and presently opened a gambling house, which he gave up only a short time before he ran as independent candidate for Sheriff, and on the stairs of which he was lately assassinated. In 1872 or 1873 he openly shot down a negro to whom he owed money. In the political campaign of 1875 he became the head of a body of regulators called "Dixon's Scouts," among whom was Barksdale, and who passed their time in breaking up Republican meetings, terrorizing the colored population, and hanging such of them as were charged with crime, or were otherwise obnoxious. From the body of one murdered victim he stole $1,600, which he pretended to have paid toward a Democratic ballot-box stuffing fund. In January, 1876, the County Treasurer's safe was robbed of $50,000. The act was fastened upon Dixon by a fellow-gambler named Harrison. Dixon then killed his accuser, was tried, acquitted, and escorted home by a brass band. Barksdale at this time was Deputy-Sheriff, and during the imprisonment an enmity arose between them which culminated in Dixon's death. It appears, however, that Dixon was getting to be regarded as too dangerous a man to be tolerated any longer, and that there was almost universal concert in his taking off.

## STAGE ROBBING IN MEXICO.

Stage robbing ranks with revolutions and bull fights as one of the national features of our sister republic. Such a common thing has it become in certain parts of the country that little attention is paid to it, and cases of even great barbarity are often disposed of in a two-line item by the most enterprising newspapers. The people have long since accepted the situation, and when it becomes necessary for the Mexican gentleman to travel he makes his preparations accordingly. His valuables he leaves behind him. The necessary money for the payment of his traveling expenses is deposited, as a general thing, with the stage company, under a system which permits him to draw it in driblets from station to station, and his revolver is carefully put away out of sight, for fear it will be taken from him by the road agents. He is always, however, considerate enough of the necessities of the highwaymen as to carry a few dollars in his pocket; otherwise he might get hard usage at the hands of the indignant and disappointed bandits. The idea of resistance is seldom or never entertained, such little annoyances being regarded as a matter of course, and to be endured as patiently as the jolting of the stage coach. The result of this lack of spirit in past years has been that every road swarmed with robbers, some of them of a most pusillanimous and cowardly nature; men whose voices faltered and whose knees knocked together as they called a halt, and who dared to rob because they knew they could do so with impunity and safety—a fact more disgraceful to the robbed than to the robbers.

There are various grades of road agents, however, in Mexico, and they range all the way down from the jaunty individual, with jingling spurs and silver buttons, who raises his *sombrero* and apologizes as he calls for your coin, to the cowardly miscreant who fires on you from the brush, and outrages the hapless women and children who fall into his hands.

A community of robbers formerly existed in the mountains between the City of Mexico and the port of Vera Cruz who systematically exacted tribute from every passing stage coach. As the lumbering vehicle approached some dark defile or difficult mountain pass it would suddenly be surrounded by a party of horsemen, well mounted and armed to the teeth. No violence would be offered, but the stage would be stopped, and the leader of the band would approach, bow politely, and make some such speech as this: "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for this molestation, but I consider it my duty to inform you that the pass which you are now entering is one of the most dangerous on the road. You can not possibly get through without being robbed, and perhaps murdered, unless you have an escort. I am captain of the police force of the neighboring village, but this is the limit of my district, and I am not required to protect the road beyond this point. If, however, you care to employ us we are at your service, and will see you through in safety for two hundred dollars." Every passenger understands what is meant. If the captain's terms are not acceded to he will politely withdraw. His band will make a detour and come into the road ahead of the stage a few miles further on. It will then be stand and deliver, the principal actors being persons who kept out of sight at the first encounter. In this manner passengers would often be blackmailed or robbed ten or twelve times before reaching the City of Mexico, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. But the railroad, which now penetrates that region, has happily broken up this system of high-toned robbery.

It happens, moreover, in these latter days that the profession of the Mexican highwayman is not so profitable or safe as it used to be. Foreigners have been creeping in, and the foreigner's mode of treating this question is becoming more and more prevalent every year. The Mexican's quiet submission to it is not so much the result of cowardice as of inertia. It is one of the *costumbres del pais*, something that he has known all his life, and that has ceased to be more than semi-criminal in his eyes. Besides it adds a sort of romantic interest to his roads, and gives a flavor of adventure to his travels. He likes to point out places and ominous looking crosses here and there, and tell how Don So-and-so met his tragic death, or how "game" the robber died.

The average foreigner, however, takes another view of the matter, and in the large percentage of cases will fight before he will permit himself to be robbed. So well known is this fact by the road agents that a stage coach is seldom or never attacked when it is known to contain a party of armed foreigners. The determined resistance of a single man has often been known to stampede a whole band, and many a good story is told of the way in which some irate Frenchman or cool-headed Yankee has leaned out from the stage window and surprised the over-confident assailants with a deadly volley, which saved the day. The advantage, it is true, is always with the robbers, as they can choose the time and place of attack, but I venture to say that ninety per cent. of the robberies which occur would cease if it were known that every stage carried a man who would fight.

If there is a romantic side to stage robbery in Mexico there is also a ludicrous one. The stages which run inland to the capital from the Pacific Coast pass through immense tracts of country sparsely settled and poor. When crops are short, or a revolution has left the people miserable and in want, it is the natural thing for many of them to take to the road as a means of subsistence. Under these circumstances the robbers take anything they can get, even to the clothing of the passengers, stripping them to the skin, after which they are ordered to climb in and drive on. A Mexican gentleman told the writer that he once rode ten miles on a cold, wet day pinned up in a New York *Herald*, and that the lady on the seat in front of him was similarly attired, except that the robbers had left her her stockings. Another gentleman, and a San Franciscan by the way, assured me that he was surprised while asleep at a lonely way station on the Guadalajara road, and stripped of everything in his possession except his passport. He was then taken out, and told to move on, which he did in the condition that nature made him. On reaching a town a few miles distant, he improvised an apron out of his passport, and in that attire ran the gauntlet of the place to the house of an acquaintance. As a general rule the persons who commit these crimes are good Catholics, and hold their religion and its priests in great reverence. Want sometimes gets the better of their fanaticism, however, and then they do things which are not strictly orthodox. A stage was robbed some years since on a road between the City of Mexico and the Pacific Coast, in which a priest was a passenger. In spite of his protestations and his threats of vengeance from on high, he was relieved of his watch and money, and then one of the rascals, whose conscience had been pricked by the words of the holy man, placed a cocked revolver to his head, and ordered him to absolve the party then and there for their transgression. And the holy man had to do it. When we remember the doctrine taught by the Church, that the end justifies the means, we cannot see how the robbers were wrong in this case.

There is one serious disadvantage under which the Mexican stage robber operates, and which often causes him to forego brilliant opportunities for replenishing his pockets. He is evidently not a favorite with the numerous virgins and female saints who preside over the destinies of the Mexican people. It must be borne in mind that the day of miracles and apparitions has not gone past forever in our sister republic, and the sudden interposition of supernatural agencies in the affairs of men is a by no means uncommon occurence. These events are kept fresh in the minds of the people by means of rude paintings, and a corner in nearly every church is set apart for their preservation, forming quite a picture gallery. The virgins figure very prominently in these transactions, and the Indians and superstitious faithful gather about them reverently and cross themselves before the blessed mother whose hand seems ever stretched out to protect them. When one comes to examine these collections carefully he will be astonished to notice the number of stage coaches which figure in the different scenes. Here a band of robbers are on the point of dragging some poor victim out through the stage window, with the evident intention of taking his scalp, when *nuestra Señora de Gaudaloupe* appears, snatches the victim from his tormentors and bears him over the mountain-top in a halo of glory. Another picture represents the stage coach as falling down the side of a precipice, when a benign face appears through a cloud, and lo, the coach is back on the grade again and no one hurt. And so on through an infinite variety of scenes.

These things cause the faithful to hesitate before entering upon criminal adventures which may cause them to incur the displeasure of the Holy Mother, and they also tend to reassure a certain class of travelers.

The writer was at one time the occupant of a coach which labored slowly up a heavy grade toward a point where many crimes had been committed, and known to be dangerous. Rude crosses by the roadside and piles of stones thrown together here and there told silent tales of strife and death, to which fact was added the intelligence that the stage of the previous day had been stopped, and the passengers rifled. My traveling companions were two Frenchmen and an old gentleman, a Mexican, who had come aboard at the last station. All were heavily armed except the old gentleman, and a sharp lookout was kept up. The driver had also been feed, and it was arranged that he should rap on the box with his heel at the first indication of trouble. The long afternoon dragged slowly by and nothing happened. As we began to emerge into more open country, and the immediate danger of attack grew less, conversation was resumed and the Mexican was drawn in. "You see, *Señores*," he said, "I am not armed. I never carry a weapon when I travel by diligence. The Virgin protects me wherever I go, and she would think I doubted her if I made preparations to protect myself. Seven years ago I came over this road. I was the only passenger in the coach, and I had a large sum of money with me. I feared an attack, and had promised the driver a large reward if, in case of trouble he would run for it and refuse to stop. All went well until we reached the summit from which the road descends into the last ravine before emerging into this plain. You remember, gentlemen, that a new stone bridge now spans the ravine. At the time of which I speak an old rickety bridge occupied the present site, and the water was tearing through in great force full fifty feet below. Just as we reached the summit, I heard a voice cry "Alto!" and the muzzle of a gun was pushed into the coach window. The driver, however, true to his promise, whipped up his team and we went tearing down the grade at a tremendous pace. The robbers, who were on horseback, followed at full speed, yelling and firing into the coach as they ran. It was almost dark when we started down the grade, and the trees and rocks on the side of the road flashed past like spectres. All of a sudden the yells and firing of our pursuers ceased, and, on glancing out of the coach, I found that we had crossed the ravine and were moving up the opposite grade. But, gentlemen, this is not all. I glanced back, and was struck dumb with astonishment to see that the bridge was gone, and a yawning gap of seventy-five feet separated us from the opposite bank. Just above the chasm was a halo of mellow light, and I could see a sweet face in the midst of it, which smiled on me and then disappeared. Gentlemen, that face was the face of our blessed Mother of Guadaloupe." He paused and crossed himself reverently.

"But how did you pass the chasm?" one of my companions asked.

"Gentlemen, I have told you all I know. The robbers who pursued us rode over the precipice and perished, and their bodies were found next day. It was the blessed Virgin that protected us, for the bridge over which we thought we were driving was not there. *It had fallen into the chasm twelve hours before the arrival of the stage!*"

We lit *cigaritas* and were silent; but I was sorry when we had to part with the old chap. CORNELIUS.

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**CI.—Sunday, October 19.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.**

Turnip Soup.
Melon.
Fried Skates, garnished with sliced Lemons.
Broiled Lamb Chops. Fried Potatoes.
Asparagus. Green Corn.
Roast Mallard Ducks, Currant Jelly.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Almond Custards. Raspberries.
Sponge Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Grapes, Plums, and Figs.

TO MAKE ALMOND CUSTARDS.—Blanch and beat in a mortar with two spoonfuls of rose-water a quarter of a pound of almonds. Beat the yolks of four eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix the almonds with the eggs and sugar; then add the whole to a pint of cream set into a bain-marie. Stir steadily until it boils. Serve in small cups or glasses.

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The royal family of the Sandwich Islands has adopted peppermint as the royal perfume.

## JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER.

About the beginning of November, in the year 18—, in the middle of the day, a sledge drawn by a horse dashed through a small village in Russia, and stopped in the courtyard of one of the largest houses. The horse had evidently run away, and the sole occupant of the sledge was clearly unable to guide it in the least. But in the courtyard of this house, strange to say, the horse, covered with foam, the reins hanging uselessly over its neck, stopped; and no accident occurred either to the sledge or its occupant. Upon the seat of the sledge was seated a young woman, who, to all appearances, was a Russian peasant of rather an humble grade. Although the cold was intense, and snow was falling down in huge flakes, she made no attempt to move or to get out of the sledge.

In less than a minute a great many of the villagers, who had been attracted by the clattering of the runaway horse, and all the inhabitants of the house, roused by the appearance of the sledge in the courtyard, surrounded the young woman. She was not dead, as they feared at first; but her appearance had the effect of frightening away many of the more timid villagers. Large drops of cold sweat were rolling down her cheeks, which were quite as white as the snow on the ground; and her eyes had a strange, staring look about them. It was evident she was powerless to distinguish any one around her. There was just a faint sign of life, and that was all; but to the majority of the bystanders she looked far more dead than alive. After the first burst of astonishment had subsided, a young girl had the presence of mind to approach the woman closer and put a question to her. At the sound of the girl's voice the poor woman trembled from head to foot, and rapidly passed both her hands over her forehead and eyes, as if awaking from a dream. She looked nervously round her; and pointing to the door of the house, which had been left open, she screamed:

"Shut the door! shut the door! They are following me, and will be here in an instant. Oh, take me in and shut the door!"

Before the words were out of her mouth she jumped out of the sledge, and threw herself into the arms of the girl who had spoken to her. And then she fainted away.

She was carried into the house, and restoratives were administered. She had hardly recovered her consciousness, when questions of every sort and kind were put to her from all sides. She was asked who she was; where she came from; where she was going to; who was pursuing her; and how the horse had run away. The room in which she was placed was full of villagers, who had come in to satisfy their very natural curiosity.

Among the most excited of the questioners was a young serf about twenty years old, who had held in his hand the hatchet with which he had been felling wood when the sledge dashed through the quiet village. The beauty and painful grief of the woman seemed to have made a deep impression upon this young serf. He was certainly more anxious than the rest to hear her story, and was very prominent in his attentions, and put himself forward in endeavoring to offer her consolation.

At last the object of all this excitement had so far recovered as to be enabled to yield to the entreaties of those who surrounded her, and in a broken voice, and amid very general silence she spoke as follows:

"I had heard that an old relation of mine, who lives in a neighboring village, was dangerously ill, and I determined to set out and see if I could be of any assistance. Early this morning I harnessed our horse to the little sledge and set out."

"Alone?" asked the young serf pointedly, still swinging the hatchet in his hand.

The bystanders well understood the meaning of the question, and the same word seemed involuntarily to escape from their lips.

"Alone?"

"Alone!" answered the young woman, in a strange, unnatural voice, half choked with sobs; "unhappily for me I was not alone! Why, in heaven's name, did I risk such a journey! Don't compel me, I beg of you, to relate the horrors I have gone through, and all the miseries of the awful morning."

"What has happened to you? Who went with you?" still asked many of those who surrounded the woman, and whose attention and curiosity was now thoroughly roused.

"Miserable woman that I am," answered she; "I took with me my three little children, the eldest of whom was about five years old, the youngest a little darling only six months, and still at the breast."

An exclamation of horror ran through the circle of bystanders, and each one at last seemed to guess the hideous truth. And then, amid a more awful silence than before, the young woman went on with her story.

"It was a lovely morning, the road in tolerably good order, and the old horse trotted merrily along. My two little boys played at my feet, and the little one slept on my bosom. I was in high spirits, and happy at the thought that I was able to get away, and so perhaps be of service to my poor old relative. My happiness, however, was not of very long duration. About an hour after our departure from the village, the thought struck me how daring and venturesome it was to travel alone with my little ones through a vast desert of snow, cut off from aid, and far away from any human habitation. Then for the first time I began to remember all the dreadful accidents that had befallen lonely travelers in our neighborhood, and almost made up my mind to turn back again. This grew upon me, and it increased more than ever when I perceived that the track in the snow had become so narrow that all chance of turning back in safety was cut off. On I was obliged to go, whether I would or not. My terror still kept increasing, but I dared not let the children know that I apprehended any danger. I listened anxiously, and magnified the slightest sound I heard. The track got narrower and narrower; and, at last, as we were passing a little belt of fir trees, I heard distinctly behind me an awful sound. I knew well what it was. In an instant I turned round and saw that we were being pursued by a flock of hungry wolves. Now, that the danger was so imminent, my courage seemed to get stronger. I madly lashed the horse, and he set off at a wild, excited gallop. It was too late. Two of the largest wolves, with red flaring eyes and hideous open jaws were already at the horse's flanks, and raced with him along the

snow-covered track. On the horse's life depended my life and that of my children. If he died, all were lost. Cost what it might, the horse's life must be saved, I thought. A horrible idea flashed across me, and, instead of repelling it, I accepted it as an inspiration from heaven. In cold blood I made up my mind, and in cold blood I calculated the awful consequences of my plan. At this very instant my second boy, a child about three years old, clung to me and cried piteously. The boy's sobs seemed to excite the demoniac animals more than ever, and they gained fast on the galloping horse.

"Without knowing what I was doing, and with almost an involuntary movement, I seized the shrieking child by the hair and dropped him behind the sledge. I saw him sink into the soft snow; there was one wild cry, and then the wolves stopped short where the boy had fallen. All this passed in less than an instant. For a minute I thought we were saved; but it was not so. The little one's cries had hardly died away in the distance when two more wolves appeared at the side of the sledge. The awful sacrifice I had made had been useless, and we were in as much danger as ever. The same fiendish thought took possession of me, and again my mind was made up. I looked first to the little darling nestling closely to my breast, and then I turned to my eldest boy, who was pale with fear and clutched nervously to the folds of my dress.

"'Oh, mother,' he whispered, 'I will be good! I won't cry; really I won't cry once! Oh, mother, don't throw me into the snow!' There was a heavy mist before my eyes, and I hardly recollect what I did. Will God have mercy on me? If you had only known what I suffered then! My little daughter nestled closer than ever to my breast. She must be saved, I thought. Must I say what happened? You can guess. My eldest boy died as his brother had died before him.

"Must you hear the rest? I was almost mad now; the roaring of the wolves, the galloping of the horse, the last cries of my children, the awful thought of seeing my baby torn from my arms, the dread of death—all mingled into a terrible nightmare. I could not move hand or foot; my eyes were fixed, and still I clasped my baby to my bosom. I dared not look behind me; but at last I heard a terrible yell in my ear, and for a second I felt something on my shoulder. Why did I not faint? Mechanically I turned my head. I saw a wolf with open jaws, clinging by his claws to the back of the sledge. He made a half spring at me, missed his hold, and fell back into the snow. Three times he made a fresh spring, three times he missed his hold. The fourth time, he got his claws on the sledge again, and there for a few seconds he hung. There was only one chance—to dash him back before he could get firm hold. His claws stuck deep into my fingers as, by main force, I tried to wrench them from the sledge. It was a desperate struggle, and had almost succeeded, when my baby fell from my arms! From that moment to the time when I first heard the sound of the young girl's voice, I can remember nothing. The reins had long fallen from my hands; I knew the horse was galloping on, but I can recollect no more. I have no conception where we have been or how I got here."

The young woman again covered her face with her hands, and burst into a psssionate flood of tears. There was an awful silence in the room, broken every now and then by the hysterical sobs of many of the women and girls who stood around. The men trembled, too, and looked steadily on the ground, but did not speak a word. At last a white-haired woman began to speak some words of consolation in a low, trembling voice. Immediately the young serf, who had his hatchet still in his hands, strode toward the miserable woman. He was deadly pale, and trembled in every limb; the expression in his face had changed suddenly. He glared fiercely at the young woman, and at the old peasant, who was still trying to console her.

"Be still, mother!" he thundered out; "the wretched woman deserves none of your pity."

And then he turned to her.

"Unhappy and most miserable woman! is it possible that you have done all that you have related? You are a mother, you tell us, and yet you have killed your children one by one. Not one would you spare—not even the boy who prayed to you on his knees, or the baby child who smiled upon your breast. To save your own life you have sacrificed theirs, for you had not the courage to die with them. Woman! you do not deserve the name. You are unworthy to live. Prepare—"

There was a wild shriek in the room, and the woman fell at his feet. In an instant the peasants guessed the mad purpose of the young serf. Two of the strongest rushed forward to stop his hand. They were too late. A wild, awful light glittered in the young man's eyes, and with almost supernatural strength he dashed the peasants back. The hatchet whistled through the air, and in an instant the unhappy woman was dead at his feet.

Three months after the terrible scene related above, the young serf was brought up before the highest criminal court and charged with willful murder. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and when asked by the court what reply he had to make, replied in these terms:

"I committed the crime for which I have been arrested, and to which I have pleaded guilty, in open daylight, and before more than thirty witnesses; if there had been thirty thousand present I should have done the same. Think of her crime. She was a mother, and she threw her children into the mouths of the wolves. One death is too good for such a monster. The hen gathers her chickens under her wings at the slightest approach of danger; but the woman had no pity for her young ones. In the eye of the law I may be guilty; in the sight of God I can not think I am. God whispered to me the woman ought to die; God made me the judge and executioner."

There was no need to prolong the trial. The young serf was found guilty of murder, and condemned to die. The case was a strange one, and happily came under the notice of the Emperor. "The boy was a wild fanatic," he said; "but he must not die."

Eventually, by the direct command of the Emperor, the sentence of the Court was reversed, and the young serf was committed to ten years' servitude in Siberia. However, long before the expiration of that time he was set at liberty, and he went back and lived the remainder of his life in his native village.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### How the Old Horse Won the Bet.

'Twas on the famous trotting ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare;
The swift g. m., old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third—and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There, too, stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses also, not a few—
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.
Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes,
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turnout;
Here stands—each youthful Jehu's dream—
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles
(The style's the man, so books avow;
The style's the woman, anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye—
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these!
"Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!" "Will you? Done!"
What was it who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you—
Pray listen till my story's through.
Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely pressed,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one horse shay—
Lent to his sexton for the day.
(A funeral—so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)
Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down—
The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!
"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve
As if 'twere all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and, as he laughed,
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his headstall, set him free
From strap and reign—a sight to see!
So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pig skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.
As through the jeering crowd he passed,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out unsentimental Dan;
"A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.
Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees,
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state;
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight, and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.
As through the throng on either hand
The old hoss nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.
"Go!"—Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts, long unstirred,
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb—
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein,
He steps a five-year-old again!
Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun.
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake.
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould tight!"
"Cling round his neck and don't let go—
That pace can't hold—there! steady! whoa!"
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him!—stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one!
Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke, Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray.
And off they spring and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy,
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begin's to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!
That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time—at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he couldn't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2:10; *that* couldn't be—
More like two twenty two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast!"
The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,
And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle in his eyes,
"That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses driven at double-quick;
I shouldn't wonder, I declare,
If brother Murray made the prayer!"
And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot for all he's old. —*O. W. Holmes.*

### The Self-Exiled.

"Now, open the gate and let her in,
And fling it wide,
For she hath been cleansed from stain of 'sin,"
St. Peter cried.
And the angels all were silent.

"Though I am cleansed from stain of sin,"
She answered low,
"I came not hither to enter in,
Nor may I go."
And the angels all were silent.

"But I may not enter there," she said,
"For I must go
Across the gulf, where the guilty dead
Lie in their woe."
And the angels all were silent.

"If I enter heaven I may not speak
My soul's desire
For them that are lying distraught and weak
In flaming fire."
And the angels all were silent.

St. Peter he turned the keys about
And answered grim:
"Can you love the Lord and abide without
Afar from him?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be nearer Christ," she said,
"By pitying less
The sinful living or woful dead
In their helplessness?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker Christ, were I
To love no more
The loved, who in their anguish lie
Outside the door?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Did he not hang on the cursed tree,
And bear its shame,
And clasp to his heart, for love of me,
My guilt and blame?"
And the angels all were silent.

"Should I be liker, nearer him,
Forgetting this—
Singing all day with the seraphim,
In selfish bliss?"
And the angels all were silent.

The Lord himself stood by the gate,
And heard her speak
Those tender words compassionate,
Gentle and meek.
And the angels all were silent.

Now, pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way he ever trod
He ne'er departs.
And the angels all were silent.

And he said: "Now will I go with you,
Dear child of Love;
I am weary of all this glory too,
In heaven above."
And the angels all were silent.

"We will go seek and save the lost,
If they will hear.
They who are worst but need me most;
And all are dear."
And the angels all were silent.
—*Walter C. Smith, the new S.*

San Francisco, October 16, 1879.

Every one knows that a companion picture is never a companion. One of the two is always better than the other, and the better one is generally the first. If the rule hold good with pictures and chromos, what is to be said of it with regard to plays? The bare idea of writing a companion play is in itself sufficiently absurd. Why should a writer figuratively cut his own throat by multiplying characters which should be unique, spinning out plots to tenuity which are already of just the right thinness, wearing a style to threads which will not permit of further use? *Our Boys* of itself and by itself was one of the plays of the age. As the duplicating of a work of art decreases its value by just so much, so the presentation of *The Girls* has lessened the value of *Our Boys*. It is constructed upon about the same plan, but, as the materials have been in use before, they bear signs of wear and tear. There are two nice, jolly young English girls, a typical pair of parents, and a pair of lovers; also the "slavey." In *The Girls* Byron has evidently intended while adorning a tale to point a moral. The moral, like that of all writers of fiction in any form whatsoever, is that it is a very bad and unsafe experiment for any girl to marry a rich man. The communistic sentiments of writers on this subject are all very unanimous. They are as rabid as the Book itself upon the subject of rich men. They always make them vulgar, odious, commonplace. It never occurs to them to give them any credit for having struggled with fate and conquered it. It never strikes them that there is any merit in a man's being rich who has been poor. They quite forget that it is money which buys education, travel, opportunities to learn, the power to commingle with the great, the learned, the cultured. There are some very decent fellows among the rich, the new rich of the writer. If they do not let prosperity go to their heads and make them arrogant, they are very apt to be good fellows, ready to enjoy the money they have made with any one who will help them out. There may be ceaseless warfare among their verbs, and a total incompatibility between their subjects and predicates; but, after all, it isn't grammar that makes the man, for it was only man that made the grammar. Yet I see no reason why a rich man's grammar should not be as good as a poor man's. Why is the poor man of the story and the play posed upon a pedestal, and his poverty made rather a romantic merit? Why rather is not virtue its own reward? Any one can be poor that will make an effort. Why does not some one write a story or a play in which the man who has made enough money to wed a wife, and rear a brood of little ones without struggling with the wolf, carries off the heroine, who is a delightful epitome of all the virtues and charms of womankind. It would be a complete upheaval of all the laws of fiction, but it is high time some one took the rich man's part. How amusing is the contempt which a London writer has for a London city man! What a great, loud, coarse boor has Byron drawn in "Plantagenet G. Potter," or is it the fault of Bishop in presenting him thus? Through two acts he is an odious creature—ugly, loud, vulgar, boorish, brutish. No one could imagine a gentle-bred girl accepting such a man under any circumstance in life. No one could imagine such a man roaming about without a tag on him. He is a bully, a blusterer, a something worse than cad. I can scarcely believe that the Byron who drew the half-pathetic character of the old butterman is responsible for such a creation as "Plantagenet G. Potter." I feel rather inclined to lay him at the door of Mr. Bishop, who always draws his comedy in such broad, coarse lines. I feel him the more responsible when I reflect that Byron is not fanciful in his plots. Yet in *The Girls* this gentle, soft-voiced creature, reared among good morals and good manners, learns to love this monster most devotedly during his two years of absence, notwithstanding the fact that he has cruelly cast her off in a fit of economy and ill temper. When he returns he is such a pitiful caricature that it is with a genuine shock one sees such a wife in the arms of such a husband. As for this last act, by the way, it is ineffably tedious, and of no kin whatever to the first two rattling, rollicking Byronic sparkles. Here we have all the familiar quality of dialogue, old jokes and new ones, strung together in the mosaic manner which made *Our Boys* famous. As for the other husband, of course he is poor, and again, of course, follows the fine arts for a living. And, of all things, he is a sculptor. A sculptor! And there is not a baker's dozen of them in this whole big world making a living at it. However, it is as hard to establish a romantic young hero of fiction in business as to establish a young man in the flesh. In this instance pointing the moral failed most ignobly, for both sisters had very hard lines of it. Jeffreys-Lewis and Eleanor Carey are a very nice pair of English girls, and having nothing else to do but be interesting, did that little to every one's entire satisfaction. They are both pretty, and have both a pretty speech. *A propos*, it happens now and then that our stage is more than half English. If you will leave the Baldwin and drop in at the California, you will see two charming English ladies in a charming English play. Have you seen *Clancarty?* You must know it well, for Henrietta Chanfrau liked to play "Lady Clancarty" in her manufactured emotional way, and the big Henry V. Rignold chose to make a star part of the character of the impetuous "Donald McCarty, Lord Clancarty." The plot has all the deep interest which attaches to a story of man and wife rather than to a pair of lovers, and is laid in that troublous period of history, which should be more fascinating to the romance writers than it is, when the last group of the Stuarts, burdened with their hateful heritage of misfortunes, sought in their feeble *fainéant* way to claim the throne of their ancestors. Tom Taylor, like a devoted subject of her Dutch-descended Majesty, has made of William III. a kingly king, and Mr. Cooke has added to the general effectiveness by presenting him as such. As for Miss Cavendish she is so natural, so charming, so simply and purely delightful throughout that one can only remember her as "Lady Clancarty." There are so few who understand the art of doing nothing in particular well. Thus the first act of *Clancarty* is merely prefatory, and only serves to introduce "Lady Clancarty," in rather a romantic manner, it is true, but with just enough adventitious incident to work up to the curtain. Yet what a pretty picture is here presented of two high-born spirited dames delighting in an adventure rather than being dismayed by its peril. Even here they bear the impress of the court in more than the low curtsy of the time. Fortunately for the picture, Miss Stanhope, as "Lady Betty Noel" is just such a companion to Miss Cavendish's "Lady Clancarty" as one would wish. There is nothing inharmonious, as frequently happens in such combinations on the stage. They are of one training, of one school, of one kind. It is but seldom that an actress so redeems herself after such an unfortunate first appearance, as was Miss Stanhope's in a character as uninteresting in itself as it was unfitted to her. But, for a leading lady, whom the public must necessarily see often, who needs to wear well to be a favorite, one would ask just such qualities as the lady possesses. Her strongly marked face is handsome, her costuming correct, her manner graceful, easy, and pleasing, and her talent in high comedy something above the ordinary; consequently, her "Lady Betty Noel" was quite a sparkling bit. I fancy the dumb audience of the other night must have been deaf and blind as well, not to have appreciated such a result of a talented woman's study as "Lady Clancarty." I wonder that the lady herself has the heart to go through with it so faithfully, so beautifully, to such a miserable handful of unresponsive people. However, the day will come with the reaction from this miserable stagnation, when the people will long for Miss Cavendish and her kind. Keene's "Clancarty," says a morning paper, was played with considerable *bounce*, which, being the word to a nicety, is worth reproducing. He made a hearty, rollicking Irishman of him, and if it was not *the* "Clancarty," it was at least very good for Keene. John Wilson, in a courtier's coat so very handsome as to deserve individual mention (the coat), played the interfering "Spencer." The treacherous type said last week that John Wilson was a very good actor. Perhaps it is not making the *amende honorable* to take it back, for he is, sometimes, when he thinks of it and wants to be. But the type meant John Owens all the time, and what it said has continued to be true. No American actor could take such liberties with his audience, could gag so constantly and unintermittently. It keeps one on the *qui vive* to catch those muttered jokes, but he is so exuberantly, so unctuously funny, that he is forgiven every time. There lingers about him so much of the old school that it has a quaint charm for those of the new. What vigor, what lustiness the old man has! How quick he is, how ready! Some of those slow youngsters could learn a lesson from him if they would, for Manager Kennedy seems to have recruited his troop from a freshman's class, there are so many beardless boys trying a hand at acting. As for the old stagers they are put to new uses. Barrows and Morris, both clever as eccentric and comic actors, are transformed into walking gentlemen, and are sufficiently acceptable. Frankie McClellan, who has at least improved, lisps well enough through the part of "Mrs. Merryweather," and Miss Kate Denin is really all that could be asked as that superior woman, "Minerva Crane." Also a Miss Wood appeared, who was very nice in *The Victims*, and not half so nice in the afterpiece. But what need? They are but lesser lights. Owens is the luminary which attracts to the little theatre, and he draws better than he ever did in the big one.

Betsy B.

The attention of our readers is called to the announcement, on another page, of the Authors' Carnival, to be held at the Mechanics' Pavilion, beginning on the 23d inst. Our society people have worked hard for the success of the entertainment, and as it is for the benefit of our combined city charities there should nothing stand in the way—as far as public patronage is concerned—of its being a great success. It is a thing that should have the unqualified and earnest support and interest of every one.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

Mr. Louis Lisser, who comes to us with an excellent reputation from Berlin, where he was a pupil of Kullak and Raiff, made his San Francisco *debut* at Dashaway Hall on Friday evening, 10th instant, with a varied and arduous programme of piano forte music, ranging from Bach down to Henselt and Kullak, and may be said to have created an exceedingly favorable impression on his large and critical audience. It would be manifestly unjust to attempt to form a final estimate of the quality of an artist who presents himself before a strange audience, handicapped with the responsibility of playing throughout almost an entire evening. Such an evening is at once an ordeal and an experiment; the artist has to feel his way with the audience and himself, has to begin his work without any assurance of sympathy and learn during the progress of it what quality in himself is most likely to place him *en rapport* with his hearers; he has constantly to feel his audience, as it were, and is consequently almost entirely debarred from giving the rein to his own sentiments. Whether Mr. Lisser is a player who would under any circumstances allow his feelings any very great amount of influence over his artistic work is a question that, from one hearing of him, I am unable to determine; but he seems to me to regard his work from a strictly objective standpoint, and to have schooled himself into the most complete repression of his own individuality in favor of a careful and thorough study of the intention of the composer and composition. As a result of this, his playing produces the impression of a refined and highly intelligent reading that is slightly lacking in warmth or spontaneity; there seems to be constantly present the consciousness of the doing of the thing along with a certain careful watchfulness over the manner of its doing; a feeling of reserve, as well as of self-control in the player that—although in ever so slight a degree—seems to force itself between him and a free rendering or interpretation of the music. Much or all of this may possibly be chargeable to the chilling and disturbing influence of a "first night;" I hope we shall have abundant opportunity of judging in the future. Of the mere pianistic side of Mr. Lisser's work, there is but one thing to be said—it is quite admirable. His technique is ample, of beautiful quality and a matter of complete certainty; wrist and fingers are alike under perfect control, and his playing leaves no doubt of the thoroughness of his methods and a perfect artistic intelligence in the application of them. In other words, it is the playing of one who seems to me peculiarly fitted to teach piano-forte playing thoroughly, and one who would above all be likely to impress upon his pupil a sound, healthy style, instead of the mawkish, sentimental caricature of a style that is now so much in vogue. Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's share in this soirée—an *aria* from *Aida*, and a song of Bizet—was thoroughly enjoyable, and was delightfully accompanied by Mr. Lisser.

The *pieces de resistance* of Mr. Herold's last Matinée—on Wednesday—were two numbers from Rubinstein's Opera "Feramors," the "Dance of the Brides of Cashmere," and the "Wedding Procession;" charming pieces which it was a treat to be able to hear in their original scoring, and for the presentation of which we owe Mr. Herold much thanks. To those who were already acquainted with the same composers "Persian Songs" (Op. 34) the wonderfully suggestive local color of this Ballet music can scarcely have been a surprise; the Songs—which I have always regarded as studies for the more sustained effort which followed them in the Opera—are suffused with an exquisite spirit of orientalism, which pervades even the accompaniments written for our thoroughly occidental pianofortes, and might well have been the composition of some music-making real Mirza Schaffy, even as Bodenstedt's poems were for a long time believed to be translations (he published them as such), and considered to have a quality and color quite unattainable to any German poet. What the Songs are, in their smaller form and scope, and what Schumann's exquisitely characteristic "Bilder aus Osten" are in pianoforte literature, we find elaborated and heightened by the vivid and picturesque instrumentation with which it has been invested in this Ballet music. It has a richness of color more suggestive than anything in Moore's poem. It is permeated at once with the langour and the passion of the East; it moves with the rhythmic grace of the Bayadere, and is full of the sensuous charm that surrounds her; it is musk and spice, and attar of roses, and—lovely, intoxicating music. The performance was all that could be expected of our orchestra (with the violins weaker this year than ever before) in a work requiring such nicety of treatment, but it was one rather suggestive of possibilities than fulfilling the delicate demands of the score. The residue of the programme—including Lasbner's first Suite, Gade's *Highland* overture, and a sort of a *bric a brac* Gavotte (the things seem to have come into fashion along with brass candlesticks, new-old china, and square-toed furniture that shows plenty of honesty of construction), by somebody whose name I forget—was performed about as usual.

Fortune has only a single eye, and that is on the top of her head. So long as she does not see you, she will call you the tenderest names: she will treat you like her favorite child, and load you with benefits. But one fine day she will take you in her arms, raise you up on high, examine you attentively, and then repulse you with disgust, exclaiming: "Be off; be off with you! You are not my son."

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### Important Information.

At noon the Grand Duke Nicholas
Doth use a douche;
The Queen unto the Shah has sent
A red barouche.

### Decorative Art.

'Twas a newly painted doorstep,
And the lassie—most unkind—
Made him sit there till, departing,
He an impress left behind.

'Twas a double impress, plainly—
Let us slyly give the tips—
There was one upon the doorsteps
And another on her lips.

### Advice.

"Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold—"
Sang the wife—but Jack replied,
"Turn your switch the other side."

### In Memoriam.

Her spirit now is far away
Where angels keep pall merry;
She died of tomb much bier, they say—
Adieu, Miss Cemetery!

### Fact and Fancy.

The golden glow of harvest
Is smiling on the land,
The anthem of the brooklet
Is singularly bland;
And while the scarlet leaflet
Across the meadow flies,
The small boy enters the pantry
In which the pumpkin pies
Are located, and takes out one under his coat.

### Lucinder.

A fidgety maiden, Lucinder,
Poked her head out the open car winder,
And, when she drew back,
Struck the sash with a whack,
Having caught in her eye a loose cinder.

### A Highly Colored Romance.

Once *P. Green* said to fair Miss *Brown*,
"My heart is all your *roan*;
Then *white* to me are you so cold,
And why so harsh your tone?"

She cast on him *magenta* look,
And then she shook her *red*,
And, as the zephyrs softly *blue*,
She wept and, weeping, said:

"I wouldst, but, oh! my watchful pa
*Marron* all our fun—
The *purple* nab you by the leg,
And murder will be *dun!*"

### At Twilight.

I'm sitting alone at the window
Watching the road;
Ah, there 'neath the gladiole scarlet
Is sitting a toad.

Is he thinking of minarets golden,
In Persia, far over the sea?
Or does he imagine for crab bait
He'll be used in the morning, he he?

I'm happy that I'm not a hop-toad,
I'm happy, I am verily;
It must be extremely awkward
To be a hop-toad 'neath a tree.

Ah, here comes Julia, sweet Julia,
She's wearing a cardinal shawl;
Perhaps she is cold, or perhaps she's
Aware that it's fall.

The woods are golden and scarlet,
The woods are simply grand,
And now and now the window
Comes down on my hand.

### The Bitter End.

A bee flew out in the sunny air
By a boy so blithe and young,
Who laughed and screamed without a care,
And would not hold his tongue.

The scene is changed: with sob and shriek
The vault of heaven rung;
And homeward flew the bee so meek,
While the small boy held his stung.

### The Little Fool.

Miss Pallas Eudora von Blurky
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reason of things—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses.

Why Shakspeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma"
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box,
And a small ge logical hammer.

She had views on co-education,
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

### Go as You Please.

Maud Muller on a fair June day,
Went to the field and turned the hay.

Beneath her hat her hair was "banged,"
And from its brim no ribbon hanged.

The hay she pitched on an old ox cart
Until her hands did bleed and smart.

And when she raked into a bumble's nest,
Of all fast time Maud made the best.

She tossed and moaned the live-long night,
For her left optic was hunged up tight.

Now when her dad a farm-hand lacks,
Maud stays at home and fries slap-jacks—
And tells him to hire a tramp.

### What Answer?

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us;
So please say yes-ter-day.

### Mistaken in the Man.

"Fisherman, solemn and sedate,
Loan me a little of your bait?"
But he only winked one eye at me:
"I'm not the Loan Fisherman," said he.

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Harper Brothers, of New York, have recently published a library edition, and a most excellent one in style, type, and paper, of the works of John Lathrop Motley, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," in three volumes, and "The Life and Death of John of Barnevelde," in two volumes, being a history of the great drama of the eighty years' war which involved the Netherlands in that long and bloody struggle with Spain and the Papacy, a history more eventful and marvelous than that of any other country in Europe. It was in this period and out of this struggle that the Dutch Republic emerged so successfully. It was from this struggle that the Spanish Monarchy obtained that blow from which it has never yet recovered. It was in the long and eventful years, in which was waged this momentous war for civil and religious liberty that the Papal power received its strongest check. From this era began to date the commercial supremacy of England. It was a war of Protestantism and civil liberty—England and Holland against Spain, Prussia, and the Catholic Church, in a conspiracy to crush out free thought and liberty of conscience. In these histories occur some of the prominent names of the world's history. Elizabeth of England, Henry of Navarre, Henry of Guise, Catherine de Medici, Prince Maurice, Drake, Leicester, Raleigh, Howard and the Cecils, Margaret of Parma, and the bloody Duke of Alva. Of all the repulsive characters of history, that of Philip II. of Spain is one of the most revolting. Bigoted, bloody, ambitious, artful, and cruel, he lived a life of crime, and died as all criminals ought to die, fearing the tortures of hell which he so richly deserved. The palace of the Escurial in Spain is said to have been erected for a monastery as well as a royal residence, as Philip was half monk and half king. The ground plan of this palace was of the shape of a gridiron, the gridiron upon which St. Sebastian was grilled. The life and death of John of Barnevelde brings the events of this remarkable era down to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, and down to the darkest and most perilous period in the history of the Dutch Republic, of which John of Barnevelde was the central and heroic figure. These works of Mr. Motley, so interesting and so elegantly composed, ought to adorn every gentleman's library, and ought to be the model of every student for their style and purity of diction. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co., No. 204 Sansome street.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 47, San Francisco, Oct. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 48) of two dollars per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, October 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.

W. W. TRAVLOR, Secretary.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*OFFICE OF THE EUREKA CON*solidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, October 4th, 1879.—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the above-named Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room No. 37, Nevada Block, San Francisco, on MONDAY, the TWENTIETH day of OCTOBER, 1879, at 2 P. M. of said day, for the election of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be presented. Transfer Books closed October 15th, at 3 P. M.

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Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by by calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

*Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.*

**CAUTION!**

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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**DECORATIVE ART ROOMS,**

**14 O'Farrell Street.**

*ARTISTIC ARTICLES FOR HOME* Decoration or Personal Use. New designs in Mantel and Table Drapes. Art Needle-work, as developed by the English School. FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TABLES, SCREENS, etc. Paintings and Etchings upon China, Silk, and Wood, etc. DECORATIVE ART ROOMS.

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**HILLSIDE HOME.**

*A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG* Ladies. Parents desiring a New England home for their daughters, where, free from the excitements of a large school, they may still receive thorough instruction in the English branches, in the Languages, and in Music, are invited to correspond with MISS ADELE BREWER, Stockbridge, Mass.

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MME. B. ZEITSKA'S

**FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH**

INSTITUTE

*FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHIL*dren, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term OCTOBER 3, 1879.

MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

---

**DE FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 120 SUTTER ST. S.F.**

*FRENCH AND SPANISH PERSON*ally taught by PROF. DE FILIPPE, by his easy method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons.

---

**ETCHINGS AND RARE ENGRAVINGS.**

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM NO. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection, either as visitors or purchasers.

Readers of Hamerton will find some of the Etchings reviewed in his "Etchings and Etchers," in present collection.

Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

---

**JOE POHEIM**

*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.

Suits to order from.....$20
Pants to order from..... 5
Overcoats to order from.....15

☞ The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is, at

JOE POHEIM,

203 Montgomery St., and 103 Third St.

Samples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

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PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,

FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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**EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.**

*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

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**$25 to $5000** Judiciously invested in Wall St. lays the foundation for fortunes every week, and pays immense profits by the New Capitalization System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & Co., Bankers, 72 Broad St., N. Y.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | ——— | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | E11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ——— | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

NORTHERN DIVISION

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00

On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also. EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

# SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

# SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


**FRANK KENNEDY,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER*chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, insolvency, and all cases attended to. Rents, etc., collected.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | October | 25 |
| February | 28 | January | 17 |
| | | April | 10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

# PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.

CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

# PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, NO. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

# THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

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CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

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A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

# COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary

# LEE D. CRAIG,

*Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.*

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AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.

This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

# THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

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# SUGAR REFINERY,

*Corner Brannan and Eighth Sts.*

**Office, - - - 215 Front Street.**

This company manufactures all grades of

# HARD AND SOFT SUGARS,

And a superior Quality of Syrup known as

DIAMOND S

# SYRUP!!

SUPPLIES ONLY EXPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

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# COMMERCIAL CO.

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WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

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# OPTOMETER!

The only reliable instrument for Testing Defective Vision.

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*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,*

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Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, S

(P. O Box 770.)

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THE LIGHT RUNNING

## SEWING MACHINE

**Saves Muscle, Time, Health, and Temper.**

THE LIGHTEST RUNNING LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE IN THE MARKET.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

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**SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED**

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

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HOME INDUSTRY

THE MUSIC OF

FIRST CLASS HEMME & LONG PRICES LOW

PIANOS

131 DUPONT ST., S.F.

## CHICKERING

PIANOS AT COST.

PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of November, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

# HERRMANN THE HATTER

*336 KEARNY, ST.*

& 910 MARKET, ST. S.F.

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## S. W. RAVELEY,

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**And Printer of the Argonaut,**

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**We are constantly producing NEW DESIGNS in FINE JEWELRY and DIAMOND SETTINGS, and an examination of our Stock and Prices would be of special interest to purchasers.**

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES AND NO VARIATION IN PRICE.

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## JERRY'S TRUE STORY.

BY J. H. S. BUGEIA.

### CHAPTER I.

Jerry Wilson, "hired-man" at Humming-Bird Hill, as Mr. Richard Stevens called his mountain ranch, was behaving queerly. Jerry was as "odd as Dick's hat-band," always quaint, old-fashioned, slow of speech, and awkward of gesture, but "the best old fellow in the world," said Mrs. Stevens, "so kind and patient with the children, and that," she said, "was real proof of his goodness of heart." Not so very old, either, only about forty, and that's not much—for a man. You just begin then to find in him that fine flavor of experience and settled conviction; and "old," as applied to Jerry, was more than anything else a term of endearment, and shrewd, with a droll humor running through his homely for the Stevenses and their friends were all fond of him. Keen talk; honest as the sun, and hating all mean and unjust ways, Jerry Wilson was a man to be respected and honored. Heretofore he had dwelt upon the hill in placid content, but of late he had shown symptoms of uneasiness and gentle melancholy; he would gaze moodily into the fire for hours together, his pipe lying forgotten on its little shelf. He would wander aimlessly about the ranch when off duty, or go up to Mount Pisgah "to git a good look off aout o' the maountings," as he said. He sometimes aroused himself to tell Rabbie a story, at that young gentleman's urgent request; but the fire of genius slumbered, the tales were given without their ancient sparkle, and Rabbie said disgustedly, "I guess Uncle Jerry's stories are played out; he hasn't told me a good one, not a reg'lar buster, you know, mamma, for pretty near a hundred years." And Rabbie contented himself with grandma's mild "girl-stories," as he had contemptuously styled them while the glory of Jerry's inspirations was still upon him.

"Jean," said Mr. Stevens, seriously, "I am afraid we shall lose Jerry one of these days."

"Why, Dick, you don't really believe that Jerry would leave us! Mercy! what should we do without him?"

"That's what we'll have to find out, I guess, for he seems uneasy, and will probably strike out for the mines before long; an old miner doesn't settle quietly down in one place, unless he has a family of his own there. Time will tell, though, what idea Jerry has in his head."

But Mrs. Stevens, woman-like, set herself to find out.

"Jerry," she said, that evening, in tones of artless innocence that made her husband smile, "I don't think you're very well this spring; I guess you're kind of bilious; you'd better have some of mother's thoroughwort bitters, don't you think so?"

"Wall, I dunno baout bein' bilious; I guess ther ain't nothin the matter o' my bile," said Jerry, with a dim smile; "n' I've swallered a good share o' bitters in my life, bitter clear through and thurrer, now you bet yer life, Miss Stevens!"

The old, or rather the new, moody look settled down over his kind old face, and "Miss Stevens," with her swift intuition, had struck the trail to Jerry's mystery.

"Brooding over a sorrow, poor old soul!" she said mentally, and then, aloud, "I have often thought, Jerry, that you must have had a great many experiences, you who have wandered about so much."

"Yes, you bet," answered Jerry, wearily; but he gave no sign of further confidence.

"I dare say," continued the persistent little woman, "that you often think them over when you sit here so quiet and sad."

"Wall, Miss Stevens, you abaout allers hit the nail on the head; I have been thinkin a good deal lately about old times. Some way when an old recollection rises up and gets hold of a man, 'n he allows it to take a good grip, it's mighty hard to shake it off agin. I've had a quiet, peaceful time since I've lived here; things have been soothin, but somehow the old feelins has got started; they come a rollin along like a flood, and sometimes I'm pooty nigh swamped. I'm mighty afraid I'll have to light aout agin," said Jerry, with a hunted, desperate look in his eyes.

Mrs. Stevens looked at him intently; whatever his trouble was, there was no guilt or dishonor on his conscience, she was sure of that.

"Now, supposing you tell us your story," said she, coaxingly. "You've told us a great many yarns, to amuse us, but now tell us your own heart history; you seem to have had some great sorrow. I think it will do you good to share it with such sympathetic friends as Dick and I."

"I dunno but what 'twould," said Jerry, thoughtfully, knocking the dead ashes out of his pipe, "but I guess it'll make ye feel kind o' bad; I hain't never wanted to trouble no one with it, but my heart's plumb full on't; sometimes when I've sot here, it seemed as ef it would bust, ef I didn't speak aout; I've knocked round desperate, but I can't never git shet o' that ache. I tell ye, Stevens, a man may git over grievin fur a sweetheart, arfter a while, whether she's livin or dead; but, my God, your *wife*, that you've held in yer arms an' knowed was yer own, an' no other man livin was worth a straw to her, or had any right to expect it, and you've laid awake nights aout o' pure joy when she was a sleepin' as sweet and peaceful as a baby on your breast, that's somethin that ye can't never furgit—never, never!"

The passion of his long repressed emotion was ringing through his voice that sobbed like a storm-swept tree. They stared at him, half speechless.

"Your wife! You married, Jerry?"

"Yes, I had a wife—twenty years ago—back in Varmont. Ye see I was married awful young, scarcely twenty years old; and—Roxy—"

He paused, and his voice softened to a tender hush, as he spoke the name that had for so many years lain silent in his heart.

"Roxy was only seventeen, but brighter an' smarter 'n most girls of twenty, fur she'd took charge o' things at home fur two or three years—ever since her mother died. When we was married I went to live on their farm, and the old gentleman—old Mr. Davis—gave up the charge of it to me. I'd allers worked on a farm, an' liked it, an' so I was a pooty good farmer ef I was a young one—least ways, they all said so," interposed Jerry, modestly. "But Dave, Roxy's brother, was married to about the meanest woman that trod shew leather, though she'd make a stranger think thet she wasn't fit fer this earth; an' she wasn't, either," said Jerry, smiling. "Wall, the critter, Angeline her name was, picked away at Dave till she got him as jealous as the old Harry, and then him an' her sot to work to turn the father agin me. You bet, they didn't dast to say anything agin Roxy; they knowed that wouldn't never go down with the old gentleman, fur he sot his eyes by Roxy, an', anyway, Dave wasn't ekal to lyin about his little sister, though it wouldn't a hurt her a bit worse 'n to hit her through me. You see, what Dave an' Angeline wanted was to git on to the farm themselves, fur it was one o' the handsomest, best payin farms in Varmont. So they begun to stuff the old father with hints an' signs, and right aout an' aout lies agin me, to make him believe I'd married Roxy fur her property—little Roxy that I'd a died fur! Why, we'd loved each other sence we was little shavers that high agoin to school together, though, Lord knows, twant much schoolin I ever got. You see, mother was a widder, and had an awful tough time to git along, but she managed to keep Sam and Susann and me to school as long as she lived, though the schools want no great shakes in them days, anyway. But at last poor mother kind o' give up the struggle and died; an' I tell ye, the Lord must a had a soft place fur sech a good wife and mother as her," said Jerry, earnestly. "We children was put aout around with our relations. Sam he grew up and wandered off, heaven knows where; I haint never heard a word from him to this day, but I reck'n he haint come to no bad. He was an honest, good boy, Sam was, never did a mean thing, an' I'll bet he's a good man ef he's alive." The tears rose to Jerry's eyes as he paid this tribute of love to his brother. "Susann, she was an awful pooty girl, kind of a high stepper, and a nateral born scholar. She took back to mother's side o' the house, an' showed good blood, now, I tell ye," said Jerry, lifting his head in unconscious pride. "Wall, she married Jim Weed, Square Weed's son over in Sheldon. Aristocratic till ye can't rest, them Weeds are, but ther want no better, cleverer fellow in the State, nor anywhere, I guess, 'n what Jim Weed was, and Susann lived like a lady—an' I expect she does yet." A homesick, longing look flitted over Jerry's face, but he choked down the rising sigh and continued: "Es fur me, I got along some how. I had a good enough home, though I had to work pooty hard for it, an' I didn't git any time for school an' readin. I expect the wust o' it was thet I didn't take to books as Sam and Susann did, or I would a learnt more. But one thing," said Jerry, with dignity, "no man couldn't say that I ever said or did a dishonorable thing. I was unedicated, and hadn't no fine manners, but I didn't in no other way disgrace the good name my father left me. And Roxy, she was jest as true to me and acted jest as proud of me as ever Susann did of Mr. Weed. An' I could a died to save her from sorrow. But that woman, that Angeline, she kept on with her lies an' her slurs, artful as the old sarpent himself. 'Fa-a-ther,' she'd say, purrin raound the old gentleman, so sweet, an' smilin, and innocent lookin. Kind a' hansum, too, she was, and jest as palaverie to Roxy an' me. 'Brother Jerry,' she'd say, till you'd think the words was honey an' cream in her mouth, and behind our backs she was a stabbin us with that forked tongue o' hers; and instid o' 'father' it was the 'old man,' or the 'old devil.' More'n once she's called him that, an' there never was a kinder father 'n what he was to them. We knowed it all, we found her aout, and it made our blood bile; we didn't say much, we was young an' soft-hearted, and thought we could live it down, but when I saw that the father was poisoned clean through, and dead set agin me, I made up my mind to quit. I tell you, them was awful days fur two young things like us. Roxy, poor little gal, she about worshiped her father, and it broke her heart to leave him in the hands o' that Jezebel. On the other hand, there was me. She knew I couldn't stay there no longer without cringin and crawlin, and I couldn't do that, neither did she want me to, so we concluded to give up the place to Dave and Angeline 'Father'll git his eyes open and ask us to come back in less 'n two years,' said Roxy. 'If Jezebel don't murder him,' ses I to myself. Wall, I determined to strike out for California—I was bound to git rich, an' show 'em that I could give Roxy jest as good a home as I'd took her from. An' my little gal was full o' pride and pluck, an' held up that little head o' hern brave an' smilin, though her heart was nigh about broke," said Jerry, with trembling lips and a choking sob. "I took her to Susann's, where she was as welcome as their own. I knew that my little wife wouldn't be no burden on 'em. She hadn't a lazy hair on her head, and she was jest the smartest little housekeeper in the world, an' awful handy with her needle; so I knew that she'd more than pay her way, though Jim an' Susann never thought o' that; they said her company was all the pay they wanted." Jerry stopped and buried his face in his hands. "I tell ye, that was a pooty tough partin, and it all comes back to me so fresh, though it's only what thousands of others have gone through with, fur there was a great rush to California in them days; and it was sech a rough journey, an' sech a rough life arfter you got here, that the women was fur the most part left to home. Wall, I got here, arfter months o' that terrible journeyin, by that old overland route that was enough to take heart and soul out o' men an' women, and in lots o' cases it did; an' haow the little children has sickened and died, and ben buried on them plains!

"Oh," said Jerry, shutting his eyes and putting up his hands, as if to exclude the vision, "it was awful, that's all; but thank the Lord that's all over now! No more bones left to bleach beside that old trail! Wall, as I said, I got here all right, and sot to work with a brave heart. Sometimes I was lucky, an' sometimes I wasn't. I had a good deal to learn, now I tell ye, but I managed to scrape together considerable dust to send home to Roxy—an' the boy," said Jerry softly, "the boy whose little face I hadn't never looked on. Only once in all that time did I hear from 'em, though Roxy said, in her last, that she and Susann sent me many a letter; but they'd got lost, as letters to the mines mostly did in them times. She wrote, too, that her father had ben to see her, and begged her to come home with the baby—he was named after him, too, Edward—little Ned, Roxy called him. He said he'd found Angeline aout, and knowed how I'd ben wronged an' lied about; an' he wanted her to write an' beg me to come home, and her and me come and take care of him in his last days, and have the farm for our own; fur he said he'd got money enough to give Dave all he deserved, and more. I tell ye my heart leaped up when I read that, an' my first notion was to *fly* for home, an' wife, an' baby! I'd lived a hard life aout here; they didn't none of 'em know what I'd gone through with to scrape together what I'd sent home; an' now it seemed as if my heart would burst with joy to think that I could go back proud an' honerable. Then that devilish thing, pride, stepped in and kind o' hardened me, an' I said to myself, 'By golly, Jerry, you'd better tough it out another six months, and round up the pile till it 'll make their eyes shine to look at it!' for ye see we was havin a pooty good show jist then; the thing was a panin aout extra, 'n I was a baggin considable dust every week; an' it was all fur them. Oh, how I used to gloat over it, an' lay awake nights a planin aout the life we was goin to have. I could see my little Roxy an' the boy, so bright, and handsome, and happy, in their good close, a drivin around in a cushiooed carriage, with high steppin horses; an' Roxy, with her slim, straight little figger, a ridin on a milk-white pony, with gold buttons on her dress and a long, white feather in her cap, like the ladies that used to visit at Square Weed's, from Montpelier and Boston." Jerry's eyes shone as he called up this vision of his young, fond heart. "Wall," he continued, "I didn't hear no more from 'em, but I kep to work till my pile maounted up to forty thousand; then I threw down my pick, sold aout fur ten thousand more, and started fur *home*. When I got daown to Sacramento I stumbled fust thing onto Bill Parsons, jest arrived from Vermont, nigh neighbor to Father Davis. I hadn't never thought much of Bill—kind of a sneakin chap he was, with them spotted, streaked kind of eyes, that sort o' wiggle when you looked straight at 'em, an' slant off in some other direction. But I was so rejoiced to see any one from home that I forgot what I'd ever thought o' Bill, an' I jest hugged him. 'Wall, Jerry,' ses he, arfter a while, 'I've got some pooty bad news fur ye, poor feller.' My heart riz up in my maouth, and thumped agin my breast as ef it wanted to git aout and run from what was a comin to it, an' you could a knocked me down with a feather. 'What is it?' ses I, speakin in a kind of a thick voice; my tongue wouldn't hardly move; then he handed out a couple of letters, all with black borders. I've got 'em yet, though I haint looked at 'em fur years; but seems as ef I could see 'em now, plainer 'n I did then, fur everything was a swimmin afore my eyes. I read 'em some way; I dont know how I ever got through with 'em, but I did. One was from Angeline, and the other from Susie Weed, Susann's little daughter. They both told the same story: that Roxy, an' the child, an' the old father had all died o' some sort o' new throat disease that had went through the town. One o' her own children had died on't, Angeline wrote; and Susie Weed wrote that her mother was jest a recoverin from it, not well enough to write. Angeline seemed to be completely broke daown by her child's death, and the rest, and full o' remorse. She asked me to forgive her fur all the wrong things she'd said agin me, as she said Roxy did afore she died, an' she sent me locks o' their hair—Roxy's an' the boy's. Little Ned's yeller, silky, shinin curls, I've got 'em here, Miss Stevens," said Jerry, with a world of tenderness in his heart-broken, heart-breaking, sobbing words. "Wall, I jest dropped daown senseless; an' when I come to it was weeks afterwards, an' I was lyin in one o' the lowest taverns in Sacramento, my money was gone, and I was as white, and scared, and old lookin' as ef I'd been a lyin in my grave. Dick, do you remember once when you and I was a readin' aout o' Shakspeare how a feller—Mac somebody—got some sech news from home as I did, and bust aout:

'What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam, at one fell swoop?'

"You remember I lit aout o' here at that, an' you

Dalkeith hectored me about it. You didn't know how close it come home to me. I rushed down the gulch, where the roarin' o' the crick would drownd my voice, and I cried right aout loud there till it seemed as if it would tear my heart to pieces! But I expect I ain't the only one; my God, these maountins has listened to agony enough to drownd 'em all in tears ef they could a felt it. You talk abaout the sobbin' o' the pines; Lord, haint they reason to sob and groan and shriek for all they've heard and seen in these maountins o' Californy! But, Miss Stevens, I ought to ask yer pardon fur tellin yer so much o' my trouble; yer heart's too soft to stand it. But every one o' them tears you've shed, and every tremble o' Dick's lip, and the water a standin in his eyes, is healin balm to me. I haint never lisped a word abaout it to no livin bein afore—it was too sacred, you know; an' I haint never, sence I've been here, known sech friends as you. I've roved raound sort o' aimless an' reckless, tryin to keep down the achin in my heart, layin by a little money, so as not to be on anybody's charity if took sick or if I live to be too old to work, but prayin that I might drop down quiet and peaceful on some sunny maountin top, like old Moses, an' not trouble nobody. *They'll* come to me, then; they'll go along up to the green medders of home with me, and sorter interduce me to them that's been there with 'em so long, waitin an' restin where they can see the Lord a smilin. I've led a rough life, but I haint never been bad, never; them two sweet sperits has stood between me an' the devil, an' I expect he cant never git hold o' my heart as long as it's protected by this—what I was a tellin ye—all that's left alive o' my wife an' boy. I haint never wanted to go back East, till lately I've got a terrible hankerin after the old home. Everywhere I go I seem to see 'em a wavin to me an' a beckonin' of me to come. Roxy seems to be older, an' wearin a sorrerful, meek kind of a smilin look; and the boy he seems to have growed up tall an' handsome. I expect it's all come from watchin your children grow up, and comparin 'em to what mine might a ben. An' sometimes I think maybe folks keep right on growin older in a kind of bewtiful spiritooal way, so's not to seem too different from them that's left behind. But I dunno; it's all mysterous. Seems as ef I should like to see my boy with the baby look on his face; I reckon there aint nothin so sweet to parents us the baby looks o' their children. But I dunno; I guess the Lord knows best what'll make us the happiest; and maybe the more grief we wade through here the better we'll enjoy life in heaven. I've thought, sometimes, that He might be a callin of me back home to git ready to go and live with 'em up there. An' seems as ef I should kind o' like to see Susann an' Jim once more; and I should like to draw my last breath among the old hills o' Varmont, an' shet my eyes fur the last time on the scenes that she looked on last. But I dunno. What do you think on't, anyway?" and Jerry turned in a sort of childish appeal to his friends. Mrs. Stevens, whose tender heart was melted at his pitiful story, wiped away the fast flowing tears and answered:

"Yes, Jerry, if I were you I would go back and visit the old home. I don't believe you'll be contented to stay there, you will find things so changed. But you know, Jerry, that you will always have a home here, and your own sister couldn't make you any more welcome than you are to us. I don't know how we can stand it to let you go, anyway," she said, smiling; "and I guess Dick will say the same. I'm always taking the words out of your mouth, ain't I?"

"Yes," said her husband, laughing, "you do generally 'speak for self and Craggs.' It's a fact, Jerry, we want you to live and die with us, our elder brother. But I'd make a visit back there if I were you. You ought to see your sister."

It was decided, then, that Jerry was going back to Vermont, to return, when he "felt like it," to his home at Humming-Bird Hill.

"I reckon I'll have to spruce up, an' shake off some o' my rough talk," said he, smiling. "You know I didn't allers talk quite so ungrammatical. I've picked up this fashion o' speech by knockin around with rough, ignorant men; and, not havin any ambition to keep me up, I've dropped into their kind o' talk. I ought to a ben gittin red on't sence I've lived here, but somehow the habit has shet down so tight on me I've ben too lazy to try to raise it. But I should like to appear a little more scrumptious when I git back there, fer her sake; an' I shouldn't like to have Susann and Jim feel ashamed of me, neither."

"Oh, you'll have considerable time to practice before you start," said Stevens, laughing. "I guess you'll get yourself up pretty well; and then you'll keep your hand—I mean your tongue—in, by talking with the nobs on the trains; for you know you must take a Pullman, and wear an ulster, and put on a clean collar every day, and get your boots blacked regular, and buy the morning papers, and smoke way up cigars, and—"

"Dick, for goodness' sake, hush!" said his wife; "I guess Jerry'll manage to get there in good enough style without any lessons from you."

"Shaw, naow, Miss Stevens," said good-natured Jerry, "let him have his fun; it don't bother me none. Yes, I guess I can be decently respectable without tryin hard enough to bust myself, like the toad and the ox in my old spellin book; but I shant attempt no new fandangles."

"I don't know how his relatives may look at it," said Mrs. Stevens, afterward, "but as for me, I hate to have the least of Jerry's quaint words changed; and when he comes back I hope he'll fall into the old way of speaking."

"Don't you be alarmed, Jean. Jerry will never change very much; he'll come back to us the same old character, and ain't he an old trump?"

The time came for Jerry's departure, and Stevens, as a last tribute of affection, was to accompany him to San Francisco and see him off. The children set up howls of woe when he kissed them good-bye, their mother said her parting words with tearful smiles, and grandma's "God bless ye, and tak ye safe on your lang way," was tremulous with more than age.

Tears were streaming down Jerry's good old face as he turned his back upon them and rode away from Humming-bird Hill. The mountains were green from base to summit, save where the purpling shades of evening deepened on their scarred and broken sides; the meadows wore their soft, spring verdure, and the orchard was white with the bloom of almond trees. Above the western hills, behind the cottage faded the last lingering rays of sunset; and floating slowly to the East, where hung the full moon, was a long cloud of delicious color—a bed of roses on a violet bank.

"A good omen, Jerry," said Stevens, pointing to the roseate flush.

"Ah, Dick, my roses dropped off o' their stems long, long ago."

Dick thought of Molière's lines:

> "Ce seraient paroles exquises,
> Si c'etait un grand qui parlât."

"Those would be exquisite words were a great man to utter them."

"I don't expect to see anythin pootier than this," said Jerry, turning on his horse and giving a long look at the little home, as they climbed the hill that was to shut it from view.

"Miss Stevens" waved a last adieu and turned to the house, driving the children before her.

"She don't want to watch us out of sight," laughed her husband; "that would bring us bad luck."

"She'll never bring bad luck to nobody," said Jerry emphatically; "but we was speakin o' roses a little while ago, an' it reminded me o' my favoryte song. I wish you'd sing it for me once more, Dick."

And as they rode slowly along the lane that led to the "country road," under the arching branches of the oaks, and through the crowding, blossoming shrubs, that brushed them as they passed, Dick sang the "favoryte song":

> "Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
> Don't be sorrowful, pray;
> For taking the year together, my dear,
> There isn't more night than day.
>
> "'Tis cloudy weather, my darling,
> Time's waves they heavily run;
> But taking the year all round, my dear,
> There isn't more cloud than sun.
>
> "We've had our May, my darling,
> And our roses, long ago;
> And the time of year is coming, my dear,
> For silent night and snow.
>
> "But God is God, my darling,
> Of night as well as day;
> And we feel and know that we can go
> Wherever He leads the way.
>
> "Aye, God of the night, my darling—
> Of the night of death, so grim;
> The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
> Is the gate that leads to Him."

"I guess there ain't no sweeter song than that," said Jerry, slowly shaking his head, "and I shan't never furgit haow your voice sounds in it, Dick."

The next morning they were on the early train bound for Frisco.

"I tell you I got the old boy off in style," said Stevens, on his return; "and, upon my word, he was one of the best looking men in that Pullman—in my eyes; though perhaps they were a little partial to the old chap. But with his fine complexion, and straight, strong shoulders, his iron-gray hair and beard, and those kind, keen, humorous eyes, together with his dark gray traveling suit, he did look distinguished. He carried himself like a gentleman, too—seemed to have found a new dignity. I tell you there is nothing that puts a man at his ease more than knowing that he is well dressed and looking as well as his neighbors."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stevens, "Jerry must have been an admirable, lovable young fellow. I can well believe that little Roxy was proud of him, and I expect that Susann and Jim Weed will give him a great welcome home."

## CHAPTER II.

The village of Swanton, Vermont, when Jerry Wilson left it, was, like most New England villages, a collection of trim white cottages, or large, long, two story houses, with bright green blinds. It had the usual stores, meetin' houses, court-house, post-office, taverns, and—here it was ahead of the other villages in its vicinity—a weekly newspaper. It had, too, a pleasant "green," or public square, in the centre of the village, with cosy seats under its maples and locusts. There, on the ever glorious "Fourth," the rising talent of the country orated.

Since the time of Jerry's departure the place has grown and smartened up. Its taverns are now hotels, its stores are "cityfied," as are also the good-looking clerks that are yet not above hitching the horses and turning the wagons of the old women from "the country"—which means anywhere outside the village limits. There are one or two factories. The "green" is a park, and has a memorial statue to the dead soldiers of the State, a goddess of Liberty, whose still, white, beauteous presence ever recalls to her people—hurrying by on their busy way, or idly strolling on their summer evening walks—the brothers who died for her and them. Yet the place has still its traces of the past—among others, a good old-fashioned gossip or two, including a brisk little old maid who "goes around sewing," whose tongue runs even faster than her machine and sometimes does work that is harder to rip; yet she means well, poor little Alviny White, with her snapping black eyes, her short, tight, jetty "ringlets," with their aggressive streaks of gray, and her "side combs" that she treasures so carefully. "'Cause I expect I shan't never find any more whem them are gone. They're awful old-fashioned—just like me; an' I ain't ashamed on't, neither, no more'n I am o' my gray hairs. You don't ketch me a pullin out no white hairs and bringin six more to the funeral, nor a soakin my head with them pison hair restorers. Land knows, I haint no brains to brag on, but what I have has got to last me; I aint a goin to paralyze 'em with lead—nor my limbs neither!" Her words have a decided click to them, and fetch up suddenly, as if she had got into a habit of talking in tune with her machine. As I said, Alviny means well. She talks, because it is a necessity of her restless nature; she gossips, because she goes everywhere and hears everything; she has no time to read or study, therefore she gets no other food for thought or conversation; and, I grieve to say it, she finds that in most cases it suits her patrons best, and she likes to make herself agreeable to those upon whom she depends for her bread and butter—and tea. Alviny doesn't bother herself about matrimony. "Land, I haint got the time," she says; "you needn't send no old widowers to me, with six or seven sassy young ones to be step-mothered. Children are well enough, an' I like 'em when they're manerly and clean, but I don't want to mother other folkses young ones; if they sassed me I should cuff their ears, and that'd cause a row. Old bachelors? Wuss yet! I've seen enough o' them an' their fidgity ways where I've ben a sewin. There's Miss Butterfield's brother, Ben Hathaway. Land, if there's a crease as big as a camel's hair in his shirt bosom, or if his cuffs and collars aint just as stiff as pasteboard and shinin, they have to go right back into the wash again; how's that? No, thank the Lord, I can take care o' myself yet, and I guess I shall save up enough for my old age; if I don't I'll go to the poor house!"

Alviny's particular crony is Miss Loizy Bascom, who lives in "a two-story frame house, with lalocks up the front walk, and a Lumberdy popple at the gate," as she herself describes it. The "Lumberdy popple" is her delight—a sort of vegetable sister, it seems to be, for Miss Bascom is proud, and severe, and self-contained. She never reaches out her arms to clasp or shelter any living, loving thing; she never opens her hands to the sunshine, or to shower any blessing on God's lowlier children; but tall, and trim, and eminently respectable—"genteel," she calls it—she stalks through life, and no one knows whether she is wretched or happy. Having inherited little beside the large house, she is impelled to take a few genteel boarders.

The friendship between Miss Loizy and little Alviny is one of those unaccountable attachments that are witnessed every day, but they appear to enjoy each other's society wonderfully. Alviny is a little afraid of her friend, and holds her in great admiration, which gratifies Miss Loizy, as does also her spontaneous gush of gossip, whereby the unbending spinster refreshes her soul without imperiling her dignity.

Thus it was with pleasure that she looked up, one afternoon, from the strips she was knitting for a rug, and beheld Alviny coming up between the "lalocks," her little brisk feet stepping quickly over the gravel walk, the front of the brown "waterproof" slipped around to her shoulder, her hat having a wild expression. She was evidently full charged with news.

"Loizy Bascom," she gasped, sinking into an arm-chair in front of her friend, "who do you s'pose has arriv?"

"Alviny, are you crazy?" said Loizy, severely. "Look at your circular; and you've got your hat on hind side afore."

"For the land sake," exclaimed Alviny, jerking it off, "if I haint!" Then she stood up and gave a twist and a pull that brought the "circular" into position, and reseated herself decorously. "I declare, I came off in such a fluster I never went to the glass, and didn't notice how I was fixed; and, Loizy, *who* do you s'spose? But you couldn't guess if you's to live to be a hundred."

Loizy winced, almost imperceptibly, at this allusion to time.

"Why, it's the sea givin up its dead, so to speak. I declare I'm all of a tremble. I hurried right round so's to let you know the news first of any one."

"Well," said Miss Bascom, calmly, "you might as well tell it then, though you'd better rest a minute. You're dreadful nervous, Alviny."

"Land, if you don't beat all, Loizy; you always ca'm me right down. Now, I'll tell you all about it, jest as stiddy as I can. You know, I've ben over to the widder's a sewin this week. She's ben down to St. Albans and bought some goods. Wall, I set by the winder a bastin up her new polonay as tight as I could put in, and singin—

> 'Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,
> That cherished thine image for years,'

and there—I'll bet a cookie that's what made him look so queer, 'cause, you know, them words must a struck in." And she paused to consider the point.

For once Miss Bascom was off her guard, and betrayed impatience.

"Alviny White, go on!"

"Why, I am agoin on. Just as I'd got them words out o' my mouth—I mean, 'Thou hast wounded'—I see a *man* a standin by the door-step and lookin up at me jest as pale as ashes, and his mouth a twitchin as if he couldn't say a word. I jumped, and screamed right out, I was so started. I could see that the critter was sayin something, but he spoke so low I couldn't hear what twas, but I s'posed he was askin after the widder, so I says, 'Yes, sir, the widder's to home; will you come in?' Well, he moved along in, jest as if his legs was numb, and dropped into a chair. I felt certain the critter was crazy, and I was a puttin out o' the room, when the door opened an' in come Miss Wilson, in her still, quiet way. That man got as white as death, and he got up, a grippin hold of his hat as if he wanted to stiddy himself, for he was a shakin jest like them popple leaves, and the tears a pourin down his cheeks, an' at last he gasped out, so kind o' pitiful: 'Don't you know me, Roxy?' An' she jest shrieked out, 'Jerry!' and fainted dead away in his arms. I bust out a cryin, and run for the camfire bottle. Just as I was comin out o' the bed-room with it I met Ned, an' I sent him in with it, 'cause I realized that I hadn't any business in there; and pretty soon I heard 'em all a sobbin together, an' I grabbed up my duds and put for here. I came round the back way, and I've cried half the way here, and I expect I *am* a sight! But did you ever hear the beat o' that—Jerry Wilson home from Californy, *alive and livin?*"

"Well," said Miss Bascom, loftily, "if any man had left *me* and *my* child all these years without a word, or a cent o' money, he might *go right back the road he came.*"

"Why, Loizy Bascom, you'd let him explain, wouldn't you."

"No man couldn't ever explain away such conduct to me," said Laizy, with intense scorn.

"I wonder what Dave 'ill do," mused Alviny. I 'spose he'll have to give up the farm, but, my land, can't he afford to, he's staid there all these years, and Roxy hain't asked him a cent, only jest to keep her in provisions; and since he's been to college she's been half the time over to Jim Weed's, so I guess Dave Davis has laid up considerable money, besides what his father left him."

"I wonder what Ben Hathaway 'ill think, now," said Miss Bascom.

"I guess he'll thank his stars that the widder, that is, I mean, Miss Wilson, didn't have him. My land, what if she had!"

"I heard he was payin attention to Sarah Jewett," said Miss Bascom, indifferently.

"Oh, shaw! You mean Sarah Jewett was payin attention to him, but he won't never marry that baby. But there, that puts me in mind, I've got to go right over to Miss Butterfield's

this minute, to see about her black grow-gray, and when she wants it fixed. She's got just the neatest new last pattern from Boston, fits her just as if she was run into it. I'll go to the glass this time," added Alviny, and tying the brown ribbons firmly under her chin, after arranging the side-combs, she departed.

Miss Bascom suddenly remembered that she had an errand next door that must be attended to right away.

It is hardly necessary to add, that before the next Monday every individual in town knew that Jerry Wilson had come home from California.

The following from Jerry to his old friends, the Stevenses, will give the rest of the story :

SWANTON, VARMONT.

RICHARD STEVENS, ESQ.—

*Honored Friend and Family:*—According to promise I write to let you know I got home, and how I found things, but I don't scarcely know how to tell ye ; seems as ef the hevens had opened, and sent them two angels back down here, fur Dick, they air alive, my wife, Roxy, and my boy, Ned! I am so stunned with joy, I don't hardly know anything, and all them cruel years seems like a dredful dream with only one brite spot in it, an' that, as you must know, is Hummin Bird Hill. But to go back to the start from Frisco ; do you remember that high-toned old feller that sot about the middle of the car, with his old lady and them two pooty gals, and a hull raft of bags and bundles, and a man-servant to look arfter them? Wall, I'll be hanged ef that wan't *brother Sam* and family, jest comin from Awstraly, where Sam fetched up years ago, and married an inglish lady, with lots of ranches an' cattle, and so fourth. We was pooty well along on the journey afore we found one another out ; one of the gals began to talk to me, and offered me some of their grub, and we got to visitin away, like old pards ; finily she remarked "do you know, I think you resemble papa ever so much, Mister?" and she looked up with "What's yer name?" comin out of her eyes jest as plain as it could ef out of her mouth ; so sez I, "Wilson, Jerry Wilson, Miss, formally of Varmont." "What's thet," sez the old gentleman, jumpin up as ef he was shot. "Jerry Wilson, of Swanton, Varmont?" "That's me," sez I, starin at him. "Did you ever have a brother Samuel?" "You bet I did," sez I, "and if you can give me any news o' that critter, you'll do me jest the tallest kind of a favor." "Wall," sez the old man, smilin and chokin, "this is his wife and these is his dawters." "And you're Sam Wilson, by thunder!" sez I, and the way we gripped hands, and looked at one another, and the wife a laughin and cryin, and the gals insistin on smackin their old unkle; wall every body in that car was lookin, and smilin, an' wiping their eyes.

Sam an' me went off by ourselves in another car, and talked up the stretch that lay atween us ; an' I told him my troubles, jest as I told you. "Have you got them letters?" ses Sam, kind o' quiet and thoughtful. I went to my satchel and got 'em out, an' he read 'em and looked 'em over, close and stiddy. Ses he, after a while, "What become of Bill Parsons?" "I don't know," I ses ; "I haint never heerd from him sence." A man that was passin jest then, kind o' looked at us and went on ; but bimeby he cum back, an' ses : "Gentlemen, I heerd you mentionin Bill Parsons a while ago. I dunno's it's the same party, but ther is a man of that name up in Virginy City, keepin a saloon ; he didn't use to go by that name, but he let out once, in a spree, that that was his rightful name. He come there a long spell ago from the East, they say, and brought a pooty good pile with him. His wife's a good lookin woman—Angeline, he calls her. I guess he's pooty well off, though they live a cat and dog kind of a life ; and she's the old Harry an' all—hez crazy fits. Bill's a short, slim built man, with spotted eyes and a sneakin sort of a manner." Sam an' I looked at each other. "Jerry, old boy," ses he, "I guess you've bad a wicked job put up on you, but we'll soon find out now. You'd better let me keep them letters fur ye." I wus as weak as a rag, an' from that on I was in a state of agony. I seemed to be numb most o' the time. Sometimes—Lord forgive me—I was just bustin out a cussin, and swearin revenge ; an then I'd consider thet I didn't know a breth agin nohody, an then I'd git numb agin. Oh, how them cars crept, and crawled, and snailed it. Lord, if I could a *flew!* They was awful kind to me, everybody was, but I suffered awful. Well, to cut it short, we arriv at St. Albans at last, and put out fur Jim Weeds. There aint no use tryin to describe our meetin, nor how I felt when they told me that Roxy and Ned was alive, and a mournin me fur ded. When I'd got camd down a little, Susann got down by me and took hold of my hand and told the hull story, how Bill Parsons come home from Californy, rich, and brought news of my deth. He hed a satificat o' my deth frum the minister that buried me, and $5,000 that I'd left fur my famaly. I gritted my teeth to keep back the cusses. Susann went on to tell how Roxy most died fur grief ; how, at last, she an' the father give up the farm to Dave an' went to live in the village, where she'd bought a little place, so's to eddicate Ned ; how Angeline and Bill Parsons had run away together, takin Dave's youngest child—little Ruby ; how't folks suspicioned thet Bill didn't git his money by no fair means, tho' they never mistrusted but what it was all square about me. Ye see the satificate an' the five thousan mizled 'em. I hadn't never let on how much money I'd got, as I wanted to supprise 'em ; so thay thought five thousan pooty good. Dave he got an old aunt—a good, pious old woman—to come and keep house fur him, and seemed to be more releeved than anythin else to get red of Angeline, thow Susann says he mourns to this day fur little Ruby, fur she was his idle and as handsome as a picter. Wal, the next mornin I sot out fur old Swanton, and wife and boy! All the way along I could see her as Susann had pictered her—gentle and sorrerful hearted, but keepin up a cheerful, smilin face for her old father and the boy. The old gentleman petered out and died long ago, and Roxy was talkin about goin out to California with Neddy as soon as his eddication was finished—a pilgramage she called it, and a meanin to hunt up my grave. By thunder, Dick, it makes me beller now to think on't! Wal, I did git there at last, and got tight hold on 'em—I can't discribe it to ye ; I reckon its like reachin heven, and ther aint no langwidge fur sech senes.

I send ye thare photografs, an' I guess ye'll have a pooty tuff time to sift this out. I've ben nigh a week a writin ont. I low its about the biggest job I ever tackled. Seems as ef I'd been grubbin out a side hill. I'll have Ned put in the marks an' touch it up otherwise. I don't know as I've got any casion to come any edication skyvers sence I've got a son amost threw collige. I reckon we'll take that pilgrimage yet, and I want to git you to buy out Mt. Pisgy fur me. I intend to stick up a shanty along side o' you, ef ye baint no objections, fur ef the wife and boy's agreeable, we'll take up our abode in old Californy, things is too slow here. I shall endeavor to root up the Weed famaly, and transplant them into Californy sile, likewise bruther Sam and famaly. But fust I've got a job in Virginy City, thers a little matter o' fifty thousan dollers an interest to look after. As fur Bill Parsons himself, I dont want no revenge on him wus'n what the Lord can tend to himself. I couldn't do no more'n to kill him, an I don't want no man's blood on my hands. There aint *nothing on the footstool* that could make up fur them sufferin years that Roxy an' me has gone threw with. No, them two can drag out there miserable, guilty lives as long as the Lord sees fit to let em pollute his earth. I reckon they're sufferin the torments of the damd alreddy.

An' now heres hopin yer all well an' joyful, and with best respex to grandma and kisses to the kids. I shall look fur a letter frum ye soon, tellin me all the news and how they are all rownd. In my next I'll give ye particlars about the country, crops, and politics, and so fourth. Roxy says she's goin to write to ye to express her thanks to ye fur the lovin care ye took of her old man. Neddie is sendin' a passel of story books to Rabbie, and some nicknax to the other children. An' now, old Boss and friends, here's my fist!

Yours to command, JERRY WILSON.

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The touching sentiment, "Our first in heaven," appeared after an obituary notice in a Philadelphia paper, and the father of the child came into the office raging mad. It was the third death in the family, and he desired to know of the clerk where he supposed the other two had gone.

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Why was Goliath very much surprised when David slung the stone at him? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

## THE OLD SON'S REPLY.

In which He alludes to the Democratic Party and various Other Matters.

FRISBIE'S, October 16, 1879.

OL' PARD :—Hevin' a few minits to spare, an' the boys not hevin' got round to ther seven-up an' poker, I thought I'd let out 'ith my right an' fetch ye one or two whar ye live. I see by yer las' letter thet yer losin' yer hold onto the glorious principles o' the foundation o' liberty—the everlastin' Dimmycratic party thet Jefferson diskivered, an' Calhoun an' Tammany colonized. Yer gettin' effeet, ez them *Zaminer* fellers remarks in ther slashers. Associatin' 'ith wealth an' fashin 's turned yer head. From bein' a Black Republican to be a duke or a lord's only a standin' jump on level ground. Grant wants to be dicktator o' this yer free an' enlightened United States, and thet's the game Bill Sharon was playin' w'en he gave thet blow out down to Ralston's castle. But you never was good at lookin' squar into the middle o' next week; to-morrer's long range sightin' fur ye most o' the time. W'at did Grant cavor all over Europe fur ef it wasn't to corral pints on despotisms an' monarchies? Wasn't he loafin' round the thrones o' pampered despots, fur the puppose o' learnin' himself how to strangle the goddess o' liberty, an' put the iron heel o' tyrrany onto the neck o' the bird o' freedom? I tell ye, Jim, Grant 's goin' to knock nine kinds o' Dimocracy out o' the Constitution, an' ef we let him hev his way ther wont be a grease spot left o' the resolutions o' 98. An' to think, Jim, thet you've gone an' encouraged by yer presence the schemes o' the usurper! Why, look at the Radicals up here. Didn't they congregate down to Knight's Ferry, expectin' the proud despot to waltz through behind six white broncos an' a gilt-edged stage driver a handlin' the ribbons. Fust off they histed a ten-dollar arch over the road near Dingley's, an' then they hung China lanterns all over the big bridge. They sent out the little kids gatherin' up all the flowers they could find to chuck at the Gen'l, an' they killed all the yaller-legged pullets to feed him on. Ol' Josh Higgins thet fit into the Mexican war writ a speech seven foot long to fire at the "saviour of his country," ez Josh called him. But the "saviour" didn't come. He went round. He scorned the Rads o' Knight's Ferry. But it didn't faze em. Knight's Ferry is fur a monarky heart and soul, an' so they jest killed those pullets an' eat 'em—they swigged their sour wine, an' Josh fired off his speech. Them's the kind o' hairpins the Black Republicans o' Knight's Ferry is. The hull thing's a whoop-up, Jim, an' you're into it ez deep's any o' the ringleaders. Ye don't mean it, Jim, but them politicians is a playin' it mighty low down on ye, 'ithout you droppin' onto the game. An' 'spose ye was let into the job an' arter the hull thing was over an' the Cæsar was on his throne, what d'ye 'spose they'd give you? D'ye drop to the idee that they'd hang a collar round yer neck brandin' ye fur a Duke or a High Lord o' the Woodshed? How'd it sound to hear yerself shouted ez Duke Snaggleby, High Cock o' Lorum o' the Emp'ror's Bed-room? W'at kind o' a laughin'-stock d'ye think ye'd be w'en some big mouthed nigger 'd yell out afore a hull comp'ny, "Shet up, minyons, Lord Jim Snaggleby's goin' to whoop?" But, Jim, ye've hed too much luck. Thet strike in Humbug hez rooined ye. It's made a shoddyite of ye. Ye've got to be w'at the Portogeese calls a parvenoo. I'm afeered ther'll be a split atween us ef this thing continyoos. My principles won't allow me to herd 'ith the supporters o' despotisms an' effeet monarchies. I'll eat crow fust. I hope I'll hev the pleasure o' tellin' the boys thet ye've seen the error o' yer ways, an' thet ye've come back into the Dimmycratic corral—thet ye've ras'led 'ith the monster of iniquity an' floored him. Yer all right, Jim, ef ye'll only stay away from the roosters thet's a plottin' to destroy the glorious ol' Dimmycratic party—the only pure an' undefiled congregation o' liberty-lovin' patriots the sun ever shone upoo. Look at them Pratorean Guards Sam Seabough used ter tell us about in the ol' Sacramento *Union!* Didn't they sell the Roman Republic or Empire, or whatever it was, to the highest bidder like the auctioneer at a hoss convention? An' ain't hist'ry a repeatin' itself like a striker at a primary election? Ain't the Pratorean Guard o' the Radical party a puttin' the country up at auction, incloodin' the glorious ol' Dimmycratic party thet ol' Tom Jefferson built the Declaration o' Independence fur, an' Mason an' Dixon drew lines to protect? Ef we're to be sold out body an' soul, w'at was the use o' Gen'ral Jackson's career o' usefulness? W'at good did the Kansas war do fur the kentry? Are we to be slaves, Jim? Must we submit to oppression, an' see the Radical victor walk off 'ith all the spoils? Must the Custom House, an' the Post-Office, an' the Mint, an' the White House resound to the tread of the Black Republican until the Dimmycratic party gits tired o' waitin', an' dies of ol' age an' "hope deffered," ez the poetry sharps puts it? No, sir ; by the ghost o' Tom Benton an' the martyrs o' liberty thet went up the flume at Bunker's Hill an' Lundy's Lane, the Dimmycratic party swears thet sech an outrage shan't be perpetrated on a freedom-lovin' people. I ain't a cussin' ye, Jim ; I'm only warnin' ye agin the dangers o' runnin' 'ith the schemin' Radicals. I ain't heerd nothin' from the widder sence I wrote to ye las' time, but I don't think she's quit buckin', an' ye'd better drop her a line in yer best style. Frisbie says he'll take a forty-gallon bar'l on ninety days ef you'll pick it out an' stan' the freight. Order it from a squar Dimmycrat so's ye'll be sure an' git the best. Git some o' thet raspin' kind thet goes to a man's heels at ev'ry swaller—the kind thet makes a man hump round huntin' fur somebody to loan a dollar to. W'at the boys want is stuff thet warms the heart to feller man an' makes money no object. I s'pose yer friend Phil. Raglin's made lots o' coin in stocks. I see they've riz. Was you in any? I say, Jim, speakin o' stocks, I don't s'pose it 'd be convenient fur ye to put up a few on Sary Nevada fur a feller, would it? I allers did hev a hankerin' arter them kind o' deals. They say it's like copperin' the queen at faro, but a leetle more risky. Seein' ez how they're on the jump, though, I thought mebbe ef ye'd shoulder the expense on the fust start, I might make enough to pay ye back an' hev a fair profit over to lay by fur a rainy day. Sam Stokes wants to know ef ther's any show to sell a pocket mine down to the Bay. He thought mebbe Flood or some o' them bonanza kings 'd like to invest. It's a good lead, an' 'bout five years afore Sam got hold of it two Austrians took out a thousan' dollars. Sam 's got his drift in close to a dike crossin', an' he's likely to strike it rich any day. He'll take $2,500 for the lead. Ef ye'd look round an' hev a talk 'ith some o' the stock sharps, mebbe they'd buy it on spec an' put it on the Board. I'm into it fur a third share, so ye'll be doin' me a favor, ol' pard, ef ye'll make a sale fur us. Sam took out some rock the other day thet showed sul'phrets purty freely, so ye may judge o' the value o' the property. We're goin' to hev a bad case o' Pinafore down to the Rawhide schoolhouse some time nex' month, an' they want me to play Dick Deadeye in the piece. W'at kind of a piece is it, Jim, an' is Dick Deadeye a respectable rooster in the play. The name don't exactly suit me, an' Jinny Sturgison, who's gittin' up the thing, sorter smiled w'en she asked me to "make up fur the part," ez she expressed it, so I'm kinder skeery 'bout goin' into the biznes, though I'd like to see how it feels to be a play actor, jest once, anyhow. Pinafore 's a singin piece, I b'lieve ; but this one's goin' to be all speakin', 'cause ther aint enough singers in the county to go round, an' most o' them don't know one note from another. The widder 's goin to play Buttercup. Is Buttercup a good part, Jim? Hi. Decker's gone wild on walkin' matches, an' he's round among the boys tryin' to borrer his fare down to 'Frisco to enter in the nex' match. He got strapped over in Bodie two months ago, an' hed to foot it over to Frisbie's. He says he's good fur a hundred an' fifty miles a day, but I think he's liein'. He tells the boys thet ef they'll make up a purse an' send him down to the Bay, he'll give 'em a per centage on his winnin's. He says you'll stake him w'en he gits down an' put up his entrance money an' sich. Don't ye do it, Jim ; he might throw off, ef he's capable, w'ich I don't b'lieve he is, an' besides ye should take care o' yer money, an' not be slingin' it round loose on ev'ry man thet tells ye he's got a soft thing fur ye to invest yer scads in. So long.

BILL BELCHER.

Don't furgit 'bout them stocks, an' keep yer eye skinned fur a chance to sell Sam Stokes' pocket mine.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY,
Care of Phil. Raglin, Oakland, Cal.

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### Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Le regard chez une fille est un interprète toujours charmant qui se charge de dire avec complaisance ce que la bouche n'ose prononcer.—*Marivaux.*

Quelqu'un disait au célèbre médecin Dupuytren :

—Avec votre profonde connaissance anatomique, vous devriez guérir toutes des maladies.

—C'est vrai, répondit le docteur, malheureusement, nous sommes comme les porte-faix qui connaissent bien toutes les rues, mais qui ne savent pas ce qui se passe dans les maisons.

Oh! n'insultez jamais une femme qui tombe!
Qui sait sous quel fardeau le pauvre âme succombe!
Qui sait combien de temps sa faim a combattu
Quand le vent du malheur ébranlait sa vertu!
Qui de nous n'a pas vu de ces femmes brisées
S'y cramponner longtemps de leurs mains épuisées!
Comme au bout d'une branche on voit étinceler
Une goutte de pluie où le ciel vient briller,
Qu'on secoue avec l'arbre et qui tremble et qui lutte,
Perle avant de tomber et fange après la chute!

—*Victor Hugo.*

Une jeune mariée parraissait rêveuse et mélancolique. Quelqu'un lui demanda le sujet de ses graves réflexions.

—Mon mari vient de tomber de cheval. Il est grièvement blessé. Les médecins réunis en consultation sont très inquiets sur son sort, ils ne savent pas s'il en réchappera et je me demande qui je pourrais bien épouser, si par hasard, je devenais veuve.

Les maux que les femmes plaignent le moins sons ceux que l'on souffre pour elles.—*Chabanon.*

L'image de ce qu'on aime est comme notre ombre, elle nous suit partout.

Il en est de l'amour comme du feu ; plus il est renfermé, plus il se conserve.—*Adrien Dupuy.*

Il est si beau d'aimer et d'être aimé que cet hymne de la vie peut se moduler à l'infini, sans que le cœur en éprouve de lassitude.—*Mme. de Staël.*

Ce qui flatte le plus la vanité des femmes, ce qui chatouille le plus agréablement leur orgueil, c'est d'être aimées éperduement sans qu'on ose le leur dire, pourvu toutefois que ce silence ne soit pas éternel.—*Louis Desnoyers.*

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The last joke at the Pacific Club runs as follows :

*First Gentleman*—Judge Lake has gone East to place his son at Harvard.

*Second Gentleman*—Well, that reason is given by Judge Lake through modesty.

*First Gentleman*—What, then, is the real occasion of his departure?

*Second Gentleman*—He went in order to make room for General Grant.

Here is another : A bar dinner was given at Los Angeles. Cohen at the head of the table, Judge Wallace on the right, Judge McKinstry on the left ; the Hon. Delos Lake, of Mono, was one of the guests. The rule was, no speech-making.

In the course of conversation Lake remarked that he was fifty-nine years of age.

Cohen sprang to his feet, recalled the rule of no speech-making, but asked leave to give a toast in response to the Judge. It being granted, he said :

"I propose Judge Delos Lake, and invoke for him good health and long life ; may he live till he is one hundred and eighteen years of age, so that posterity may have a knowledge of his many virtues, and come to a full appreciation of ours in enduring him for half that time."

There was silence. Wallace whispered across to McKinstry. Finally he arose and said :

"After consultation with my Brother McKinstry, it was ordered that Judge Lake have twenty days to answer."

Lake has gone East to prepare his reply.

## HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, October 24, 1879.

DEAR —— :—The Crocker reception had been looked forward to, by those so fortunate as to receive invitations, with great avidity and expectation. In the first place, this mansion, for reception purposes, has no superior in America; then the ability and willingness of its possessor to entertain, the incentive to female display, another evening with General Grant, and the courtly, pleasant presence of Mrs. Crocker, and the jolly hospitality of the host, all constituted the very essence of temptation to the society *habitué*. During a life of twenty odd years, diversified with social entertainments in Washington and elsewhere, I have never seen anything to fully compare with it; and as it has been so elaborately described by the daily press, I shall content myself with just a ramble here and there. The music, decorations, and all the arrangements for dancing, promenading, eating, and drinking, could not have been excelled. Cakes, and creams, and ices, and bon bons were served at intervals throughout the evening. Vessels of that most delicious of all decoctions, champagne punch, arrested the eye and pleased the palate of all lovers of such ambrosial preparations. The moving to and fro of gentlemen up and down a flight of stairs leading from a rear hall revealed the presence, somewhere at the end of the descent, of those matchless "Kentucky wines" that I have often heard made objects of praise. The spacious apartments resembled the *salons* of princes, and were made resplendent with taseful ornamentation and display. Then there were men and women who graced the scene, whose manly ways and queenly beauty, cultivated ease and manner, might have put to shame many of the leaders of fashion in prouder, older, and more aristocratic circles; an ever-varying and magnificent set of toilets—the product of the skill, taste, and resources of famous producers of magnificent patterns in San Francisco and Paris houses; General Grant in his best possible mood, full of life and cordiality among the ladies, and full of smoke and story-telling among the men in that mysterious apartment down stairs above alluded to; Mrs. Grant as pleasant and observing as ever, made to feel perfectly at home by the host, and beaued around by Fred. Crocker; Mrs. and Miss Crocker, just fresh from Europe, exerting themselves to see that no guest is made to feel ill at ease through lack of cordiality and introduction. And throughout the paraphernalia of satin, and silk, and velvet, and swallow-tail, could be seen the genial and rotund dispenser of an entertainment that not only honors the generous giver and distinguished recipient, but redounds to the credit of the State that in its infancy permits such almost regal possibilities. The utmost order and decorum were observed, and it was plainly discernible that much executive ability had been displayed in perfecting the arrangements. The supper was a marvel of sumptuousness; the tables were profusely decorated with flowers and ornamental pieces, the viands and wines of the finest description The reception exercises were ceremonial, and ought to be at all such elegant gatherings; at a little after nine, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and others of their family, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant had taken up a position in the west parlor, in a line, commencing with Mr. Charles Crocker; then, next in the line to the left, General Grant, then Mrs. Crocker and Mrs. Grant, then Fred., Miss Hattie, and George; the arrival of each party was announced in a distinct tone by a servant stationed near the entrance; and, consequently, all were treated alike and none were embarrassed. The ladies were magnificently attired; indeed, I have my doubts if there has ever been a larger cluster of richly and elaborately arrayed women. Mrs. Charles Crocker was dressed in a wine-colored velvet trimmed with blue satin; she wore a diamond necklace, with a diamond star in her coiffure, diamond eardrops, and bracelets; Mrs. Grant had on a cream-colored silk, trimmed with satin and silk fringe, with diamond ornaments; Miss Hattie Crocker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, wore a white silk, with sprays of hermosa roses; her complexion is fair and delicately tinted as the heart of a sea-shell; the color of her hair is like a sunbeam let into a dark room; her eyes are as lustrous as diamonds, and, although quite young, she betrays art and ease in conversation. Mrs. Henry S. Crocker was dressed in a cream-colored satin; Mrs. Clarke W. Crocker in pink silk; Miss Lizzie Crocker in white gros grain silk; and her sister, Carrie, in a pink silk; Miss Jennie Flood in some white material; Miss Flora Sharon in pink silk; Miss Campbell in white satin; Miss Lindley in cream-colored satin; Miss Hyde in white silk; Miss Johnson in white silk; Mrs. Henry Wetherbee in a white silk; Mrs. Frank McCoppin in black velvet; Miss Donahue in white silk; Miss Arnold in blue silk; Miss Belden, the blonde, in blue silk, and her brunette sister in pink satin; Miss May Crittenden in white silk, and her sister in a cream-colored satin; Mrs. Hooker in black velvet; Miss Wilson in blue satin; Miss Lohman in a checked silk; Mrs. Derbro in white satin; Mrs. Burnett in black velvet; Mrs. Belden in écru satin; Mrs. Mayer in *café-au-lait* silk; Mrs. Teft in white silk; Miss Fitch in white silk; Mrs. Yost in blue silk; Mrs. Wallace in black satin; Mrs. Granniss in black satin; Miss Martin in white satin; Mrs. Beck in black velvet; Mrs. Edgerton, in white silk; Mrs. Rutherford in blue satin; Miss Barroilhet in pink silk; Mrs. Cavolin in salmon-colored silk; Mrs. Kohl in white satin; Mrs. Holladay, Jr., in white satin; Mrs. Holbrook in a wine-colored satin; Mrs. Jarboe in blue silk; Mrs. Harrison in ruby velvet; Miss Nupie McDougall in white satin; Miss Spotts in white silk; Mrs. Garniss in black satin; Mrs. and Miss Boruck in white silk; Mrs. Holt in white satin brocade; Mrs. Hopkins in white satin; Mrs. Faull in pale pink silk; Mrs. Scott in white satin; Mrs. Porter in pink silk; Mrs. Talbert in pink satin; Mrs. Moen in white satin; Mrs. McDermott in white satin; Mrs. McCreary in black silk; Mrs. Wright in black satin; Mrs. A. N. Towne in a maroon velvet; Mrs. Wells in white satin; Mrs. J. D. Fry in cream-colored brocaded satin; Mrs. Head in white satin; Mrs. Jones in black grenadine; Miss Sedgwick in white silk; Mrs. Booth in blue silk; Mrs. Mayor Bryant in white satin; Miss Houghton in canary silk; Mrs. Martin in black velvet; Mrs. Donahue, her sister, also in black velvet; Mrs. Burling in pink silk; Miss Dollie Brown in white silk; Mrs. Kinsey in cream satin; Miss Towne in white satin; Mrs. Poett in brocaded satin; Mrs. Perkins in écru silk; Miss Hamilton in white silk; Mrs. Blaque in white satin; Miss Nellie Crocker in blue satin; Miss Coghill in white satin; Mrs. Schmiedel in white satin; Mrs. Prescott in blue satin; Mrs. Earl in corn-colored satin; Mrs. Wilson in *café-au-lait* silk; Mrs. King in white silk; Mrs. Main in velvet; Miss Price in white silk; Mrs. Russell in white silk; Mrs. McNeill in pink brocade; Mrs. Whitney in white satin; Mrs. Wright in white satin; *et hoc genus omne*. Last Saturday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, forty-five invited guests sat down with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Castle and their seven children at a dinner, given by Mr. and Mrs. Castle in honor of their twenty-fifth anniversary of marriage, at their mansion, corner of Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue. The interior had been tastefully and properly ornamented with flowers and evergreen, and Ballenberg's orchestra discoursed delightful airs during the discussion of the silver-wedding repast. The following are the names of the guests present: Senator Sharon and Miss Flora Sharon, Hon. Geo. C. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins, Judge Selden S. Wright and Mrs. Wright, Mr. Charles Crocker and Mrs. Crocker, Mr. S. M. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. A. E. Head and Mrs. Head, Mr. Alexander Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. S. W. Rosenstock and Mrs. Rosenstock, Mr. J. Steinhart and Mrs. Steinhart, Mr. Lucien Hermann and Mrs. Hermann, Mr. S. P. Dewey and Mrs. Dewey, Dr. J. D. Whitney and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. D. Cahn and Mrs. Cahn, Mr. Fred. MacCrellish and Mrs. MacCrellish, Mr. James D. Fry and Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Col. John Stuart, Mrs. A. Tobias, Miss Belle Cohen, and Messrs. John Abrams, Henry Seligman, Neville H. Castle, C. Wolcott Brooks, S. Steinhart, H. Hart, A. Gansl, and W. B. Bourne. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, after spending a month at the Yosemite, returned to the Palace on Thursday evening last. Clarence King has gone to Arizona to be absent a month or two. HEBE.

## TEACHERS' SALARIES.

About half our public-school teachers receive more pay than their services are worth; the other half receive too little. There are more very young girls and third-rate, unsuccessful professional men in the business than is consistent with a healthy condition of a school system, and some who are naturally endowed with sufficient ability to become good teachers have not felt the necessary stimulus to a thorough preparation for the work, by reason of the astonishing facility with which certificates have been obtained in this State during the past eight years or more.

The public is not slow to comprehend the situation, and, very naturally, objects to paying good salaries to men and women who would be more useful in the field or kitchen than in the school-room. The result is an increasing tendency to cut down teachers' salaries to an amount less than well-educated and competent men and women can afford to accept. This is gratifying to some who want cheap teachers and who think that a little of the three R's is all they need to know; but to those who realize that the prosperity of the State depends upon its schools, and that the efficiency of the schools depends upon the character and qualifications of the men and women engaged in the actual work of teaching, this is not a hopeful sign.

There is at all times a pressure brought to bear on examining boards to induce them to pass persons wholly unfit for teaching or any other intellectual pursuit. Examiners should therefore be not only competent and honest, but firm. The new Constitution puts this matter into the hands of the Supervisors and County Superintendent of each county that has no Board of Education. Supervisors, however intelligent and educated, are unfit for the work of examining teachers and selecting the text-books with which they shall work, unless they shall have had special training and experience in school-room work. A law placing medical and legal practitioners at the mercy of non-professionals would be considered absurd, and it is no less so when applied to the profession of teaching, in which more persons are engaged than in all the other learned professions together. Provision should therefore be made for the appointment in each county of a Board of Education, composed of teachers, whose duty it should be to conduct examinations and text-books.

Legislation has heretofore been apparently in the interest of cheap teachers. Not satisfied with a system which has scattered State certificates broadcast throughout the land, often placing them in the hands of young girls who had not yet entered as pupils the schools they were thereby made eligible to teach, our enterprising legislators have thought it necessary to make county certificates recognizable throughout the State; to make holders of county, as well as State certificate, eligible to the life diploma; to make city certificates valid throughout the State; and to make certificates of all grades valid *forever* after being once received. If these certificates are allowed to remain in force, it will be immaterial whether the new system of examination is good or bad, as there are already certificates afloat sufficient to supply the State with teachers for the next ten years.

It is to be hoped that the Legislature of 1880 will cure the abuses that have crept into our system by a general revokal of all certificates now in force, including educational and life diplomas. This may seem to be a radical measure, but it is fully warranted, and has been done by other States for less cause than exists here at present. Without such action the local examinations provided for by the new Constitution will be a farce, no matter how carefully and conscientiously they may be conducted; and if the right of the Legislature, under ordinary circumstances, to invalidate certificates be questioned, it is certainly apparent that the provisions of the new Constitution necessarily imply the right to impose additional requirements upon teachers, if for any cause it be thought necessary.

In addition to the superabundance of certificates that never expire, which has been caused by unwise legislation, the recent exposé of an extensive traffic in question papers furnishes another argument for the necessity of the above measure. It is not wise for the friends of popular education to ignore or underrate the magnitude of this feature of the case on account of the sensitiveness they may feel in consequence of the use that is made by unfriendly minds of this so-called slur upon the common schools. A man is not necessarily slovenly because he gets splashed while crossing the street. If he has no affinity for mud, he will brush it off again. Neither is it a disgrace to teachers that their useful and honorable profession has been invaded by corrupt and unscrupulous persons, unless by their indifference and supersensitiveness they allow them to remain.

That a considerable number of incompetent persons have thus fraudulently forced themselves into positions has been proven, notwithstanding the natural disposition of all parties concerned to hush the matter up. Honest and moderately well qualified ladies have had to retire from the same examinations and compete with Chinamen in the kitchen for a livelihood. It is certain that these practices have been more or less common for years, and that they would still be common had they not been exposed by the enterprise of the *Bulletin*. The man who knows the source and extent of this business has been unnecessarily allowed to protect, by his silence, the guilty parties, both buyers and sellers.

In addition to these facts, if we consider the number of State certificates that are known to have been granted on personal examination without regard to qualifications, the remarkable utterances of an ex-State Superintendent from the witness-stand, and the equally remarkable indisposition shown by the present incumbent to revoke fraudulent certificates, we can not fail to conclude that this superficial eruption indicates a deep disease which needs active treatment for its cure; that *bona fide* teachers are being subjected to a ruinous and unworthy competition, and that it is time for children to be removed from the influence of persons who are guilty, not only of premeditated fraud, but also of perjury, in swearing, as all applicants must, that they have had no assistance in passing examination. Our children should not be committed to the care of that class of people who would more effectually ruin the common schools by obtaining control of them.

Some old and experienced teachers object to a general revokal of certificates because they do not want to be subjected to the indignity of a reëxamination, wherein they will be placed on a level with newly-fledged graduates. The loss of a diploma, however, is not a loss of the experience and skill which that diploma represents, and no rational system of examination will ignore experience in issuing certificates. Even if a teacher be rusty on technical studies, he should be bright on all that is essential to his success in the school-room, and it is to this that examination should mainly be directed. If it be the natural result of experience to produce a disgraceful failure in the proper kind of an examination, then it were time for a general shaking up of dry bones and a polishing of old intellects. The respect commanded by a teacher's gray hairs should be second to that inspired by his ability and energy. The ordeal of an examination, it is true, is not a pleasant one, but in view of the advantages to accrue to themselves and to the schools, it is one which *bona fide* teachers ought to be disposed, not only to submit to, but to insist upon.

Under the new law girls should not be certificated to teach until at least the age of twenty-one, for, as a rule, they have not maturity of mind before that time to develop the faculties of children. Neither should students of the State Normal School receive certificates as now, without examination, and even without taking the last year's work; for if they, having had the best facilities for qualifying themselves, are not able to take the test required of those less fortunate, the inference must be that the school has no reason to be proud of its work. The new Constitution does not provide for the recognition of teaching as a profession by the granting of life certificates. The Legislature may, however, and should provide for the appointment of a State Board of Examiners—not, as now, under the control of one man—to issue honorary diplomas to those entitled to the highest honors of the profession, upon personal examination, and not, as now, to all who claim to have been teaching a certain number of years. Such diplomas would not, of course, be legal certificates, but so long as they were issued judiciously they would no doubt be recognized by local boards. Some such arrangement would seem to be absolutely necessary to enable trustees to draw the line clearly between first class teachers whose services are cheap at a good price, and that large class of teachers whose qualifications are not such as to fit them for the more difficult and responsible positions. A man will intrust the training of a valuable colt only to a professional horseman, but the children of the State, who will in a short time be the State, are frequently intrusted to teachers whose only ambition is to draw their pay.

We think, therefore, that we are entitled to the consideration of our legislators elect, to freedom from unworthy competition, and to salaries that will induce men and women of brains and culture to enter the profession and earn for it a respect and consideration that it does not now enjoy.

A TEACHER.

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They were complimenting François Arago once upon a time upon a scientific lecture which he had delivered, but the remark was made that he had elaborated his explanations almost to prolixity.

"Oh, yes, I know," replied Arago, "but that isn't surprising. You see when I am lecturing I always make a point of selecting the stupidest looking man in the audience and lecturing at him, explaining and reëxplaining till I see that he understands me. Now to-day the man I lectured at was the stup"——

Enter a gentleman, who rushes up to the astronomer and shakes his hand warmly.

"My dear M. Arago, what a splendid lecture yours was to-day—not a word of it that a child could not understand. You saw how interested I was, I hope, because I noticed you were looking over in my direction from first to last."

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A suicide took place at Paris under very peculiar circumstances. The man, it appears from a letter found on his corpse, was a devotee to science. The letter runs thus: "I desire that my body be given to the Faculty of Medicine to study. I shoot myself because I am suffering from an incurable disease. In spite of that I am as strong as a horse, and can not die. Let me be very carefully dissected. I shall afford the doctors a very curious study."

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When Allah has a mind to ruin the ant, he gives him wings. The insect, filled with joy and pride, takes his flight
A little bird passes, sees him, and snaps him up.

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Courtship is imagination; marriage reality. They are both worth trying for the sake of the contrast.

## SCRAPS.—BY SAM DAVIS.

It is a common thing in Virginia City for a number of people to get together and present some public man with a testimonial, in the shape of a gold watch or a silver service. As a rule, the testimonials are presented to people, who can well afford to buy such luxuries, by impecunious persons, who can ill afford to pay even for a fractional part of their value. The poor giving to the rich!

Some years ago the Superintendent of —— mine became very popular, and a number of his friends concluded that it would be the correct thing to present him with a gold watch and chain. They raised $350 among the miners who worked under him. The miners did not receive the idea of a testimonial with acclamation, but somehow thought it unwise to refuse to subscribe. The friends of the Superintendent thought that it would be well to make the affair as much of a surprise as possible. It was to come off in the office of the mining company, and in order to make the surprise all the more complete, it was determined to make the presentation as much as possible like an investigation of official corruption up to the moment that the watch should be flashed in sight. The following note was accordingly sent to the Superintendent by the jokers:

MR. ——: SIR—You are ordered to appear in person this evening at the office of the —— Mining Company, at 7:30 o'clock, to answer to certain grave charges which have been made against your official conduct in connection with the superintendency of the mine. Promptness upon your part will greatly facilitate business.

Yours, etc., THE TRUSTEES.

At seven o'clock about a hundred of the Superintendent's friends were on hand to take part in the festivities. Several baskets of wine were in sight, and the party selected to make the presentation speech had a funny one learned by heart. At half-past seven, however, there was no Superintendent. Eight o'clock came, and he was not there. Half an hour later some friends went to his room to see if he had received the note.

He had received it, and *jumped the town.*

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Joe Taylor, whom many old residents will remember, was never at a loss for expedients. He was quite wealthy in early days, and celebrated the advent of his fortune by a fashionable reception and ball at his residence. He issued about a hundred invitations to the *élite* of the town, and the ledge was in a flutter of excitement for two weeks previous to the event. A few days before the affair came off he found that it was impossible to get any music in the State of Nevada, and talent from California could not be secured short of a week. All the fiddlers and horn-blowers in the town had been engaged by Billy Roberts, an old partner of Taylor, to open a hurdy-gurdy house on the same evening that Taylor had arranged for his ball. Taylor was in despair until he discovered that Robert's hurdy-gurdy was just in the rear of his own house, and the idea struck him to make the same music do for both. The windows of the two houses were not over fifty feet apart, and the hurdy-gurdy orchestra was twelve instruments strong. Joe, however, never said a word to anybody. On the day of reception, however, his wife made some inquiries about the music.

"I've fixed that, my dear; I've got the best music in town."

By nine o'clock in the evening the guests were on hand in pretty strong force. It was a pleasant evening, and Joe had the windows of his back parlor opened wide. Presently the tuning up of the hurdy-gurdy band was caught by his expectant ear, and, going through his rooms, he announced a quadrille. The sets were formed, and the instant the hurdy-gurdy band struck up the trumpet voice of the hurdy-gurdy caller was heard:

"First two couples forward and back."

The guests heard the music and calling quite distinctly. Some looked around a little puzzled, and the balance took no notice of it.

Joe rubbed his hands in delight, and knew that his ball was a success. His wife was aware of the state of affairs, and came to him with:

"Oh, Joe, how *could* you? This will disgrace us for ever."

"Now, Jane, you just let me run this thing. Don't you see how smooth everything's going? If you keep still, nobody'll drop on it. It's fashionable now all over the East to have the music out doors; it gives it distance and softens the effect."

After the first quadrille several of Joe's guests, who had been invited personally to the hurdy-gurdy entertainment as well as the fashionable reception, saw the real state of affairs and the merriment was unbounded.

"Now, boys, for heaven's sake, don't give this away to the ladies. If you never say a word, they'll never tumble in the world."

Waltzes and polkas followed in rapid succession, when the ladies began to wonder where the music came from. Finally, when the caller wound up a quadrille with "Treat your partners," a suspicion of the joke began to dawn upon each and all of them. Meanwhile the host was circulating round among them with:

"Ladies, how do you like the music? Fine, isn't it? It was such a big band that I put it out in the back yard to make room. I put 'em in that shed out there because they wanted to be under cover. It sort'er subdues the effect, you see." Presently every one was laughing at the ridiculous situation, and the fun was immense.

By midnight the ball in the hurdy-gurdy establishment began to make itself felt in the fashionable parlors of its more pretentious neighbor. In short, everybody in the abode of iniquity was drunk.

The caller announced, in a voice which might have been heard at the top of Mount Davidson, "Ladies will choose partners for the *can-can.*"

There was now no longer any doubt about the propriety of going home at once, and there was a speedy rush for hats and cloaks.

"Hold on, my friends," shouted Joe to his guests; "I'll get 'em to change the gait of the music."

But nothing would now satisfy the outraged guests but a sure and expeditious method of decamping from the premises, and the confusion was something never to be forgotten.

Meanwhile, the revelers in the dance house were in a state of furious hilarity, and the famous Parisian importation was being rendered at a fast and furious pace while the guests of the parlor reception were rapidly thinning out. It was whispered about next day that the woman who first made her escape had been an inmate of a hurdy-gurdy at White Pine in its palmy days.

Before the guests could quite clear the house the music had stopped in the adjoining resort, and a free and easy riot began, in which a couple of fiddlers were killed.

All this was considered bad enough, but when it was reported next day that the Coroner intended to summon each and every guest of the parlor reception as a witness at the inquest, the climax of the affair was considered reached. The Coroner reconsidered his intention, however, and the two fiddlers were inquested without any assistance from fashionable circles.

The jury found that they died "at the hands of unknown persons, while playing for Billy Roberts' hurdy-gurdy and Joe Taylor's reception on the night of the 16th of September."

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Andy Munroe was a man who years ago was popular in Virginia City. He went to Napa for his health, and died there a few weeks afterward.

Two warm friends of the deceased went down to assist at the funeral. Seeking the consolation granted by a flask of old rye, they became a trifle tumultuous on the way, and reached the house recently occupied by the deceased just as the coffin was about to be closed up.

"Hold on," they shouted as they trotted up the yard breathless, "give us a look at the corpse."

The accommodating undertaker, who was about to screw down the lid, allowed the newcomers to inspect the remains.

"It's Andy, sure enough," remarked one.

"Don't look as if he died hard," said the other.

"He was the boss," murmured the first speaker.

Then the two men looked on the face of the dead for several minutes with glistening eyes.

The undertaker suggested that the procession was forming, and the pallbearers were waiting.

"We'll take him out ourselves," said one of the Comstockers, with the air of a man who wanted to save trouble.

"Yes, that's what we come down for," said the second man. "We knew him up on the ledge."

The undertaker called attention to the fact that eight leading citizens had been selected as pallbearers.

"Where are they?" asked one of the visiting mourners excitedly.

The undertaker waved his hand toward a group of men in white gloves and black broad-cloth, who were grouped in one corner of the room enveloped with an atmosphere of dignified melancholy.

"What! those fellows in the corner?—those spindle-shanked affairs over there, packing Andy's remains? Hardly. We've come all the way from Virginia City to plant Andy in the right shape. If we'd a been here early there'd a been a funeral what was a funeral. What kind of a half-horse town is this anyhow?" asked the biggest of the two.

"Where's your brass band?" chimed in the other in tones of lowest disgust.

"Glad you mentioned the band, Bill. But these crows don't look like men that would put up much for a funeral. They're runnin' it on the cheap lay. Go up town and git a band right away; tell 'em to bring down a couple of dead-marches, and I'll pay for both. I've got enough coin with me to bury the town."

One started off for a band, and was only induced to come back when he was told there was no band in town.

"Now, don't lie to us for any economical motives. The expense ain't anything. We'll settle the bills. We've got enough to give him a regular benefit if you just say the word. We'll pile the flowers on his grave as high as a hay-stack."

The man was finally induced to go back to the house. On entering the room he called out to his partner:

"Here, Bill, take the other end and we'll take him out."

The two men seized the coffin, when the other pall bearers stepped up to assist.

"Keep your hands off. We're able to take care of this business."

The undertaker explained that the coffin was a very heavy one, and two men could not lift it.

"You —— crane-faced, valley-bred son of a gun, what do you know about mountain muscle?" shouted one of the Comstockers, waving a No. 16 fist under his nose. "I can lift it myself;" and, rushing to the head of the coffin, he raised it up three times by the handles and slammed it down vigorously on its supports. "When it comes to heavy lifting I'm there."

The two men then proceeded to shoulder the coffin, and staggered under their load to the hearse, in which they thrust their burden with little ceremony, and closed the doors with a slam.

They next strode back to the gentlemen who had been selected as pall-bearers, and the biggest remarked:

"Gentlemen, those who wish to take exceptions to the part we've taken in this funeral will find us at the hotel just across the street. Here's my card."

No one seemed anxious to take exceptions; and the speaker, laying his card down on the top of the gate post, turned to the driver of the hearse and remarked:

"Start up the horses."

The funeral then proceeded without further interruption, and the fact that the two "intruders" left a check for $1,000 with the widow of the deceased, would indicate that their sympathy for the living was on a par with their regrets for the dead.

"We'd give ye more, but we shorted some Savage last week and it d— near cinched us in two. I never went short before, and blast me if I ever will again. I never met a man I liked so well as Andy. My partner here doted on him."

"He was the boss," murmured the partner, sorrowfully; "and when the angels see him step through the gate they'll know somebody's come that don't drop in there every day."

They pressed the widow's hand with a genuine heartiness, and, as they went down the walk, one said to the other:

"Bill, I felt like I could crawl through one of the cracks in the porch when we handed her that check. It was so d— small after the big bluff we made yesterday."

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Hank Monk (the man who drove Horace Greeley to Placerville on time, etc.) is credited with being the cleverest off hand liar in the State. He made the yarn about Greeley out of whole cloth. One day the writer was "on top" with him, crawling up the steep grade from Carson to Lake Bigler. We stopped at a little station, and a man rushed out with his face full of anxiety and asked:

"Say, Hank, did you see Bill at Carson?"

"Saw him this morning," drawled Monk.

"Did he say he was comin' up soon?"

"Said he'd be up to-morrow."

"Sure?"

"Sure!"

We went on up the hill, when Hank said:

"Wonder what Bill that feller meant?"

"What Bill did *you* mean?" asked a passenger.

"Way-bill," quoth Monk.

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Philip Dideschimer always took an enthusiastic view of ore bodies.

Fair and Mackay never made a more serious mistake than when they allowed him to report on the big bonanza. The report got to Germany, and his name carried weight of course. Bismarck read the report, and the Government demonetized silver in fifteen minutes.

He once visited a south-end mine, and was very favorably impressed.

"Does Dides like it?" asked a heavy stockholder.

"Thinks it a big thing."

"I'm awful sorry. We must keep him from making a report; if we don't silver'll be cheaper'n tin."

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Senator Sharon once dined with a literary club in New York. At the table he quoted from history, and a little man at his right joined issue on the question.

Sharon waxed a trifle warm, and insinuated that his opponent might be a clever sort of a man, but history wasn't his forte.

After dinner Sharon remarked to a friend:

"Who is that little cuss there who disputed my dates?"

"Bancroft, the historian."

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### The Latest Parisian Bonbons.

"Hallo, old man, what's wrong? You look pretty pale about the gills. Sick?"

"Sick? I have been sick; and you'd be sick, too, if you had ridden five hours in a railway carriage with your back to the engine."

"But why didn't you change seats with somebody?"

"How could I? I was all alone in the compartment. There was no one in the opposite seat to change with me."

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*Lady to peasant*—How much for that load of peat?

*Peasant*—Fifteen francs, madame.

*Lady*—Oh, mercy me, that's too dear. Besides, I don't want such a small load—I want a two-horse load.

The peasant goes to a friend, borrows his friend's horse and hitches it to the cart beside his own animal, and returns.

*Peasant*—Here is a two-horse load, madame.

*Lady*—Ah, that is more like it. How much?

*Peasant*—Twenty-five francs, madame.

*Lady*—Very well; I will take it.

[NOTE.—This is very much like the procedure of the average bar-keeper, who, being asked if that is rye whisky, affects to be covered with confusion, puts the Bourbon bottle into the ice under the counter, rattles it, hands it out again and beams upon the customer, who says, appreciatively, "Ah, that's right—always give me rye."]

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I.—A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's and says to the gentlemanly confectioner:

"I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream-tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order. Do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours at the latest."

"I can have them ready in that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say ten francs.

"Certainly, my friend. Here are your ten francs."

II.—About two hours later a gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry-cook's, and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs, sir."

"Very well. I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to letting one of your young men come over with me to get it?"

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

III.—To confectioner enter irreproachably dressed gentleman now wearing an overcoat and tailor's young man. The confectioner greets the former with the respectful friendliness due to a good customer.

"Ah, Puff, I've called round for that 150. You promised to have them for me at 2.30."

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I have to go round the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman 125 of the 150. I will return and get the remaining 25 myself in a few moments."

"With pleasure, sir."

IV.—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream-tarts, and a bill for balance thereon 21 francs 25 centimes.

One minute thereafter a confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the neighborhood in search of an irreproachably dressed gentleman with a new overcoat, whom the great city, with its ceaseless bustle and confusion has swallowed up as a yellow dog swallows an oyster-cracker.

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A man who had a particularly ugly daughter succeeded in ringing her in (with a wedding-ring) on a man who had been blind for many years. Some time after the marriage a famous oculist visited the town, and the remarkable nature of his cures having been bruited abroad, it was proposed to have him couch the blind man.

"Not for millions," cried the father-in-law, in horr[illegible] the minute that his sight is given back, my daug[illegible] have to be taken back."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—IX.

### Early Entertainments—The First Plagiarism.

The pedestrian craze, which for the past three weeks has occupied most of our leisure time, together with a considerable amount belonging to somebody else; which has been the place we sought for an after-breakfast smoke, an appetizer for lunch, a *pousse café*, or a night-cap; and which in fine has convinced us that we have all been a set of easily amused idiots, has brought to my mind the first walking match I ever witnessed, and which was probably the first San Francisco ever saw of this absurdly fascinating pastime, for which no sane man can find a sensible reason. It was when old Jimmy Kennovan first walked one hundred and six hours without rest or sleep. This feat was not performed on a perfect track of cinders and sawdust, which constant raking, and rolling, and sprinkling rendered as comfortable as possible for blistered feet and aching shinbones; it was not in a gaily-decorated pavilion, where every few laps the pedestrian could enter a fanciful tent, amid the perfume of flowers, and be rubbed down with Mexican mustang liniment, on a comfortable bed; but it was in a close, dingy bar-room on Montgomery Street, where the air was foul enough to stifle a rhinoceros. The track was a two-inch plank, not much more than a foot and a half in width, raised about three feet from the floor, across the end of the room, with a man-rope on either side, for the pedestrian to steady himself when fatigue had rendered him almost lifeless. I was present when this wonderful little man stepped upon this frail structure, which he was not to leave for four entire days. He was attired in velvet knee-breeches, a shirt of puffs and ruffles, a black velvet cap, and carried a whip. The applause which greeted him was something tremendous, but a great deal of it was the encouragement usually accorded to one who is commencing what is deemed to be an impossible feat. The knowing ones smiled incredulously, and staked their money against Jimmy. As usual, they were wrong. During the long, tedious hours of the day, and the doubly tiresome hours of the night, for four days, this plucky little fellow plodded on. At first he walked briskly, and turned at each end of the plank. Occasionally when the wretched trio of fiends, called a band, would strike up a lively air he relieved the monotony with a jig. It was not a wonderful exhibition of terpischorean art, but nevetheless it was what he was pleased to call a jig, and nobody disputed him. After a couple of days the terrible strain upon his muscles and nerves began to show itself; he lost his briskness and steadiness, made use of the rope, and instead of turning at the end of the plank he walked backward one way. He seemed to be asleep, but always knew when he reached the end of his narrow track. On the last day his condition was most pitiful; his eyes and cheeks were sunken, and his face wore the hue of death; he could no longer tell when he reached the end of the plank, but was stopped and shoved backward when it became necessary to move in the other direction. His hands no longer had the strength to grasp the rope, and he was supported by attendants, who constantly pinched him, punched him, and howled into his ears. They were assisted by drums, fifes, and the yells of the audience, and the awful din made in the effort to prevent him from lapsing into unconsciousness was like pandemonium let loose. Toward the end even this noise had no effect upon him, and several times he sank, apparently exhausted. Placed again upon his feet, he was shaken and punched afresh, and the calves of his legs whipped with cowhides. At first these cutting strokes caused him to wince, but his lips brought forth no sound of complaint, and soon he did not seem to feel them. This brutal treatment was kept up incessantly for hours, and when the hands on the dial indicated the one hundred and sixth hour the attendants let this little bundle of nerve and pluck fall back into their arms insensible, and carried him to an inner room amidst the wild hurrahs of his admirers. Whenever I have witnessed three thousand quarter-mile walks—in which failures are almost unknown—and six-day "go-as-you-please" contests—in which failures are remarkably frequent—my mind always wanders back to the wonderful performance of Jimmy Kennovan. Not long afterward he repeated it, and eight or nine years ago accepted a challenge from one Jack Sheppard to walk the same number of hours. In his one hundred and third hour his condition was so pitiful that his friends took him from his plank and carried him off. This defeat must have disheartened him, for he gave up pedestrianism, and drove an express wagon. Of late years he has been in the weighing machine business at North Beach. His scales became very popular, but I always thought the secret of his success was the result of taking a few pounds from fat men and adding them to thin ones. Not long ago he danced thirty hours without rest. Those who saw a little old man tottering along the track in the pavilion a few months ago could scarcely believe that he was the once famous Jimmy Kennovan. Younger men covered more ground than he did, but none of them probably will ever walk one hundred and six hours without rest or sleep. I have drifted into the subject of amusements, but feel constrained to offer an humble apology for having begun my series of chats in that quarter by so unæsthetic a show as a walking match. A class of entertainment which has recently well nigh bankrupted the theatres possibly deserved the first position. The first theatrical representation in San Francisco was given in January, 1850, in what was known as Washington Hall. It was back of the *Alta California* building, on Washington Street, opposite the Plaza. Not very commodious nor comfortable, and there is no record of any lavish display of scenery and costumes; but a theatrical performance was given there, and judging from the highly flavored criticisms of the newspapers of that day, it must have been a startingly meritorious one. The managers were Messrs. Atwater and Madison, and the first performance given was *The Wife* and *Charles II.* The company consisted of Mr. Atwater, Mr. H. F. Daly, Mr. Wright, Mr. McCabe, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, and several others, of whose names I have no record. The performances drew wonderfully well for a number of nights, and the prices of admission were, I believe, three and five dollars—no gallery. Imagine the money this handful of comparatively obscure actors must have made in those days, and contrast with their success the present, when we have five or six elegant establishments, presenting all of the favorite stars and pieces of the day, and all of them playing to empty benches, ruined by walking matches and the Author's Carnival. This first company did not remain long together, however, for the establishment soon broke up in a professional row. The only member now in San Francisco, and I think the only one living, with the exception of Mr. Daly, is Mr. J. H. McCabe. He was for many years the favorite comedian, and "old timers" can no doubt remember his many successes under the management of Miss Laura Keene. I am not much given to flattery, but I really believe that this old theatrical fossil of ours deserves a "star notice." There is no need, however, of my giving an extended account of the movements of this very affable old gentleman, for all actors, imaginary and real, incipient and famous, buy play-books of him, and consult him when they need an engagement or information upon anything pertaining to theatricals from the time of the flood to the present day. Shortly after the disruption of the Atwater-Madison company, Mr. Rowe, who had a circus on Kearny Street, somewhere near the present corner of Commercial, fitted up his establishment for dramatic performances, and engaged a company which a short time before arrived from Australia, of which Mr. and Mrs. Hambleton, Mr. and Mrs. McCron, and Mr. and Mrs. Batters were members. The heaviest of "heavy business" and the most melo-dramatic of melo-dramas were done here for some time to large houses, when Mrs. Kirby, afterward Mrs. James Stark, arrived and commenced a star engagement. She at once became exceedingly popular, and attracted crowded houses for some time, when Mrs. McCron, who had hitherto been the favorite, exhibited the usual professional jealousy. An exciting professional row was the result, and *this* company was broken up. Mrs. Stark is now a wealthy resident of San Francisco. Some of her performances are fresh in my memory, she being the first "Lady Macbeth," "Portia," and "Julie de Mortemar" I ever saw. On the Fourth of July, 1850, Messrs. Robinson and Evrard opened a little theatre called the "Dramatic Museum," on California Street, above Montgomery. Their company was composed of amateurs, and vaudevilles and farces were produced with considerable success. This was the nucleus of the class who are guilty of the perpetration of that bane of our local actors and managers, the Author's Carnival. These pioneer amateurs continued their performances until the opening of the Jenny Lind Theatre, over the Parker House. Tom Maguire was the manager, and this was the beginning of his very chequered career in theatrical ventures. Mr. and Mrs. Stark were the attractions, remaining so until the fire of 1851, when the theatre was burned. The same fire also destroyed Robinson & Evrard's Dramatic Museum. After the fire the substantial foundation of the Jenny Lind Theatre, now the City Hall, was laid, and a temporary wooden theatre erected. After a few performances, this too was burned in the fire of June, 1851. Mr. Maguire, with the energy which has always characterized him, and nothing daunted by his succession of misfortunes, immediately recommenced the building of the Jenny Lind, which was rapidly pushed to completion, and formally opened October 4th, 1851. From the opening of the Jenny Lind Theatre may be dated the permanent establishment of the drama in San Francisco. It has changed from a "jumping-off place" to a dramatic centre and the cynosure of dramatic stars throughout the world. Many of the "shining lights" of the profession may be said to have either first trod the boards, or made their first marked success in San Francisco. Among those may be mentioned Edwin Booth, Frank Mayo, Charlie Thorne, Nick Long, and Logan Paul. It was a prodigious distance for actors to come, and woe to the man who "got stuck" here, with fares East $500. But come they did, both in quantity and quality, attracted by high salaries and a widespread fancy that they would be sure to carry back "barrels of dust from Frisco." From among the actors of early days could have been selected a company such as the United States could scarcely produce now, certainly not California. Prominent among them were the elder Booth, Edwin Booth, J. B. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Thorne, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Waller, Bill Barry, Dave Anderson, Mr. and Stark, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Booth, Miss Heron, Mrs. Judah, and a host of others. Many of these were most likely not as early as 1850, but all of them arrived during the two years following. The Adelphi Theatre was opened by Robinson & Weisenthal in July, 1851, who took it while the American Theatre was building, and which was opened by them October 20th, 1851. This famous old house, located where Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express building now stands, was the scene of the first theatrical performance I ever witnessed. The play was *Richard III.*, and I think the star the elder Booth. I may be mistaken as to the "Richard" of the evening, but I prefer to think to the contrary. I love to cajole my memory into the belief that it has been impressed by the elder Booth. At all events I have a most distinct recollection of getting into a paroxysm of fear, at the sight of "Richard" and "Richmond" howling, and as I thought, cutting themselves to pieces. Upon the suggestion of an irate bachelor behind us to "throw that young one out," I was retired in not very good order by my father. Closely following the building of the "American" came the "San Francisco Hall"—afterward Maguire's Opera House—on Washington Street, between Kearny and Montgomery, where the first minstrels appeared, and the Metropolitan Theatre, on Montgomery Street, between Washington and Jackson. All were destroyed by fire and rebuilt. With all of these theatres came scores of actors until we had more than at the present time, and, as a general thing, much better ones—no offense, of course, to our resident and transmigratory Thespians. There were authors, too, even at that early date—I have not given any date, but it was very early. And in this connection I will state that plagiarism must have been considered almost a capital offense, judging from some incendiary articles which I have before me. Mr. and Mrs. Bateman and their two children were playing in the city, and during their engagement offered a reward of $1,000 for the best *original* play. Immediately dozens of pens were at work, and, in an amazingly brief space of time, as many manuscripts were poured into the laps of the Batemans. "After due examination by a competent committee," the choice was made and the piece announced for immediate production. Its title was *The Mother's Trust*, and its author, who had adopted the *nom de plume* of U. F. M. W. W., was said to be "a prominent lady member of our best society." It was produced with considerable *éclat*, and many of the journals were profusely lavish of favorable notices. Of course every man or woman who had written a play and seen *The Mother's Trust*, believed himself or herself outraged, and looked upon the fortunate play as a mass of unutterable rubbish, and set about deciphering the cabalistic letters U. F. M. W. W. The newspapers did all their power to assist them, and probably the first clue was given in the *Wide West*, in an article headed "The Prize Drama," which, as it assists in working up the plot to a dramatic climax, I shall give in its entirety:

> We have received the following communication from Mr. Toots, who, as might be expected, is not pleased by the result of the prize. In his dissatisfaction Mr. Toots is not alone, however. We have heard but one opinion expressed by "outsiders" in the matter—that, so far as the facts are known, the initials U. F. M. W. W. plainly spell "Bateman." If the facts justify this supposition, and a few days will make them public, the prize drama may not prove so profitable a speculation as was anticipated. We cordially sympathize with the talented young gentlemen who have racked their brains without success, and hope that, as a general thing, they take their failure less to heart than our friend whose letter we give below:
>
> "SAN FRANCISCO, June 22, 1853.
>
> "EDITORS WIDE WEST:—Allow me, as one of the twenty-one unsuccessful authors whose productions have been rejected by the *critical committee (?)* appointed to decide on the merits of the plays offered for competition for the prize of $1,000, to protest against the manner in which the award has been made. Who *is* the successful candidate? This is a question difficult to answer, for the modest individual quietly presents a copious quotation from the alphabet to act as his address, while it probably furnishes his best claim to be considered a man of letters. I see that the other gentlemen and myself who competed for the prize have made a grand mistake. We should have followed more strictly the terms laid down in the advertisement. We have gone head, heart, and hand to produce a '*good, original, local drama.*' Fatal error! The only drama that could be expected to gain the prize, it was distinctly announced, must be 'suited to the capacities of the Batemen children.' Nothing could be plainer than this. No blame can be attached to the writers of the advertisement. The fault lies with the competitors who, blinded by their desire for fame and the hope of possessing the princely sum offered, confounded quality with suitability, and insanely imagined that the *best* drama would draw the prize.
>
> TOOTS."

This clue given, disappointed authors and ever ready editors kept assiduously upon the scent. Their efforts were crowned with success. It was established beyond the possibility of a doubt that U. F. M. W. W. was none other than Mrs. Bateman herself—the person who had offered the prize! Worse still, *The Mother's Trust* was discovered to be a glaring plagiarism! Continued excitement in our next.

CLAY M. GREENE.

### Sleeping Pedestrians.

The walkers sleep in their tents. The hours of unconsciousness are few. They can hardly be called hours of rest. The weary pedestrian is sponged or has a bath. He pitches in his cot. He is wrapped in his blankets. The lights in his tent are extinguished. He closes his eyes and enters a world of phantoms. The cheers of the crowd, the music of the band, the clapping of hands, the murmur of a vast hive of bees, and the tread of many feet flit through his sleep. His body is racked with pain. There is appalling heat in his feet. His temples throb. The blood becomes stagnant, and frequently nightmare follows. The dreamer is still on the track. He sees his competitors passing him one by one, and is unable to increase his own speed. O'Leary says that during his walk for the belt in London he never went to sleep without the shadow of Vaughn before him. It would follow him around a phantom track with looks of exultation in its eyes. At times it would bar his way. It would stand facing him in the curves, making grimaces and contortions. Up to the moment of waking Vaughn's shade never left his sleep. The dreams of the pedestrian are based on the condition of his stomach. When the stomach refuses nourishment, threatening apparitions frequently appear. In one case a pedestrian fancied that he was rolling among old logs covered with thousand-legged worms. In another case the pedestrian thought himself on on the track, but unable to walk. Upon glancing at his feet he was shocked to see that they had turned into hickory saplings, and the saplings grew with such rapidity that they raised him in the air. The agony of those hours of unrest is increased when the hapless walker awakes. His blood is still stagnant. There is a prickly heat upon his skin. He feels as though he was being pricked by a million of needles. Neuralgic pains throb through his muscles. His joints are stiff. His eyelids seem paralyzed. Worst of all, his feet and shin-bones are numbed. Every movement sends a thrill of pain through the body. He is oiled and rubbed. A swallow of warm beef-tea, or some other decoction, puts him into a little glow and infuses him with a painful energy. He wobbles upon the track, and the noise, the lights, and the dark shadows of his competitors confuse him. The cold air strikes him unpleasantly. He makes one lap, and the impulse to reënter his cot is frequently so great that he finds it irresistible. Before coming on the truck he lies upon his cot in a semi-unconscious state, while he is rubbed and clad. He hardly appreciates the situation before he finds himself upon the track. If his shoes have been changed during the rest, his feet feel like lumps of lead. The sore spots smart more than ever, and it is with the greatest difficulty that he can lift his feet from the track. He occasionally feels a nausea about the stomach, and his nerves are strung to the utmost tension. The snapping of a whip, a deformed face, a wide-brimmed hat, or a peculiarly shaped bouquet excites his mind, and he becomes in a measure insane.

### CII.—Sunday, October 26.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Okra and Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Brook Trout.
Broiled Teal Ducks.
String Beans. Mushrooms.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Sweet Potatoes.
Tomato Salad, Spanish Dressing.
Raspberries with Bavarian Cream.

BAVARIAN CREAM.—Crush two pounds of raspberries through a colander, and add four ounces of sugar to the juice. Take half a box of Wilson's gelatine, soaked for half an hour in a cupful of water in a warm place. Add it to the juice of the raspberries; place on the ice, stir it smooth, and when it begins to set stir in a pint of cream whipped. Put into moulds and serve with fresh raspberries around it. Later in the season this can be made with Lusk's canned raspberries, and the fresh fruit around it may be omitted.

"Narragansett" is an Indian word. Translated into English it signifies: "The United States Senator afraid of a shotgun."

## TWO MINERS ON THE KLAMATH.

In the early days of California two old and experienced gold diggers, named Jake and Jim, had been patiently working to "make their pile" in the Klamath diggings. They were called simply Jake and Jim because few of the California miners were commonly known by their proper names; generally some fanciful sobriquet was the only title by which they were known among their fellows, and thousands of graves may be seen in the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountain mining regions of those whose fate will ever remain unknown to their distant relatives or friends. You see by the wayside a little mound that marks a grave, and if, as rarely happens, an old settler is asked who lies there, he answers: "Don't know. A party came along one day, miners, and a man called Jake took sick and died, and they buried him there." And that is all is known of a lost pioneer.

Jake and Jim had a good claim that paid, and had built a comfortable log cabin, and even had a small enclosure where they cultivated a few vegetables; for, being no longer young, having families in the East, and also having found this spot that paid fair wages, they wisely agreed to stick to it until each had got a certain amount of gold dust, which amount they had decided would be enough to return with to the old homes in the East. Every Saturday night for over a year, after their evening meal was over and the pipes were lighted, their day's work in gold dust was carefully weighed and divided, after enough had been deducted to pay their expenses. Then each one put his gold away in some place known only to himself for safe keeping.

On a Saturday afternoon in the latter part of June Jake and Jim cleaned up and washed the last spoonful of pay dirt scraped from the bed-rock of their claim. It had been a paying claim well worked out; and, as they took their tools and bag of dust to their cabin for the last time, with the pleasant verdure and flowers of summer that were around them in the grand mountain scenery of California, they felt themselves among the lucky ones that had been successful and "made their pile." Their evening meal was eaten in a jolly mood; and then their last day's work in gold was to be divided, their hidden deposits of dust to be dug up, and the next morning they would be ready for a start on the long journey to their Eastern homes.

"Well, Jim," said Jake, "as we never happened to know where each other put his dust, I reckon I'll go to my bank and remove the deposits."

So, taking up his shovel, he went to the door step, which was a large flat stone, and carefully moved it aside, and commenced digging down into the somewhat light earth. While all this was being done by Jake, Jim sat with an amazed expression watching him, but said not a word. Jake dug down three feet, and, stooping in the hole, removed some earth and took out a tin can, which was heavy, and placed it on a log. Jim now found his tongue, and spoke:

"Well, Jake, if that ere ain't the dog-rotted, coolest thing I ever seen a human critter do, you can shoot me. Do yer mean ter say that tin can is yourn, and that yer put it under that ere stun?"

"In course I do, Jim; and why shouldn't I hev done it?"

"Because, old pard, that can, I will take my Bible oath, I put, with my dust in it, buried in that hole jest three feet, by a foot rule. It was that identical tin mustard can."

"After all these years together, Jim, do yer mean ter call me a liar; and, worse, a thief?"

Both now became heated, and their passions aroused. Each word led to a worse one, and in five minutes they drew their bowie knives, and clinched in a deadly struggle. Luckily the noise brought in some miners from their camp near by, and, after a fierce resistance, they were separated, and taken before the justice at their own request. As this was not a case for Judge Lynch to decide, it was brought before a Justice of the Peace in the camp, called by the miners "Old Blowsy." The miners crowded into the Judge's cabin, and Old Blowsy put on his judicial dignity, with an old, rusty black coat he always wore on such occasions, lit his pipe, filled a tumbler with whisky, and was ready to decide the case.

Jake, on his oath, first swore he put the tin can of gold dust exactly where he had taken it from. It was the identical can—a mustard can—and he would stake his life upon its being the same.

Jim swore to exactly the same thing as regards himself. Both the men were steady, honest miners, of unquestionable character, veracity, and well known to all.

The Judge and all present were confounded at the positive, sworn evidence of the two men, and all kinds of opinions were advanced noisily, amid confusion, tobacco smoke, and the fumes of whisky.

Sitting on a barrel in the corner, listening, but saying not a word, was a well known character in the camp, known as "Whisky Bob." Bob had been a sailor, miner, packer—in fact a little of everything. But one thing he always was—lucky in mining; and whenever he chose to work, would take his rocker and tools, and disappearing for a time, return with a full bag of dust. Then Whisky Bob would go on a long spree through the mining camps, until his gold was spent, and, dead-broke, he was ready to loaf, drink, but not work unless forced to do so. It was a proverbial saying in the mines: "A sailor or a nigger for luck," for they generally were lucky in finding the guld, and the former ever ready to spend it for whisky.

Judge Blowsy was not equal to the emergency of deciding the case, and the opinions advanced to explain it were wonderful to hear. One miner said he thought the coyotes had dug up the dust, as they had been known to do it when it was buried in greasy bags. In the midst of this confusion Whisky Bob entered the room, and, pushing all aside, went to the Judge, and putting a package folded in an old newspaper upon the table, said:

"Look a here, Jedge and feller citizens, I kin settle this ere case, I kin; if I don't, ye can bust my top lights. What's my fee for acting as jedge."

"You do that ere thing," answered Jake, "and I and my pard will giv yer two ounces each."

"Yes," said Judge Blowsy, "and all the rest of us will put in four bits a piece."

"Well, then, feller citizens," said Bob, "ye see, I hearn all your jabber about this ere case, and holds a court of my n-ward senses to justify the matter. When men gets mad and hasty like they forgets reason, 'cordingly I went to that ere hole where Jake and Jim hid their dust to prospect it judgematically. I gets down the hole, takes my knife, and there, three inches under the dirt, I finds this ere tin mustard-can of dust—just 'dentical with that ere one on the table."

And sure enough, there were two tin cans exactly alike, holding some forty pounds of gold.

"Well, that beats my time," said the Judge. "Two men take two cans, exactly the same, and hide 'em in the same hole without knowing it within three inches of each other! It's what the books call a coincidence, sure. And now, Whisky Bob, I say, jest ye take the five ounces ye've earned as jedge and make a fresh start, leaving whisky behind, and save yer money. Ye've got inward sense enough to make yer pile without whisky."

"That's so, Jedge," said Bob; "an' if I don't do it, bust my top lights." H. C. D.

San Francisco, October, 1879.

### Art in Betting.

"I say, Capt. Brown, tell us—is it true? They say you win every bet you make."

"Yes, Colonel," said the Captain, smiling, "it is quite true."

"Nonsense!" chorused a dozen voices.

"It isn't nonsense," said the Colonel; "for I'm told on very good authority—namely, his old Colonel, a dear friend of mine—that it is true. He told me when it was first settled that Brown was to exchange; and now, you hear, he attests it himself."

"Proof, proof!" cried the others.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, "proof. Come, Brown, how is it you manage it? You won't mind telling, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Brown, smiling, "I don't mind telling. You see I study the countenance of the man I bet with, and know beforehand how matters will be. I can read a man's face enough for the purpose of a wager."

"You can read mine, then?" said the Colonel, chuckling.

"Oh, yes," was the calm reply.

And the officers round the table grew interested.

"What can you read there, then?"

Capt. Brown looked at him intently for a few moments, and then said:

"Well, for one thing, I can read that the old wound on your back has broken out afresh."

"Nonsense!" roared the Colonel. "I never had a wound on my back."

The younger officers exchanged glances, and the Colonel saw it, and it made him more angry.

"You do not like the subject touched," said Captain Brown gravely—"then we will pass it over. I beg your pardon for touching so tender a place."

"But, confound it all, sir!" roared the Colonel, "I have no wound on my back to break out afresh."

The Captain smiled.

"Come, then," said the Colonel, fighting hard to keep down his anger, "you are a betting man; I'll bet you two ten-pound notes to one that I have not got a wound, nor yet even the scar of a wound—even a scratch upon my back. Will you bet?"

"With pleasure, if it pleases you, Colonel."

"Damme, sir, it does please me! I want this cleared up. A wound on my back! Damme, sir, I never turned my back to the enemy in my life! Now, sir, will you bet?"

"I will," said the Captain, speaking reluctantly, as if he were forced into it; while the Colonel was evidently growing purple from suppressed rage.

"Good, then," said the Colonel; "twenty pounds to ten. The mess here are witnesses. Smith, lock the door."

A young Cornet obeyed; and, heated by wine, the Colonel, in his rage and desire to prove his new Captain to be what he mentally called a humbug, proceeded to divest himself of all his upper garments, revealing several bullet-scars and sword-cuts upon his chest and arms; but there was not the vestige of a scratch upon his back.

"Come, look all of you!" cried the colonel; I'm not ashamed. You'll find no old wound upon my back."

One and all inspected the old gentleman, and declared there was not a scar.

"Now, Captain Brown," said the Colonel, "perhaps you will come and look, sir, and satisfy yourself?"

"I'll take the word of these gentlemen, Colonel," said Brown. "I have lost. I was mistaken."

"Humph! I'm glad of that," said the Colonel, snatching himself back into his clothes, and at last buttoning up his coat. "I'm afraid, sir, you could not read my countenance."

"No, sir, I confess I could not; I am beaten. There are your ten pounds."

The Colonel chuckled and looked delighted as he pocketed the money; for this, and the feeling that he had been too much for his new captain, put him in the best of humors. So jolly was he that he patted Brown affectionately on the back when they parted.

"You couldn't read me, my lad, eh? No, no; rather too deep for you, eh—eh?"

"Much too deep, Colonel. I was beaten," said Brown.

And from that day, for a whole fortnight, Brown's glory as a better was under eclipse. At the end of that fortnight there was a change.

The reason was this:

Colonel Rollins was so delighed at having, as he said, beaten the betting man, that he wrote to his friend, the Colonel of the Lancers regiment:

Dear Warren:—That was all gammon about Brown's luck at betting. He said he could read people's faces, and so won in that way; and, hang me, if the first night he was here he didn't bet that I had a re-opened wound on my back. I bet him, of course—two to one—proved to him that I had not, and pocketed his ten pounds. It will be a lesson for him. He is a nice fellow, though, and we all like him very much. Yours, very truly, John Rollins.

An answer came back in the course of a post or two:

Dear Rollins:—Glad you like Brown. Hang him! we don't. He has bitten us too often, and has just bitten us again. Confound him! The night before he left us I was talking about what a sharp officer you were—quite a Tartar—and he laid a wager with me that was taken, too, by half the officers in the mess, that he'd do as he liked with you; in fact, that the very first time you dined together, he'd make you take off your shirt before the whole mess, and that you would write and tell me. You may keep Brown. We don't want him back.

Faithfully yours, Frank Warren.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### What Love is Like.

Love, like a bird, may 'light and sing
Where'er it list.
The stroke of that wild, fearless wing
Can heart resist?
But birds alighted sing and fly,
And love is kindled but to die.

Love, like a flower, may gently blow
With perfumed breath,
And frail as frailest blossom go
Swift unto death;
Its petals ravished by the wind,
A bare, a broken stem behind.

Love, like a star in evening's sky,
May trembling swing
Near where the rare, new moon holds high
Her broken ring.
But stars must wane and pale, or set
As moons grow full. So hearts forget.

San Francisco, October, 1869. Evelyn M. Ludlum.

### An Arcadian Love Song.

A breeze is blowing among the hills,
When the quivering heat of September sun
Is sign that the summer is nearly done;
The leaves of the alder and locust turn
Their silvery sides to the soft wind-thrills,
Which sweep through the hollow clefts in the hills
Where the fires of the midsummer burn.

Ripe are the fruits on slopes to the South—
Berries as rich as the red of thy mouth,
Peaches as tinted as thy sweet cheek,
The grape's blue globes hid away as meek
As the blue of thine eyes beneath their lids.
Margaret! Margaret! when love bids,
Be not backward to answer, sweet!
Is my summer of life to be complete?

My Garden of Eden has no fair queen,
The fruit is falling from off the bough;
Margaret! Margaret! come with me now!
Come while the summer of life is green,
Come ere November's sere leaves intervene,
Come while the grape wears its royal bloom—
Queen of the vineyard, wilt thou come?

Standest thou silent, O maiden fair,
With the breeze from the hills in thy flowing hair?
Lo! I have waited for thy sweet sake,
And let the weeks and the months go by;
Hast thou no comfort that I may take
From the shaded glance of thine azure eye?
Nay, hold not thy flushing face in eclipse,
Nor turn from my touch those shy red lips.
Queen of my heart and queen of my home,
Margaret! Margaret! come, oh, come!

North Columbia, September, 1879. May N. Hawley.

### My Watch.

I'd a glorious time at the ball that night.
The hand of beauty was clasped in mine,
Her voice was low and her step was light,
And the blood in my veins throbbed strong as wine.
But the hours flew by, and the starlight waned,
Gray twilight came and the night was spent—
"Alas, that it is so brief!" I complained.
I looked at my watch—how it went, it went!

I lay in my lonely room one night,
The band of fever my temples pressed;
I waited and longed for the morning's light,
And closed my eyes, but I could not rest.
"Is night eternal?" I sighed to say,
And strove to number the rain that dropped—
I struck a match to forestall the day,
And looked at my watch—had it stopped, it stopped?

I roamed the streets on a summer day,
And quaffed in fancy the cooling beer;
In fancy only, I could not pay,
And scant the credit that's given here.
I paused where three gilded balls hung out,
Beneath them the legend of "money lent,"
A second I strove with a fearful doubt—
I looked at my watch—and it went, it went.

Three months slipped by ere I sought the place,
Fortune had smiled on me once or twice;
I gazed in my watch's familiar face,
And my waistcoat-pocket contained its price.
Shall I take it with me or let it be?
Experience said, "'Twill again be popped—
'Tis too expensive a friend for thee."
Where I looked at my watch—it stopped, it stopped.

New York, October, 1879. G. H. Jessop.

### The Suicide.

"It is life to die, they say," she said;
And on the roof beat down the wioter rain,
As knelt she by her lonesome, cheerless hearth,
And sobbed the words out in a cry of pain.

"Ah! welcome thrice if but that death would come
As sweeps the glacier from its Alpine height,
As falls the flashing storm-sent lightning-bolt
Resistless in its terror and its might.
But oh! to die by slowest slow decay,
To clothe a dying heart in life's warm breath,
When every day repeats a long eternity
And every hour is but another death!
Accursed fate! that left me here alone
With helpless hands to brave a world of woe;
In pity pardon me, I pray, O God!
The deed this dreary winter night will know."

The storm passed with the night, nor left a trace,
The morning sunshine came with glances sweet,
But only silence, and a white, cold face,
Was there the sun-beam's smiling glance to greet.

San Francisco, October, 1879. Madge Morris.

### Our Portions.

For me the last gleam of the magical spell
The twilight of summer around us which wove;
For me the remembrance of rapture that fell
On my lips with the kisses of love.

Pure slumbers for thee, with bright visions to shine
Round thy pillow, like waves on the calm summer sea;
Of the chalice of love all the nectar be thine—
The draught of the wormwood for me!

Marysville, October, 1879. Omnium Gat-

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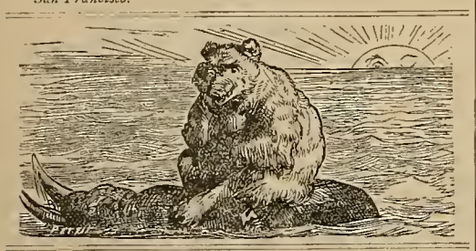

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.*

From an old political and personal friend in Shasta County, I received during the past week the following letter:

SHASTA, October 19, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am a constant reader of your paper. I am sometimes disappointed in this respect: I have always regarded you as a Republican of the radical or ultra type—the new word is "stalwart." Yet it seems to me you do not regard the killing of Dixon, the murder of the colored Postmaster, the atrocious persecutions of black men by white men, the disfranchisement of negroes, and the frauds against the ballot-box in the Southern States, with that indignation that would seem to become a Northern man, who has been through the bitter experience of Abolitionism, Republicanism, and Civil War. Your opposition to a third term, and as I now recall the fact of your opposition to General Grant's second candidacy, raises the question among your friends, whether you have dissevered your connection with the Republican party. You presided over our last Republican State Convention. You made the mistake of admitting Gorham to its councils, which offense, however, I am willing to condone, as since then you have assisted him out of the party, and out of the State. But would it not be better to have General Grant for President than anarchy and misrule? Would not the General be better than any Democrat? Would it not be a national calamity to allow the Democrats to obtain ascendancy in all the departments of government, when we consider the fact that the party would be ruled by Rebel Brigadier-Generals? I have always followed your lead. I voted for Greeley. I should like to continue. I consider the ARGONAUT my organ, and I consider myself a Republican; so be careful and not lead me astray. I like your American ideas, your fearless opposition to the sand-lot mob, your independence, and all that sort of thing; but go slow, my dear friend, and do not desert the grand old party. Remember old times!

Yours truly, etc.,

This letter revives the whole political history of my past life; recalls the incidents of nearly thirty active years, brings up in review recollections of earnest party conflicts, of campaigns well fought, defeats bravely met, and victories courageously won. With the writer of this letter I have "stumped" the mountains and the valleys, on dusty roads, on burning days, on mule-back, and in mud wagon. We have toiled to reach some distant mining camp to make Republican speeches for Fremont, Stanford, Lincoln, Low, and Lincoln again; for Grant and Greeley; for Gorham, Booth, Pacheco—everybody; that is, everybody that by hook or crook, honest labor or infamous device, could obtain a Republican nomination. Together we have toiled and talked, traveled and spent our money—always our own; never did a dime of party money touch our palms, and never sought a political nomination when an election was deemed possible; never held an office that was not an accident, or taken to do party service; never asked for patronage; never quarreled with a respectable man of the Republican party, nor stood in the way of his preferment or honor. So, my friend, through the ARGONAUT, is entitled to an outspoken and honest opinion.

The ARGONAUT is not now, and never was intended to be, an organ; it was not intended originally, and is not now intended, to be political in a very pronounced degree. It has opinions. It will continue to utter them. It is, if anything, Republican. It thinks the Republican party of the past was the party of patriotism, intelligence, moral ideas, property, decency, good intentions, and honest purpose. It thinks the Democratic party of the past was the party of treason, ignorance, corruption, misrule, negro slavery, barbarism, and foreign insolence. But power has to a degree demoralized the Republican party, and a long minority has to a degree chastened the Democracy, till now there is so little to choose between them that the ARGONAUT considers itself as attached to that great independent, non-partisan, non-political middle class of intelligent, respectable, conservative citizens, who delight in forming their own opinions, and following their own judgment, and holding the balance of power between these two partisan organizations. *In* the party we contend for honest work and honest nominations; so long as the Republican party does this thing, we are in it and for it. Where it fails to make a good nomination, we await the action of the Democracy; and if, for the time, its principles are sound, and its candidate or candidates better than the Republicans, then we are a Democrat, not a Democrat born and Democrat bred, but just a temporary Democrat for a purpose. The next Presidential election will call upon us to take sides. We shall be prepared to do so, for we do not propose to play the part of a dumb boy at the frolic. We know that politicians are now laying their wires, preparing to spring them in National Conventions. We know that there is a silent, cautious, and very low down game to nominate General Grant. We know that the nation is now filled with political tramps, treasury agents, fed from the treasury, in the interest of John Sherman for President. We know that the Ohio gubernatorial election was part of the programme, and that Foster and Ewing were pawns upon the Presidential chessboard. We know that the Robinson-Cornell contest in New York is a combat between Conkling and Tilden; that Tammany and Kelly are moving in the Presidential business. We believe all this bloody shirt and negro murder business at the South is a gross political exaggeration to fire the Northern heart to Republican support. The bottom of all this game is office, spoils, loot, and plunder. There are honorable positions to fill, and ambitious men want them; there is money to be gained, and mercenary men are after it; there is plunder to be had, and the thieves are going for it; there is bread, and butter, and beer, to be earned in the small places of office, and two or three hundred thousand people had rather hold office than starve. There are no very burning questions involved in this next Presidential election. Let the South alone, and it will adjust its own political, financial, economical, and social questions. Leave the negro alone, and he will take care of himself, raise cotton, buy land, vote, and be respected. Let the financial question alone, and the national prosperity will work it out to a favorable solution. Preserve the tradition of the nation, and let no man be nominated a third term. Let the candidacy come between two respectable statesmen, and let the canvass be one of intelligence and not of passion; of moderation and calmness, and not of local prejudice; and just so sure as God reigns, no harm can come to the Republic.

Our answer, therefore, to our Shasta friend is, that we are Republican; not in favor of a bloody shirt campaign; opposed to the nomination of General Grant; favoring any good Republican for President; thinking a good Democrat preferable to a bad Republican; desiring Washburne for a Republican candidate, and Bayard or Thurman for the Democracy; then trusting to God and common sense for a favorable result—always reserving to ourselves the privilege of following our own nose, and always bearing in mind that the readers of the ARGONAUT have noses of their own. We know that Mr. Conkling has sounded the key note of the Presidential campaign in his Brooklyn speech. "The safety "of this country," says this distinguished Republican, "depends upon the triumph of the Republican party." We do not believe it. The safety of this republic does not depend upon the election to the Presidential office of any one man, and the party does not live that can destroy the Government. We are not alarmed for the safety of the public credit, and we are not anxious lest the constitutional rights of negroes shall be imperiled at the South. We are more alarmed lest Southern claims should be stolen through Congress by dishonest members of both parties. We are more concerned lest national banks, and corporations, and rich men shall band together to oppress labor, embarrass industry, and increase the burdens of taxation. We are a little nervous over the operations of John Sherman's last syndicate, by means of which a band of foreign bankers made ten or twelve millions of dollars, in placing a hundred and fifty millions of bonds, and we look forward with some degree of apprehension to the next syndicate of foreign bankers that shall in 1881 handle seven hundred millions more of the national debt. The Republican party is handicapped for the next Presidential race. The politicians will make the candidate, and it now looks as though the same power—that is, the moneyed power of the nation—will make both candidates. If it be not Grant, it will be Sherman; if not Sherman, then Conkling, or Blaine, or Don Cameron, or some well groomed dark horse. If the Democrats do not nominate Tilden, it will be Hendricks, or Hancock, or some other subservient tool of the moneyed interest. The place we desire to occupy is with that great, intelligent, patriotic body of independent voters, who, powerless to manipulate conventions, or to direct or control the detail of party affairs, reserves to itself the privilege of doing as it pleases with its ballot, and casting it where it will do the most good. It is possible that there may be a third party. We await results.

We are disposed to think that politicians, as a rule, give more significance to State elections, and see in them a more important bearing upon a Presidential result, than they are justified by the history of State conflicts. We in California have passed through what we consider an important election. Our own and Eastern papers, our own and Eastern politicians, affect to see in it proof that the State will go Republican next year. The result, it is true, was the election of a Republican Governor, State ticket, and three members of Congress, and yet this election is, in our judgment, not even a straw to indicate which way the Presidential wind is likely to blow. Local questions dominated the whole canvass. The Democracy was divided, and the Republicans conquered. New and disturbing elements entered into the contest, and because the Republican party more than the Democratic party was trusted to preserve the existing landmarks of law, order, and property, it obtained a plurality of votes. The Republican election in Maine, the position of Butler in Massachusetts, the victory of Republicans in Ohio, and the attitude of parties in New York, are all controlled by local questions. In New York more than elsewhere the Presidential candidacy is an element in the State struggle. This is, after all, the natural condition of things, and it will be well for the country when the local interests of States control Presidential elections more than at present. To permit a Northern State election to be determined or affected by the question of negro franchise at the South is absurd. To allow an election for Governor in California to be influenced by the question of currency in Maine, or repudiation in Virginia, is equally absurd. The questions which affect us directly are the questions that ought to be considered. The burning national issues are, by the adroit manipulation of politicians, made to overshadow all our practical local questions. We enter our protest now, and in advance, against being dragged into a heated and passionate controversy over questions that do not really and practically concern us. We give notice now, and in advance, that California's interests will determine our position in the Presidential election. How the greenback question affects Maine we do not care; whether Tammany plunders the city of New York we do not care; whether the people of Massachusetts are or are not having a hard struggle to get bread does not concern us; whether barbarism or civilization rules in Mississippi, whether life is held sacred in Yazoo, or the yellow fever prevails at Memphis, whether negroes are or are not deprived of their political privileges at the South, or whether the Oneida Colony in New York is allowed to enjoy indiscriminate concubinage—all these questions are subservient to our own concerns. We are not indifferent to the prosperity and welfare of other parts of our country. We lament the presence of epidemics, barbarism, crime, poverty, and distress in all other communities, but when we go to the polls for the choice of a President, we go seeking one who will best serve us, and best promote the interests of our State.

The question of most importance to California to-day is the Chinese question. Hence if two candidates for the Presidential office are presented, and one is with us and the other against, as upon the proposition of restricting Chinese immigration, we shall support him who is for us. The maintenance of a line of Chinese steamers, the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty, the question of railroads, land, California wines, a Presidio park, and such matters as directly concern us, have a right to engage our attention to the exclusion of such topics as are likely to agitate the stalwarts and the brigadiers in Congress. We shall absolutely refuse to get angry when again the bloody shirt is flaunted in our face. We are determined in advance not to agitate ourselves over a bi-metallic controversy. We shall be resolute in our attitude of incredulity when the well authenticated stories of killing negro preachers and murdering black infants begin to be circulated. We hope to be permitted to vote for some Republican statesman of national reputation for President. We hope the contest will come between statesmen. We trust it may be an honorable and intellectual contest, conducted in dignity and moderation, and not a senseless "whoop up," nor a mad and angry party altercation. We shall be glad to have some higher and better issue than the mere loot and plunder of office to contend for.

The Pacific Coast—Oregon, California, and Nevada—has interests not in harmony with other parts of our extended empire. Our interests are not by any means identical with theirs. It would be surprising if these interests did not often come in conflict—our northern forests with those of Maine, our northern fisheries with the northeastern shore, our port of San Francisco with New York, our fruits with the South, our wines with those imported from France, our sugar plantations in the Sandwich Islands (ours because of the reciprocity treaty) with the sugar planters of Louisiana, our oriental trade with the Suez isthmus route, our wheat fields with those of the middle West, our mines of gold and silver with the lithographic printing bureau, our coast trade with Eastern ship yards. Our immigration, by reason of our vicinage to China, is peculiar. In our geographical position we are isolated. Our people are cosmopolitan. In our west Pacific States we have one million of people as against their forty millions who are within the same trade jurisdiction. We say our prayers looking to the West; the Mecca of their worship is to the East. Hence it is that we must be selfish; we must look out for ourselves; we must be mindful of our own bread and butter; we must look to our States, our people, our institutions, and our interests, as of more importance than all the theoretical questions that are involved in a Presidential political contest. We should be glad to have our Eastern politicians get into such an inextricable political muddle that they would be compelled to look across the Rocky Mountains for a candidate; we would be thankful for a Vice-Presidential sop. We are entitled to a member of the cabinet, so that we may have at least one Western shore man in the

councils of the country. California has been dreadfully snubbed in this respect, and, indeed, we are served right. The country has a right to estimate our intelligence by the kind of men we have sent to Washington; and such a continued series of idiots as we have commissioned to the Congress and Senate of the nation it would be difficult to parallel—here and there an exceptional gentlemen, a man of ability, but as a rule it has been an unbroken line of niocompoops, men of small heads and large feet, adventurous small politicians; bribery, intrigue, and accident have determined our Senators, while our members of Congress have been almost uniformly contemptible. We shall improve our representatives at Washington when we begin to give greater consideration to our local questions; when we begin to consider practically the choice of some talented, influential, and eloquent man as necessary to advance the interests of our coast, we shall be more cautious in our selection; this time is approaching. Our growing commerce, our varied agriculture, our mines, our manufactures, will soon demand a little more care on the part of our people in choosing men who may fitly represent those interests in the Senate and Congress of the United States.

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Our Baptist clergymen have been holding a sort of politico-religious love-feast over Brother Kalloch. They thank God "that he survives the assassin's blow, and congratulate themselves that he lives to again preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God." They assure us sinners that he has not abandoned the pulpit, but will carry on both pursuits—religion and politics—and that he has a versatility that will enable him to preach the gospel and rule the municipality successfully. "For ten years," they say, "Dr. Kalloch was a politician and a business man. For twenty years he has preached. And now, having gained the necessary experiences, he can do both at the same time." Well, perhaps he can. We do not remember that any of the Apostles or early fathers ever undertook to be Mayor of Jerusalem, or Nazareth, or Jericho, or any of the cities of Judea, or Cappadocia, or Mesopotamia. But the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light, and we have no doubt that the reverend Mayor in Christ will have no difficulty in so letting his light shine that it shall illuminate both the sand-lot and the Board of Supervisors. We admit to a prejudice against mixing religion and politics, preaching and stump speaking, the communion cup and the beer mug, prayers and primary elections; but if the religion of Christ can stand it, and the Baptist Church can keep itself unspotted from the world, and this modern John the Baptist can smooth the way for the second coming and at the same time run the politics of San Francisco, we are content. Only, when the Rev. Hugh Gallagher, or some other Catholic priest, shall run for a political office, and drag his priestly robes in the mire of the filthy pool, we shall hope our hard-shell Baptist divines will not complain that church and State are getting mixed. To us the course of the Rev. Dr. Kalloch seems a shameful prostitution of an honored calling. We have known a number of persons who have undertaken to run politics and the pulpit—preachers who have been candidates for office, who have been elected to office, who have been stump speakers—and we can recall no single case where the individual has preserved his reputation for sincerity and purity of Christian life. Perhaps we ought to except from this sweeping declaration certain distinguished divines who allowed their patriotism and love of country to impel them to public service and political action during the civil war. The duties of the politician, seeking office, and the Christian ministry are utterly and entirely at variance. The preacher who devotes his time to politics, who converts his pulpit into a political rostrum, is a humbug, a charlatan, a hypocrite, and a knave. He is endeavoring to play either Christ or the people. The two callings are incompatible; they never did, and never can, go together. The Rev. Dr. Kalloch, and his friends among the Baptist preachers, are bringing the ministry of Christ into contempt; they can not bring politics up to the standard of the pulpit, and they will lower the pulpit to the level of the sand-lot. This is not irreverently or unkindly written; it is uttered in soberness and in sincere respect to a religious persuasion that embraces among its professors—laymen and clergymen—pure-minded, sincere, and honest men. We tell them, with an emphasis equaling their own, and as the result of an observation as wide as their own, and with an intelligence that observes results, that the human mind is not so constituted that it will consent to accept the Rev. Dr. Kalloch as God's mouthpiece for Christian teaching on the Sabbath, and Mr. Kalloch as the mountebank of the sand-lot for political legerdemain during the week. This holy man of God can not take sinners by the one hand to lead them up, as little children, to God's holy altar, and by the other take a drunken Irishman by the scruff of the neck and lead him up to the polls to vote for him for an office that pays. The divine injunction that directs the Christian preacher to go out into the by-ways and hedges to compel sinners to come in and partake of the divine feast does not permit him to drop into gin-mills, beer gardens, and corner deadfalls, to do a little politics on his own account. The voice that is raised in solemn prayer to the eternal throne for men's salvation must be tuned to a purer and loftier strain than that which rouses the political rabble at Union Hall to throw up its greasy caps and split its brass-bound, copper-lined throat in acclamation of vulgar jokes or partisan appeals. The Rev. Dr. Kalloch can not serve God and Politics; he can not minister at the double altar; he can not on Sundays preach Christ and Him crucified, and on secular days run with the *sans-culotte* of the sand-lot.

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It has ever been a favorite theory of ours that Americans take the world too seriously; that life is with us too severe and grave a thing. We toil too much, and spin too much; we are too intent on business and money making; too absorbed in the stern occupations of life; give too little time to recreation and pleasure; do not have half as good a time as we ought to have. All work and no play is having its impress upon our national character. We are growing sordid, serious, becoming too matter-of-fact, and not having half so good a time as we ought to have. We are neglecting the sunshine and hunting the shadow; we are leaving the flowers to pluck the brambles; we are avoiding the pleasant paths to drag self-imposed burdens over the more rugged and difficult highways of toil. Life is but three score and ten, and it is the only thing of which we are absolutely certain. If we should wake up in the next world and find there was no next world, how disconsolate we should be to think we had thrown this one away in mortifying the flesh and trying to be good. How mean we shall feel if that bright hereafter shall fade away with our fading years; and when we come up to the brink of the mysterious land we shall look back to see all our honors, wealth, social distinction, our achievements and fame, turn to dreams unreal and impalpable. Shall we not then wish we had enjoyed the opportunity which God—the good God—had given us for rational enjoyment and for the indulgence of innocent pleasure? Pleasure, too, has its business aspect. Money expended in amusement and recreation is well expended. The great question of political economy, that is now beginning to overshadow all others, is not how to accumulate, but how to distribute wealth. The misers of the world are intent on concentrating wealth in the hands of a few; but the great multitude is more deeply interested in its distribution to the many. The sand-lot was illogical and brutal (as ignorance always is) when it built bonfires on Nob Hill, and shook its begrimed and dirty fist at the mansions of the rich. It forgot that every beautiful thing, from the polished granite of the doorways to the frescoed ceilings, spider-webbed laces, and pictured tapestries, represented so much work—work for which money had been expended: and that money was bread to the man who toiled with his chisel at the quarry, or the girl who, with delicate fingers, traced pictures in thread. The *Olympian*, a well-printed and interesting monthly journal, gives expression to the business thought which we quote: "We are just learning the lesson of pleasure. The word "used in its broad sense means all that relates to sports, re-"fined arts, and taste. Culture is the great distributor of "ready money. Music and the drama quicken home and "foreign exchange. Buildings and decorations are solid "wealth, standing to the credit of the estate. Dresses, cos-"tumes, and jewels count up millions of floating capital. "Racing means horses, stables, grooms, farmers, and me-"chanics, all actively enjoying the excitement of the turf. "Yachting calls into play the logger, carpenter, smith, the "painter, and an endless host who wait at the cushioned "couch of luxury. Rowing demands a host of paid mechan-"ical attendants. Bicycling keeps busy several thousand "skilled mechanics. The simplest games, base ball, cricket, "lacrosse, and many others, are constant distributers of "wealth. In the pleasures of the field, hunting and fishing, "there is a strong body of paid servants always employed. "Let but a moment's reflection be given to each of these "departments of sporting, and the candid man will find that "sporting is a key that opens every door of commerce. Fol-"low the chain, link by link, and every industry will show "how absolutely it hangs upon the pleasures of life." Eliminate from the worlds industries all but the essential, the real, the necessary, and the indispensable, and it would present but a dreary outlook. It would not be worth living in. It would be a relief to be reasonably damned in order to get release from its dreadful and sombre monotony.

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The conflict now going on in Belgium between its Government and the Roman Catholic clergy is interesting to Americans as indicating what the Romish Church would accomplish in this country if it could. What is good for Belgium would, in its opinion, be good for California. A place and hour is provided in the Belgian schools for religious instruction by the clergy to the children of their own denomination. The Church is not content with this privilege, but demands to have the appointment and dismissal of teachers, the inspection and control of the instruction, and the selection of school books. The bishop has directed the priests to refuse absolution to the teachers of the primary schools, and to both teachers and students in the normal schools. The last movement in this direction is to threaten every adult person connected with State education with eternal damnation. In France the same movement is going on. A republican government is compelled to fight its way through the graveyard of bigotry and over the dead body of clericism. The Church claims that it is the same in all ages and in all countries. *Semper eadem* is its proudest boast. Forewarned is forearmed. This desire of the Romish Church to interfere with our free common schools is very apparent. It is indicated in the fact that free parish schools are maintained, because, in the opinion of all priests and many parents, the soul of a Catholic child is imperiled by attending a non-sectarian free school.

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The entertainment by Mr. Charles Crocker in honor of General and Mrs. Grant, on Tuesday evening, was complete and elegant. His very spacious and beautiful house was more handsomely decorated than any private mansion we have ever seen. It was everything that great wealth and good taste could accomplish for the enjoyment of five hundred guests. The toilets of the ladies were exceptionably elegant, and so entirely beyond the descriptive power of any one, unless it might be the individual wearers, that one might well shrink from making the attempt of cataloguing the rich laces, velvets, and jewels that adorned the beautiful women, of whom our city of San Francisco has, we think, the right to be justly proud. On Wednesday morning, General and Mrs. Grant, under the escort of the Committee, took an early departure for Sacramento, where the General was again the subject of a brilliant ovation. A banquet given by Senator Booth, on Wednesday evening, was a brilliant and successful winding up of General Grant's visit to the capital. It seemed as though all Northern and Central California had gathered to do him honor. On Friday the party returned to San Francisco, General and Mrs. Grant becoming the evening guests of Mayor Bryant at his city residence, at a private banquet of ladies and gentlemen. This (Saturday) evening California rounds off its hospitalities to our distinguished guest by a civic banquet at the Palace Hotel, the General's party taking its departure at midnight by special train in order to have a daylight view of the scenery of the Sierras. And thus concludes a series of pageants, entertainments, excursions, and banquets, such as our Pacific States have never tendered to any public man, and such as could have been given to no other American or foreigner. The most agreeable feature of this month of generous rivalry of individuals, corporations, municipalities, and civic societies, is that it has been spontaneous and entirely devoid of party significance. It has been genuine, and it has been universal. General Grant has been made to feel that he holds a position in the hearts of the American people that has been accorded to none who has preceded him; and that in the probabilities he may hold this position with increasing strength so long as his life is spared. Most devoutly do we hope that neither the idol nor the altar may become a victim to the iconoclasm of the political and party fiend.

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"The blindest managers upon the Republican side have "certainly been those to whom the political fortunes of Elihu "B. Washburne are intrusted. An able man, of good repute, "stanchly Republican, luckily out of the way at Paris during "the grand debauch of the Grant administration, and yet "the admitted inventor of Grant, a 'watch-dog of the Treas-"ury,' extremely popular with the Germans, Washburne is "probably the strongest 'all-round' candidate the Republi-"cans could bring into the field. There would be very little "mud-throwing in a campaign, for instance, between Bayard "and Washburne." This is what the New York *World* says of Washburne, our candidate for President. We should be very glad, indeed, to have the contest come between two men so honest, capable, and patriotic as we believe Messrs. Washburne and Bayard to be.

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There is an explanation due from the Supreme Court of Oregon to the American bar for its decision in the case of James D. Walker and Henry Hewett *vs.* B. Goldsmith and wife and Joseph Teal and wife. We can not read the decision in this case without coming to the conclusion that fundamental principles of law have been violated, and that the plaintiffs have been robbed of their money. Oregon had better raise the amount involved by popular subscription and refund it than that such a wrong should go unredressed. We decline from making such comment as we fear is deserved in this case from a personal respect we have entertained for the court, and because this is the first time its integrity has, so far as we know, ever been called in question.

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Having met the Englishman in the gastronomical arena, and imposed upon his unwilling digestion American beef, the enterprise of the West is now *en route* for the palate of the Frenchman. An application was recently made to the United States Consulate in Paris by a citizen of the United States to inquire whether it would not be advantageous to export frogs from America, and thus compete in the sale of that succulent article with those who already supply the French markets. The result of the inquiry proved favorable to the operation, and the American frog now shrugs his shoulders in triumph over the coatings of the Parisian stomach.

## AN OLD LOG-BOOK.

"What is this, Doctor?"

"That? Oh, that is an old log-book. I call it 'the mystery,' for how or when it came here I never knew. One day when hunting in the corner book-case for a lost paper I came upon it, and that's all I know about it. Put it back there, Jim. Somebody may call for it some time."

"Jim" meant me; and curiosity had made me anxious to clear out the nooks and corners of the office which had been gradually filling up for the last twenty years. There were odd-looking boxes, piles of musty pamphlets, shelves filled with bottles over which the spiders had thrown mantles of cobweb, old gloves, a complete kit for fishing, with shot guns, rifles, etc., *ad infinitum;* a real fossiliferous deposit. After promising not to touch any papers or letter, with a mental reservation of "hardly ever," I was allowed to take out and dust and put back this mass of *débris* which the tide of years had stranded here.

I had worked with a will, for I was sure of finding something in the way of a treasure, and here it was—an old book containing the log written on the ship *Morea* in 1837.

"'Some one will call for it!' Why, man, if you are not utterly incapable of reason just stop and think when this log was written! January, 1837, dates the first entry. It was when Jackson was President, and long before the Mexican war. California was then a part of Mexico, and Santa Barbara was a small collection of adobe houses, with a wall and rude fort and a *commandante* presiding over it. Thousands of Indians lived in and around the old Mission, and bands of cattle were roaming over these hills and valleys. 'Some one come for it?' All the officers and crew of the ship *Morea* were denizens of the land of shades long ago. This book belongs to me by right of discovery, and I am sole owner of all the thrilling accounts of shipwreck at sea, and revels in far-off ports, that I may find within its pages."

As I glance hastily over it, I find that it is more like a journal than a log-book, and was kept by the Captain, while the latter is always written by the mate. It is rich in odors—salt water, gums, and spices from far-off isles, subdued and half stifled in later years by drugs and cigar smoke. There seems to have been no great difference between human nature then and now, for in the first entry we read how the discomfort of others rather added to the sense of security with which our Captain wrote, on the 13th of April, 1837, in New York harbor:

Heavy squalls, with hail and snow. A good fire in the cabin, and I make myself very comfortable, while I see the ships outside riding heavily!

*April 15.*—Made sail and proceeded to sea, in company with the barque *Gulnare*, and brig *Falconer*, of Boston.

*Havana, May 10.*—I went on shore last night with my friends, Capt. Hunt, of the ship *Vesper*, and Capt. Hoyt, of the barque *Oberlaim*, both of Newburyport. I might think it a dream were it not for this confounded headache—the Spanish masquerade with its soft music and ravishingly sweet voices! There I met the boy who has engaged passage for St. Petersburg, and who has just come on board. His features are singularly handsome, and he appears like a man, though the absence of beard gives him a youthful look. I wonder what he is going to Russia for? He is in some trouble, I'm sure, and I feel like saying, "Out with it, man; I'll stand by you!" I know that he is not a criminal fleeing from justice, else he could not have passage on the *Morea*. He is evidently Spanish, and, indeed, I hear him now humming away at a love song. Yes, I have quite picked up Spanish; but, though nearly all of my crew are Germans, I can never get hold of that language!

"Que amor es muy fuerte se dice."

Yes, that is a love song.

*Midnight, May 10.*—The shadows were chasing the fading rays of sunlight up the walls of El Moro as we passed out into the ocean, with its unfathomable depths stretching away and away. This is my watch, and I wish sister Jane could see the ocean of pale gold we are sailing through. The waves are lighted and covered by phosphorescent flashes, such as I have seen but once before in my twenty years at sea.

*May 16.*—Spoke the ship *St. Louis*, from New Orleans. It would seem as though two ships might keep in sight of each other for at least twenty-four hours, and thus make the voyage less solitary; but 'tis not sunset yet, and the *St. Louis* is already hull down.

*May 19.*—Two long days of storm and sleet, in which no sun has risen or set to our vision. At 12:30 carried away the jib-boom; hauled up the mainsail and single-reefed the topsail; a high sea running, and ship plunging bows under water.

*Later.*—The passenger, or Señor Felipe Mora, has won the hearts of all on board. His kindness throws a bright gleam upon our monotonous life. He is with the mate taking observations, then binding up the cabin-boy's hurt hand, and anon showing the doctor, as we term the cook, how to prepare some very delectable dishes, which we all relish. In the gloaming he comes to me for a good-night yarn, or, as he terms it, a "*fabulá de buenos noche.*" We talk on all subjects, except the purpose of his voyage; if I refer to that he becomes thoughtful and reserved, and soon walks away. I shall miss him sadly when he leaves us.

*May 20.*—The storm is a wild one; a blinding mist envelopes us; the waves are running mountain high, and yet they are held in the hollow of His hand. I have found very few skeptics among sailors. Señor Felipe is evidently in great distress, and yet I do not think he fears the storm.

*Later.*—The wind seems to have lulled while I have been listening to Señor Felipe. It is the old story, and old weather-beaten sea-dog as I am, the tears started their moorings in spite of me. He is in love with an American girl who has been living for a year in the city of Havana. Her family were opposed to the match, and when the yellow fever broke out, while Señor Felipe was watching over his parents who both died, they left the island, taking their daughter with them, and were now traveling in Europe. An envelope bearing the post-mark St. Petersburg, and containing the Russian word *veras*, and meaning faith, had come to him, and was the only clue to the whereabouts of the writer. He at once took passage for Russia, with the determination to find the girl if she is living.

*May 21.*—Blowing a complete hurricane. At 4 P. M. the foresail got adrift and went to pieces, and it is useless to try to send a man aloft. I can do nothing but watch the barometer and listen to that confounded fellow humming away at his love songs. The darkness is painful and oppressive, and my superstitious cabin-boy clings to me and crosses himself, and says: "Oh, Cap'n, we will never see the sun, or moon, or stars again!"

*May 22, 4 a. m.*—I have kept watch all night, and for the last hour Señor Felipe has been walking and standing with his arm in mine. Suddenly stopping and looking earnestly into my face, he said: "Such a night, such a night!" and without waiting for me to reply, continued: "Captain, Marie is dead, and her spirit has visited me. No, I am not insane; at midnight I saw her. I had been trying to light the wax taper that you have seen burning before the little shrine in my cabin; the image of the Virgin is in it. The ship pitched so that I gave up the attempt, and threw myself upon the couch. The wind roared through the rigging, but over it all, and through the piteous sobbing of the rain, I heard footfalls, softly but regularly coming toward me in the darkness, and looking up, I saw kneeling before the little shrine the form of her I am making this voyage to find. I was not asleep, not delirious; the taper I had failed to light burned steadily and brightly until she vanished from the cabin. The sense of perfect contentment that I had always felt when with her came over me for the first time since we had parted, and the discordant and frightful noise of winds and waters became measures of harmony and peace. She is dead, Captain, and though we may survive the storm, it is to her grave you are taking me. I saw the features of the woman I love as clearly as I ever saw the sun at noonday. I lay spellbound, while the lighted taper slowly went out, and the sound of footsteps grew fainter and fainter as the vision disappeared in darkness."

I tried ridicule, and said: "Cheer up, Señor Mora, the woman is alive and well, no doubt, and impatiently awaiting you over there in Russia, and the *Morea* has weathered storms before. No, no, man; the immortals sail on unseen waters, and though I am an old man I never hailed a craft from those shores yet."

"I know—yes—Captain; but the mist that divides us from them, is it so thick that mortal eyes may never pierce its gloom? All night there have been shadows by my side, and half-heard voices whispering in my ear."

I wish we were safely in port, for we seem to be having a voyage of mystery and terror. I am getting nervous myself, and really believe the albatross is an ill-omened bird. Of course, he saw no Mary! The wind has lulled again, and I'll turn in and try to sleep.

*May 22.*—William Long, seaman, was washed overboard. Gave orders to launch the boat, but before it could be done the passenger had jumped over to try and save him. Managed to launch the boat in spite of the heavy sea running. The crew all seemed inspired by Señor Mora's bravery, and not a man flinched; even the cabin-boy said, "Lemme go, Cap'n!" Threw a board over, which the Señor clung to until the boat picked him up. Stood the ship around, and were within twenty yards of poor Long when he went down. The boat with the passenger and crew marvelously escaped, and all were on board again in the short space of thirty minutes. I don't like to lose a man. I feel in a certain sense responsible for their safe return when I ship them; and Long has a mother living. I think I will not make another voyage. I don't need money, and I'll make room for some younger man. I'll give orders for the crew to drink to "wives and sweethearts," and I'll go to Señor Felipe.

*May 23.*—Shipping large quantities of water, which is flooding the cabin; almost every sea takes something away with it, and part of the bulwarks on both sides already gone; the watch are lashed to the mizzen rigging to keep from going overboard. The passenger mutters incoherently in his sleep, and often awakens and lights his taper, which is as often blown out by the wind.

*May 24.*—Squally, but moderating. The crew is busy securing things about the deck. Soon after daylight commenced rigging the main-yard; bent the fore and main canvas, and set them. The ship looks like somebody again. As so often happens after a storm, the night came on all akindle with glory. The western sky is piled full of crimson clouds, and gold ones, too. Señor Felipe has been sitting with me, entirely recovered from his tumble into the ocean. I could not help exclaiming, as he came on deck for the first time, "Confound you, man, hadn't we had trouble enough on this voyage, that you had to add your contribution to the general fund? No man could expect to be saved in such a sea as poor Long went overboard into!" His eyes lighted up into a half-smile, as he said: "Long wasn't consulted, Captain, or he might have chosen differently."

*May 27.*—Calm seas and light winds, and we are running seven knots an hour. Señor Felipe secludes himself more and more, and whenever I try to interest him in anything, answers only in monosyllables. At sundown could first discover a low-lying shore at the left.

*Sunday, June 25.*—Lat. 57° 43′ N.; lon. 7° 10′ E. One brig in company, which, being signaled, proved to be the *Palas*, of Newburyport. At 12 meridian, the Nase of Norway bore north. (Sweethearts and wives!)

*June 26.*—At 2 A. M., made the coast of Norway. It is a gray, dismal land. We are near enough to hear the monotonous wash of waves on the beach. I sweep the coast with the glass, and it seems a dull uniformity of sand and patches of grass, without trees or shrubs. The passenger is becoming very nervous, and looks up and says: "Oh, Captain, there can be no danger with such a sky as this! Never mind the risk of reef or rock. Let us get on! Let us get on!" The last words are more gulped out than spoken. The trouble that envelopes him, though to me it seems visionary, is great and real to him. At 6 P. M., the south end of Oland bore W.N.W., six miles distant.

*St. Petersburg, July 9.*—Sunday morning, gray in fog, like the ashes of the dead, and sad in rain, like the tears of the living. The Señor came back to his ship at an early hour, and went directly to his cabin, and has not been seen since. There was no need of words; for his face wore such a lost and hopeless look that even the crew, ignorant as they are of his personal history, raised their caps and stood in silence as he passed them. A great sorrow puts an expression in the face, which the years, however many, fail to obliterate.

*Evening.*—The boy has told me! Mary is dead, and died at the hour that Señor Felipe dreamed he saw her. (I call it a dream; may be not; there are many things we don't understand!) He has had an interview with the physician, who said: "I really think it was *maladie du pays*, for she was constantly talking of home. I've seen two similar cases before." Her grave is on the border of a small lake, among pines and birches, and a red cross has been put up at its head with her name and age painted on it. Her family left for America immediately after her death. The sails are flapping idly, and night is closing in gloomily, and the whole scene looks ghostly. I'll take a hot grog, and turn in.

*July 10.*—Went on shore and got three letters. Orders in one to return to Boston, and take a miscellaneous cargo to small ports in south of California, and take load of hides back. I don't like the voyage, and think I'll retire, and let Bartlett take command, as he has good stuff in him, and I would be glad to see him get on.

Somehow this Cuban with his sorrows has worried me not a little! I hoped he would find the girl alive and well, and then I would have made the *Morea* a Gretna Green for the happy pair. Alas! an old hulk like me had better have gone down! Heaven is kind they say, and orders all things for the best; and yet here is a pious young fellow, who hasn't an evil thought aboard, whose whole life is saddened by one of heaven's orders! Had a letter from sister Jane, urging me to give up the sea, and come and live with her in the old home. *Veremos!* My third letter is full of news: Michigan is admitted as a State; a panic in New York, the banks all suspended, and the whole country following suit with failure after failure. An unhealthy and uncertain state of affairs.

*July 11.*—Señor Felipe has said said good-bye and gone ashore. He says that he shall go to Paris and take up studies for the priesthood, as the world holds nothing more for him. I tried to persuade him to go with me and spend a year in the old home, with sister Jane and me. It wrings my heart to see him go. A brave young fellow! And I am an old man. No wife, no boys! Perhaps I have made a mistake in my life. Too late now. This has been a depressing voyage, and I don't like this country. Will get away as soon as possible. The ship will seem very lonely now.

*July 12.*—Squalls of rain. Made all sail and proceeded to sea. At 6 A. M. cleared at the guard-ship, at 8 A. M. Talburn Lighthouse, at 8:30 spoke the barque *Wallace*, Capt. Thaxter, bound up. Yes, I think I'll give up the ship to Bartlett, and go home and help Jane weed the garden and feed the chickens.

Here the log ended, and about fifty blank, discolored pages followed, and then the following entry:

*Santa Barbara, Cal., Jan., 1845.*—This is strange, and beats a story-book! I can hardly believe myself! Circumstances obliged me to take command of the *Morea* for another voyage, and led me to the very person who for eight years I have so desired to see. Here in this isolated place, away from all the world, I have found Señor Filipe—now the Padre M—. Now Jane will say it was "because I was obeying God and being a good Christian." I had promised her that I would always attend church when in port; and so I went up to the Mission, in the shadow of the hills, to say a prayer just as I would in the old pew at home. The priest came down from the altar, sprinkling the holy water along his way, and when a drop fell upon my heretic cheek I looked up, and met, in a look of mutual recognition, the eyes of Señor Felipe. He was older and stouter, and wore the gray gown and shaven head of the Franciscan friars. So changed from the gallant youth I took on board at Havana! He came to me later, as I lingered by the fountain.

The view I beheld from that point was more beautiful than my old eyes had ever seen elsewhere. The hills were green with grass, and dotted over with bright flowers; a clear blue sky bent over the little valley, which slopes down and meets the sea on the smooth, hard beach. It is a finer beach than old Salisbury, where Jane and I go in summer—for I like the sound of the waves even when I am a landsman.

But I was going to write down about the Señor, and I think I will write it in the same old journal that I kept on the *Morea* when he made the voyage with me. It isn't very much to write, only that the Señor—no, the Padre M.—still believes that he saw Mary on the night of the storm, and that she lighted the taper before the Virgin's shrine as an example for him to follow. "Milagro grande, Milagro grande!" he often exclaims; for here he speaks the Spanish, as all the people do. I find three or four Americans here—gentlemen.

The Padre M. looks well and seems contented and happy, but his eyes filled with tears when we sat talking in the cabin of the *Morea*.

"The cabin is changed, Capitan, but yet I see it as it looked that night. Right there she knelt when I opened my eyes; and to you, Capitan, I confess, in spite of the years since she left me, I miss her every moment of my life; and stronger than religious vows or the sense of duties I may never evade, is the love that flashed up in my young life, only to leave it in perpetual darkness."

We have had many long walks together, and I have found the country very beautiful and Padre M. a delightful companion. He has written the names of the unfamiliar flowers that I have pressed for Jane, and has shown me many strange places: some hot springs up in the mountains, with a strong smell of sulphur in the air around them, and, farther below the town, places where a dark, oily substance oozes from the ground and runs down the hills to the sea. If I were a younger man, I would hope to return here some day; for, besides the lovely place, the Padre has a strong hold on my old heart. How I should enjoy these mild, delightful winters! But then Jane and the graves of my family are in the old Bay State, and to-morrow the *Morea* will hoist her canvas for a five months' voyage to that far off home.

MRS. S. B. BRINKERHOFF.

SANTA BARBARA, October, 1879.

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A married man in a street car can see the look of pretty anxiety come over a pretty girl's face clear at the other end of the car the moment she begins to fumble for her porte-monnaie, and he darts forward to take her fare long before she is ready; but he can't see his wife down on her knees crawling around in the straw, feeling for the nickel she had dropped, until the driver wraps the lines around the brake and comes in to help her.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### Antony and Cleopatra.

In Ptolemy's halls no feast is spoke to-night;
  Imperial Antony has gone to Rome.
Unsummoned slaves, with listless, wandering sight,
  Gaze for the landmarks of their distant home.
Slow-wheeling rooks, with lazy winnowing flight,
  Seek the dark forest with the coming gloam,
While every look and outward sign attest
That Cleopatra's Egypt is at rest.

Not so the Queen; within her fearful heart
  Swift fleeting passions hold alternate sway,
Each throwing, with remorseless hand, a dart,
  Goading with cruel wounds their helpless prey,
Until, of her fine mould, the dullest part
  Becomes a piece of agonizing clay,
And her unquiet breast is all on fire
With love, with anguish, and with fierce desire.

Wild as the sea, the waves of each emotion
  Break on the trembling shores of her unrest,
Whence, swift receding to the fretful ocean,
  They rise again with a more maddening crest,
And rushing forward with increased devotion,
  They court destruction with a keener zest,
And die, confounded in a wasting strife,
Mingling the billows with the sands of life.

Love is her theme, a hero is her god,
  Her auditors the world and listening Time;
The wand she wields, like Aaron's magic rod,
  Swallows all others of each land and clime.
It makes the present and the future nod
  Obedience to its mystic law sublime;
It crowns disastrous Actium with glory,
And makes it famous in immortal story.

Listen, how to her maids the "wrangling Queen"
  Declares the merits of her absent love:
Scorning as base comparison between
  Him and great Julius, erst her earthly Jove.
How, with a womanish, bewitching spleen,
  She thrones her wondrous hero high above
All prodigies, proclaiming him her "man of men;"
How Rome to Egypt answers back again.

Dear Charmian, will the night again come on,
  And not return this king? O cruel night,
Can'st thou not breathless post quick Oberon,
  To tell him of his wretched Egypt's plight,
Or coax the lordly, swift departing sun
  To bear the message, in his circling flight?
Kind wenches, help me in my helplessness,
And take my blessing while I yet may bless.

"Did I love Cæsar so," "My salad days,"
  "By Isis, I will give the bloody teeth."
Companion not my lord and monarch's ways
  With this, for whom my love was but as Lethe
  To the flooded Nile. Oh, let me breathe!
Unlace me, gentle Charmian, or I die;
Quick! quick! oh, tell me, where is Antony?

Is he upon the land or on the sea!
  Or leads he forth his battling hosts to slaughter?
How proud the land, how proud the sea must be,
  Whichever bears him, be it land or water;
  For I declare, as I am Ptolemy's daughter,
I'd rather share the throne whereon he rides,
  And reign the mistress of that hero's breast,
Than know the joys of countless happy brides,
  That by their countless lovers are caressed,
  Or share Elysium with the perfect blest.

Sweet Iras, could I tell thee of the field
  Which this all-conquering hero here has won;
How, without sword or buckler, spear or shield,
  He rose upon me like the mastering sun,
Battling the clouds; what heaven it was to yield!
  How, when his warrior arms, so sweetly rude,
  Clasp me no more, comes killing solitude.

Then would thy young blood gallop through thy veins,
  Chasing the substance of each shadowy thought.
Delicious dreams should pay thee for thy pains,
  On beds of sweetest roses thoud'st be wrought
To the wild ecstacy of perfect bliss
And die upon a fancied lover's kiss.

But language is all vain for such a theme,
  Weak, poor, abortive, and these windy sighs
Must feebly speak remembrance of a gleam,
  Oh! my poor heart, from my enchanter's eyes
Which made my vacant past an idle dream,
  From which he snatched me, like a mighty prize,
Made me an empress in his heart alone,
And to the world proclaimed me to my throne.

"Broad-fronted Cæsar," in my "green cold days"
  I doted on thee with a girlish pride;
Thou wert a demi-god, and on thy ways
  Waited all nations, and the mighty tide
Of adulation, not my heart's desire,
Taught me submission, and made thee a sire.

And Pompey, too, would fix that steady gaze,
  Which awed the world, full on my golden brow,
Until he was bewildered in a maze
  Of sweet enchantment, which did aptly grow
His bonds, when forgetting place and power
He came, a willing captive, to my bower
To revel with a queen, whose witching charms
  Made conquest pause from taking kingdoms in;
And I, a willing victim in his arms,
  Did count it neither sacrifice nor sin
To know this Roman, who, with magic stamp
On the dull earth, could raise the brostling camp.

But Antony's the "burgonet man,"
  The "demi-Atlas," of the rounded world,
Love's master, monarch, and no mortal ken
  Before saw royalty wholly impearled
In excellence, for in the art of winning
This wonder is the end and the beginning.

O slow winged Hope, mount thou the gloomy clouds,
  Which, in his absence, hang upon my brow;
Exalt the winds and press them to the shrouds,
  Sweet Æolus, of his returning prow;
O dear Octavia, and great Commonwealth,
Deliver him from seeking me by stealth.

Proclaim, thou mighty scion of the great,*
  That Egypt's Antony's most royal spouse,
Made so by bonds more holy than the State
  Devised, to prop the fortunes of thy house;
For they came forth from out the flaming gate
  Of Paradise, love's offering, not from the carouse;
Oh, call them not the vain and vaporing words
Of Alexandria's wassail-loving lords.

Do this, and from the portals of my soul,
  Swifter than thought, shall fly my eager prayers,
That power be given thee, from pole to pole;
  That Heaven may bless thy royal couch with heirs;
  That thou delivered be from vexing cares;
Thy fortune peerless, and thy courage strong
To smite the wronger and to stay the wrong.

How silly 'tis to prate! Where is my lord?
  Are there no tireless messengers from Rome,
Bending beneath one single mighty word
  From the world's master? Love shall pierce the dome
  Of the great Capitol. O Antony, come, come!
Kingdoms shall fade, and like a scroll, the sky,
But our imperial love shall never die.

Hark! hearest thou not Jove's awful thunders roll?
  And seest thou not the reverent mountains nod?
My lord is speaking, heavenly powers control,
  If he deny me help me kiss the rod,
And then, O Isis, let me quickly die,
  Without one hope of immortality.

Throw me, abandoned, on the muddy banks
  Of the shrunk Nile, and let me there decay;
Let the rank flies suck my poor body's thanks,
  As they shall bear me mite by mite away,
  Destroying everything which made men say
She was a marvel. O sweet oblivion!
Leave not a trace of me beneath the sun!

But if he herald forth his swift return,
  I'll strew his homeward path with "Orient pearls;"
His prancing steed, as he the ground doth spurn,
  Shall glow with diamonds. Listen! listen, girls!
  He's coming to me; how my weak brain whirls!
Prepare a banquet, beggar all the land,
Let Alexandria, more than Rome, be grand.

Prone to her couch the royal princess falls.
  Her struggles ceasing with exhausted nature.
Unheeded are her frantic maiden's calls,
  Who strive to animate each fading feature,
For love, which her whole being now inthralls,
  Enmeshes, yet sets free, the varying creature.
She roams with Antony in fields Elysian,
And feasts her soul upon a heavenly vision.

Entranced, she hears her Roman lover speak
  Words which her greedy ears alone are heeding,
And though she deems her throbbing heart must break
  With joy, yet for more joy she keeps it pleading,
Praying from that wild dream to ne'er awake,
  But on delicious viands to be feeding,
While he from kingly glory turns aside,
And speaks her fair as his imperial bride.

I come, my Queen, though Romans call me hence,
  "Let the wide arch of the ranged empire fall;"
Not Fulvia's railing, nor Octavia's sense,
  Nor the young Cæsar's more imperious call,
Shall part me from thee, through their mixed pretense.
  Leap thou into my heart, attire and all,
And ride triumphant on its pulses, thence—
Of love hold thy high carnival.

Yes, let it be of love, and in thy joy
  Twine thou my heart-strings with thy golden hair;
Braid them in jesses for that hooded boy
  Whose power alone makes us a matchless pair;
And when you whistle him down the yielding air
  To play at fortune, fickle maid and coy,
Be sure, great Queen, be sure you check him fair
  And bring him back, before those sweets do cloy
  Which his true subjects only can enjoy.

—*Charles James.*

* Octavius Cæsar.

### Only an Insect.

On the crimson cloth of my study desk
A lustrous moth poised statuesque;
Of a waxen mould were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold its body was draped;
While its luminous wings were netted and veined
With silvery strings or golden grained,
Through whose filmy maze, in tremulous flight,
Danced quivering rays of the gladsome light.

On the desk hard by a taper burned,
Toward which the eye of the insect turned.
In its dim little mind a faint desire
Rose undefined for the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread each silken van,
Then away it sped for a moment's span,
And a vague delight lured on its course
With resistless might toward the central source;
And it followed the spell through an eddying maze
Till it staggered and fell in the scorching blaze.

Dazzled and stunned by the blinding pain,
One moment it swooned, then rose again;
And again the fire drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre in its awful arms.
And now it lies on the table here,
Before my eyes, shriveled and sere.

As I sit and muse on its fiery fate,
What themes abstruse might I meditate!
For if only I in my simple song
Could tell you the why of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore or of wisest sage.
And the pangs that thrilled through its tiny frame
As its senses were filled with the deadly flame
A riddle enclose that, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose no seer has read.
"But a moth;" you cry, "is a thing so small!"
Ah, yes; but why should it suffer at all?
Why should a sob for the vaguest smart
One moment throb through the tiniest heart?
Why in the whole wide universe
Should a single soul feel that primal curse?
Not all the throes of mightiest mind,
Or the heaviest woes of humankind,
Are of deeper weight in the riddle of things
Than that insect's fate with the mangled wings.

—*Grant Allen.*

### Love's Hypocrisy.

Her lips said "Go;" her shining eyes said "Stay."
  How tell which was her meaning, which her will?
How read the riddle of her yea and nay,
  And disentangle each, bewildered still?
Hearing a chilling tone, all hope expired;
  Seeing her glowing eyes, despair took heart;
One moment certain of the good desired;
  One moment turning, hopeless, to depart.
Then, as she stood, with half-averted face,
  From head to feet veiled from his ardent eyes,
Sudden she changed, and with triumphant grace
  Flung off the mantle of her soul's disguise!
Sweet hypocrite! how false was all her feigning,
Turning for flight, yet, while she turned, remaining!

—A. K.

## MARIE.

I have often thought that a field broad and rich lay in the unknown histories of the Pacific coast Indians, and that some struggling genius might achieve immortality by searching out and bringing to the surface the true story of many lives among this patient people. Many years ago it was a custom, quietly conducted, for certain lawless white men to go among the Eel River Indians and steal the children of the tribe, and carry them away to be sold for slaves among families in other parts of the State. I have seen the poor creatures, after they had been driven like beasts before their captors, with sore feet and sullen faces, sitting alone, apparently hopeless and apathetic. But who shall say that beneath that stolid exterior there was not a human heart hot and bitter from cruel wrongs endured? Two lustrums have passed since one of these raids resulted in the capture, among others, of a girl five or six years old. With the characteristics of her race she possessed no beauty to soften the hearts of beholders, but, as she promised a sturdy frame, she was readily disposed of to a lawyer, who in turn presented her to his wife to be trained as maid-of-all-work. She received the name of Marie, and soon became a neat and deft worker in all household ways. I can bear testimony to the immaculate neatness of her kitchen, and the snowy whiteness of the clothes that hung on wash-day from her line, and also to the quiet way in which all this labor was performed. I knew Marie for many years, and I never heard her speak but once or twice in all that time. Her face always wore the same look, and I have often wondered if she thought at all. She went to no place, saw no company, and year after year, with automatic precision, performed her tasks. What mattered it to her that the skies were ablaze with splendor, as the sun, whose rays warmed her people and her native valley, went down in the west! All about her the mountains rose, pine-crowned to the summit, a wall between her and home, but she never seemed to raise her eyes to the rocking tree tops, or hear the wind as it came down, sweet with the breath of flowers or sad with their death song. I have wondered if she had no memories, no stirring of the blood, no heart throbs, no yearnings; if she were content as she appeared, if she loved or hated her owners, or if, to the same, she were as she seemed. Sometimes she has raised her eyes to my face with a look I could not define, but it passed so quickly that I doubted if I had seen it at all.

As the years went by Marie grew to womanhood, but she developed to our eyes no new beauty, and no new awakening of the faculties and affections, and she stirred no new thoughts on our part concerning her. As the village where her owner lived enlarged it had the ambition to possess an Episcopal Church and a curate. The man sent to this place was a gentle, charitable character, who strove to make his people better, and worked faithfully among his charge, always giving them the light of a true life and earnest purpose to help them into better paths. This man had an Indian in his employ, whom he strove to enlighten. Pedro, like all his race, was not easily impressed, and if things touched the deep places of his nature no outward sign betrayed the workings within. It happened, if things ever happen in this world, that Pedro and Marie met, and though no one ever knew how, they soon developed into intimacy. This intimacy in time became love, and they planned to marry and pass through the world together. I do not know that they used other language than the English, and I suppose in this alien tongue they contrived to understand each other. I apprehend that the language of affection was not copious, but those dull faces and cold eyes must have developed new powers, and those two hearts have felt that bliss of being understood that civilized man arrogates solely to himself. Marie was so much a slave that she had no idea of leaving her mistress, or organizing a home of her own, without that mistress' consent It will never be known what mental struggles she passed through before she told her desires and asked permission to wed Pedro. No doubt, astonishment was the first feeling her story roused, but soon indignation appeared. Poor Marie! she was a good servant; she saved dainty hands from disagreeable tasks, and the loss of her meant many disagreeable things. She must not marry, and so she was told that she could not be given up. Not a muscle moved as she heard the decision, but she seemed to quietly submit, and went about her work as usual. If she suffered as her white sisters suffer it was never known, and if the little chamber in the attic she called her own was witness to her heart's anguish and renunciation it never told the story. The mistress rejoiced that Marie's nonsense had passed away, and she was in no danger of losing her efficient handmaiden.

The winter rain merged into April showers, the grass grew green and rank in the valleys, and on the hills the cattle lay in the sunshine. Then gradually the blossoms faded, and the yellow mantle of summer showed through the blue, quivering air. The grain fields swayed before the hot wind, and even the far-away pines seemed to droop. Everybody complained of the heat—everybody but Marie. She never complained or changed her monotonous round.

But one morning she did not come down to her tasks, and the mistress crept up the narrow stairway to ascertain why her repeated calls were not answered. The room was neat and orderly, and on the bed Marie lay—dead. Beside her was the knife with which she had taken her own life. She lay as if asleep, showing, even in death, no trace of the deep despair that must have nerved her for the awful deed. Some compunctious stirrings moved the hearts of those who had caused this bondwoman to seek a release from her woes; but the principal feeling was one of regret that a well-trained servant had slipped from their grasp forever. Marie was buried, an alien in strange ground, with no tears for her lost life and no prayers for her peace. God pity the soul that surely was touched with human infirmities and gifted with immortality. A broad board marks her sleeping place, with but one word painted quaintly upon it—*Marie.*

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1879. V. SAVELLI.

A poetical young fisherman, who has been summering along the Sound, contributes to an exchange the following brief but brilliant bit of verse, descriptive of his wanderings:

"Along Rhode Island sea girt shore
  I caught a cod the other day:
He never had been there before,
  And wished to cod he'd stayed away

San Francisco, October 23.

There is nothing left for it now but to dramatize *Foul Play* over again, and cast May Belle Sherman, or some other famous heel-and-toe-er, for the part of "Helen Rolleston." She is the only young woman of any note who figures in fiction as a walker, and she only because—as the "Rev. Mr. Hazel," her trainer, remarks—because she is trained. I can imagine the interesting "Helen" giving an exhibition walk around the lonely South Sea island, and delighting the gallery with an occasional "spurt." I can imagine such an exhibition resuscitating the drooping fate of a theatre, but I can not imagine good luck falling from any other unexpected quarter. Yet who can say? Fancy fifteen hundred amateurs going through all the heart-breaking annoyances of dress, and drill, and punctuality, and sighing—

"I wish that my voice could utter
The thoughts that arise in me,"

as they realize how different are the conception and the expression of an idea! They can never go through such an experience as this without taking a new interest in the art mimetic. They will take a new interest in the drama. They will haunt the theatres. Fifteen hundred people, with all their family branches, dips, spurs, angles, and ramifications, will help the theatres on immensely. Meanwhile more than a handful of people will be found at each of the two theatres which are yet left open, laughing away in many keys, from the shrill squeal in the gallery, to the comfortable chuckle in the orchestra, for *The Girls*, strange to say, has taken well, and it is always looked upon as rather in the light of a duty to go and laugh at John Owens. I wonder how people would put up with many of his—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—eccentricities from any other actor. Who has not seen Willie Sims puff, and blow, and make grimaces exactly like John Owens, and the audience with one accord stolidly refused to see that he was trying to be funny. Yet John Owens may hold the stage as long as he likes, may talk to himself for moments at a time, may puff, and blow, and compose dialogue, or monologue rather, as he goes, while the player with him waits in mute inaction for him to make a perfect fusillade of points, and it is all right. You know, as the serio-comic singer used to put it,

"So very much depends upon
The style in which 'tis done."

John Owens is simply, purely, and exuberantly funny, but he is not versatile, for there is more than a change of coat and wig in versatility. It is related that "Achille Talma Dufard" has been played with such pathetic humor as to bring tears to the eyes. John Owens plays "Caleb Plummer" in this wise, but the present engagement he has played as a farce actor exclusively. Perhaps in this immediate instance he was wise. It would require rather more pathos than any average actor keeps in stock to have stirred up any very large assortment of emotion over his fond, foolish pride for his daughter as represented in the person of Miss Lizzie Harold. The undisturbed serenity with which that young person walks through a part is a sight to see. Her face is as unmoved as a painted cloud. The only perceptible change ever observed was in the case of her bangs. For example, in last week's bill she wore a dark brown bang in the first act, and a light golden bang in the second. She emits her text with the mechanical precision of a pump, and without the variation of a semi-tone. Yet she has a round, full, agreeable voice, and a pleasantly distinct way of speaking, if she would but give us a bit of inflection now and then. The newspapers inform us from time to time that she is homesick, and a New York paper wondered the other day that San Francisco was not pleased with this blithe and brisk *soubrette*. New York should have seen her in *Married Life*. You who were there will remember the utter placidity with which she entertained the suspicion of her husband's having committed murder or bigamy or something atrocious; how, at the proper moment, she came forward and executed a most self-possessed scream, tossed the letter to some one, and calmly retired behind her fan to engage in smiling conversation with her next neighbor, while John Owens, or "Mr. Henry Dove," in the foreground, struggled with the fateful missive. The "Lady Dumbello" herself, the only one of all Trollope's womankind who is not cut upon the regulation pattern, was not less animated than the "blithe and brisk" *soubrette*. It is Miss Harold's own fault that she has not found more favor, for she has certainly taken no pains to please. *On dit* that she is at her best in burlesque. Perhaps, then, we shall have a chance to see her at her best if she join the Colville Folly Company, as is expected. It is possible that in that case she may elect to give us a taste of her quality before she goes. The Folly Company—there is something in a name, for all the world is turned to folly just now. They are laughing at *Our Girls* up the street, and at John Owens down the street, and are ready to laugh at the Folly Company across the street, where they are furbishing up the theatre, not to look

"Amaist as weel as new,"

but a great deal better. What a group of pretty theatres we have! Baldwin's is the very embodiment of luxury so far as looks and stage boxes go. The Standard is bright, cosy, and clean, and just the size not to look lonesome when the house is not half full. The California is the most pleasant of all, and the only house where an old theatre-goer has the comfortable home feeling, while its ample stage is the only one hallowed by association. What quantities of crystal, and plush, and paint, and illumination, and fresco, and general upholstery go to beautify them all! And Sarah Siddons was once delighted to play in the great room of The King's Head, and all the other Kembles were content, in the early times, to play in the court-yard of the village inns. *A propos*, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who inherits her great ancestress' nose if not her tragic power, is coming to make a farewell tour of America. And Neilson has commenced her farewell, and then we have no more tragediennes left. And we have but two tragedians, and England has but two, for Daniel Bandman is a foreigner, and be as reverent as you may, continental tragedy is always just a little bit funny. We shall all be laughing mad presently, and will need a good solemn tragedy to balance our emotions, for farce and comedy are composed of but gossamer material, and nothing so soon wears threadbare as a joke. Ah! I had forgotten Mary Anderson. When we shall have recovered from this laughing hysteria, this young lady will have begun to know something of the art of acting, which it seems, outside of France, is only to be learned in the school of experience, no other academy having been established. Perhaps, when this happy era has come about once again, we shall have the old-time audiences. To revert to Sarah Siddons again. She said on the first night of her successful London engagement: "The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined, as it were, with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may be imagined." It is not often nowadays that one sees the house lined with human intellect. The old-time vivid interest in the play has passed away. The theatre is sought only as a relaxation from care. A riot over the merits of two rival actors would be a thing impossible. London itself would not now maintain the rivalry between Garrick and Barry, between Edmund Kean and Charles Young. It makes enough fuss over supporting Henry Irving, and he knows better than to tempt the indifference of America. In point of fact, we are all getting back to the halcyon days of the *Beggars' Opera*, and possibly will go again through all the stages of dramatic progress which lie between then and now. The human intellect will come again. "*Dum spiro, spero.*"

Betsy B.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

The second so-called "High Art Concert" (I can imagine nothing in worse taste than such a pretentious mode of designating what is really a musical evening on a modest scale) was given by Madame Zeiss-Dennis and Messrs. Mansfeldt and Goffrie, on last Tuesday evening, and brought as its opening number an exceedingly smooth and enjoyable performance of Beethoven's *Sonata* in D for violin and pianoforte. Especially the second movement, a Theme with variations, was very gracefully rendered by both Pianist and Violinist. The remaining instrumental numbers were a pianoforte *Sonata* of Mozart (the one in A with the Turkish march), which did not suit Mr. Mansfeldt in the least—he has neither style nor touch for Mozart; the *Legende* of Wieniawski, in which Mr. Goffrie played better than ever I heard him before, and made quite an impression; a *Grand Valse di Bravura* of Liszt, for four hands, a hideously ugly composition, which was played with a full appreciation and bringing out of its overwhelming ugliness; and the *Berceuse* and A flat *Valse* of Chopin, in the former of which Mr. Mansfeldt did some very nice work, which he proceeded to immediately follow by a simply ridiculous version of a *Valse* which is, to any competent pianist, such plain sailing that one fails to comprehend how a player with any knowledge of the composer or a spark of musical feeling in him could treat it so absurdly. Mr. Mansfeldt has certainly one quality that must make his playing attractive to at least a part of his audiences; he is full of surprises. One never knows what to expect of him, nor do I imagine that he himself knows quite what he is going to do when he seats himself at the instrument. He seems to have no method whatever in his reading of the various composers, and at times treats Mozart as though he were the most *Chopinesque* Chopin, and Chopin as though he were a study of how to misapply the *rubato*. He is full of surprises, but the surprises are not always agreeable ones. Mme. Dennis gave a very dramatic rendering of Mehul's really grand *Aria* from "Ariodant" (No. 7 of Mme. Viardot's *Ecole Classique du Chant*), and created a positive *furore* with Adam's *Cantique de Noel*, which, indeed, she sang superbly. The *Canzone*, from "Figaro," suited her less well.

The points of interest in the last Herold matinée were the début of Mr. Edgar Coursen—*Ballade and Polonaise* of Vieuxtemps—and a new composition, a *Song without Words*, for orchestra, by George Koppitz. Of Mr. Coursen it may be said that he appears to be a modest and nice-appearing youth, who has evidently studied his instrument faithfully, and under careful guidance; but who, for the present, at least, shows no especial aptitude for it. He plays pretty well in time, and with a reasonably free bow arm, but without style, tone, or *verve*. He did not seem to be nervous over his work, and did his bit of *staccato* quite nicely; altogether such a performance as one hears from plenty of pupils at Conservatory examinations, and forgets immediately after. Mr. Koppitz's "song" is not really a song at all, but rather a dramatic episode or "characterstück," in which a flowing melodius theme is worked up with considerable power and a certain breadth of treatment rather suggestive of symphonic aspirations. Form, handling, and instrumentation are alike excellent throughout this piece, and suggest the steady and experienced hand of a musician of great routine. I hope Mr. Herold will give us another opportunity to hear it.

O. W.

## ARCHERY NOTES.

The latest reports from the Eastern archers show an improvement so marked in the shooting of all the clubs, that our California bowmen have dropped, for the present at least, any idea of challenging any of the crack clubs to a contest at the target. Those doughty men consider four hundred points and over quite a small achievement, and few of our people can average three hundred and fifty at the American round. It is no use bragging, we have not yet come within miles of the Eastern standard, and although the *Chronicle* archery sharp, whose ignorance of the ordinary rudiments of the game of archery is unapproachable, upholds the California clubs, it will take a year or two before this State can stand the ghost of a show in a competition with the Thompsons and their best men. The *Chronicle* man makes the curious mistake of quoting the scores of a team of five of the Pacific Archery Club at the recent State Fair against a team of four of the Eastern archers, and then pointing triumphantly to the result.

Will Thompson has been writing in favor of the heavy arrow, backing the 5-oz. shaft against lighter arrows for accuracy of flight. This seems correct, for several Oakland archers who have adopted heavy arrows have improved their shooting to a remarkable extent.

The Bow Club has challenged the Pacific Archery Club to a contest at the American round, double or single, four or five men in a team, to be shot Saturday, November 8th. It is more than probable that the Pacific Archery Club will accept the challenge, but will demand that the match be shot on the range of the latter club at Gates' Garden.

The Pacific Archery Club will begin shooting next Saturday for places in the first team. After the match the Pacifics contemplate challenging the Bow Club to a trial at the York round—60, 80, and 100 yards. The Pacifics are strong at long ranges, two of the members having made the best eighty-yard records on this coast. The ladies of the Pacific Archery Club are also desirious of challenging the Oakland ladies at the double Columbia round.

Captain Henry Darneal, the author of a long archery poem in last Saturday's *Bulletin*, the "Beautiful Snow," and other well known compositions, shot the tail feather from a cock quail on Mr. Holliday's grounds last week. This is the first instance in bird-hitting with the arrow wherein the archer retained the feathers to prove his veracity.

Editor Maxwell, of the Pacifics, publishes an interesting editorial in this month's "Lecture Room" on the long bow. Mr. Maxwell completely flattens out the five-cent-piece fables, where the Indians' prowess at knocking these coins off sticks with the arrow is quoted, and upholds the supremacy of the modern archer.

The Merry Foresters have added some fine shots to their ranks, and will make the archery clubs of the State look sharp for their laurels next season.

Some archers who find that they fall below their average for a few weeks or so, get discouraged, and feel inclined to abandon archery as a sport to which they are unfitted. This is a great mistake. The archer should rattle away persistently at the target, and then before long he is sure to discover wherein the fault of this bad shooting lies, correct it, and make a fresh start with a skill and unvarying accuracy that he never before hoped to attain.

Among the new archers are Dr. Davis, of Oakland, and Mr. Townsend, of San Francisco. Both of these gentlemen promise to make good shots by next season. Mr. Brown, of Wells, Fargo & Co., and Mr. Cadman, of the Pacific Bank, are enrolled in the Pacifics. Mr. Brown's score at the fifty-yard range at Adams' Point, some days ago, exceeded the shooting of many of the more experienced archers.

On Thanksgiving day there will be a chicken and a turkey shoot for the archers, at Joe Dieve's, on the San Leandro road, and at Adams' Point. The birds will be placed on the ground, thirty yards from the shooter, a certain rate set on each shot, and the man who hits the mark fairly with his arrow carries off the chicken.

The Authors' Carnival that was inaugurated so auspiciously last Thursday evening promises to be successful, financially and artistically, as soon as the booths are in full rehearsal and complete running order. The interest in the Carnival permeates all branches of society, and aside from its charitable object, as an educator and reminder of history and literature this artistic exhibition is invaluable. The attendance on the opening night was something immense, and the prospects for next week's business are of the best.

During the cyclone which some years ago swept over Jasper County, Georgia, a planter's house, barns, stables, mules, and cattle were whisked away and into pieces and turned upside down, and when the wind had died away he sent his old servant Joe out to survey the result. Joe went a mile or two in each direction and found that the county had been actually devastated, so he came back and reported: "Ole marster, de only consolation I can give you is dat it 'pears to be a very general thing, sah!"

This afternoon at the San Francisco Yacht Club house at Saucelito the Emelie Melville *Pinafore* Company will present the operetta on the water, using the deck of the yacht *Viva* as a stage. It will be an interesting and novel performance. A special boat leaves for Saucelito at 12:15 P. M.

Hermann, the enterprising hatter, has issued an elegantly printed and illustrated catalogue of the styles in head-wear for the fall and winter months. This trade circular is a credit to its publisher, and the source of valuable information and reference to dealers in making up their fall and winter stock.

Bradley & Rulofson have published large imperials and cabinets of General Grant in their usual artistic style and finish, and those desiring the portrait of our distinguished guest and the nation's most famous citizen can secure prints from the negative at the gallery of all celebrities.

Professor Wilder says, "If you are choked, get down on all fours and cough." Oh, yes, Professor Wilder, that is all well enough; but suppose you have only just stolen a horse, and you are being choked by a party of Texas regulators?

Sterling Silverware.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Old Echoes.

You wonder that my tears should flow
In listening to that simple strain;
That those unskillful sounds should fill
My soul with joy and pain—
How can you tell what thoughts it stirs
Within my heart again?

You wonder why that common phrase,
So all unmeaning to your ear,
Should stay me in my merriest mood,
And thrill my soul to hear—
How can you tell what ancient charm
Has made me hold it dear?

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise.
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise—
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?

Oh, these are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain
Wings that can bear me back to Times
Which can not come again;
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!

### After the Rain.

I heard a song on the moorland brown,
When the days grew fair and long;
Methought no voice in the noisy town
Could sing so sweet a song;
It was but a herd-boy, all alone—
Alone on the showery plain—
Who sang, with a silver trumpet tone,
"The sunshine follows the rain."

My thoughts turn back to that April day
As I pace the city street;
But the brown, brown moor lies far away
From the tread of weary feet;
Yet ever the song rings clear and loud,
Over and over again,
Above the din of the restless cloud,
"The sunshine follows the rain."

God knows it is hard to fret and strive,
For the gold that soon is spent;
It seems sometimes that the sinners thrive,
While saints are less content!
But He knows, too, that the clouds will part,
And the hidden path grow plain;
His angels sing to the doubting heart,
"The sunshine follows the rain."

### Portent.

I muse and read, from day to day,
Of human thought's far-widening sway;
Its gradual exodus I note
From shadowy periods remote.
I see false faiths in ruin lie,
Whose thronging towers once cleft the sky.
I mark, amid the past's renown,
Colossal bigotries flung down.
And yet from history's feeblest youth
I watch in joy how deathless Truth
Has striven to make, with stoic breast,
Her immortality manifest.
And now, since they that love her strive
To strip the last barbaric gyve
Off limbs that such rude furrows mar—
A century's pain in every scar—
At length from her glad lips may fall
Some holy oracle to appall;
Some priceless utterance that shall cause
A world to tremble with applause?
Moments are mine when heaven's blue scope
Seems throbing with mysterious hope,
And earth's great circuit seems no less
Thrilled by miraculous presages!
I seem to hear, on each new breeze,
Vague, yet stupendous prophecies.
Deep awe possesses me. I feel
Staunch reason impotently reel.
Where science flies, with robes that shine,
Afar on embassies divine,
Dare we to dream her foot will press
Eternity's unknowableness?
Dare we to dream her hand will lay
Baffling finalities bare as day,
And bring, for all dark doubts that brood,
Some lovely and mighty certitude.
Ah, who shall say? The immense age waits;
Veiled are the faces of the Fates;
While all things bode, in dread portent,
Some luminous and sublime event!

—*Edgar Fawcet.*

### The Husking Bee.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
He has a tail like a scimitar's edge,
A marshal's plume on his Afghan neck,
An Admiral's stride on his quarter deck;
He rules the roost and walks the bay
With a dreadful cool and a Turkish way.
Two broadsides fires with his rapid wings
This sultan proud, of a line of kings—
One guttural laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five lusty syllables rouse the morn—
The Saxon lambs in their woolen tabs
Are playing school with the a, b, abs;
A, e! i, o? All the cattle spell
Till they make the blatant vowels tell;
And a half-laugh whinny fill the stalls
When down in the rack the clover falls.
A dove is waltzing around his mate,
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate,
And showing off with a wooing note
The satin shine of his golden throat—
It is Ovid's "Art of Love" retold
In a binding fine of blue and gold!
Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The noble Helens of humble Troys—
As they stripped husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold
By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls;
And the gleam that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;
By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells or as blue as skies.
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,
The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cups that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"
The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875.
SIRS:—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what doctors failed to do. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

A pile of new and interesting books, from Billings, Harbourne & Co., stands upon our desk, reproaching us for neglecting to notice them, their publishers, and the enterprising book firm that compliments us by their gift. *Is Life Worth the Living*, by Miss Mulbach; *The Value of Life*, by some unknown author, in reply; *From Attic to Cellar*, by Mrs. Oakey; *Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States*, by Charles Godfrey Leland; *Chequer Work*, by T. G. Appleton; *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag*, by Louisa M. Alcott; and *Eyebright*, a story, by Susan Coolidge. All of them from the publishing houses of Roberts Brothers, Boston, and G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

We are in hopes that certain new machinery, now in process of procurement, and a proposed enlargement of our paper by increasing the number of its pages, will give us the opportunity to review books—to review them by something more than a brief notice of the names of the author, publisher, and dealer who sells them. Then we shall hope to return some of the favors that we are under to our book houses, and to none more than to that of Billings, Harbourne & Co.

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BY JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, OF N. Y. HERALD. This work is from Mr. Young's own pen, revised by General Grant himself, and is the *only authentic* account of his travels. It contains a fuller and more interesting description of the places visited than was reported in the *Herald*, and gives brilliant pictures of what has never before been given to the world. It is like a new "Arabian Nights."

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The net proceeds divided equally among the following Benevolent Institutions:

*Young Women's Christian Association, Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, S. F. Female Hospital, Infants' Shelter, Old Ladies' Home, Pacific Dispensary.*

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*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of November, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

---

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Oct. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 48) of two dollars per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, October 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

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And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

**PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE,**

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**CAUTION!**

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*ARTISTIC ARTICLES FOR HOME* Decoration or Personal Use. New designs in Mantel and Table Drapes. Art Needle-work, as developed by the English School. FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TABLES, SCREENS, etc. Paintings and Etchings upon China, Silk, and Wood, etc. DECORATIVE ART ROOMS.

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HILLSIDE HOME.

*A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG* Ladies. Parents desiring a New England home for their daughters, where, free from the excitements of a large school, they may still receive thorough instruction in the English branches, in the Languages, and in Music, are invited to correspond with MISS ADELE BREWER, Stockbridge, Mass.

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MME. B. ZEITSKA'S

**FRENCH, GERMAN & ENGLISH**

INSTITUTE

*FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHIL-*dren, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term OCTOBER 3, 1879.

MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

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*FRENCH AND SPANISH PERSON-*ally taught by PROF. DE FILIPPE, by his easy method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons.

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ETCHINGS AND

RARE ENGRAVINGS.

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM No. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection, either as visitors or purchasers.

Readers of Hamerton will find some of the Etchings reviewed in his "Etchings and Etchers," in present collection. Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

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JOE POHEIM

*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.

Suits to order from.....$20
Pants to order from..... 5
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☞ The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is, at

JOE POHEIM

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*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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**$25 to $5000** Judiciously invested in Wall St. lays the foundation for fortunes every week, and pays immense profits by the New Capitalization System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 28 Broad St., N. Y.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angoles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | | 7.00 | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | | P. M. | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | | 3.00 | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.36 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.36 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

# NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, rom Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ AT PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The trains of the Santa Cruz R. R. and the M & S. V. R. R., which have been connecting with this train on Saturdays at Pajaro and Salinas respectively, have been withdrawn for the season. Those intending to visit Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, or Monterey will take the train leaving San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. (daily).

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose... .....$1 00

On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excursoo Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $1 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wrigbt's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | October | 25 |
| February | 28 | January | 17 |
| | | April | 10 |

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For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passeoger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO....October 4, December 27, March 20.
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FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 19th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

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Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

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GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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## LEE D. CRAIG,

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AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

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THE LIGHTEST RUNNING LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE IN THE MARKET.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

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*ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN* Boarding and Day School for young ladies, and Kindergarten for children, 848 and 850 Van Ness Avenue. The next term commences Friday, October 10th.

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# The Argonaut.

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## SEEKING THE SPOILS.

**Deacon Gardiner Conducts a Political Canvass in a Democratic Camp.**

BY E. H. CLOUGH.

The fall election was at hand, and Fiddletown was in a *furore* of excitement. The county conventions had made their nominations, and the candidates were in the field. That stanch bulwark of Democracy, the Fiddletown *Palladium of Liberty*, fairly teemed with scorching invective, convincing argument, and sound logic, all written to show that the Democratic nominees were the only honest candidates before the people, and that the choice of the Republican Convention were incipient thieves, low-lived blackguards, and contemptible creatures, from Col. Clancey, the nominee for Sheriff, down to Tom Hickey, the aspirant for the office of Town Constable. On the other hand, the Calaveras *Bugle of Freedom* fairly scintillated with sarcasm and satire, and thundered from every column against the Democracy generally and the Democratic candidates of Calaveras particularly. The *Palladium* considered Col. Clancey an uncondemned horse thief of the deepest dye, and the *Bugle* intimated that it had pigeon-holed proof that Major Michael McCarthy, the Democratic nominee, had fled from Cork to escape the consequences of strangling a maiden aunt to obtain possession of an estate in Kerry—he being next in the line of descent and chief heir to the property. The *Palladium* accused Simon Doolittle, the Republican candidate for County Clerk, of forging his mother's name to a bank check and robbing the old lady of all her husband had left after his death, to support her in her old age. This forgery, the *Palladium* averred, had resulted in the old lady's death by starvation, her demise being hastened by the mental agony occasioned by the thought that her son—the pride of her heart—had committed the hideous crime. The awful deed had been perpetrated thirty-seven years before in the town of Waterford, Connecticut, and the *Palladium*, in its fearless battle for truth, justice, and the success of the Democratic ticket, did not hesitate to publish the indictment of the grand jury against Doolittle, who only escaped his just deserts by a timely flight to that famous place of refuge for criminals of every dye and degree—Texas. The *Bugle* was not less fierce in its denunciation of Doolittle's opponent, Cicero Jehu, the principal charges being to the effect that he was a polygamist. He had, according to the *Bugle's* veracious allegations, been married seven times to poor deluded females, all of whom were starving with children at the breast in various parts of the world.

"We might excuse Mr. Cicero Jehu (Jupiter Olympus, what a name!)" the editor of the *Bugle* remarked, in one of his pungently sarcastic paragraphs, "if the old Turk was even a Jack Mormon. But he pretends to detest the polygamous doctrines of Saint Brigham, and herein he displays his hypocritical deviltry and his mealy-mouthed buffoonery." A plethora of words conveying a paucity of ideas was a distinguishing trait of the *Bugle* editor's journalism. The contest for the office of District Attorney lay between Tobias Gardiner and Charlie Harold, whom the *Bugle* designated as a young scapegrace of the most pronounced type, a budding lawyer of the most unscrupulous character, a pettifogger, a shyster, a fledgling, a copperhead, a drunken sot, a swindler, a man with a dozen *aliases*, who did not dare to publicly proclaim why he left Kentucky, and who feared the vengeance of outraged justice too much to return to that State of his free will; it was the opinion of the *Bugle* editor, however, that Charles Harold, *alias* Faro Charlie, *alias* Mortimer Jenks, *alias* the rest of the list, would return to the land of Bourbon and blue grass very shortly—in company with an officer of the law. This wholesale denunciation of the Democratic candidate was offset by the *Palladium* in its scathing review of the iniquities of Tobias Gardiner, better known as "Old Velvet." A pillar of the church, holding the high and holy office of a Baptist deacon, he thought no more of snatching the crust from between the teeth of an orphan than he did of sending wealthy widows to the poor house, having first taken the precaution to enrich his own coffers with the wealth of the bereaved ladies. That he was a canting hypocrite, whose god was a golden bullock, a sniveling pharisee who thanked Mammon that he was not as other men (other men thanking their several deities that they were not as Tobias Gardiner), a miserly old ape who gave his family lard for their bread, roasted oats for coffee, and whose amiable wife and daughter had not tasted a cup of genuine tea—except, perhaps, at the table of a sympathizing neighbor—were facts too well known to the community at large to require elaboration. As for Harold, the *Palladium* was willing to pledge its honor, as a fair and candid journal, on his integrity and high-souled honesty. He was one of the most brilliant young lawyers in the State, an embryo Prentiss, a chrysalitic Choate. His past life had been as pure as a maiden's blush, and his name as unsullied as the driven snow that sparkles on the towering peaks of the everlasting granite of the grand old Sierra. Age had not impaired the poetical vigor of genial Bob Hawkins, or Sangaree Bob as he was more generally known; and he was noted throughout the county, from Sheep Ranch to Deadman's Gulch, as a man who could grapple with the sublime and conquer it as easily as he could weave the cobwebs of fancy around the dead flies of gross materiality. This will account for his beautiful peroration in praise of Charlie Harold—or Childe Harold, as he loved to call his favorite. And the *Bugle* was not behindhand in its praise of Deacon Tobias Gardiner—that good man, that kindest of husbands, that most loving of fathers, that sterling citizen, whose open-handed generosity, whether in alleviating distress or succoring the needy, had prevented him from attaining more than a comfortable competence, the fruits of an honest, straightforward practice. As a lawyer he was acknowledged to be preëminent, as his large and increasing business amply testified. As a Christian and a gentleman none were more exemplary, and no one but a low-born cur, wallowing in the dirt of his own moral corruption, like that poor, palsied old wretch, Sangaree Bob of the *Palladium*, would for a moment think of traducing his character or throwing mud upon the spotless robe of his integrity, the hem of which that grandfather of lies who was trying ineffectually to edit a newspaper was not worthy to crawl out of the gutter to kiss.

If there was one class of editorial writing, besides involving his sentences in a tangled skein of incongruity, for which Josiah Hubble, the editor of the *Bugle*, was peculiarly fitted, it was invective—double distilled sarcasm occasionally tinctured with the gall and wormwood of a somewhat cynical nature. There is no necessity for going into details in regard to the Legislative contest. Suffice it to say that Dr. Cutler, the Democratic candidate, was accused of innumerable cases of malpractice in his profession, and various heinous offenses, such as body-snatching and poisoning; that Judge Raspawl, the Republican nominee, was charged with accepting bribes while Judge of the County Court, and otherwise staining his ermine and prostituting the majesty of his responsible position. Every trick known to political science was resorted to by the various candidates and their henchmen; every electioneering dodge handed down from ancient campaigns of this character was revamped and "sprung" on the people. It was not a contest based on party principles, but a purely personal wrangle for the spoils of office. Bitter backbiting, cruel slander, and sneering depreciation of the qualifications and integrity of political opponents was the theme of the hour. Political trades were made between members of the two parties by which votes were bartered to the interests of the candidates favored by the contracting parties. Forty Italian votes of the Tiger mine on Douglass Flat were pledged by Dan Cassidy, the Superintendent, for Zebulon Barnes, the Democratic candidate for constable, provided the friends of Barnes would throw their influence for Col. Clancey for Sheriff. Simon Doolittle gave a grand barbecue at Pine Flat for the purpose of gathering together the colonies of Portuguese and Frenchmen laboring in that vicinity, and his expense for whisky and beer alone amounted to more than two hundred dollars. Doolittle's opponent, Cicero Jehu, through Manuel Martinez, the merchant, who supplied this foreign element with provisions, and who had rendered himself popular with this class of our adopted citizens, quietly bought up the entire lot for one hundred and fifty dollars, thereby saving money and avoiding the trouble and worry of such useless affairs as barbecues and drinking bouts. As for the candidates for the Assembly, they traveled over the county revealing what they knew to the detriment of each other, scorning to stoop to such petty expedients as were resorted to by their less dignified political colleagues. But the most elaborate tactics were originated and carried out by Deacon Gardiner. Aided by Brother Halter, he organized a church fair, at which the various booths were superintended by the handsomest sisters of the Baptist Church. This scheme was like a good rule—it worked both ways. It added to the revenue of the church, and it gave the young ladies attached to Deacon Gardiner's interests an opportunity of electioneering among the young men of their acquaintance, to the end that their votes might be cast for the Deacon in preference to their friend and companion, Charlie Harold. The Deacon was a good judge of human nature, and knew how to combine secular and religious interests about as well as any man of modern times; he was a species of latter day Wolsey, and believed with Martin Luther that all men were not natural idiots, for most of them, he was aware, had a yearning for "wine, woman, and song"—and especially for woman. Another piece of diplomacy, worthy of the great Macchiavelli himself, concocted by the joint mental efforts of the Deacon and his able coadjutor, was designed to capture the laboring classes of the county. The scene of action was laid in what was known as the White Mountain precinct, a section far distant from the great centres, and but sparsely settled. In the palmy days White Mountain precinct had polled fifteen hundred votes at important elections, including Chinamen and unnaturalized Mexicans, and it had always given a heavy majority for the Democrats. But the placers had "petered," the water had failed, and at this time half a dozen ruined chimneys, fireplaces, and a decayed cabin or two were the only records left of the once flourishing camps of Pottsville and Bennington. Soon after the failure of the placers gold-bearing quartz had been discovered, but of such a character that it would not pay to mill it, owing to the distance it would be necessary to haul it and the attendant expense. The scarcity of water contiguous to the ledges precluded the building of mills on the gold belt. A company had been formed for the purpose of constructing a ditch from the Stanislaus River to the mines, a distance of twelve miles through a rugged, mountainous country. After exhausting thousands of dollars, and generally ruining every small capitalist who invested his money in the enterprise, the work was finally abandoned after progressing eight miles. These circumstances occurring to the Deacon, his fertile brain soon devised a method of utilizing them. Brother Halter should turn prospector, and discover a rich vein in the White Mountain—so rich that his friend, Tobias Gardiner, having the most implicit confidence in the discovery, should consent to advance the money with which to prosecute the work on the Pottsville ditch, the published intention being to carry water to run a mill to be erected as soon as the ditch was finished. The plans of the conspirators worked to a charm. The fact that a very rich quartz lead had been discovered by our "esteemed fellow townsman, Samuel Halter," was duly announced in the *Bugle*, supplemented in the following issue by the information that "Tobias Gardiner, Esq., displaying a public spirit worthy of the highest praise as conducing to the development of the material interests of the county, had made the necessary arrangements for recommencing, at his own expense, the work of building the Pottsville ditch." The *Bugle* further stated that the "recent rich discovery in the White Mountain district by Mr. Samuel Halter will certainly induce others to prospect for similar leads; the tide of immigration will set in, and amidst the music of the saw and hammer the decayed camps of Pottsville and Bennington will resume their pristine glory. Trade will be stimulated throughout the county, and an impetus given to the general prosperity never felt since the flush times. With the revival of mining interests in this district the Pottsville ditch, hitherto a losing speculation for our local capitalists, will become a highly remunerative property. All honor to the enterprise and public spirit of Messrs. Gardiner and Halter."

Josiah Hubble knew how to pen a neat, commendatory paragraph as well as he did to spice a political leader with peppery sarcasm and stinging satire. The result of these projected "improvements" was the "immigration" of forty voting ditch-builders and mine hands into White Mountain precinct. The Democratic manipulators who had rallied around Harold, however, were not to be beguiled by even Deacon Gardiner and Brother Halter. They did not allow a day to pass without informing the deluded workingmen that after election the "music of the saw and hammer" would cease in Pottsville and Bennington, and that the "store" established by the scheming deacon, near the scene of operations, would have upon its books a sufficient account against each man for provisions, etc., to more than cover their bills against Gardiner and Halter. The poet laureate of the Democratic wing of the county seized upon the ditch building, mine developing enterprise for the subject of a brilliant lyric, chanted to the air of "The King of the Cannibal Islands," as follows:

"Old Deacon Gard'ner's struck it rich
A digging in the Pottsville ditch,
And Halter's found a golden vein
To help Old Velvet spend it.
Hokey, pokey, winkey, wank,
The pair intend to start a bank,
And to the voters lend it.

"White Mountain is the place to go—
The country of the fox and crow.
And there you'll get your pay to vote
For Halter and Old Velvet.
Hokey, pokey, wink your eye,
Don't they think they're very sly,
Sweet Halter and Old Velvet?"

And so on *ad infinitum*, detailing in choice doggerel sarcasm the entire plan of operations supposed to have been settled upon by the two schemers. The church fair and the ditch enterprise being well under way, the energetic Deacon resolved upon projecting another *coup*. He knew that he could safely leave the "material improvement" matter in Brother Halter's hands, and his wife and daughter were ably conducting the "woman and song" portion of his canvass. He felt that it was too much like killing one bird with two stones to utilize both wife and daughter in this latter work, and gradually came to the conclusion that he would map out another sphere of action for his lovely daughter Sarah. This young lady was a shrewd, go-ahead, independent girl, whose love of company and the companionship of kindred spirits, and young people of her own age and tastes, had been curbed and fettered by her father's ideas of propriety and straight-laced morality. She had not been allowed to associate with young men, except at prayer meetings and donation parties, where the vigilant eye of her mother, or the eagle optic of her father, could view her every movement. She had been permitted, at rare intervals, to invite a few female friends, invariably members of her church or Sunday-school, to partake of such sumptuous banquets as are prepared on a basis of saffron cake diluted with a decoction courteously called tea for want as a better name. These social reunions always took place in the little parlor of the Deacon's domicile, and a stranger happening in upon the assembled company when the orgie was at its height would involuntarily have cast his eyes about him for the cause of the funereal mirth—the draped casket, the flower-covered coffin of the defunct friend, around which these people had gathered to vent their sorrow. It is a worldly saying—how true I am not prepared to contend—that the son of a preacher or a church deacon, when released from the restraints and religious surroundings of his home, is, for a time at least, wilder and more reckless than the average young man who has not been trained so strictly, oftentimes becoming a pronounced infidel simply because he has had doctrinal faith dinned into his ears from his earliest childhood until his emancipation from what he considered, in the light of

broader observation, so repugnant to the idea of mental freedom and moral liberty. On the other hand, woman's condition, and natural tendency to cling to what she considers, in her so-called weakness, mightier and more potent for protection, renders her an apt pupil of those teachers who preach unswerving and blind faith in everything pertaining to the special religious belief in which they are reared. She clings to her cross, and never for an instant doubts the efficacy of its "saving grace." This is the reason, the materialist and free-thinker tell us, that women are the main stay of the churches in Christian communities. If these deductions as regards the women of religious households are true in the generality of cases, then Sarah Gardiner was an exception to the rule. A natural independence induced her to modify her ideas in regard to what she had been taught to believe implicitly, and her shrewdness—a trait inherited from her father—afforded her the means of concealing her heresy. In the same manner she broke through the restraints of her home and held communication with people whom her parents abhorred, and with the same tact managed to conceal the fact from her father and mother. This conduct may not have been exactly proper or commendable, but it was eminently human. At eighteen years of age it would have been strange indeed if this young lady's heart had been fancy free. And, to tell the truth, that was not the fact. She had met the enemy—her parents would have considered him the arch enemy—and the enemy had made a complete capture of her affections. The courtship had necessarily been somewhat restricted, and the lovers were being continually hampered by unforeseen circumstances, resulting from contrary winds blowing from the Gardiner point of the compass. Notwithstanding these cross purposes, however, the chief objects of Hero and Leander had been attained—the caged doves, cooing between the bars of their prison, had determined on mating, and knowing that the course of true love would certainly be impeded, perhaps completely dammed, if Dulcinea's father was informed of the engagement, they had fixed the day and hour for a clandestine marriage. This was the state of affairs in the Deacon's household when that wily politician had fully made up his mind to broach a new departure to his daughter whereby more votes might be secured for Tobias Gardiner, Republican candidate for District Attorney of Calaveras county. He entered the "sitting room" of his home late one night about a week previous to the election, having concluded a hard day's work in and around Vallecito. His wife and daughter had just returned from their political labors at the fair, and were seated at the centre table in the subdued light of a shaded lamp, discussing the events of the day. The Deacon did not address them on entering, but flung himself wearily upon the sofa, and for the last time communed with himself in regard to the change of plans he was about to submit for his daughter's consideration.

"Well, Martha," he began, addressing his wife, "how are matters progressing at the fair?"

"We can't complain, Tobias; the income is steady, and I think the church debt will be reduced considerably at the close of the fair," answered his wife with an eye single to the Lord's treasury.

"Never mind the income or the church debt; that'll take care of itself—what is the character of the patrons?" asked the Deacon, with his eye single to political capital.

"Oh, most of them are apparently devout Christians according to their light, although the majority are not members of our church. If that irresistible pleader for lost souls, Reverend Peter Racket, were here now, I verily believe he could snatch many a brand from the burning."

The spiritual welfare of "lost souls" was evidently of more importance in the mind of Mrs. Gardiner than the political welfare of her husband, and it was with ill-concealed impatience that the good Deacon turned to his smiling daughter with the question:

"Sarah, I hope you will understand me. What is the chance for a majority among the young men of Fiddletown? Do you think the girls have made any impression upon them?"

"I hope so, father. In one or two instances I am quite certain that such is the case." In this instance a certain demure maiden had an eye single to the welfare of a scheme as well as her parents—the welfare of a coming event in her life.

"One or two instances!" exclaimed her father, rising to his elbow. "No more than one or two votes secured after all the expense, and time and trouble I have been put to!"

"I don't mean that, pa," replied the daughter, "though the one or two instances I refer to may, in the course of time, be productive of several voters." The opportunity for the *double entendre* was too good to be lost, and Sarah in spite of her inclination to blush at the pleasant thought could not resist, knowing as she did that her secret was doubly safe in her father's preoccupation regarding the "situation."

"But, my dear," interrupted the Deacon, "you must remember that the time is close at hand. This is no time to dally; we must be up and doing, if we intend to accomplish anything."

"I know it, father, and that is exactly what we have been doing during the entire campaign, and I think that I can assure you that on election-day you will admit that your daughter can accomplish at least one praiseworthy action." Sarah gave her father this direct information in regard to her intentions with a calm consciousness that she could play with edged tools without injuring herself.

"I hope so, Sarah," said her father, "and to make assurance doubly sure, I have resolved to enlarge your field of action. I think that my opponent is making considerable headway among the people of San Andreas. The Democrats there are going solid for him, the whisky element is making a vigorous fight against me, and I must do something to counteract these combinations. Are you acquainted in San Andreas, Sarah?"

"Julia Simpson lives there; she's a particular friend of mine." Julia was destined to adorn her loveliness with a bridesmaid's trousseau, at that moment being prepared, and Sarah was perfectly honest in designating her as a "particular friend."

"Does she go to balls and parties?" asked her father.

"Oh, yes, she's quite a belle," rapturously answered the daughter.

"And a favorite among the young men, I suppose," added her father.

"They dote on her."

"Well, Sarah, I want you to pay Miss Simpson a visit, a purely friendly visit, you understand; but if you can advance your father's interests, and I know you can, Sarah, you will not fail to do so. I place no restraint upon you. You may accompany your friend in her round of pleasure, and above all things render yourself as popular as you can among as many new acquaintance as you may be introduced to. Pay particular attention to Democrats, Sarah; every Democrat you induce to vote for me is a vote gained. Do you understand me, Sarah?"

"Perfectly. But father, how do you reconcile your politics and this electioneering with what you have taught me from childhood to the beginning of this campaign?"

"My dear child, I do not ask you to lapse from the paths I have marked out for you, but I have, for a long time, felt that perhaps I have drawn the lines too close. I am becoming an old man, Sarah, and I have perhaps forgotten the longings of my youth. I begin to feel that you have reached an age of discretion, and that your womanly instincts, fostered as they have been by a pious mother, will now guide and protect you in the future."

"But do you not attempt to follow two masters, father, in advocating religious doctrines and at the same time dabbling in politics?"

"Why, Sarah, how can you talk so?" exclaimed her mother, endeavoring to frown upon her argumentative daughter.

"Don't chide the girl, Martha," pleasantly remarked the Deacon; "she wishes to understand these things, and it is right she should." Then turning to his daughter: "Sarah, the Good Book says that every man should keep his house in order. I simply follow the teachings of that command, and the dictates of my reason as well as my heart, when I endeavor to keep my house in order by advancing my worldly interests. It is written that man shall not live by bread alone; then why should he feed upon dogma and forswear reality. I do not think that I follow two masters, when I worship at the altar of the Most High, and at the same time advance those of my interests which, in my reason, vouchsafed to me by my Maker, will conduce to my material benefit."

This was certainly a knock-down argument, and suited Sarah to a dot; it was exactly the same argument with which she had reconciled her conscience when she resolved to leave her parents, and "cleave to one alone." But woman-like, she wished to draw more ammunition from the enemy's magazine, and with a view to rendering the ground firmer beneath her feet, made the inquiry:

"Then how about the commandment, 'Honor thy father and mother?' Is that more imperative than the commandment to 'Have no other God but me?'"

"Sarah, you do not seem to understand me. We are told to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and in the case of honoring our parents, we simply render unto them what is theirs, nothing more. Parents, my girl, are not infallible, and although experience may have ripened their judgment, still a child, after attaining his or her majority, is to a certain extent free from strict parental control, and may follow the dictates of the reason, or even of the heart, as long as those dictates do not conflict with the express commands to the contrary revealed to us in Holy Writ."

Sarah thought so, too, and, not having any further "arguments" to advance, simply closed the conversation in that direction by quietly remarking:

"I will go to San Andreas to-morrow, and remain, if you desire it, until after election."

This filial acquiescence delighted her father, and his slumbers were unusually sound that night. His daughter's sleep was disturbed by no more frightful visions than marriage ceremonies and the smiling face of the man she loved—visions produced, undoubtedly, from a knowledge that she was about to act in accordance with the express teachings of a father. What a glorious thing an easy conscience is!

In the meantime Samuel Halter was having a very anxious time of it. The friends of Harold had evidently cut their eye-teeth, politically speaking, sometime before this canvass began, and the manner in which they tampered with the ditch diggers and mine hands of White Mountain precinct indicated breakers ahead for the Gardiner bark. Brother Halter felt certain that if his colony became satisfied that the work of reviving the "pristine glory" of Pottsville and Bennington would cease on election day no power on earth would prevent them from casting their ballots against their employer almost to a man, for they were all stanch Democrats, and it was tacitly understood that they would be allowed to vote a straight ticket with the exception of a "paster" over Harold's name. At first he attempted to allay the threatened mutiny with soft words, hoping thereby to turn away the wrath of the suspicious laborers. His efforts met with varying success, and the day before election he was not certain that more than half of the men would vote the "pasted ticket."

Under these circumstances honest Samuel Halter, faithful as he was to the best interests of his friend, had but one course to pursue. He knew that the majority in the county either way, in a fair election, would be small—not more than fifty votes—and forcing the majority in a precinct known to be almost unanimous for Gardiner to forty-five in favor of the Deacon, and allowing the others to be counted for Harold, he would be comparatively safe from legal accountability, and "swing" the election for his candidate. In plain terms, Brother Halter had determined on "stuffing the ballot-box," and in so he doing simply "followed the dictates of his reason," and "rendered unto Cæsar that which was Cæsar's," or at least that which he considered belonged to Cæsar. The great day came at last, the campaign was over, with all its bitter recrimination and slanderous meannesses, and the morning of the day on which the ballot "executes a freeman's will" dawned bright and clear. The opening of the various polls was called about the time the early risers were partaking of their morning cocktails. The first fight occurred at the Big Tree saloon at eleven o'clock, and resulted in a knock-down for the Republican. At one o'clock it was rumored that Vallecito was polling a heavy Republican vote, and an hour later it was asserted that the Republican State ticket had certainly, at that time, carried the county; the local ticket was "terribly mixed." At four o'clock a man from San Andreas arrived, and gave the important information that the county seat had "pasted everything;" he was unable to state, with any degree of certainty, which party or candidate was benefited by this independent voting. When the polls closed everybody was on the *qui vive* for the returns, and the hours of the night dragged slowly for the watchers around the polling places and the telegraph office of Fiddletown. News was received first from the smaller precincts, and gave Republican majorities. Then the vote of Mokelumne Hill came in with a large Democratic majority for the State ticket, and "terribly mixed" for the county ticket. A few more small precincts were received, and the Republican ticket "boomed" again, Judge Raspawl for the Assembly, and Tobias Gardiner for District Attorney, leading the van with handsome majorities. At two o'clock in the morning the vote in Fiddletown was counted, and, according to the returns received, the two tickets were now neck and neck. A moment after the telegraph ticked out: "San Andreas has polled a heavy Democratic majority on both State and county tickets. Whoop-la!"—that San Andreas operator was evidently an enthusiastic victor, moreover a brutally exultant Democrat. All this time nothing had been heard from White Mountain, except by courier during the early part of the evening, the messenger stating that the only contest in that precinct was on District Attorney, the remainder of the ticket voted was unanimously Democratic. The news from San Andreas had disgusted the Republicans, and they sorrowfully repaired to their homes. All the precincts were now in except that of White Mountain, and the Democrats were exulting in the fact that "as goes Pottsville and Bennington so goes the State." The average majorities of the Democrats were over a hundred, as far as heard from, but Gardiner had reduced his opponent's to forty three, with White Mountain precinct to hear from. Although confident of Halter's ability to hold and carry the vote, still the fact that there was a contest on District Attorney, and that he required forty-four votes for an election, worried him considerably, and he reached his home in the small hours of the morning greatly troubled in spirit, inwardly regretting that he could not inform his fugleman of the condition of affairs, that they might devise means by which the deficit of votes could be made a majority—he was beginning to feel that the full vote of his forty ditch builders and mine hands would not save him.

Early next morning the Deacon arose, and with apprehension plainly depicted upon his face, hurried down town to obtain the latest news. The first man he met grasped his hand and congratulated him as the District Attorney of Calaveras County. White Mountain had been heard from, and Gardiner had polled forty-six majority. He was elected by a majority of three. He remained "down town" until noon, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and the praise of his enemies, for his successful fight against heavy odds and in face of the fact that everything from Governor to Constable had been captured by the Democracy. Just after the stage from San Andreas had rolled away from in front of the hotel where the passengers had lunched, the Deacon hurried home. Here he was confronted by a scene of woe at once startling and discouraging: Mrs. Gardiner in tears, and Brother Halter seated bolt upright, gazing vacantly but sternly at the picture of the Prodigal Son hanging opposite to him on the wall.

The vision fell upon the Deacon's heart like a wet blanket. Brother Halter's presence boded no good—White Mountain had been lost after all.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in a trembling voice. "Another count ordered in the White Mountain precinct?"

"Wuss'n thet," answered the doleful Halter, in a woe-begone tone.

"What can be worse than that? They'd count me out sure."

"Read thet," rejoined Halter, pointing to a letter lying open upon the table, addressed to the Deacon and marked "in haste." "Missis Gard'ner thought mebbe 'twas somethin' important, so she opened it an' read it to me."

The Deacon, with a strange sinking at the heart, picked up the sheet, and, while his wife sobbed bitterly, read the missive. It was evidently feminine, and began: "My Poor, Dear, Darling Father and Mother." It bluntly announced that she had married "the dearest duck of a man in the world." This revelation caused the Deacon to ejaculate something very much resembling an oath—perhaps Brother Halter was mistaken, though. She "had rendered unto Cæsar that which was Cæsar's," she continued; she had become Cæsar's wife. In acting as she had she "had followed the dictates of her reason" as well as "those of her heart;" and upon her dear father's kind advice she intended to "keep her house in order," and did not think she followed two masters when, in addition to worshiping at the altar of the Most High, she at the same time advanced those of her interests which in her reason, vouchsafed to her by her Maker, she considered would conduce to her material benefit. The remarkable epistle was signed "Sarah Harold;" and when he reached this signature a single expression escaped him which Brother Halter would have made an affidavit was "Damn it!"

There was a postscript in masculine handwriting addressing the Deacon as "Honored Sir," and pleasantly stating that his daughter had electioneered in San Andreas to the best of her ability, and had secured one vote for him at least. "I understand that White Mountain precinct will poll a majority against me," the postscript continued; "and although I am aware of Mr. Halter's legerdemain performance with that extra ballot box in the dark, after the closing of the polls, I can assure you that the action of your friend shall not militate against your incumbency as District Attorney. I shall not contest your election, and I sincerely hope that you will not contest mine." Signed, "Charles Harold."

What could the Deacon do? Both he and his opponent had sought certain spoils, and both had been successful. There was nothing left to be sought but contentment and forgiveness, and with the first came the second as a natural sequence.

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There was a miser in Paris who, when he went out, was always robbed. Somebody said: "Why don't you carry pistols?" He replied: "Suppose I did—why, the robbers would take them, too."

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Key met a friend walking rather lamely on the street the other day, and he compassionately said: "What is the matter? Are your boots tight?" "No," was the rejoinder, "I'm tight."

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Those who work can take care of themselves. A kind Providence must provide for loafers.

## BEFORE THE ASSEGAI.

### Some Sparkling Touches of a Brilliant Pen.

As the centre of so many hopes and fears (says a writer in an Eastern magazine) the Prince Imperial was not likely to escape the eye of the great artist whose master hand has drawn for posterity the Second Empire in all its splendor, all its shame. In the romance which portrays the political high life of the early years of the Empire Emile Zola has more than once, as it were, grouped the figures of his drama around the infant prince. By a unanimous vote the Corps Legislatif had previously made a grant of four hundred thousand francs as "a national contribution" to the expenses of the christening. To the following extracts from the speech of the deputy moving the appropriation, time and fate have given a strange significance:

"The cradle of the Prince Imperial is henceforth the security of the future, for in perpetuating the dynasty which we have all received with acclamation, it assures the prosperity of the country, its peace and stability, and so that of the rest of Europe. * * * At another epoch a scion of this illustrious race seemed also promised to great destinies, but the times have no likeness. Peace is the result of the reign of profound wisdom, of which we gather the fruits, whilst the genius of war dictated that epic poem which constitutes the First Empire. Saluted at his birth by the cannon which from north to south proclaimed the success of our arms, the King of Rome had not even the fortune to serve his country. Such were then the lessons of Providence. * * * But coming on one of those solemn days, when the birth of one may be regarded as the safety of all, the Child of France seems to-day to give to us—to us as to future generations—the right to live and die in the homes of our fathers. Such is henceforth the pledge of the Divine clemency."

The scenes at the christening are given in a series of pictures which are the most brilliant work in literature from the impressionist school. The lavish splendor, the gorgeous display, the intoxication of Paris, are fit subjects for a pen like Zola's. The *coup d'œil* of the crowd, along the quays and the houses above the bridge of Arcola in the sunshine of June, fairly dazzles the page as we read. Over all, "the towers of Notre Dame, gilded by the setting sun, rose-color against the clear sky, vibrated in the air, all sonorous with a tremendous carillon."

The crowd waits and watches. Far off a distant tumult rises, then dies away: the half hour passes, and "still the bells of Notre Dame rolled over the houses the crash of their enormous joy. * * * The carriage of the empress showed itself at last. It was drawn by eight horses; it had four lanterns, very rich, hung at the four corners of the body; and, all of glass, vast, rounded, it resembled a great coffer of crystal enclosed in edgings of gold, mounted on wheels of gold. Inside was plainly distinguished, a fleck of rose in a cloud of white laces, the Prince Imperial held upon the knees of the governess of the Children of France; beside her was the nurse, a handsome, strong-chested Burgundian woman. Then at some distance, after a group of grooms and out-riders, came the carriage of the emperor, of the same richness, also drawn by eight horses, in which were bowing the emperor and empress. * * * The bells of Notre Dame, as if seized with a fury of joy, sounded louder. * * The two carriages were on the middle of the bridge. They rolled gently, without noise. The floor was so light, with its long, gentle curve, that they were as if suspended over the great void of the river; below in the blue sheet they were reflected like strange fishes of gold. The emperor and empress, a little weary, had rested their heads upon the tufted satin, happy to escape one instant from the crowd and no longer have to bow. The governess of the Children of France—she also profited by the empty sidewalks to raise the little prince slipping from her lap, while the nurse, bending forward, amused him with a smile.

"And the whole cortége bathed in the sun: the uniforms, the toilets, the harnesses glittered; the carriages, all glowing, filled with sunlight, sent off reflections which danced over the black houses of the Quai Napoléon. * * * When the little prince had reached the middle of the bridge, and behind him were seen the Emperor and Empress in that broad, uncovered space, where nothing hid the view, an extraordinary emotion had seized the curious. There had been one of those popular enthusiasms, wholly nervous, bending heads like a gust of wind, from one end of a city to the other. Men stood on tiptoe, set amazed children astride their necks; women wept stammering words of tenderness for 'the dear little one,' sharing with heartfelt words the *bourgeois* joy of the imperial couple."

The scene within the church is described as it appeared to a woman pressing forward at the open door:

"Between the broad curtains the church hollowed itself in a superhuman vision of a tabernacle. The vaulted roof, of a tender blue, was sown with stars. The windows hung round this firmament mystic constellations, adding the small vivid flames of a bed of embers, of precious stones. Everywhere from tall columns fell a drapery of red velvet, which consumed the little light penetrating the nave; and in this red night burnt alone, in the middle, a glowing mass of candles—thousands of candles in a pile, planted so near each other that it was like a single sun flaming in a rain of sparks. It was in the centre of the transept, upon a platform—the altar on fire. Right and left rose thrones. A broad canopy of velvet, lined with ermine, made above the highest throne a giant bird with breast of snow, with wings of purple. And the whole rich crowd, waving with gold and glancing with the flash of jewels, filled the church. Near the altar, in the background, the bishops, crosiered and mitred, made a glory—one of those splendors which open a space into heaven. Around the platform, princes, princesses, and grand dignitaries were ranged in sovereign pomp; those on both sides, in the arms of the transept, mounted the benches. * * * A great crimson mist floated. The serried heads in the background, and on the right and the left, kept the rose-tints of painted porcelain. The costumes, the satin, the silk, the velvet, had reflections of a sombre brilliancy, as if ready to burst into flame. Whole rows suddenly took fire. The deep church warmed itself in the unheard-of luxury of a furnace.

"In the midst of the choir advanced a master of ceremonies, who cried three times, furiously, 'Long live the Prince Imperial!'

"And in the immense acclamation with which the vaulted roof trembled she saw, on the edge of the platform, the Emperor standing, overlooking the crowd. He was relieved in black against the blaze of gold which the bishops kindled behind him. He was presenting to the people the Prince Imperial—a paquet of white laces which he held very high with his two lifted arms.

"But suddenly a Swiss pushed her aside. She recoiled two steps. She had nothing now before her but the curtains: the vision had disappeared."

A little later the crowd is dispersing. "Before them the file increased—judges in their robes, officers in full dress, functionaries in uniform, a crowd embroidered, laced, decorated, which stepped over the flowers with which the Place was covered, in the midst of the calls of footmen and the sudden roll of carriages. The glory of the Empire at its apogee floated in the purple of the setting sun, whilst the towers of Notre Dame, all rose, all sonorous, seemed to carry far upward to the summit of peace and grandeur the future reign of the child baptized beneath their arches."

The evening falls. Paris is weary with enthusiasm. The quays are still. "A ray of sunlight gilded yet the top of the towers of Notre Dame, mute now, above the houses all black in shadow."

It was the one magnificent hour of that young life.

### Pony Glasses of French Brandy.

Esprit, bêtise, laideur, beauté, inégalité de condition, l'amour s'accommode de tout et semble même se plaire aux assemblages les plus bizarres. Je ne connais qu'une seule excuse d'être amoureux, c'est l'impossibilité de s'en défendre. —*Mme. Desbordes Valmore.*

O mon cœur, entretiens toujours en toi la flamme de l'amour, en dépit de la jeunesse et de la beauté qui nous quittent: pour le cœur où l'amour reste, la jeunesse et la beauté ne s'envolent pas, car l'amour seul est toujours jeune et beau.—*Fred. Ruckert.*

Un cœur froid qui jamais n'aima
Du ciel déshonore l'ouvrage;
Et pour aimer Dieu nous forma,
Puisqu'il fit l' homme à son image
Il faut aimer, c'est le vrai bien;
Suivons amis ces lois divines!
Aimons toujours notre prochain,
En commençant par nos voisines.—*Segur.*

Les femmes ont tant d'amour-propre, que même lorsqu'elles ne nous aiment plus, elles éprouvent du dépit à nous voir suivre leur exemple.—*D'Argens.*

Etre avec les gens qu'on aime, cela suffit; rêver, leur parler, ne leur parler point; penser à eux, penser à des choses plus indifférentes, mais auprès d'eux, tout est égal.

Bien des jours ont passé depuis cette journée,
Hélas! et bien des ans. Dans ma quinzième année,
Enfant, j'étais alors; mais les jours et les ans
Ont passé sans ternir ces souvenirs d'enfants;
Et d'autres jours viendront et des amours nouvelles
Et mes jeunes amours, mes amours les plus belles,
Dans l'ombre de mon cœur, mes plus fraîches amours,
Mes amours de quinze ans refleuriront toujours.—*Brizeux.*

Un vieillard chauve venait de rompre avec une jeune danseuse qu'il avait l'intention d'épouser. Chacun se rendait les gages mutuels de tendresse, offerts dans des temps meilleurs.

—Ce qu'il y a de bon avec vous, dit malicieusement la ballerine, c'est qu'on n'a pas à vous rendre de cheveux.

A Monaco:

Un jeune homme qui vient de perdre plusieurs milliers de francs, s'approche du croupier et lui dit:

—Voici mon dernier louis, où me conseillez-vous de le mettre?

Le croupier le regarda d'un air attendri et lui murmura:

—Dans votre poche, parbleu!

La présence d'une jeune fille est comme celle d'une fleur. Celle-ci donne de sa grâce à tout ce qui l'entoure, celle-là son parfum à tout ce qui l'approche.—*Louis Desnoyers.*

Toujours un amoureux s'en va tête baissée,
Cheminant de son pied moins que de sa pensée,
Heureux un amoureux!—Il ne s'inquiète pas
Si c'est pluie ou gravier dont s'attarde son pas.
On en rit: c'est hasard, s'il n'a heurté personne,
Mais sa folie au front lui met une couronne,
A l'épaule une pourpre, et devant son chemin
La flûte et les flambeaux comme les jeunes Romains.
—*Alfred de Musset.*

Les amants trouvent des plaisirs inexprimables dans les inquiétudes même qui tourmentent leur esprit, et on a souvent dit avec raison, en parlant de l'amour, que tous les autres plaisirs ne valent pas ses peines.

Ah! plus amour tu nous causes de peines,
Plus quand tu fuis, tu causes de regrets!
—*Boussaunelle.*

Une vieille de quatre-vingts ans battait sa fille qui en avait soixante. Celle-ci se mit à pleurer; sa mère s'arrêta.

—Pourquoi pleurez-vous? Je vous ai traitée souvent plus sévèrement, sans que vous ayez versé des larmes.

—C'est, ma mère, répondit elle affectueusement, que je m'aperçois à la faiblesse de vos coups que vos forces diminuent.

O amour filial!—*Mme. Necker.*

Toutes les vertus sont je crois contenues dans un seul mot: aimer.—*Ernest Légouvé.*

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," answered the valet with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

Years of love have been forgot in the hatred of a minute.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

[The subjoined Latin hymn, a valued relic of semi-barbaric ages, has been universally admired as a sacred song of rare beauty and purity. In its earlier history it was the war song of the noble company of martyrs. Wedded to grand old German chorals, it rolled from the lips of the Reformers, and in the Romish Church it conspicuously figures in the services for Whitsunday. For a full account of its use see Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*. Coming down to us from a period when rhyme was yet an innovation in the waning Latin language and many of the vernacular tongues of Europe, it severe rhythm is forcibly suggestive of the rugged times that gave it conception. From the following scrap of history it would seem that a kind of pleasant sadness attaches to the origin of this sacred lyric: Robert, surnamed the Pious, one of the olden kings of France, succeeded his father, Hugh Capet, in the eleventh century. Having been commanded by the Pope to divorce Bertha, his beautiful queen, whom he loved, he at first proudly refused, but was finally compelled to yield to iron-hearted papal authority; not, however, until he had been excommunicated, cruelly abandoned by his courtiers, and reduced to the most abject coodition. In the anguish of a broken heart, and with a soul chastened by the fires of aoversity, he unwittingly embalmed his name by penning an effusion that comes ever fresh and consoling to the beart of every Christian.]

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, Dator munerum,
Veni, Lumen cordium:

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium;
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est languidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da parenne gaudium.

THE SAME RENDERED INTO ENGLISH TROCHAICS.

Come, O Holy Spirit, come,
Deign to make with us Thy home,
And diffuse Thy halo bright,
Father of the poor, distressed,
Giver of all gifts the best,
Of our hearts the life and light.

Comforter supreme Thou art,
Dearest guest of ev'ry heart,
Consolation blest and rare.
Thou our rest when toil is rife,
Refuge from the world's hot strife,
Sweet relief from cum'bring care.

Come, O glorious, heavenly light,
Fill us with Thy presence quite,
That we never faint again.
Did the world possess not Thee,
Empty were humanity,
Sordid, profitless, and vain.

Cleanse us, then, and make us whole,
Water Thou the arid soul,
Bid its maladies depart;
Breathe upon the cold and wan,
Gird with strength the drooping one,
And control the wayward heart.

Give to those who trust in Thee
Streams of mercy large and free,
Grace in measure sevenfold;
Crown the virtuous and weak,
Let them find the rest they seek,
Joys eternal and untold.

OLYMPIA, W. T., October, 1879. L. P. VENEN.

In the following brief but unusually graphic description a writer in the *Atlantic* endeavors to impart to his readers a sense of what war in certain of its aspects is really like: "There are no more 'billows of cavalry'—if there ever were any; cavalry dismounts now, and fires from behind walls, and thickets, and other cover; only now and then does it steal a charge on other cavalry, or on broken infantry—never on infantry not already broken. Nor does infantry 'stand like a rock,' but rather like 'reeds shaken by the wind.' It stands as well as it can against shrieking flights of missiles, scattering wounds and death. It stands firmest when it lies down, using what shelter and hiding it can find—a ripple of ground, clumps of bushes, tall herbage. It stands, not in solid masses, but in fragile groups or slender lines, swaying backward and forward, unexpectedly gapping open here and there with slaughter or sudden quailing, cobbled into temporary form by hoarse and anxious officers, supported hastily by panting reinforcements, doing its suffering best, perhaps, but not at all like a rock. The columns of attack which one reads of are frail and fluctuating threads, for the most part dragging wearily along as if on a march, though sometimes breaking forth in brief, partial spurts. What they advance against the spectator can seldom discern with the eye; he only guesses it when a long, light roll of smoke leaps from the earth in front, followed by a continuous harsh roar; something invisible, and perhaps altogether unexpected, is causing regiments and brigades to vanish away. Or if the charge succeeds, it seems marvelous that the defeated should have fled, the conquerors look so scattered and few. A return attack will surely sweep them backward, and the master of the science of war is still needed, or victory will be turned to defeat."

Eulalie's sweet poem, entitled "The Cucumber's Victim," has been received, and is respectfully, but firmly, declined, on the ground that we can not encourage a muse which makes "really gorgeous" rhyme with "cholera morbus."

It is very easy for a man to breakfast in bed if h[illegible] satisfied with a few rolls and a turn-over.

## SOCIAL NOTES.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—I had prepared the *loveliest* letter on the Crocker reception to General Grant, but alas, the event, which was but a nine days' wonder, is outlawed by time, and I have only the Authors' Carnival left. All honor is due the ladies who have so generously given for the success of an enterprise from which so much good can result. The pæan of praise drowns the suppressed murmur of those who feared to be "*so* conspicuous"—whose squeamishness, however, was not in accord with their conduct on former occasions. The audiences are among the most fashionable ever drawn together in California. A detailed description of the booths would be superfluous; we have had it *ad nauseam;* but I will say that I have never seen so artistic an effect in anything resembling a fair or bazaar. I do not think the tableaux, though fine and tasteful, add much to the pleasure, for after all it is our personal friends who attract us to the Pavilion. Among mine I observed Mrs. Dr. Keeny elegantly and suitably dressed in sky blue silk, maroon velvet, and duchesse lace, wearing her executive badge, and looking stately as a queen on good works intent. In character, standing by her, I noticed her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Keeny, as "Mrs. Ford," handsomer, doubtless, and more fascinating than the orginal "merry wife." Mrs. Dr. Toland presides over a temple of beautiful models. One wonders that with her talent, she can refrain from taking up the brush to paint us a *souvenir* of so classic a group, draped in their Roman *stolas.* Miss Miller, the Misses Blanding, Miss Cooper, and Miss Ashe, with other beautiful flowers, form a lovely bouquet. What a pity it is too large for a *boutonnière!* Mrs. Stuart Taylor was a beautiful shepherdess,

"With feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread."

Her face, figure, and costume as "Little Bo-peep" would better have graced a fête at Versailles, when "le Grand Monarque" assembled the brilliant beauties of his court. Mr. Carter Lewis and Miss Sharon, as "Jack and Jill," were an irresistible couple, and on all sides could be heard the exclamation: "Too sweet for anything!" I have never seen Mr. Harry Tevis looking so handsome as he does in his ermine robe. His clear cut features are of the type that one expects to see under a crown. Miss Fall, as "Oranges and Lemons," with her pretty face and piquant smile, was one of the attractive "features" of the Carnival. Miss Sedgwick travestied herself as a "Bavarian Broom Girl." She was "dusk as India," and might boast, with the May Queen:

"There's many a black, black eye, but none so bright as mine."

Messrs. Bayard, Smith, and Tiernan—suitably mentioned together—the brother and nephew of our Orestes and Pylades, Henly Smith and Dr. Shorb, were accurately attired in their respective parts. Latterly I observed young Carlton Coleman, whose entrée into society last winter was signalized by a brilliant party and the prettiest german ever given in San Francisco.

"Tom, with his pipe, makes such a noise
He pleases both the girls and boys."

Mrs. Sanchez's booth I thought the most elegant and interesting in the Carnival, being the only one containing so many fine works of art. One could instructively spend an evening instead of an hour in their contemplation. Prominent among the "characters" stands Mr. Sanchez as "Tasso," his handsome face being of the noblest Italian type. Others have mentioned with bitterness the omission of booths dedicated to their favorite authors, and I, being young, resent the slight to mine—Byron. What young man would not like to portray the gloomy despair and tenderness of a "Corsair," a "Giaour," or even the killing "Don Juan?" And what gentle young maiden but would like to represent "Medora," "Leila," or the young "Haidee?" But mammas "fitted to their petty parts" might rebel, or hampering husbands object to their wives being even a "Donna Julia," or a "Gulnare."

DEBUTANTE.

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We are watching with no inconsiderable interest the conflict now going on between the house of Claus Spreckels and the jobbing grocers of our city with reference to the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty. The argument turns upon the price of sugar; whether this treaty is giving us this staple cheaper than we would get it if it did not exist; whether it is of advantage to the general interest of California? It is urged that the treaty is an intrigue on the part of Mr. Spreckels and other Hawaiian planters; that it is breaking down our beat culture industry, and working to the disadvantage of our Louisiana sugar growers; that the Government is losing revenue; that the general trade with the Islands is not increasing; that the Islands are being settled with Chinese coolies, working as slaves, and that it is creating a monopoly of the sugar trade in San Francisco. The *Grocer and County Merchant* has an able article in opposition to the treaty, fortified by strong figures. It does not, in our judgment, at all satisfactorily dispose of the political question; nor is it quite apparent to us that Claus Spreckels has done anything that an enterprising and far-seeing merchant might not honorably do in the rivalry of commerce. We are quite clear that from the picturesque and political side of this question the treaty ought to be maintained. We are not quite so confident when we come worsted out of the bewilderment of figures and statistics.

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A writer in *Saturday Review* fancies that a day might come when a liberal education would be carried on chiefly by lectures on books like Bishop Butler's and Voltaire's; and that one would not be compelled to read most great books at first hand. He thinks that as time goes on and books multiply it must cease to be discreditable not to have read everything above a certain degree of celebrity.

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At one time, history tells us, there were a million volumes in the Alexandrian Library. But history fails to explain that 900,000 were Patent Office reports, bound files of the *Congressional Globe*, and reports of county agricultural societies, so that a man might prowl around through the library all day and not find anything that he could be hired to steal.

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Some of the Cheyenne merchants are thinking of employing girls for collectors, giving as a reason therefor that when the girls present their little bills no man can refuse.

## WHAT GRANT ATE.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed
That he is grown so great?"

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**Bill of Fare for Thirty Persons, at Milbrae, Residence of D. O. Mills, Esq., September 20th.**

Huitres.

POTAGES.
Tortue a l'Anglaise. Creme de volaille a la Comptesse.
Salades de Crevette et d'Anchois.

POISSONS.
Truite, Sauce Chambord. Turbot a la Normandy.

ENTREES.
Crenouilles Agnes Sorel. Filet de Bœuf a la Richelieu.
Poularde a la Marechale. Cailles de vigne a la Chassuer.
Ragout de Terrapines a la Maryland.

LEGUMES.
Fonds d'Artichaux a la Venetienne. Aubergines Farcies.
Petits pois a la Diplomate. Punch glace a la Romaine.

ROTIS.
Canards. Faisan. Becassines.
Salade, Dessert, Glaces, Gateaux, Fruits, Confis, Bonbons.

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**Bill of Fare for Two Thousand Five Hundred Persons, at Belmont, Country Residence of Wm. Sharon, Esq., October 8th.**

SOUPER.

CHAUD.
Huitres a la Soulitt. Petits Pates a la Talleyrand. Bouchees a la Cumberland.
Huitres Frites. Terrapines a la Maryland.

ENTREES FROIDES.
Aspic de Crevettes a la Morghan. Cotelettes de Foie Gras a la Kalergi.
Galantine de Perdreaux en Belle Vue. Hure de Sanglier en Poulade.
Pain de Volaille a la Chantilly. Salade de Langoustes aux Deuf de Vanseaux.
Salade de Volaille a la Moderne.

GROSSES PIECES FROIDES.
Trophee de Galantine a la Richelieu. Filet de Bœuf a la Renaissance.
Bastion Rustique et Fantaisie. Grand Piece Oriental sur Rocher.
Chateau Fort en Pain de Giber. L'hermitage Bourguignonne.

PLATS FROIDS DECOUPES.
Dinde a la Gelee. Caille Piquee au Crisson. Filet de Bœuf et Langue a la Gelee.
Poulets Gras Glacee. Assiettes de Sandwiches Varies.
Petit Pain a la Francaise.

GROSSES PIECES DE PATISSERIE.

Refraichissement.
Punch au Champagne. Orangeade Groseille. Orgeate.

CHAUD.
Consomme de Volaille en Tasses. Bavarosies au Lait d'Amande et Mexicaine,
Cafe. Vins.

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**Bill of Fare du Souper for Six Hundred Persons, at the Residence of Charles Crocker, Esq., San Francisco, October 8th.**

Huitres de l'Est au Rocher de l'Arctique.

CHAUD.
Huitres aux Crustades. Terrapines a la Maryland.

ENTREES FROIDES.
Pain de Volaille au Chaud-froid. Mignons de Foie Gras a la Russe.
Salade de Langoust a la Rarigotte. Mayonnaise de Poulets a la Long Branch.

GROSSES PIECES FROIDES.
Trophe Militaire au Pate de Gibier. Forteresse Historique au Perdreaux.
Saumon a l'Ocean. Turban de Filet de Bœuf a l'Egyptienne.
Galantine de Dinde au Supreme.

ROTIS VARIES.
Coqs de Bruyere. Chappons. Cailles et Dindes.

GROSSES PIECES DE PATISSERIES.
Grande Corne d'Abondance. Palmier en Sucre File.
Panier Garni aux Fruits Caramelises. Charlotte Montee a la Russe.

DESSERT.
Oranges en Surprise. Gateaux de Soiree. Fruits et Marrons Glaces.

GLACES.
Pudding a la Nesselrode. Biscuits Glaces.
Glaces Varies en Moules de Fantaisie.
Consommé. Cafe.

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**Bill of Fare for Seventy-Six Persons, at the Residence of Hon. Newton Booth, Sacramento, October 23, 1879.**

Oysters.
Soup—Puree de Volaille a la Reine Margot. Shrimp Salad. Anchovy Salad.
Shad, sauce Venetienne. Pompons.

ENTREES.
Frogs in cases. Filet of Beef a la Richelieu.
Poulard a la Marechale. Ragout de Terrapines a la Maryland.
Cailles Pochees a la Puree de Truffes.

LEGUMES.
Artichauts a la Barigoule. Haricots a l'Anglaise. Petits Pois.
Punch a la Romaine.

ROTIS.
Canvas-back Duck. English Snipe.
Salad.
Dessert. Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes.
Fruit. Coffee.

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**Bill of Fare for Thirty Persons, at the Residence of Hon. A. J. Bryant, Mayor of San Francisco, October 24, 1879.**

Raw Oysters.
Soup—Green Turtle aux Quenilles.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.
Cronstades Frogs a la Cracovienne.

FISH.
Brook Trout, sauce Hollandaise.

RELEVES.
Filet Bœuf pique aux Truffles.

ENTREES.
Chicken Braisie a la Toulouse. Sweet Breads aux Petits Pois.
Pate de foie gras en Belle-vue. Punch a la Romaine.

ROAST.
Mallard Duck. Snipe.
Salad Laitue. Salad Chicoree.

Dessert—Charlotte Russe.
Ices, Cakes, Candies, Fruits, Bonbons. Cafe.

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**Bill of Fare for Two Hundred and Fifty Persons, at the Palace Hotel, given by the Citizens of San Francisco, October 25, 1879.**

Huitres.
San Jose White, Vintage 1874.

POTAGES.
Pures de Volaille a la Jusienne. Consomme a la Montmorency.
Sherry, Vintage 1876.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.
Bouchees a la Montglas. Cronstades de Grenouilles a la Cracovienne.

POISSON.
Truites a la Cambaceres. Turbot a Lamiral.
Gatedei, Vintage 1871. Riesling, Vintage 1872.

RELEVE.
Filet de Bœuf a la Lithuanienne.
Zinfandel, Vintage 1876.

ENTREES.
Supreme de Volaille a la Perigourdine. Ris de veau au Gratin a la Pompadour.
Pate de foie gras en Belle-vue. Galantine de Poularde a la Banquiere.
Punch au Champagne.
Native Burgundy, Vintage 1874.

ROTIS.
Caille rotis Bardees au Cresson. Canards Canvas-back Farcis au Celeri.
Salad Laitue. Salad Chicoree.
Eclipse. Muscatel.

ENTREMENTS.
Pommes de terre Chateaubriand. Pommes de terre a l'Anglaise.
Tomate farcies a l'Americaine. Petits Pois au Lard.
Haricots verts a la Francaise. Choux fleur au Gratin. Artichauts a la Barigoule.

DESSERT.
Pudding Decoree a la Windsor Sauce. Sabayon. Tartelette de Bourdon.
Charlotte a la Russe. Pate de fruit au Madere. Gelee Macedoine.
Biscut Glacee a l'Italienne. Gateaux Variee.
Napolitaine de Fantasee. Savarin Glacee a la Polonaise.
Port, Vintage 1869. Tokay, Vintage 1873. Muscat I, Vintage 1863.
Mottoes. Ornamental Pieces. Fontaine de Bacchus.
Jardiniere a la Salvatore Rosa. Vase de fleur au Naturel.
Brandy, Vintage 1870.

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Alfred de Musset always declared that he hated dogs, for the reason that twice in his life an animal of the canine race had come within an ace of wrecking his fortunes. The first time was at a royal hunting party when the poet, Louis Philippe's guest, when a bird was flushed, fired hastily and sent the Citizen-King's favorite pointer to meet Cerberus. The second time was when, a candidate for the Académie, De Musset went to pay the customary visit to an influential Immortal whose château was in the environs of Paris. At the moment that the poet rang at the gate an ignoble whelp of incredible ugliness, covered with mud, rushed to meet him with joyous barks and fawned upon him to the detriment of the poet's new pantaloons. Disgusted as De Musset was, it would have been perilous to drive off the Immortal's faithful dog, so he was compelled to let the frightful animal lick his hands, cover him with caresses and mud, and precede him to the drawing-room. A moment later the Academician entered. De Musset noticed his embarrassment, at which he was not surprised, considering the behavior of the animal. They adjourned to the dining-room, followed by the dog, which, after giving vent to his delight by various gambols and cries, placed two muddy paws on the cloth, seized the wing of a cold chicken and began contentedly to devour it.

"That's the most abominable brute I ever heard of," thought De Musset, and continued aloud, "You are fond of dogs, I see."

"Fond of dogs?" echoed the Immortal. "I hate dogs."

"But this animal here?"

"I have only tolerated the beast because it is yours, sir!"

"Mine?" said De Musset. "I thought it was yours, which all that prevented me from killing him!"

The two men roared with laughter, and De Musset made a friend. Late that day a yellow dog crossed the frontier of the Rhine at Strasburg with the air of an animal that had scored upon the tablets of its memory a decidedly unpleasant recollection, and headed for Constantinople with undiminished celerity!

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A citizen of Bodie, over his own signature, informs us concerning the driving out of George Daley by the Miners' Union. He says: "It made my blood boil with indignation when I read the resolutions of those scoundrels composing the foreign element of the 'Union;' and when I say the foreign element, I mean the Irish, because few, if any, of any other nationality took part in the proceedings. It was strictly the Kearney gang of Irish roughs. Their leader was the late so-called Workingmen's candidate for Sheriff. Still that ignorant and vicious mob of poor Irish devils were not so much to blame after all, for after issuing their summary mandate for Daley and his men to leave the Bodie mining district (Daley and his men, scorning their order and defying them to do their worst) the cowardly curs did not dare to enforce their order. What did they do then? Why, they went to every business house in the town, and told the proprietors that if they assisted Daley in any manner they would burn the town. Now, we find out who is to blame. If the citizens had had one spark of manhood, instead of conciliating those miscreants they would have organized an old-time Vigilante and hung every one of them to the first convenient place that offered. But no! They must show the white feather by counseling Daley and his men to surrender their arms to the Sheriff, and submit to the degrading terms dictated by the mob! The citizens of Bodie must always appear to the outside world the craven cowards that they are. They bought the safety of their town at the sacrifice of the liberty of George Daley, an American citizen."

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A correspondent, writing from the University of California, for whose communication in full we are unable to make room, calls attention to the graduates of our so-called Agricultural Colleges as fit subjects for adoption into the army as second lieutenants. Their advantage over other civilians is, first, the general scientific and classical education which they have received—in some cases comparable to that obtainable at West Point—and, secondly, their instruction in military tactics, as required by the law which endowed those colleges, for the express reason that "there might be a large number of educated men, having a considerable knowledge of military affairs, who would be of service to the Government in case of emergency. The last class graduating from the University of California—47 picked men out of 142 who entered—had been "made familiar with the manual of arms, and the manœuvres of company and battalion drill, target practice, and the use of a battery of field guns," besides having listened to "frequent lectures by a regular army officer on the organization and supply of armies, grand tactics, and the conduct of campains." Such men, our correspondent thinks, should by law have precedence of all other civilians in the appointment of second-lieutenants.—*N. Y. Nation.*

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One day recently there arrived in Leadvillve, Colorado, Daniel McFarland, the man who shot and killed Albert D. Richardson, and who was tried and acquitted, and Abby Sage Richardson. He a decrepit, ragged old man, evidently in great want, pain, and misery; she in the garb of a well-to-do lecturer. When McFarland learned of her arrival he fell fainting to the sidewalk, and was carried into a drug store, where restoratives were applied and he recovered. He then began to cry and wring his hands, exclaiming: "Oh, I must see her, I must see her, if only for one moment before I die! I must speak to her!" His condition was so pitiable and his appeals so earnest that some gentlemen who had known them both in better days volunteered to go and see his wife, and endeavor to bring about an interview. The sequel is not known.

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This is the way that a cultivated musical critic of a Mississippi Valley journal prefers to whet the æsthetic appetites of his readers for the feast that is in store for them: "Another foreign piano-player has been imported. His name is Joseffrey, or something of that kind, and they say he just hauls off and hits the instrument the loveliest diffs ever heard."

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Kearney is still agitating for reform. He is endeavoring to incite his cowardly foreign blackguards of the sand-lot to burn cigar factories. We wish he could have an altercation with a rope walk, and come into personal conflict with hemp. Our sympathy would be with the cord, and we should hope it would get the best of him.

## LITERATURE.

A book by Mr. S. R. Elson, treating of cyclonic phenomena in the Bay of Biscay, satisfies a long-felt want. Unfortunately, however, it is verse.

Mr. Pfoundes, who has had the good fortune to live for twelve years in Japan, is preparing a volume on the "folk lore" of the natives. It's a good wind that blows nobody ill.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November contains no poetry. Since we got Mr. Edgar Fawcett away from the *Atlantic* the editor of that hitherto excellent magazine is naturally discouraged.

The popularity of the late Mr. Motley's historical works withstands the test of time. It is now nearly twenty years since the publication of his *History of the United Netherlands*, and nobody has unread it yet.

Before having your children taught arithmetic and algebra it would be prudent to read Mr. Lawrence Benson's *brochure*, *Mathematics in a Dilemma*. The title sounds as if Mr. Benson might have found reasons for believing mathematics a popular error.

*Lippincott* gets worse and worse. The illustrations in the November number are too execrable to be even funny, and the literary part of the magazine is ailing hopelessly. If it could combine the chief merit of the *Atlantic*, which has no pictures, with that of some publication which has no text, it would be a pretty good magazine.

The December *Harper*, beginning its sixtieth volume, will contain a new poem by Longfellow. The subject of the poem is an iron pen, presented to the poet by a lady in Maine, made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon. The handle is made of wood from the frigate Constitution, and is bound with a circlet of gold, studded with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

The new volume by Richard A. Proctor, the people's astronomer, will be as good as anything he has written probably. Mr. Proctor has "popularized" astronomy until children cry for it.

In a paper on vivisection the Rev. George Greenwood says: "I am afraid I shall give a shock to some minds when I say that to me a philosopher scenting out and hotly pursuing a new idea or a new fact, simply under the influence of a strong scientific instinct, does not seem obviously to hold any immeasurable superiority over his dog eagerly pursuing a rat under the influence of a keen sense of smell." Vivisection, however, is valuable, not so much for purposes of science as for the intellectual training it gives to the animals cut up.

*The Tribulations of a Chinaman in China* is Jules Verne's latest. The story is good, but the "tribulations" are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal compared with those of a Chinaman in San Francisco.

The first volume is completed of *Around the World with General Grant*, by John Russell Young. It may be a satisfaction to Mr. Young's victims to know that he recently lost his father.

A new edition of Jean Ingelow's poems is in the press in London.

Mr. Furnivall, the eminent Shakspearean scholar, is "following hard after" Mr. Swinburne with charges of plagiarism. Mr. Swinburne's natural line of defense would be that the very best part of his work is that of which Mr. Furnivall complains.

Chapman & Hall will publish the *Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by Miss Dickens and Miss Hogarth—another blessed opportunity for well-bred people to read what was not written for them.

From the fact that Mr. Theodore Martin has dedicated his translation of Heine's poems to H. R. H. Prince Leopold, we venture to doubt the accuracy of his explanation that the object of the volume is "to show the German poet at his best." It is to show the English translator at his most loyal.

Mr. Bret Harte is reported as suffering in health from the German "climate"—suffering "sebeerly."

Following is a sample stanza from Mr. Edwin Arnold's great epic poem, "The Light of Asia:"

"Anékajatisansarang
Sandhawissang anibbisang
Gahakarakangawesanto
Dukkhajatipunappunang."

It is naughty, but its nice.

Mr. Whittier, replying to an invitation to attend a meeting in sympathy with the tenant farmers of Ireland, writes: "I do not understand fully the condition of the Irish tenant farmers." Mr. Whittier should not write editorials on the condition of the Irish tenant farmers in all the American newspapers, and then disclose the secret of their authorship. It is not professional.

The next volume of the "No Name" series will bear the title of *His Majesty Myself*. Why not call it *I Almighty?*

In the preface to his new book, *Mr. Phillips's Goneness*, Mr. Bailey, "the Danbury *News* Man," remarks with a fine mixture of sentiment and candor: "If this little volume should make a single husband more tender, a single wife more patient, and sell well, I will feel that my labor has not been in vain."

## "THE WOMEN FOLKS."

A rumor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter.

When one looks upon Sara Bernhardt he realizes that woman was made from a rib.

Why do not the gentlemen who hate the English sparrows try to make them fashionable with the milliners?

A woman at Belfast, Maine, habitually punished her little child by sticking needles into its scalp and putting drops of boiling water on its arms.

It has been noticed by a Philadelphia youth that the belts now worn by the fashionable females are just the width of a gentleman's coat sleeve.

A petrified woman has been discovered near Halifax. It is suspected that her husband gave her $10 without asking, to get a new fall bonnet, and she was petrified with astonishment.

An exchange says that many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat, and a big tear stands in her eye as she thinks how late he works nights at his desk by the white-washed wall.

One woman in a fishing party will do more to scare away all the fish than ten packs of firecrackers. Besides that, no man wants to put the neck of a bottle in his mouth when women are present to misjudge his motives.

Miss Mary A. H. Gay, a Georgia lady, complains that Mark Twain has been making liberal use of the contents of a book published by herself in 1858, under the title of *Prose and Poetry*, in the preparation of his own *Tom Sawyer*. To make good her charge she is about to bring out a new edition of her book.

The police of Canterbury, England, are in a state of mind concerning a young woman who called at the station house the other day and addressed the Superintendent in a foreign language, the like of which he had never heard. The woman has been investigated by all the linguists within reach, and not even the Japanese Consul can understand her.

An ill-natured correspondent says that an American girl now traveling in Europe can blush when she pleases, even when she has a quarter of an inch of toilet cream and powder on the face. "She does it somehow," he says, "by drawing in her breath." She can also hold a diamond just poised on the edge of her lower eye-lid for five minutes. Naturally, having abilities of this kind, she exercises them, and counts her victims by the score.

Raymonde, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is one of the few literary women in the country that have any claim to good looks. She is tall and graceful, and has a beautifully shaped head, and hair of the color that Titian loved. She has six children, who adore her, and she manages them and performs all the duties that fall on the mistress of a large household as gracefully and easily as if she never put pen to paper.

A robber found Winnie Roberts, aged sixteen, alone in a farm-house at Wadesburg, Mo. He commanded her to give him all the money in the building, but she refused. After searching a little, and finding only $10, he threw her on a bed, drew a pistol, and swore that he would kill her if she did not give the information. She thrust her hand under the pillow, leading him to suppose that she was getting some money, but what she drew out was a revolver, with which she shot him dead.

Clara Morris says that E. L. Davenport told her how to use her fan. She did not catch his meaning at first, and and after rehearsing asked him to tell her again. "'Will you do it if I take the trouble?' he said. 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Well, you will be an exception if you do,' was all he said. Then he told me the business, which was rather elaborate. I followed his instructions to the letter, and to my unbounded astonishment my single line, 'You are a fool,' brought down the house. I don't know which was the more gratified, E. L. Davenport or Clara Morris. That little experience stands solitary and alone."

Owing to the rigid seclusion in which women are kept, society has few charms. The mind of the Brazilian female is left in all the wild luxuriance of uncultivated nature; her existence is monotony itself, gliding on its dull course in the society of her slaves, to whom in point of intellect she is little superior; but her manners are soft and gentle, and her sensibilities, when roused, have all the fiery energy of her native clime. Interesting, rather than beautiful, her sedentary life tinges her cheek with a sickly hue; while early marriage gives to her figure an exuberant *embonpoint*, which, however, in the oriental taste of the country, is considered the *beau ideal* of personal beauty in both sexes. In this precocious climate ladies are grand-mothers at seven-and-twenty. Female education is an absolute nullity; while it is seldom one meets with an educated man. Indeed, the average Brazilian is completely given over to self-indulgence, gambling, and sensual excesses.

Madame Taglioni, since the loss of her fortune, teaches dancing and deportment to a few fortunate English girls. Married in 1834, says *The London World*, to the Count Gilbert de Voisins, she has children living; one celebrated for her beauty, the Princess Marie Troubetzkoy; another, a distinguished soldier in the French army; but the courageous artist prefers her independent home in England to the hospitality of any relatives, however near and dear. It is no secret that the life outwardly so brilliant was full of bitterness within, and the airy Sylphide often, after doffing her wings, returned to an unhappy home. "Would I like to live my life over again?" she will say. "To dance, yes; for everything else, a thousand times no! In art there are always consolations. You see that drawing by Chalon of the 'Tyrolienne' in Guillaume Tell. Rossini composed the music expressly for me, at my own piano at my own house, while I looked on and listened and wondered. That is a recollection which effaces years of sadness." Taglioni is now seventy years old, but still graceful and elegant in manner. She preserves her bright, hopeful glance, and talks with charming freshness and enthusiasm.

## CALEB T. TWITCHERLEY'S TROUSERS.

The New York *Times* has a funny man. This is an altogether new departure for the daily press. The Burlington *Hawkeye*, the Danbury *News*, and the Detroit *Free Press* have hitherto led in this especial department of literature. We are glad to observe so ponderous and dignified a journal as the *Times* devoting its talents and efforts in this direction. The editorial column is the most instructive and amusing part of this journal. We give a specimen, apprising our readers of the fact that it is an editorial:

"In the town of Durham, Mass., there lately lived Mr. Caleb B. Twitcherly, who at first glance seeming to be a grossly improbable person, was nevertheless a sad reality. Mr. Twitcherly was what is called a genial, though quick-tempered, person, and it was more his misfortune than his fault that he attracted swarms of friends around him. Moreover, he was plentifully supplied with sisters and aunts, and he married, for which, indeed, there was no excuse, except that of mere reckless desperation, into a family where he fairly rolled in sisters-in-law. All of them—sisters, aunts, wife, and sisters-in-law—loved him devotedly, and men pointed him out with awe and pity as one who probably suffered from more friends than any other man in the State.

"Mr. Twitcherly was engaged to act as groomsman at the wedding of one of his most relentless relations on the 18th of September last, and with that view ordered a new pair of black trousers. On the morning of the 17th of that month his new trousers came home from the shop, and he tried them on. They proved to be an inch too long, and he instantly took them back to the tailor. To his dismay he learned that the tailor was absent, and would not return until the next day, whereupon he took the trousers home, in a state of mind that could be more easily described than imagined, provided one knew exactly what that state of mind was.

"There were at that time in Mr. Twitcherly's house, his wife, his mother, five of his own sisters, and three of his sisters-in-law—both kinds of sisters being young, unmarried ladies. They were all shocked when Mr. Twitcherly announced, with all the epithets and interjections that the most liberal system of morality could authorize, that his infamous tailor had made his trousers wholly impracticable. Little by little his affectionate relatives drew from him the full story of his wrongs, and they were overflowing with sympathy when he left them to go to his business, remarking that as it would be out of taste for him to attend a wedding without trousers, it would be impossible for him to act as groomsman.

"No sooner had he closed the door than his affectionate wife stole quietly into his room, cut off what her liberal feminine imagination regarded as an inch from the bottom of his trousers-legs, and sewed them up again with much neatness. It took her only a few minutes to achieve this labor of love, and she felt that she had done nothing more than it was her duty to do as a faithful and devoted wife.

"A little later it occurred to Mr. Twitcherly's mother that she would just run up stairs and shorten her son's trousers. Like her daughter-in-law, there was nothing mean about her conception of an inch, and when her charitable work was done the trousers were fully four inches shorter than when they left the tailor's shop.

"After the mother came the sisters and the sisters-in-law. One by one and in the utmost secresy they attacked the unfortunate garment with a boldness that, in view of their utter want of practical acquaintance with trousers, was really remarkable. Each was determined to give Mr. Twitcherly an agreeable surprise, and therefore took great care that no one should know of her sartorial devotion. Five sisters and three sisters-in-law are eight female relatives. Allotting only one inch of trowsers to each, we may assume that their united efforts shortened the trousers eight inches, to which must be added the four inches previously cut by Mrs. Twitcherly and by Mr. Twitcherly's mother. There is not the least doubt that had the owner of these trousers examined them when he returned home on the evening of the 17th of August he would have been very much surprised indeed.

"It so happened that he did not examine them. The tailor had unexpectedly returned, and to him Mr. Twitcherly hastily sent the trousers with a note expressing the opinion that, in point of intelligence, he was inferior to the brutes that perish, and instantly cut an inch from each trousers leg. The tailor was a quick-tempered man, and after informing his assistant that Mr. Twitcherly was a combined idiot and maniac, besides being weak-minded, he obeyed the order, and sent the remnant of the trousers home. The next evening, about half an hour before the wedding was to take place, the Twitcherly household was horrified to see Mr. Twitcherly rushing into the street, dressed apparently in a short pair of black "trunks," and howling for blood. He has not since been seen, but the body of the tailor, who had apparently died from an apoplectic stroke, was found the next day stretched by the side of his cold and useless 'goose.'

"This anecdote is but one of many which illustrate the suffering wrought by affectionate friends. Let us hope that it may do its part in strengthening us to endure our friends, no matter how many and how affectionate they may be."

The Prince of Wales is said to have some skill in the theatrical art of "making up," which he acquired from the late Mr. Fechter. One day the Prince suddenly presented himself before his mother attired as a beggar, his dress tattered, his face dirty, and his hair, or rather wig, in appropriate disorder. The Queen, not doubting that by some means a genuine beggar had got into the palace, flew into great alarm to a bell, but before the attendants could reach the room her son had thrown off his disguise. He was exceedingly proud of the fact that the Queen had not recognized him.

Anthony Trollope says that he has never been able to perfect a plot for a novel beforehand. "I have to confess," he continues, "that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confessed her guilt. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—X.

The First Plagiarism Concluded—Kate Hayes—Lola Montez.

The announcement that Mrs. Bateman was the authoress of *The Mother's Trust*, and the wioner of the prize which she had herself offered for the "best original drama," fell among the little coterie of local embryo dramatists like a bombshell. It scattered them in all directions, with curses on their lips, and a desire for vengeance uppermost in their souls. They had been trifled with, and made the puppets of a humbug. Their days and nights of ceaseless labor over plot, counterplot, situation, dialogue, had gone for nought, and they were upon the war-path. Public opinion was with them. The newspapers teemed with scathing denunciations of the "infamous imposition upon a too lenient public." They threw open their columns to the outraged authors, and published everything sent by them. The *Chronicle* came out in a leader with the flaming head-line: "Stop. Thief!" It ran as follows:

Plagiarism is the purloining or stealing the writings of another, and the palming them off as one's own. Plagiarists are called literary thieves. It would perhaps be impolite to term the professed authoress of *The Mother's Trust* by the vulgar, though expressive, title of thief. We shall therefore only style her "plagiarist." One word is derived from the Saxon, the other from the Latin, and both mean the same thing. Late on Wednesday night we received the communication which is given below. It contained so serious a charge against Mrs. Bateman that we determined not to publish it until we had read the book which it mentioned, and from which Mrs. Bateman was said to have stolen the plot and chief characters of *The Mother's Trust*. The communication itself was not read by the writer of the theatrical notice of the Metropolitan, until after his criticism on the new piece had been set up, the proof revised, and the whole matter dismissed from his mind. Yesterday we saw for the first time the book called *All's not Gold that Glitters*. We have read it, and are now prepared to endorse generally the statements of our correspondent on the subject of Mrs. Bateman's pilferings. He thus writes:

"A FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S IMPUDENCE.

"EDITORS CHRONICLE:—Rarely has any community been more essentially victimized than we have been. A great prize is offered for the encouragement of the native genius of California; our expectations of mighty things are raised to boiling heat; we look for wonderful things, when lo! under a thin veil of fiction, Mrs. Bateman transfers $1,000 from one pocket to the other, and then comes a great parade of its presentation to the Orphan Asylum. Our suspicions are excited, our imagination is aroused, when out comes a full confession from Mrs. U. F. M. W. W. who modestly tells us that she has 'thrown herself into the breech,' and in *three days* hastily scribbled the prize drama. Be calm, ye Twenty-one. Your suspicions were not so easily satisfied, but out comes accumulative evidence. You are silenced about *Young America* by the assertion that nothing but the effective incidents have been stolen. You are put down by the scene painter, who declares that he never had his instructions until after the decision of the committee.

'In vain, alas! in vain ye gallant few
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew.'

But murder will out. Hard, hard indeed would it be to make us believe, Mrs. U. F. M. W. W., that a three days' hasty scribble can surpass the labor of weeks from some of the best writers in San Francisco. And harder yet, you may be assured, is it to take a plot—body and soul—from the productions of another, and palm it off even upon a San Francisco community as original. We do not call ourselves the 'Athens of America,' but we have seen novelettes before, and even now we read them occasionally. There is a little book called '*All is not Gold that Glitters, or the Young Californian*. By Cousin Alice.' Now, we have not heard this play of *The Mothers Trust*, but we have seen the bill of it for this evening, which bears a wonderful resemblance to this little story. The leading characters are the same, and the dramatist has had the coolness in some instances to even adopt their names. * * * * Strange coincidence! Remarkable U. F. M. W. W.! Tongue have we not nor pen wherewithal to tell our amazement! Away, ye Twenty-one. Hide your diminished heads, ye who have written naught save trash alone, useful only for the wrapping of parcels and the kindling of fires. Away, and make room for the great original, *The Mother's Trust!* Think not that your faint, twinkling stars can compete with this dramatic comet. Nay, verily, though it may shine by a borrowed light, and though a very long tale may hang thereto. Modest merit stands but a poor chance of being rewarded. Learn a lesson thereby, and remember that—

'The race is not for ever got
By them as fastest runs,
Nor the battel by them peopel
As shoot the longest guns. ALPHEUS.'"

And then did the ire of the sympathizing editor wax most furious. Then did he launch forth his rhetoric, and pile heaps upon heaps of infamy upon the heads of the Batemans. They had out-Barnumed Barnum; they had won a name, got the money which belonged to the authors by unfair means, and turned them all into ridicule. The committee had been used as cat's-paws, the "twenty-one" as drummers and trumpeters, and the public as fools. The editor had also discovered that the incidents and characters of *The Mother's Trust* and those of *All is not Gold that Glitters* were identical. He cudgeled his brains to discover what punishment was fitted for this "brace of thieves," and I quote his own language:

There used to be, and perhaps there is still, a wholesome law in the mines: that the thief caught in his guilty act should be lynched. In heinous cases he was hanged; in paltry cases, only tarred and feathered, and drummed out of the community. This *Mother's Trust* is scarcely a hanging matter; but it is one in which a befooled and indignant public are called upon to administer some punishment. To strip "Father" and "Mother" of their borrowed plumes is nothing. Their nest is now well lined, and they will lie snug there and keep themselves warm, chuckling over their thievish tricks, and the stupidity and tameness of the California gulls. * * * Praise to Barnum, but greater praise to Bateman! Ye Samuel Ward, Ogden Hoffman, George Wilks, and Charles L. Strong, lift up your voices, and cry all praise to the showmen of your paces! Ye deluded "twenty-one" praise your thief—chief, we mean. One and all—public fools and private fools—praise him who is more than fool, according to the proverb.

Upon the morning following the penning of the above, it met the eye of Father Bateman. "Then was there blood upon the face of the pale moon." In his most tragic tones he swore to be avenged. He would have the life of the editor of the *Chronicle*—who at that time was Frank Soulé, although not the writer of "Stop Thief." But Bateman neither knew nor cared who wrote it, so long as he could avenge his wrongs and those of his wife. At an early hour he was out upon the street, and for hours lay in wait for an opportunity to inflict a murderous revenge upon his critic. It was noised about the city that Bateman was to shoot Mr. Soulé on sight, and the news reached the office of the *Chronicle;* but, to the credit of the editor-in-chief be it recorded, that, having become hardened by custom to the popping of pistols and the slashing of bowie knives, he did not secrete himself. There came a collision, and shots were fired, but happily without any dangerous result. Then waxed the *Chronicle* hotter than ever, and the author of "Stop Thief" came out in another article, which I give in part. After relating the incidents of the previous day, and reiterating the statements of the alleged libelous article, he concluded:

We can not continue, for our heart swells as we write the narrative of the incidents which occurred yesterday. We leave our readers to learn them from the columns of our contemporaries. Bateman we pronounce a would-be assassin, and murderer in intention. He would muzzle the press, indeed—the press which has made him, through the labors of his infant prodigy, a rich man. While they praised and filled his pockets, editors were all things; when they spoke plain truth, they must be shot on the street like dogs. This is a public question; this is not a matter between the *Chronicle* and Bateman, between Mr. Soulé and Bateman, between the writer of this article and Bateman. It is between the people who wish to be instructed through the press—the organ of public opinion—and Bateman. Shall, then, this man defy public opinion? Shall he be at liberty, because his critic, in the exercise of a true conviction of the necessity, told the truth as it appeared to him, to waylay and assassinate that critic? The American people will not suffer that. They will brand the guilty in a style which he will never forget. In their hands we leave this particular matter. For ourselves—the writer of this article—we say, in plain literal truth, that * * * we criticised *The Mother's Trust* on its first production, and it was solely fair play to the public that moved us to write the article headed "Stop Thief!" * * * The writer of this article never fired a gun nor a revolver in his life. He knows nothing of "shoulder striking," of "rowdyism," of assassination. He trusts himself in the public streets in open day in this city to the truth of his cause, and the fair play of the citizens, his adopted countrymen. Yet he thinks himself no coward, and can stand fire when need be. He lodges at the International Hotel, and is generally, to be found at a desk in the *Chronicle* editorial room. His name is

JAMES NISBET.

Outside of a few occasional sarcastic reminders on the part of the press, this ended *The Mother's Trust* war. In the present day there would be little danger of such unanimous indignation at the mere fact that an author made use of another's brains in strengthening his work. Where would Boucicault and Herne and Belasco have been had they lived in California, contemporary with the Batemans? Even echo keeps most ominously silent.

The first entertainment of any kind of which I have any recollection was a concert given by Kate Hayes, than whom probably no more popular cantatrice ever visited our shores. It is impressed most firmly upon my memory from the fact that it was also my first appearance before an audience. The occasion was a benefit tendered by Sansome Hook and Ladder Company, No. 3, and I had been chosen to present her with an enormous bouquet. During one of her songs I was carried to the wings, handed the bouquet, and instructed to carry it to the lady as soon as she had finished. Anxious to receive the bribes offered, and not knowing what I had to pass through, I rushed upon the stage and toddled up to Miss Hayes. She stopped in the midst of her song, gave a scream of surprise, and caught me in her arms, bouquet and all, and amid the most stunning applause carried me off the stage. I still have in my possession a programme of the event, and it is a noteworthy fact in these days, when *prime donne* have an idea that twice or thrice of an evening is as much as their strength will permit them to sing, that upon the evening in question Kate Hayes sang four ballads, a cavatina, and a duet from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and the same from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. These do not include *encores*. She was assisted by Herr Mengis, also a great favorite, whose *pièce de résistance* was "The Star Spangled Banner." P. T. Barnum was their manager, and they sang for many months with great success, during which they amassed a considerable fortune. Another great favorite of the old days was Lola Montez; not that she was a very great actress, but she was a novelty. She was a countess, had been the mistress of a king, or prince, or something, and that was alone sufficient to draw crowds to see her. Added to this, she was beautiful, and could sing fairly, but her "Spider Dance" was her fortune. Its effect upon an audience was wonderful, and she was forced to repeat it so many times of an evening that from utter exhaustion she would absolutely refuse to come again upon the stage unless the applause was discontinued. If you have never seen the "Spider Dance," let me take you back to the old American Theatre—so many years ago that I will not tell you their number, lest you should doubt the truthfulness of my description. Up went the curtain, and on came Lola Montez, fomenting the pit, agitating the gallery, and sensationizing the dress circle. She is arrayed in a costume of as many colors as Joseph's coat, and stands for an instant full of fire and action, and *abandon*, and all aglow with the excitement of the coming dance. She apparently represents a country girl walking across a meadow, green with tall grasses held together by spider-webs. Finally she appears to step into one of those huge nests of spiders found in the meadows during the warm mornings of spring. She commences to dance, and the cobwebs entangle her clothes. The myriads of spiders, young, old, and half grown, begin to colonize. The music, a slow, measured, but fascinating mixture of waltz, polka, mazurka, schottische, and jig, conforms to the step, or else the step conforms to the music, you can't tell which. The spiders accumulate and the danseuse stamps. They appear in swarms—you can imagine eleven-legged nondescripts with two heads and no eyes—hairy monsters with five-clawed feelers, crawling and jumping about the stage, lighting upon Lola's petticoats, and committing unwarrantable liberties, and would sympathize with her, but she seems to take it so coolly that one comes to the conclusion that she is "enough for them." After a series of examinations and shaking of dresses, she succeeds in getting the intruders out of the way. She apparently stamps daylight out of millions of them, and does it with so much *naïveté* that you feel a sort of satisfaction at the triumph. The picture winds up with Lola's victory, and she glides from the stage overwhelmed with applause, and smashed spiders, and torn cobwebs, and radiant with parti-colored skirts, smiles, graces, and glory. Lola had a temper, and was possessed of an unusual amount of bravery. Upon the slightest provocation she would declare war. Upon one occasion, while dancing, some one laughed. In an instant she turned and opened a torrent of abuse upon the man who had dared to laugh at her. She was hissed from the stage, and the performance came to an end. The next evening the house was crowded in every part—no doubt assembled to repeat the events of the previous evening. The manager came before the curtain, and informed the audience that Miss Montez had an explanation to make. Would they allow it? The applause signified an affirmative answer, the curtain rose, Lola came forward, and made a speech. In less than ten seconds she had regained her hold upon the violent audience of the night before. She assumed the entire blame herself in some way or other, and concluded: "It was unworthy of me, and I shall speak of it no more. Ladies and gentlemen, if you wish me to go on with my dance you have only to say the word." At the conclusion of the speech the Countess was hailed with thunders of applause, amid which she smiled sweetly, dropped a courtesy, and retired gracefully. The drama was not at an end, however, for there was another act of Lola Montez more interesting than any of her Bavarian history as presented on the stage. The editor of the *Californian* declared in his issue of next morning that the enthusiasm was all sham, the paid responses of a hired house. Before sunset a gentleman appeared in the editor's room, announced himself as the friend of Miss Montez, and handed the following letter:

TO THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN.

SIR:—The extraordinary article concerning myself, which appeared in your issue of this morning, requires an extraordinary answer. I use the word extraordinary, for I am astonished that a responsible (?) editor should *lie* in such a barefaced manner, and be so void of gallantry and courtesy as yourself. I am a woman. I do not advocate woman's rights, but at the same time can *right* myself by inflicting summary justice upon all jackanapes. After such an insult, you must don the petticoats. I have brought some with me, which you can wear for the occasion. You must fight me. I leave the choice of two weapons to yourself, for I am magnanimous. You may choose between my dueling pistols, or take your choice of a pill out of a pill-box. One shall be poison and the other not, and the chances are even. I request that this affair may be arranged by your seconds as soon as posssble, as my time is quite as valtable as your own.

MARIA DE LANSFELD HULL (Lola Montez).

I have no record of the occurrence of the duel insisted upon in the above letter, but it is quite probable that the editor of the *Californian* was one of the several editors cowhided by Lola Montez during her stay in California, which extended over a number of years, partly in the theatres of the State, and partly in the residence she had built in Grass Valley.

CLAY M. GREENE.

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A journal published by a French communist in his island exile has a spirited sketch of Blondin and his famous performances at Niagara Falls; though M. Blondin is, indeed, but little more than a peg on which to hang some account of the manners and peculiarities of our countrymen as seen from a French (and insular) point of view. With the natural egotism of the Frenchman and the journalist, the writer also makes the daring "professor" serve to point a moral about journalism:

"On this tight-rope Blondin speculated of a surety upon the eternal stupidity of mankind, whose greatest pleasure consists to see a man break his neck; for don't forget that if the exercise were repeated too often without accident the curiosity of the public would come to an end. You would hear people saying, '*Pardieu*, it is not so very difficult after all, as he never fails,' and the speculation would be dished; so Blondin judiciously limits the number of his performances. But what should we say of a man who took his cord, not to appear once a month for a few minutes, but to pass his whole life on it, and to found there the edifice of his future; of a man, in fact, who lived eternally between two precipices, and who at every step had to renew the miracles of tight-rope equilibrium; whose eye and whose foot must never once fail, and who would have for a perspective at the end of this perilous business neither the fortune of Blondin nor his celebrity, but only calumny or indifference, and, to crown all, oblivion. And yet there are such men, and they have become as necessary to the national life as the butcher and the baker; and this madman, this unreasonable being—you have already divined him—is the journalist. The abysses between which he walks are: on one side the public, on the other side the law. But one may say, 'Why do you become a journalist?' Why? Oh, dence take it! because, just as there are some people born with the madness of the theatre, the mania of invention, the passion of travel, so others come into the world with the madness of journalism. According to Mürger, one is born a curer of smoky chimneys as one is born a poet; well, just in that way, too, one is born a journalist. Whenever you hear a journalist complaining of his profession, do not take his lamentations *à la lettre*. It is a moment of discouragement; that is all. Tell him to get out of it, and he will give you a thousand reasons which forbid him to quit the field of battle. No; when once one has put one's foot in this hole, one must leave at the bottom of it all hope of return. The most simple thing is to make one's self as comfortable as may be, and to turn it from a hell into a little purgatory."

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"Look heah, Hanner, you an' me's bin gittin' 'long fo' nigh onter fawty yeah, an' ain't never had a fuss yit, but, fo' de Lord, ef eber I ketches you pealin' taters an' scrapin' de ha'r offen pigs' feet ag'in wid my razer, I'll wipe dis kitchin flo' up so clean and slick wid you dat de cat can't stan' on hit. Now you heah Ike a preachin' ter yer, an' if you 'spec' ter go to heaben wid my good will, don't you pester my razer any mo'. Han' me dem mushroom." And Hanner pushed the dish of fried hog's ears over to her excited lord, and lit out for the kitchen, where she commenced a waltz and song:

"An' he used to scrub de bandle
Ob de big front doah."

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The gentleman of this city who was so absent-minded that he put his umbrella to bed and stood in the corner himself all night has furnished another illustration of mental woolgathering. He came home late the other evening, and his wife asked him where he had been. "Been down to Tompkins's house; his mother is dead," said he, sleepily. This was accepted as a sufficient excuse at the time, but was hardly regarded as such the next morning at the breakfast table, when the wife alluded to poor old Mrs. Tompkins. "What's the matter with her?" said Dreamthorp, pausing, with his coffee cup half raised to his mouth. "Why, she's dead, you silly fellow," answered his *vis-à-vis*. "Is she?" replied the unconscious husband, "when did she die?"

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A man has opened a *café* just opposite a cemetery in Paris. He dedicates the house "to those coming to funerals," and announces on his sign: "Private rooms for all who wish to weep by themselves. Wine and liquor of the very best."

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The New York policemen have a sort of mutual benefit society. They all club together.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Addresses the Widow by Proxy.

MAISON DE RAGLIN, OAKLAND, of October the 21st.

LA BELLE MADAME: — Pardonnez-moi not for to write you previously before on account of business of importance more. I reproach to myself the delinquency much, and pray you to forgive. When I your letter received I turned over a torrent of tears, as the divine Fenelon remark—"il versa un torrent des larmes"—to think I am so pauvre in the language diction. I have endeavor since to patch up the faults I myself you reproach me. I so much of you I am enamoured that I right away buy me a first rate education you bet. You I hope to pleased my progress in the language diction with will be. Before you me did criticise so pardonably I made myself content with little learning. Then with magnificent Horace, who I know in the French already, I exclaim, "Happy that he who knows himself to content of little," but now I precipitate myself you to please by tackling the language diction elegant. As the ambition not has not of limits, and that the thirst of knowledge me consumes much, it of it results that the happiness me to me comes to the measure I it look after. Me have you advertised of my faults. I them hasten mighty quick to free myself of. My amity for you I stick to like the death grim to the nigger that is dead. I hope soon bimeby the spelling of the language diction shall be perfect so to compare with *ma chère* Mme. Jones. Then, too, I make my grammar to be like the grammar of *la belle* Mme. Jones also. My idiom, what you call slang, I also jerk out of my billets; I grab the elegant with facility much, and of the language diction I adore even so much as the young buck adore the *folies filles*. You of jealousy seem to be troubled much because of the *femme fashionable*. I pray you of jealousy look out. The *femme fashionable* I like not so much as the widow not fashionable. I quote to you of the grand Shakspeare: "Of jealousy beware you; it is the one eyed monster green, who the beef he chews on he laughs at." The grand, the beautiful Shakspeare, I learn him in the French in ten lessons. *Ma belle ami*, the *femme fashionable* I detest like the ground you walk on. You I think much of beyond compare. You I take to my heart like one bully girl with one diamond eye. Whereof am I much disgust with the whisky man, Monsieur Bill Belcher, that he of my letters construct so much liberty. I like not familiarity so much, for of familiarity contempt is born. Of contempt I am much vexed by the familiarity of the whisky man you know so villainous in your billet by name Monsieur Bill Belcher. He will I not write to nevermore by Jingo—the kind of a hairpin I am that is me, you don't it forget. I associate me to much extent from after this with Monsieur Auguste Le Rouge, of families elegant in la belle France, who now the *valet de chambre* of Monsieur P. Raglin is. The aristocrat of him is so apparent as the nose on the face. Of Monsieur Bill Belcher, the whisky man, I no more have nothing to accomplish. I kick him from out my heart like the dog from the *maison*. You write to me frequent, and to me tell how my improvement in the language diction you like. I speak the French way up like Auguste Le Rouge, the born native of Picardy, which la belle France is in. The high tone my billets of will soon you astonish when I my knowledge complete—you hear my douceur racket. I for the elegant language diction go for like the pup of a bull for the nose of a cow. I learn you to speak like me when I my education complete. I of you much solicitation have, and that the matter is with me. From Byron, the delightful, I quote you: "Life of me, soul of me, I you love."

Yours, respectably, JAMES SNAGGLEBY.

To MME. PRISCILLA JONES,
Of Tuttletown, in the County Tuolumne, California,
Through the town of Copperopolis.

In Propria Personæ.

AT RAGLIN'S, October 21, 1879.

OLD SON:—I've played it on the ol' gal, but don't ye let on to her. I've given the pints o' w'at I wanted to write to her to Phil's *valley de sham*—the rooster that fixed me up fur the big bust down to Bill Sharon's—an' ez he's fust class in the French lingo, I reckon he's made me solid 'ith the widder. Ye see, Bill, she sat down onto me so heavy a week or two ago thet I kinder felt ashamed o' myself. She give me a rattle about not knowin' how to spell, an' she jumped me col' soul on my grammer. So I goes to the *valley*, not wishin' to put Phil to any trouble, he bein' so tangled up 'ith stocks, an' says I: "*Valley*, w'at kind of a quill d'ye throw?" an' the *valley* allows thet he was heavy on the throw. "I s'pose ye ken sling the parley voo," says I, an' the *valley* grinned very wide, an' said, "Wee, musheer." Thet settled it, an' I give him the contract to make it all right 'ith the widder. He's ez high toned ez one o' them Nob Hill ducks, an' he talks the French lingo perfect. I tol' him to throw in the parley voo a few, an' to not furgit to soft soap the ol' gal to the full extent o' the two languages. I was partickler to give him a pint on the racket thet I was goin' in fur education the hull hog, an' I made him take down a few o' my mos' frequent slang words so's not to hev the widder think I was progressin' too fast out o' my "ignorance" lay, but don't you chip, or my cake'll be all dough. Besides, I'm o' the opinion thet w'en the widder falls up aginst some o' thet foreign lingo I tol' the *valley* to sling at her, she'll git throwed flatter'n a Poverty Alley speculator arter a break in the peanut crop o' stocks. But don't you let on, Bill. I don't want her to drop onto my little game; I want her to open her eyes a bit an' hev a little more respect for a feller. Now, Bill, I'd like to know w'at's struck *you?* Can't a feller go on a spree 'ithout bein' accused o' jumpin' his principles? I'm Dimmycratic, Bill, from my marrer out, an' no dicktaytors ken jerk it out o' me. Thet's the kind of a hairpin I am, an' don't you furgit it neither. I don't know w'ether I'll git an invite to the Crocker bizness or not, but I'm recknin' thet this racket'll be a little more dif'rent from the Sharon layout. Phil's bin doublin' up a few more o' those small fry female stock operators. He gathered 'em in on Scorpion, w'ich he handled fur 'em while Union Consolidated and Sary Nevada was on the boom. I reckon he cleared about five thousan' on the flurry, an' the chances is thet two or three milliners 'll hev to put up ther shutters an' hist out o' town or somewhar. Ez fur buyin' stocks fur you, Bill, I wouldn't mind, ef they was dead sure to win, but I've seen so much misery from tacklin' the Pine Street tiger thet I hevn't the heart to run ye into the corral. I made a few myself las' week, but I only did it for a flyer, an' it don't count. You jest keep out o' stocks, Bill, ef ye know w'en yer well off, an' don't go for to make more money'n ye know w'at to do with—ef ye do it'll ruin ye. It's nigh bin the ruin o' me, an' I'm gittin' sick o' the game. I've a blamed good mind to git married an' settle down. I've seen one o' the purtiest gals in California a visitin' Phil's wife, an' I shouldn't wonder but w'at I'll make up to her afore long. The sharps ain't a buyin' any pocket mines jest now, but mebbe they'll lay in a stock nex' spring, so you an' Stokes hed better hang on 'til then. She's twenty-three, and ez han'some ez a roan filly in a pasture. I sent up thet whisky, an' I reckon it'll suit the boys. Tell 'em it's a present from ther ol' pard. It's heel soakin' stuff an' no mistake, an' 'll warm the heart of a Digger Injin or a nigger cook. She's poor, but she's ez proud ez Lucifer. Poverty ain't no drawback, though, an' I've about made up my mind to tackle her. Pinafore's a jam up piece, Bill, but "Dick Deadeye" in the play isn't much account. He goes 'round informin' on true lovers, an' gittin' 'em caught by the ol' duffer, w'ich I claim is playin' it about ez mean ez they make 'em. Don't ye tackle it, Bill. Her father cleamed up two or three hundred thousan' in blankets an' hard tack durin' the war, an' sent Maud to Europe to slap on the finishin' touches an' learn how to parley voo an' play the pianner. She's a rus'ler, you bet, Bill. I don't put up no entrance money, an' sich, on walkin' matches much, an' ye kin tell Hi Decker so, ef ye want to. I'll treat him w'en he comes down, but I ain't goin' to squander nothin'. She'd set off a high toned shebang up on Rooshen Hill fust rate, an' ef she'll hev me I'll make the break. She's high strung, though, an' might object to me because I'm risin' fifty-two, an' the hair dye don't stick to my whiskers more'n five days at a time afore the natcheral color shows through. Besides my hair's comin' out by the handful, an' the bald spot on the top o' my head's spreadin' out like the tail o' a fan tail pigeon. But she's ez poor ez Lazarus, an' I've got the scads, so I reckon we'll make a trade. Yer ol' pard, JIM SNAGGLEBY.

To WILLIAM BELCHER,
Tuttletown, Tuolumne Co., via Copperopolis.

N. B.—The way she collapsed from affluence to poverty was the ol' man goin' it a little too strong in stocks. He took Raglin's advice, an' busted higher'n a kite, an' the consequence is they're buzzum friends ever since. Thet's how she come to be visitin' at Phil's. Don't say anythin' to the widder. JIM.

### The Key Note.

Professor Lovering, of Harvard College, says: "All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite ratio of vibration, depending on their material, size, and shape, as fixed as the fundamental note of a musical chord;" and proves it by illustrations, some of which are:

"When the bridge at Colebrooke Dale (the first iron bridge in the world) was building, a fiddler came along and said he could fiddle it down. The workmen laughed in scorn, and told him to fiddle away to his heart's content. He played until he struck the key-note of the bridge, and it swayed so violently that the astonished workmen commanded him to stop. At one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell. Some days the building was so shaken that a pail of water would be nearly emptied, while on other days all was quiet. Experiment proved that it was only when the machinery was running at a certain rate of speed that the building was disturbed. The simple remedy was in running it slower or faster, so as to put it out of time with the building. Tyndall tells us that the Swiss muleteers tie up the bells of the mules, lest the tinkle bring an avalanche down. The breaking of a drinking glass by the human voice is a well-attested fact, and Chladni mentions an innkeeper who frequently repeated the experiment for the entertainment of his guests. A nightingale is said to kill by the power of his notes. If we enter the domain of music there is no end to these illustrations."

So much from Professor Lovering.

One evening I was in one of the largest churches in the city of Brooklyn, quite new and strongly built. A New York organist played for the occasion, and with great power and skill. The vibrations of the air was distinctly felt, and at one time the building vibrated too, and one said to another before me, "How that organ jars this house." I had read Professor Lovering just before, and knew the key-note of the building had been struck.

We have all read of that grand forest of palms that lead from the deep, deep valley of the Jordan to the plain where the "city of palms"—Jericho—nestled in an amphitheatre of hills and overhanging cliffs, surrounded by a wall that protected it from the giants that lived in the land, and whose cities in Western Palestine have defied man and time. We have all read, too, how that army under Joshua walked once around that wall for six days, in profound silence, while the seven trumpets that preceded that ark of God kept up the long wail. On the seventh they walked seven times around; then the trumpets gave a long blast, the people gave a long shout, and the walls fell. And have we not all heard the infidel tell this story, seen his sarcastic smile, and felt, as we fell back on that over-much used word, miracle, that there are some absurd stories in the Old Testament, and it is no use to deny that.

Ah! so we limit the Holy One of Israel! so measure the All-Wise by our ignorance. The fall of Jericho is no absurd story, no undignified foolery, no miracle, but a simple scientific fact. He knew the key-note of that wall; it was struck, and it fell.

A clergyman in clerical attire was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus and cursing the while in the most ingenuous manner. "Don't swear, man!" shouted the clergyman. "Don't swear at them; shoot them!"

This conundrum was recently given at the London Alhambra: "Think of an octopus, double it in three, add the whites of two eggs, the juice of a bitter almond; take away the supplement of to-morrow's *Times*, and what's the price of Ostend rabbits?"

## OUR OWN POETS.

### The Milky Way.

Above me, in solemn skies that clouds have left
A dreamy infinitude of throbbing light,
Faint as diaphanous vapor, it has cleft
With shadowy causeway the blue voids of night.

I lift my gaze, by silent reverie won,
And nothing now the aerial fancy mars
That spirits in silver wizardry have spun
Some pale miraculous cobweb through the stars.

Forever thus night's haughtiest calms evince
A zone of gossamer, delicately spread,
As though some meteor, but a moment since,
Had trailed long fiery splendors where it fled.

But science, on dauntless wings that never close,
The stately mystery like a veil has torn,
And shown us, quivering with deep natal throes,
A terrible embryo of worlds unborn.

Here chaos lurks, in many a wild, vague ring,
And laboring spheres rebel from its embrace,
Age after age victoriously to swing
Out through the opaque enormities of space.

Ah, where sublime these nebulous wreaths hang curled,
May one star wake to being, if one alone,
Fit lofully to be called a perfect world—
Freed from the sin, the agony of our own!

NEW YORK, October, 1879. EDGAR FAWCETT.

### My Philosophy.

Always cheerful? Yes, my friend.
This my motto from the first:
That misfortune needs must mend
When the bad is at the worst.

Know you not the arc that lies
Deepest crushed into the clay
Is the sole one sure to rise,
Let the wheel roll as it may?

When my questioned purse is dumb,
Shall I whimper? Nay, but sing:
"Let the jingling goddess come;
Now there's room for all she'll bring."

If the merry hint she slight,
Still I'll carol as I go:
"Empty pockets are so light;
By my faith, 'tis better so!"

As for love, why fret or mope
If one charmer prove unkind?
Surely, 'twere more wise to hope
All the rest not quite so blind.

If my merits find them so,
This shall make me lighter grieve:
"Cœlebs! what a world of woe
Adam found in finding Eve!"

MARYSVILLE, October, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### Love in a Cottage.

I explained my exact situation,
I told her my clients were few,
That life would be full of privation
And want, at the best we could do.

She said we could live in a cottage,
And love should abide with us there;
We would dine on a *menu* of pottage,
And breakfast and lunch upon air.

She knew how to make a home pretty,
And how to economize, too;
And she grew sarcastic and witty
Over "splurge" and wasteful ado.

No carpets, for instance, were needed,
The floors should be inlaid and bare;
And Persian rugs rarely exceeded
Some six hundred dollars a pair.

The doors, with their creaking and slamming,
We would have none of *them* in this place;
She would much prefer elegant hangings—
An occasional arras of lace.

I gazed at the ceiling above me,
And my fate wore a look of dismay;
She sobbed out: "You surely don't love me,
Or you never would look in that way."

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. CHAS. H. PHELPS.

### In Sorrow.

O my lover—my passionate lover!
The west wind blows softly to-night;
It tells me the sweet story over
That your pen is too scornful to write.
My heart is a-shiver with love, dear;
Could you know but the anguish I feel,
'Twould your anger and bitterness move, dear,
With its tender, its trustful, appeal.

O my lover, my darling, my baby!
I dream your dear head on my breast;
I thrill at your touches—ah! maybe
You are stirred with regretful unrest.
O my love! when the clouds break in thunder,
And the rain and the lightnings are done,
The flowers—that the storm puts asunder—
Smile their sweetest again in the sun.

O my lover! give back the fierce splendor
Of your heart—my contrition believe;
My proud soul, so haughty, so tender,
I have stung—I have hurt you—forgive!
But my love has been all the time true, dear;
Never lured for a moment astray.
Ah, God! but it can not be you, dear,
Who turns from my sorrow away!

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. E. L.

### To Annie M——.

Afar on northern hills there lies
An icy bank of crystal snow;
But on its breast, with heart aflame,
A snow-drop's ruby petals glow.

And year by year, though outward ice
Glints rays of chill to mortal eyes,
Within the snow abides the warmth
That paints the buds with rosy dyes.

O Annie, with the cold, cold heart,
With eyes that glint and gleam so fair,
I pray thee, warm thine icy heart
And let love bloom, a flower, there!

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879.

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.*

And now that General Grant has taken his departure from our midst, let us consider whether he is a candidate for the Presidency, whether he can be nominated by the Republican party, and whether, in the event of such a nomination, he could be elected by the people. Under a reasonable interpretation of his acts, we have a right to believe that he wants to be, for the third time, a Presidential candidate. If he did not, he would say so. It is not natural, it is not possible, that having determined to remain in private life, and having resolved that under no possible contingency would he allow his name to be used in a party convention, he would maintain his guarded speechlessness upon this subject. Having resolved not to again enter upon a political career, it would be his pleasure and his duty to declare the fact. Having resolved that he would await events in the hope of being again called to the Republican candidacy, he would act just as he is now doing. He would say, "I am not called upon to anticipate events; I am not expected to decline before I am nominated; I have a right to keep my own counsel; I have a right to await the time when I may declare my purpose; I have a right to consider the possibilities of the candidacy in the light of a patriotic duty." To this reasoning there is no ready answer. Whether he can be nominated by a Republican Convention may be a question upon which there will be a difference of opinion. That he can receive the unanimous nomination by common consent, and by acclamation, we do not believe. There are men in civil life, holding honorable rank in the Republican party, who are and have a right to be candidates for the Presidential nomination. There is no good reason why Conkling, or Sherman, or Blaine, or Washburne should give way. There is no reason to presume that any one of these gentlemen is so good and so patriotic that he will sacrifice himself for General Grant, and there is no good reason for thinking that they so hate each other, and are so jealous, that they will accept him in preference to any other. They will fear that once again in the Presidential office he will exact the traditional two terms, and, perhaps, so far overcome his indisposition to hold office, that he would consent to a fifth term, and that thus might the ambition be cheated of those who had disciplined themselves to patience, and who had "learned to labor and to wait." If the nomination were but the opportunity of leading a forlorn hope, Messrs. Conkling, Sherman, Blaine, Washburne, and others, might prefer to see the available man nominated; they might take a second place, a place in the Cabinet, or look for the lesser distinction of a foreign mission; but in view of the present attitude of parties, either of these gentlemen may well reason that the National Convention is the real battle-ground, and that in this, the skirmish line of the fight, the actual contest lies. It appears to us that the Republicans will elect the next President; the results in California, Iowa, Maine, and Ohio do not indicate any lessening strength to the Republican organization. If New York shall elect Cornell, the omens are all favorable to the election of a Republican President. Hence there can not be a walk-over in Convention, and there is no one of the prominent candidates named who will willingly forego his own chance for General Grant, and if there come to him the "nomination by acclamation," it will leave behind it a scowling row of sullen statesmen who will see in "Grant's luck" their Nemesis, and, except in the event of a popular deluge, they will refuse to enter the Republican ark. When we reflect that this National Convention is a thing of the politicians and office-holders, in which the people have but little participation, we give it as our judgment that General Grant will not be allowed to walk away with the nomination without a severe struggle.

And if nominated, can he be elected? We are not unmindful of his popularity. It is deserved, and was fairly and honorably won. He has served his country faithfully. He has worn his honors modestly. His service in the Mexican war, his service in the civil conflict, his administration of the Presidential office, demonstrated great and heroic qualities. No one doubts his patriotism, his integrity, or his capacity—the three great cardinal virtues he possesses in an eminent degree. If it were true that he would make a better President than any one named in this writing, we are still unwilling to admit that he is essential to the prosperity of our American Republic; that its safety or its welfare depends upon any human life. We are unwilling to change the unwritten Constitution of our government, fixed and established by a century of honored precedent, that no man should hold the Presidential office beyond two terms. We should regard the breaking down of that rule as an infraction of a fundamental law, one of the principles upon which rests our fabric of government, and we declare, with an indignation that we have not words strong enough to express, our utter detestation of that false and flippant suggestion that we need a "strong government." It is the thoughtless and unguarded utterance of the brainless rich. It finds a parrot-like repetition from the unreflecting mob that never thinks for itself so long as there is a groove or rut to follow in. Our government is strong enough so long as it is under the guidance and direction of the great middle class. If this guidance is turned over to the selfish and grasping rich, or allowed to drift away to the control of the ignorant and propertyless mob, it will become a helpless wreck. A "strong government" means a political oligarchy, ruled by corporations, banks, and individuals of abnormal wealth. It means centralized power at Washington. It means an increase of military force till we have a standing army. It means an utter breaking down of the doctrine of States' rights. It means a moneyed control over the working element of the country, and over the propertyless, idle, and criminal classes, that shall crush, and grind, and tax, and destroy the great, industrious middle class between the upper and the nether millstones. It means an alliance between two dangerous classes of society—the very rich and the very poor. This "strong government" means an ultimate overthrow of republicanism, and a destruction of our present political institutions. It means chaos and disorder, anarchy and misrule, to be followed by a king. Let us not be blind to the possibilities of any change that shall look to the formation of a "strong government." Let us not be unmindful of the warnings of great thinkers and great men, who, by reason of their foreign birth and education, have an independent position from which to forecast our political destiny. Let us not be oblivious to the fact that we have within our borders dangerous political elements that will be quick to take advantage of any effort to precipitate a "strong government," and let us not forget that anarchy always precedes the formation of "strong governments," and always accompanies any attempt to change established order. A "strong government" will not come by the election of General Grant, nor by the ordinary political process. It will come out of the smoke of battle, the tempest of strife, and the hail of lead. It will come in lurid and destroying flames. It will come after a struggle. And if it come at all, it will come as a protection and shield, as a rampart and defense. There is to be, and there can be, no peaceful revolution in this country. There can be wrought out no change of any essential in our government without a conflict, and a bloody one. Hence the rich man who prematurely invites the change is an idiot, who invokes the chaos that shall imperil, if not destroy, his wealth and his social repose. It would not be possible, by any political device, to disfranchise any important class that would not be followed by disturbances that would imperil the nation's life. Our safety lies in our onward speed. We are skating over thin ice, and the angry current is boiling beneath us. We are driving the engine over a dangerous trestle-work, that will not bear the weight of the train if it stops over the gulf to repair. When foreign immigration is checked; when our naturalization laws are changed; when a generation or two has passed; when the government has become strengthened by a natural growth, we may dare to put on the brakes, and "slow down" from our present dangerous speed. All we can do now is to hold our breath and "let her rip." Our breadth of continent; our sparse population; our opportunities of easy accumulation; our free press; our free schools; our cheap lands; our absence of laws of primogeniture and entail; the division of our lands into small holdings, and their ownership in fee by the men who cultivate them; our extending commerce, abundant food, and certainty of national progress, may put danger far away into the future if we intelligently and honestly administer our government under its present form. But any attempt at change in the direction of a "strong government" simply invites and precipitates a struggle that may be long deferred, and perhaps may be indefinitely postponed. If General Grant becomes a Presidential candidate, it is under the inspiration of this idea. The idea comes from great corporations, from National Banks, from foreign syndicates, from men of abnormal wealth. General Grant will have charged upon him that his sympathies run in the direction suggested. It will be remembered that to his first Cabinet he appointed millionaires—Stewart to the Treasury, Borie to the Navy, Fish to the portfolio of State. It will be remembered that in New York he rides in Harlem Lane after the horses of Bonner, the millionaire; that in Philadelphia he drives with Childs and Drexel, millionaires; that in California he was the guest of millionaires. It will be charged that he is disposed to strengthen the military arm of the government, and to employ the heavy guns of shore and ship to keep the South in military subjection. His nomination will arouse a class prejudice. It will invoke the opposition of those who think the military should be subordinate to the civil. He would not be very warmly supported by the labor class of the country; and, except in the possibility of a "boom" such as elected Harrison and Taylor, there would be imminent danger that General Grant would not be elected in the event of his nomination. It is our opinion to-day that, with Judge Field, Senator Bayard, or General Hancock as Democratic nominees, California would cast her electoral vote against the Republican candidate, and that the same would be true of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, Colorado, and Oregon.

There is a consideration of this third-term question personal to General Grant, and one which his real friends and true admirers deem of consequence. It is a consideration that will carry no weight with the great army of selfish politicians that follow him, and hope to hold on to present office or to gain some new one. It will not be considered by those intriguing political spiders who are weaving their webs at the nation's center, nor by those among the inconsiderate admirers who make the fatal mistake of thinking the position of President the very heaven of human happiness. His reëlection to this great office gives to his name no new lustre and confers upon him no new honor. He has climbed the rugged height of fame; he has gained the summit of human ambition; he stands at the very apex of greatness. There is no other pinnacle beyond, no other height to scale, no other position to attain. There is nothing beyond but airy space, nothing above but an empty void. He can attain no further glory; he can grasp no other honor. Here he must stand, on this plateau he must live; for other fame, honor, riches, he must stoop; he can only grasp them by reaching down. If in the days of Roman glory it was a proud distinction to proclaim, "I am a Roman citizen;" if it is an honor to be an American citizen, how grand the idea, how splendid the position to be the *first* American citizen, with an unchallenged title before all the world. This is General Grant's place, and what real friend, what true American, would desire to drag him back and down into the conflict of political controversy, into the arena of party strife, into the hell of a passionate struggle for office? What nobler life for him to live, what more glorious death to die than as the acknowledged, loved, and honored first citizen of the greatest of republics? In such position, trusted by the South and the North, he may do the nation further service. Above the din of party strife, his voice might be heard in wise and patriotic council. He is as yet a young man, and there are before him many years of usefulness. He may render service and give counsel as the best beloved and trusted of all the people, which would not be accepted from the chieftain of a party. He might live to see himself in bronze and marble. The chisel would work the quarry to mould his form. Eloquence and poetry would hand down his honored name to a grateful posterity. He would live in the hearts of all his countrymen. The loftiest monument of his glory, prouder than those of chiseled marble or bronze deftly moulded, would be the grand fact that, like Washington, and under greater temptation, he refused to let his enthusiastic countrymen take the first step toward a "strong government," by making him the third time President of the Republic.

The question of General Grant's fortune is sometimes suggested in connection with his future, and the paltry $100,000 that, by economy, he might lay aside from another Presidential term, or twice that amount from an eight years' service, is a controlling idea with some people. As if a great, rich, and generous nation could not provide for that future without demanding of him to earn an official salary! There is no one who would not willingly see General Grant retired upon a generous provision. If a pension, such as England would provide, may be deemed a dangerous innovation, let him be declared Marshal of the Republic, with such pay as would sustain the office with dignity. Let him, and all retiring Presidents, be created Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, with salary and nominal duties. Let some fiction of service entitle him to live in ease from out the nation's treasury. We all desire to see him placed above the necessity of daily duties. We are all willing that he may have no anxieties for the future, and we would all desire him to be in position to live at ease and to maintain the dignity of the place of first citizen of the Republic. If the Democratic party had any sense or political sagacity, some Confederate brigadier-general would introduce into and pass through Congress some law for his provision. It would be a graceful thing as coming from the South; it would be a splendid piece of political strategy as coming from the Democracy. While we are personally of the opinion that General Grant can not be elected President a third time, and that all this enthusiasm does not indicate that he can sweep away the two-term tra-

dition, yet it would be our advice to the Democracy to put a golden padlock on this stable door before General Grant is led out for the Presidential race.

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There is no sort of doubt that California is the greatest, best, and most prosperous State in the Union; that San Francisco is, and is destined to be, the great commercial emporium of the world; that we are, by all odds, the greatest people in the universe; that the American Union is the most glorious and permanent of republics. It becomes our duty, in view of our personal knowledge of these things, to illuminate a dark and benighted world in reference to them. It is a melancholy fact that there are persons, indeed we may say whole communities of apparently otherwise intelligent people, who do not recognize this condition of things upon the Pacific Coast. The English people, in their insular vanity, think themselves great. The citizens of Paris think it an attractive pleasure resort. Liverpool has an absurd idea of its commercial importance. Germany boasts of Bismarck and its imperial army. Boston is ever prating of its culture, and New York and Chicago boastfully claim to be important cities. But is not the Pacific the greatest of oceans? Is not California among the largest of States in territorial area? Can any one doubt our superiority to the English people? We thrashed them in the war of the Revolution, and in the war of 1812, and we can prove by tens of thousands of Fourth of July orations our ability to thrash them again. What would Paris be if it were not for the American Colony? And the American Colony would never have been heard of if Squire P. Dewey had not originally colonized it, and had not bought the King of Hungary's second-hand carriage to drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and lived at the Grand Hotel—which by virtue of that fact alone became the fashionable centre of the civilized world? Liverpool is something of a commercial city, but it is too far away from San Diego to even be ranked as a port of leading importance. Germany may boast of its army till it comes to meet in bloody conflict our volunteer militia under General McComb. Have we not sent Bret Harte to Boston and Noah Brooks to New York? Has either New York or Chicago palaces and mansions like those of our Nob Hill? Or do they give banquets to two thousand five hundred people, with rivers of champagne? Can their beautiful women compare with ours? Or can they equal ours in elegance of dress and costliness of adornment? Can New England grow semi-tropical fruits, or Michigan produce wine, or the wind-swept prairies of the middle West grow the orange, the pomegranate, and the olive? Behold our Geysers, our Yosemite, our Seal Rock! Can the beauties of Central Park compare with our Happy Valley, Presidio, or Hayes Park? Can any horse of his age beat "Santa Claus," or any horse of any age beat "St. Julien?" That they can not we will produce affidavits of Mr. Tim Eagan and Mr. Robert Morrow. Eastern envious people, jealous of our climate, make jokes at our expense, and tell us we can not live on climate. But we can. Clams on the sea beach, pine nuts in the Sierra, sweet potatoes on the broad plains of the San Joaquin, watermelons in San Bernardino, with a tent, a shake shanty, an adobe house, are better living than codfish in the warmest salt-box of Connecticut, or corn pone in the most spacious log cabin of Virginia. What would cold, frozen New England, the sultry South, the slushy valley of the Mississippi, the desolate prairies of the West, the fever jungles of the bayous give if over their drenched, and parched, and barren, and malarial soils they could have our bright, sunny climate?—if they could wrap themselves in the bracing atmosphere of our October days?—if they could breathe our pure air, and inflate the tubercles of their exhausted lungs with our exhilarating sea fogs? Compare the coast of Maine with our grand primal forests of the Coast and Sierra ranges, all the way down from Alaska to Baja California. Compare Puget Sound, its islands, its hundreds of ports, with the ice-bound dug-outs of the Eastern shore; the Columbia—the monarch of rivers—its basalt columns, its grand hills, its empire of fertile lands, with the piddling brooks that empty their waters into the Atlantic. Compare the Bay of San Francisco, where squadrons may ride in freedom and safety, with the ice-locked, iron-bound mouth of the Hudson. To the city of New York commerce must enter through Hell Gate; to our city of San Francisco through the Golden Gate and past the island of birds and sweet smelling herbs. The Eastern shore confronts the decaying nations and the effete civilizations of Europe; England importing bread, Ireland fighting for land, France rent with political commotion, Germany at discord, Turkey at war, and Egypt "busted" in finance, and only an hundred or two millions or so of people at the most! Our Pacific coast looks over to India and Asia; the commerce of the Orient confronts us; half a thousand million of people are open mouthed and hungry for our grain, and fruit, and wine. China breaks down its wall of exclusiveness, and Japan, like a boy with his first boots, struts out into the family of nations to imitate and trade with us. The time will come and is coming when the drift of population will be away from beyond the Rockies to this side of the continent. The same toil that pries up the stones of Massachusetts to aid a struggling blade of sweet corn may here work a quartz mine. The same labor that can run a five-acre farm in Vermont may exploit a mine of auriferous gravel. We have untold millions of bonanzas hiding themselves in our Sierra—gold to pay the national debt. The cave of Aladdin has not yet been penetrated; its depths are not yet illuminated by the lamp of discovery. The national debt is hidden in every one of a thousand townships on either slope of the Sierra. Nevada is the treasure box of the continent, Oregon is the world's granary, and California is the paradise of earth. We should have mentioned these things before, only we do not desire to encourage immigration. We have too many people here now; we have some that we are anxious to get rid of—some that ought to be hung. Of this latter class more anon.

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As history dissipates the mists of the past we are convinced more and more that the good old days differed very little from those in which we live and "have our being." Philosophers find in every discovery that confirms the impression something to fortify each his peculiar position. An optimist, for example, congratulates himself that the world is improving; a pessimist rejoices (as much as a pessimist can rejoice) in the signal proof of retrogression. In one respect, however, the great majority of people have counted upon the age's originality. Judging from the newspapers and the conversation of intelligent persons, it seems to be thought that sensational preachers are a mushroom growth of to-day, and their florid orations the result of this generation's perverted taste. But a chapter in Gibbon tells a different story: Paul of Samosata was Archbishop of Antioch between the years 260 and 270 A. D., perhaps for a longer period. "His council chamber and his throne, the splendor with which he appeared in public, the suppliant crowd who solicited his attention, the multitude of letters and petitions to which he dictated his answers, and the perpetual hurry of business in which he was involved, were circumstances much better suited to the state of a civil magistrate than to the humility of a primitive bishop. When he harangued his people from the pulpit, Paul affected the figurative style and the theatrical gestures of an Asiatic sophist, while the cathedral resounded with the loudest and most extravagant acclamations in the praise of his divine eloquence"—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chapter xvi. This priest's "bed and board" were served as one would expect from the above description, since we read that the choicest viands allured his taste, and two young and beautiful women were the constant companions of his leisure hours. What qualifications did Paul of Samosata lack to enable him to fill acceptably the pulpit of a Beecher, a Talmage, or a Kalloch?

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As false and base an article as has ever disgraced journalism is the leading editorial of Saturday's *Bulletin*, October 25th. It is a malignant and lying assault upon the personal and political character of Edward Flaherty, one of the Fire Commissioners. The law gives to Judge Blake the appointment of the Commissioner, as Mr. Flaherty's term of office expires, and he, most naturally, goes to the underwriters and asks them to recommend to him a proper person; and they, with almost entire unanimity, approve Mr. Flaherty for reappointment. The underwriters are of our best citizens. As agents of our foreign and domestic companies, they represent more than a hundred millions of fire risks in this city. They, more than anybody else, are interested to maintain the efficiency and serviceableness of the department; they desire to keep it out of politics; they know all about the fire business; and, with only two dissenting voices, they ask Judge Blake for Flaherty's reappointment. He has had a large experience as a practical fireman, and under his direction, and that of his associates, our Fire Department has reached a marvelous efficiency. The *Bulletin*, either in ignorance or stupidity, attributes to Owen Brady and John Mannix an "honest" effort to take the department out of politics. General Houghton, Mr. Havens, and Engineer Scannell know how false is the charge that Flaherty has used, or endeavored to use, the department as a political machine, and the *Bulletin* knows that Flaherty was but one Republican against four Democrats in the Board. Mr. Flaherty was twice Supervisor of the Third Ward, and no man in the board made a more creditable record. It is untrue that he was elected by the rough element of the ward, but it is true that imported beach-combers and Barbary-coasters were colonized into the ward to defeat Flaherty in the interest of a Democrat, and Flaherty was elected Fire Commissioner on the ticket at large in 1875, by a handsome majority. The insinuation of a corrupt gas contract made by Flaherty is refuted and answered by the statement that the members of the special committee to negotiate with the gas company were Asbury, Cavalier, and Shattuck, all pets of the *Bulletin*, and that Flaherty was not on the committee; that Mr. Fitch at that time owned three hundred and fifty shares of gas stock; and that the day after the order passed the Board the *Bulletin* approved and endorsed it in a laudatory editorial. Mr. Flaherty sought the nomination for Sheriff at the last election. He ought to have had it. He would have made a good Sheriff; and we may thank the cowardice and the trimming irresolution of the *Bulletin* that we have a Sheriff from the sand-lot instead of so good and reliable a Republican as Mr. Flaherty. If Judge Blake was not nominated for Mayor as he ought to have been, it was no fault of Flaherty or his friends, either in or out of the Convention; the thirty-one delegates who voted for him for Sheriff voted for Blake for Mayor, and the *Bulletin* never had the courage or the manliness to say one word for Judge Blake; and after his defeat for a nomination it simply grumbled in the hope that Kalloch, the Baptist, would be elected. The *Bulletin* played sneak and traitor in that election, and hence its hatred to the men who know of its treason. It is not true that any assessment was ever made in the Fire Department to defeat any bill, nor that Mr. Flaherty had any connection with such an enterprise or any other not for the best good of the Fire Department and the city. The suggestion of a bargain between Mr. Flaherty and the underwriters, or a threat on his part of hostile legislation toward foreign insurance companies, is both false and contemptible, reflecting most severely upon the gentlemen composing the underwriters' board. Edward Flaherty is a good citizen and a good officer: and, to illustrate how this double-headed nightingale of the press can sing two songs, the *Call* of September 27th, in an editorial, commends him by name for his faithful service, and says of him and the others: "They "deserve the thanks of the community, not only for the man-"ner in which they discharged their duties, but for the ex-"ample they have set to the other departments." The same article commends the department for its "superiority over "that of other cities, and for its energy, its economy, and "strict integrity." It is a shameful display and evidence of personal malignity for the *Bulletin* to assail Mr. Flaherty in this connection. Judge Blake has acted wisely in seeking the opinion of the underwriters, and the underwriters have acted well in recommending for reappointment a faithful public officer, who serves the community without pay in an office where he does not handle one dollar of public money. The bottom fact of all this business, is that the *Bulletin* is deeply mortified that the entire sand-lot ticket was not elected, and that Mr. Flaherty and his friends largely contributed to bring about a different result. The Board of Underwriters number some thirty of the best gentlemen of San Francisco; they represent the insured wealth of our city; they know Flaherty and his services, and they would be unmanly and cowardly if they allowed the *Bulletin* to drive him from the service of the department. Appended to this article we give the names of the underwriters with their firms. It would be safe to leave the appointment of Fire Commiesioner to any one of these gentlemen: W. L. Booker-Dixon, Falkner, Bell & Co., Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Jonathan Hunt & Jones, Geo. C. Boardman, A. P. Flint, A. E. Magill, Brown, Craig & Co., Thomas C. Grant, John R. Hamilton, Hutchinson & Mann, Butler & Haddan, Blair, Van Tassell & Co., W. J. Callingham, Hugh Craig, Gutte & Frank, Gustave Touchard, D. J. Staples, J. C. Jennings, W. B. Johnstone (now deceased).

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The Author's Carnival has been an immense success. The heavens have been propitious, the rain has kindly withheld itself, the moonlight nights have been brilliant and balmy; the Pavilion has been thronged, this evening being the ninth; the seven charities—eight, including Mr. Locke—will each gain some thousands to begin the winter's campaign. Lovers have had splendid opportunities to wander in the wilderness of people, and sit together in the gallery surrounded with the solitude of a mob that cared not for them. Such dressing, too! It was, we fancy, just superior to the elegance of the real thing; and if, in ancient or modern Italy, in Spanish or Moorish times, at the court of Marie Antoinette or the salon of Mme. Récamier, in valley or mountains of Switzerland, in Japan or Wonderland, any prettier girls or fairer matrons could ever have been found, then we are living in the wrong age and the wrong place. The Carnival is a double success. It gets money for "sweet charity," and proves that when amusements of an elevated character are within reach of the people they are quick to enjoy them; and we have sometimes found ourselves propounding to ourselves the query, whether there is not a compromise ground, a sort of middle place, between the stupidity of Sunday prayers and dry-as-dust sermons and the wicked allurements of noisy Sunday sports—whether, somewhere between the legitimate drama, classical music, and the dog-pit, there might not be some rational, social, pleasant, cheap and respectable half-way house, where all classes of society could meet? Could we not have a Crystal Palace, spacious and central, where, shut in by glass from winds and fogs, our people could meet for music and promenades; where our young people could make love and dance; where birds and flowers could be; where fountains could play; where theatrical amateurs could have a stage; where concerts could be given; where well-behaved people could spend a rational hour—a place where the boys and girls would be tempted from the streets; where the respectable laborer would find a place to smoke and chat more agreeable than the corner dram-shop; where there might be a ball alley, and billiards, and tables for whist and chess; a place adorned with shrubs and flowers, and singing birds; in a word, a place more favorable than the gambling-hell, the gin palace, or the brothel. We should like to see just half the money and half the talent expended to devise such a pleasure resort for San Francisco, and in the race between it and any church, we would bid highest in the pool for the Crystal Palace.

## TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.—A NEVADA SKETCH.

"Come at once. He is much worse."

That was all. As brief as a telegram. Yet not a telegram, for the electric wires had not then sent the slightest pulsation of the great world throbbing through this lonely little camp in the wild mountains of Eastern Nevada.

She looked very pale—his sister—as she read those few words. She did not look frightened, for women in the "mines" learn to meet misfortune with action, and are seldom timid. She put a shawl around her and over her head, and walked quickly out on the icy path worn through the even snow diagonally across the roadway, and quietly swinging open a door, half glass, confronted half a dozen men lounging round a stove in the centre of a room that was used simultaneously as a post-office, a bar-room, a grocery store, a dry goods store in a limited way, and general loafing place for all the idle men in camp. In connection with this establishment was a hotel and boarding-house for travelers and "bachelors-resident," also a "feed stable."

"Is there any one here who is going to Billville to-day?" Miss Milson asked the question without any apparent excitement, yet in a tone that compelled prompt attention.

"Vel, I couldn't say aboud dot," said the proprietor, "Sam, are you going back to-day?"

"Guess not," responded the individual addressed. "We'll let the team rest to-day, and try it to-morrow. Jim Condit was going over to-day if you want to send a message."

"He schanged his blans, and vent across'd valley this morning to Silveropolis."

"What's up?" demanded a fine deep voice, as its owner appeared at the back door opening toward the stables.

"Why, Miss Milson wants to find somebody going over to Billville."

"I'm going right now. What's the matter? Got anything to send over?"

"I'd like to go myself," replied the girl, "if anybody would take me. I got word this morning that Charley was worse and for me to come over, and all our horses are turned out, and I must go if I walk," ending with an excited tremble in the controlled voice.

"All right, you can go with me if you don't freeze. I'll start in an hour. Will that be time enough for you to get ready?"

"You're very good, and I'll be ready in half the time." The door closed with a bang, and she sped back to the log-house she called home to make hurried preparations, leaving a sympathetic crowd around the stove.

"Well, that's too bad, poor girl. Charley stands a mighty slim show, I guess." And the speaker pulled at his rough brown whisker, and expectorated at a knot-hole in the floor.

"Charley's a fine boy, and if he dies it'll be awful hard lines for his sister," said expectorant No. 2.

"Wonder if she don't want some help, or somebody to look after the place while she's gone," said a non-expectorant. "I'll go over and see, and, Dick, you'd better get an extra lot of blankets, or hot bricks, or something, so she won't freeze;" and he strode out into the biting wind, and in a moment knocked at Miss Milson's door.

Miss Milson saw him through the window, and called out, "Come in, Mr. Austin, I'm 'most ready. Is Mr. Lind waiting?"

"Oh, no, he ain't bitched up yet. I thought I'd come over and see if I could do anything for you. Who's a goin' to run the place while you're gone?"

"It won't need much. If somebody'll feed the chickens, and milk the cow. If you'll look after the chickens, you'll find the wheat in a sack under the shed, and I'll stop as we go by and ask Mrs. McGoodle to milk the cow, and she can have the milk."

Just here a noise was heard, and a medium-sized pair of grey horses, prancing and snorting with the cold, were drawn up in front of the gate by the medium-sized, rather handsome fellow who was to be Miss Milson's escort.

Frank Austin threw open the door to carry out and stow away her hand-bag, and dispose her wrappings, so she could manage them in the hard, cold wind that was showering the snow crystals across the frozen pathway.

In a moment Miss Milson came out with, as it seemed, all the clothing in the house about her, locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. Frank Austin helped her into the high spring wagon, while the driver checked in the fretful horses, and in a second she was off shouting her request to Mrs. McGoodle about the cow, and watched by most of the men in camp who had congregated, with their hands in their pockets, in front of the "store."

"It's a rough day for a woman to travel in, and bad enough for anybody."

"Let's see—it's nine o'clock, and we won't get into Billville before dark, with the best of luck, and if the snows drifted on the summit Lord knows when we'll get over."

"I don't care, so we only get there. Oh, Mr. Lind, if Charley is so bad, what shall I do? If he were only at home!" said Miss Milson, giving way a little at last with a sob in her voice.

"Are you warm?" was the somewhat irrelevant response.

It was an awful day. The wind sent the few falling icy snowflakes cutting through Miss Milson's heavy doubled barége veil. The road up the cañon was not to be seen, as no wagon had gone along since the last snow-fall, which lay about six inches deep on the level.

The little mountain brook crossing and recrossing the road, and making in summer time such pleasant drinking places for the horses, was frozen over thick enough to hold up the team for a moment, and then break and let it through into four inches of icy water. Over all the snow lay soft and fine, making it impossible to detect the whereabouts of the stream.

"It's rather hard on the horses," remarked Mr. Lind, after a long silence, looking at the worried, weary animals as the moisture from their wide-blown nostrils congealed rapidly in little icicles on the long hair about their noses, "but I guess they'll make it."

By this time they had reached the first and lesser mountain, for they had two summits to cross, and had paused a moment before beginning the ascent.

"Come, boys," and the horses bend steadily to their work, guided carefully up the trackless mountain by sure hands long accustomed to perilous driving.

They make the first and easiest half of the ascent with one long pull, and stop, as Mr. Lind puts on the brake, and says:

"Miss Milson, if you can drive a while I'll walk and make it lighter on the horses."

"I'll try." And she takes the reins in her cold hands, and, as he jumps out, moves over to his side of the wagon.

He stands with his hand on the brake till she is ready, and then says: "'Tis not easy to find the road, but I'll walk ahead and you follow me as near as you can. All right?" He loosens the brake, speaks to the horses, and as they strain forward he springs ahead through the encrusted snow that lies near the summit, and plods strongly upward, while she guided the struggling horses after him.

At last the summit is gained, and they stand in the wind-swept roadway to rest. Mr. Lind pats the horses, examines them and the wagon, stamps the snow off his feet, and resumes his seat beside Miss Milson, who draws the heavy robes up about herself and him, and tucks her hands under her wraps with a long breath of relief at having the responsibility of the panting team taken off of those same hands.

Mr. Lind speaks to the horses, looks at his watch, glances at the quiet figure by his side, frowns, and settles himself for the descent, which is a long, even sweep of untrodden snow.

It is noon when they leave the summit, but they are both too anxious about the rest of their journey to think of the lunch that is safely enconsed in a candle-box under the seat.

They say very little until they reach the next mountain, when Mr. Lind remarks that the wind has died away, without any abatement of the intense cold.

They pause at the foot as before, and Mr. Lind resigned the reins and walks ahead until, half way up, the rock-strewn mountain road begins to afford such insecure footing that the horses stumble through the snow, and Miss Milson says, somewhat weakly:

"I don't think I can manage them any longer." Then he comes back to drive again.

The snow gets deeper and deeper as they go up, and becomes slightly crusted. It is drifted across their way in some places to the depth of three or four feet, and the horses flounder through dragging their load after them until, suddenly, just as the last drift is almost crossed, a quick snap is heard, and one horse plunges far ahead of the other and falls on its knees.

"Hell!" says Mr. Lind, with startling energy, unmindful of the rules of society; "the singletree's broke."

"Can you fix it?" says Miss Milson, so languidly, that Mr. Lind turns, look at her a moment, and asks, abruptly:

"Are you sleepy?"

"Not very," she says, slowly.

He smiles almost fiercely, and remarks, sarcastically: "This is a heavenly place for a woman." Then he says to her, very distinctly: "Listen, Miss Milson. We've reached the summit, and it is bare of snow, so you get out and walk back and forth as fast as you can while I go down the mountain side for a singletree."

Miss Milson, with considerable reluctance, lets him help her over the wheel on to the ground, and proves to be too numb to walk alone. He smiles again, and proceeds to almost drag her up and down the brown strip of earth on the bare, bleak summit. The returning circulation and her antagonism came back together, and when she says "Don't be so *rough!*" he looks as delighted as if he had received the best of news.

"Now," he says, cheerfully, as she struggles to her feet, "do you see those trees part way down the mountain?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got to go down there to get a piece of green pine for a singletree; and you keep walking up and down while I'm gone."

"I will," she promises, and he takes the axe that lonely wagoners always carry and starts down through the snow, over the uncertain footing. He had gone only a few steps when he turns and comes back to say: "I guess you'd better take the horses back and forth with you on your tramp, they are shivering with the cold."

He puts a halter-rope in either hand, and she bravely marches off and back again, with a horse on each side of her. He nods his approval and sets off again, leaving her tramping up and down with her four-footed companions.

It was a very lonely position for a girl to be in, fourteen miles from anybody but the man who had just left her on a difficult quest, and who might slip on the treacherous footing and disable himself, or make a wrong stroke with the shining axe, and drive it into his foot. She looks anxiously down the mountain, but he is out of sight among the trees. A sudden horror comes over her. The cold, blue sky seems a long, long way off, as if it had drawn back from her. The sinking sun seems weakly smiling at her loneliness, and there is no sympathy in anything. The horses with her seem vexed at her detention of them. The blank, cold whiteness of the crusted snow, overspreading the valley beneath her, gives no suggestion of comfort, and Charley is perhaps dying on the other side of its dreary expanse. She sits miserably down on a rock, and just then a belated crow sails over her, and, looking downward, drops a derisive "caw" at her bowed head, but she does not heed it. A gust of bitter wind sweeps over her and unwraps her shawl. As she looks around to replace it she sees Mr. Lind beginning to climb up toward her, and suddenly she feels how unjust it is to him, on whom her presence is already an imposition, to act so despondently. She springs up and wipes away the starting tears, and tramps sturdily off, according to his directions.

"Well," said Mr. Lind, when he reached her side, "I guess we'll be all right soon."

He takes off his hat and runs his fingers through the moist hair on his forehead, for his rapid walk in the snow has warmed him all through, and sends the hot blood pulsing through his veins to the very finger-tips. As she looks at him a great wave of thankfulness comes over her that she is not alone, and somehow she feels suddenly that he would not hesitate to sacrifice himself to save her from suffering.

She watches him as, with the aid of a few pieces of baling rope, he improvises a new singletree, and her recent dread and loneliness is replaced by an inexpressible feeling of safety.

"There," he says, looking up with considerable satisfaction in his brown eyes, "I think that'll work."

He jumps up, swings the horses into place, and in a minute is ready to start. She jumps in; he jumps in. They begin the rather steep descent along a narrow grade, where the snow has drifted across so often that it takes all Mr. Lind's skill to keep close enough to the wall of the grade to save them from being pitched over the bank.

The sun has gone, and the steel-gray sky is fast freezing out the little slanting rays he left behind as a farewell.

Half an hour brings them to the bottom of the mountain, where, after overlooking the harness to see that all is right, Mr. Lind and Miss Milson settle themselves for the last cold stretch across the valley.

The moon rises up in the clear air, and the whole level plain of snow shines and scintillates as if it were strewn with little diamonds. The very air snaps and sparkles with the cold. The wheels go crunching, ringing, singing through the forsaken land, and the shining tires flash in the moonbeams.

Everything is white and shining; and if a dead face, with its frozen, polished peacefulness, should look up from the wayside's awful purity it would not seem surprising.

Such a night is never to be forgotten! One does not wish it to be forgotten. At such a time the half-chilled body is unthought of; its sensitiveness is gone, and the active imagination goes forth and weaves strange scenes as the long shadow-points stealthily retreat as the cold, bright moon sails slowly up into middle heaven.

At last a dark bulk indicates the locality of a house, and Mr. Lind knows they are coming to the outskirts of Billville. The snow begins to be broken and tracked. Various dark excrescences on the horizon of a little slope proclaim more houses, and in a few moments they turn into the principal street of the place.

Everything is dark, and, as it is too late to hunt up Charley, Mr. Lind turns the horses toward the sole place in the "camp" fit to keep a lady all night. Arrived at the house, he knocks, or hammers, impatiently on the door till the inmates are aroused and come sleepily forth to answer his summons. After much energetic inquiry he finds that it will be impossible to procure any sufficient fire during the night, but they promise to give his charge a cozy bed; so, seeing that this is the best he can do, he turns and lifts Miss Milson out of the wagon, and she staggers to the door. He feels in the breast-pocket of his coat and draws forth a little leather-covered flask, which he hands to her, saying, "Take some of that before you go to bed." He sees her safely indoors, looks at his watch in the little flood of light that falls across the pavement, sees that it is after eleven o'clock, jumps into the wagon once more and rattles off down street to put away his horses, and thaw himself out at some warm, never-closed saloon.

Miss Milson does get a little warm, and is shown the way to her bed-room, a tiny, twelve-foot square place, with, it seems to her in her chilled condition, a very insufficient amount of clothing on the bed. Her hosts leave her a little lamp, bid her good night, and go away.

She sits stupidly down on the side of the bed and feels inclined to cry, but begins wearily to unbutton her stiff shoes. Presently she crawls into bed and trys to create a little warmth. It seems to her that the bed-clothes are gossamer and possess no comfort. She shivers, and is very hopeless and miserable. Suddenly she remembers the flask and reaches out for it; she withdraws the cork with her chattering teeth and puts the bottle to her lips. She swallows and swallows, till her throat is on fire and she can drink no more. She lays the bottle down, and nestles close among her scanty blankets. In a few moments a delicious warmth pervades her whole body, and, with a long sigh, she falls asleep. In the morning Mr. Lind receives an empty flask when he calls to take her to Charley. They start out, and, after half an hour's walking, find him—much better. Miss Milson sinks down on her knees on the rough floor in the low cabin, and, at last, the tears fall—fall thick and fast in thankfulness and relief. All the misery and suspense of the past day and night find unrestrained expression. Mr. Lind, standing by, looks suspiciously sympathetic in spite of his stern injunctions to her to try and control herself, as Charley is too weak for such excitement. In a little while she grows calmer, and, after taking off her hat and cloak, preparatory to staying with Charley, she follows Mr. Lind to the door, as he takes his departure, to assure him that she is "*very* grateful" to him for his kindness and protection. They part with a cordial grasp of the hand, and each feels that respect and esteem for the other that can only exist between a true woman and a brave man.

MATTY GALLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879.

### A Picture.

Behold her as she lifteth up the latch!
With merry smile she entereth the door;
Her laughter doth the sweet bird-voices match,
Her shadow is like sunshine on the floor;
Her step is like the coming of the dawn
After a dark and dreary winter's night;
Her hand hath power to soothe the weary one,
Making the pain obey love's gentle might;
Her talk is light and gladsome, like her face;
Her thought is glancing, like a chequered shade;
Her manner hath that gentle, genial grace
Which charms alike the heart of man and maid.
For 'neath the laughing lip and merry eyes
Dwelleth the heart of youth, which never dies.

OAKLAND, October, 1879. RODERICK BAUN.

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the Widow Bedott's two daughters, who were entertaining two young fellows on the piazza, rather late one night last summer, of their mother, who seemed to be hunting for something around the front yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

A Georgia colored debating society was lately discussing: "Which is the best for the laboring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?" An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he said: "Bofe was de best, ef dey could only be brung togedder somehow."

The economy of nature has never thought of taking back old peach-stones and covering them with fruit again. Nor does nature refill the old shells of dead snails. This world is wastefully mismanaged.

A new dish, apparently, was on the bill of fare of a down town restaurant last week—*Carbonate* of calf's head.

## ALL ABOUT MYSELF.

I am one of those credulous fellows who implicitly believe every thing they read, and nearly every thing that is told them, and especially if it is something bad about humanity in general and their friends and acquaintance in particular. This idiosyncrasy is perhaps partly hereditary, because I am really of respectable and honest parentage, and it is therefore natural that I should be a fool; yet I am inclined to think it is the result of my early education. At thirteen I was sent to college, where I remained for four or five years, and really made some show of proficiency in mathematics, ethics, mental philosophy, etc., but I frankly confess that the college library was much more fascinating than the college text books; that the story of Troy—the beautiful Helen and the handsome Paris—was far more interesting than the solution of geometrical problems; that the bright eyes and pretty foot of a coquette were far more classical in my estimation than all the Greek professors that ever existed, from Athens to Oakland! In a word, I lived in an atmosphere of blind credulity. I believed every thing—even love, poetry, romance, newspapers, and women! I was an intellectual fool, an educated idiot, a child of destiny, a creature of imagination, soul without brain, sentiment without judgment.

The Mexican war was over, the soldiers had returned and were returning. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo we had acquired California and other vast territory from Mexico. The war and its results had enkindled a spirit of enterprise and adventure among the young gentlemen of the United States throughout the Union. My school days were ended; my classmates were scattered over more than twenty different States; I was far away from my native home, on a visit to a Northern city; I had no business, no purpose, no object in life.

It was a cold, bleak day of November, 1848. I was alone in the office of a merchant—an old acquaintance and friend of some of my family. My thoughts, as usual, were running wild—indulging in the "pleasures of imagination." I was about to return to my Southern home. My visit North had been most pleasant and agreeable. I admired and liked the Northern people; I appreciated their industry, enterprise, and refined culture. As an American, I was proud of their progress in art, science, literature. In imagination I looked forward to the grand destiny of the Republic. I saw in a sort of dreamy outline the grand future of the Mississippi Valley; its vast cities and teeming millions of population, and the far off and newly acquired domain of the Pacific, with all the opulent commerce of the Orient. And while thus thinking, or rather dreaming, I happened to pick up a newspaper in which I noticed a paragraph of a few lines to the effect that Col. Mason had reported the discovery of rich gold mines on the American River in California. Instantly my dreamy thoughts became to me a bright reality. I saw Whitney's project of a trans-continental railroad in the light of an established fact, and believed with the most trusting faith a thousand fold more than has been realized of the golden harvest in California. My friends thought me crazy; they had no faith in the truth of the reported gold find. I believed it all, and a thousand times more; and in the early spring time, before the meadows were yet green, or the apple trees had bloomed, I had left the parental roof, had bidden farewell to the old home—a home sanctified by tradition and love, by a loved father and mother, brothers and sisters, by the sorrow and tears of parting—and was on my long journey toward the far off setting sun.

The trip overland was a pleasant, easy, and agreeable one, and accomplished without any remarkable or noteworthy incident whatever, and early in September, 1849, I was seeking the golden treasure, which I so confidently expected to find, at Coloma, on the American River. Failing to find it there as I expected, I followed the advice of every old miner and prospector I chanced to meet, who all knew, or professed to know, about the "rich diggings," and the whole country was rife with reports of wonderfully rich discoveries in all directions. Believing every story that was told me, in the course of two years I had more or less explored every river, creek, gulch, and ravine, from the Klamath to King's River; had traversed the whole State of California, from Siskiyou to San Diego. Besides mining, I have tried every other business in which I was told that money could be made. And more than all, I have fully believed and followed up every report of rich mines from Cariboo to Arizona.

I yet have faith, and believe all that is said or written, not only about mines and mining, but all that politicians and newspapers say and write of each other. I believe in Leadville, and would have been there long ago, but I am now too old and worn out to go on foot, and money is so scarce that none of my friends can aid me. And yet they know very well that I would certainly strike a fortune there, and would share it with them, however great it might be. I know of plenty of rich mines, worth millions of money, all over California, and Nevada, and Arizona, if I could only get the capital with which to develop them. "There's millions in it," and I know it.

Yet to-day, with all this knowledge, I walk the streets of San Francisco penniless, friendless, and unknown. The sun shines as warmly and brightly as it did thirty years ago, but I am not the same. True, I yet have faith.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

But its roseate hues have faded away; and, as I look upon the beauty and wealth, the marts of trade, the vast commerce and fine buildings of this proud city, I reflect with sadness upon the past—upon what "might have been"—and the mountains seem farther, and success more distant from me. My mind is clouded with the mist of doubt and perplexity, and I shudder, with a sort of vague fear, that I may never realize the golden dreams of thirty years ago; that love and life and hope will soon die—fade away into the gloom and shadow and darkness of the grave; that I shall never again climb the mountains' rugged steeps, never again explore the deep cañons or dark ravines in search of gold, never more delve into the earth's caverns for the crystal gems of silver; for life's fitful fever will soon be over, and I shall be laid away for ever by the rude and cold hands of charity, with no tears of affection to sanctify, and no blossoms of love to adorn, the grave of one who lived and died the victim of credulity.

A HUMAN FAILURE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 21, 1879.

## FRENCH BONBONS.

Simple, Saccharine, and Succulent.

Once upon a time Roger, the tenor, who has just died at Paris, was engaged to sing at a private soirée given by a money-king—terms, 1,500 francs.

During the first piece the illustrious artist could hardly hear himself sing for the buzzy conversation. When the time came for the second song no Roger was to be found.

By the first mail the next morning the money-king received a note from the indignant artist inclosing him 2,000 francs. "The extra five hundred," Roger wrote, "being for any trouble I may have caused by interrupting your conversation with my singing."

---

*Gentleman* (to editor-in-chief of a red-hot radical paper which has advertised for a nominal manager).—I have called concerning your adver—

*Editor.*—Precisely. We want some one to put his name on the paper, and be responsible in case of prosecutions where there is a term of imprisonment to serve.

*Gentleman.*—And the pay?

*Editor.*—Well, you see, the duties of the position are nominal; you haven't to come near the office at all, and when there is a prosecution the counsel appears for you, so—ah! there is no salary ordinarily attached to the position.

*Gentleman.*—But when the manager is undergoing imprisonment?

"Oh, that is a very different case, you understand. When the manager is in prison we—ah, double his pay."

---

A sighing suitor courts ardently a young widow whose hand he desires in marriage, but the widow's dear departed had been as ardent and affectionate as a suitor, but a whole brute creation after marriage, and so the widow is reluctant to enter upon a second experience that may prove as unpleasant.

"But when, dearest—for you assure me that I am not positively abhorrent in your eyes—when may I hope to call you mine?"

*She* (fondly)—When the Divorce Law is passed!

---

X., who has just lost his wife, meets a friend as he is coming out of the undertaker's.

"I want you," he says, tearfully, "to assist at the funeral of my wife."

"Certainly, certainly; but when does it come off?"

"To-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning—I'll be there. No; hold on; I've an engagement for to-morrow. S'pose we say the next day—at any hour you please?"

---

A furious radical meets a meek priest and strikes him a whack across the cheek that makes sparks fly from the filling of his teeth.

"The Scripture bids me turn the other cheek," says the meek ecclesiastic, to whom the radical administers another blow, with the remark, "What does the Scripture bid you do now, eh?"

"The Scripture is silent upon that subject," says the priest, "but the best Biblical critics are unanimously agreed that I should now give you the worst walloping ever received by any human being." *(Falls upon him with the emphasis of a pile-driver.)*

---

The Art of being Agreeable:

On finding yourself at a *table d'hôte*, induce somebody to say that he is not partial to associating with women of shady reputation and men who may be blacklegs for all one knows, and then say, cheerily, "Present company always excepted, you know."

On being placed at dinner opposite a young officer wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honor:

"Ah, you were one of the attendants at the hospital during the siege? Let me shake hands with you, Monsieur. The decorations won by such patient, unobtrusive heroism are not one whit less noble than those gained by acts of courage under fire!"

---

A neat story, or, rather, two neat stories, about Eugene Labiche, the French dramatic author, and hats:

Once upon a time he had been invited to submit a play to a theatre on the left bank of the Seine, of which, by the way, the manager was a hatter. The manager had summoned to his assistance several excellent friends, who, like him, were interested in the theatre and the hat manufacture.

The author placed his hat on the table, took out his manuscript and began to read.

Presently one of the critics took up the hat, weighed it critically, examined the lining, held it at a little distance and cocked his head at it in a connoisseurish manner; and this exhaustive scrutiny having been concluded, passed it to a second critic, who went through a similar performance and handed it to a third. And thus the hat went round the committee, to the owner's amazement.

But the mystery was cleared up when the manager, after examining the head-covering, said:

"I am sorry, M. Labiche, but we will not trouble you to begin the second act. The audiences on this side of the water are peculiar, you know—you don't seem quite to have caught the spirit of the locality."

M. Labiche's hat had been made on the right side of the Seine—which was the wrong side. They did not like his tile.

In another play of Labiche's there was a hat scene where the owner of a lost chapeau was to be recognized by the name in it, which was to be solemnly pronounced at the crisis of the performance. Labiche saw a happy opportunity to pay off his hatter's bill for a year by introducing the hatter's name, and giving him a box for the first performance.

Unhappily he had counted without his host—that is to say, his collaborateur, who also had a hatter and a hatter's bill, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of paying off the latter by puffing the former; so when the curtain drew up there were the hatters of the two authors in opposite boxes, each wondering what the other was doing there, but none the less pleased that his rival should be present at his triumph.

The critical moment came—the hat was picked up—the actor read out the hatter's name.

It was another hatter's name.

The actor had a hatter and a hatter's bill of his own.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Whip-poor-will.

The Western sky blazed through the trees,
  And in the East the dove-light shone;
Low fields of clover to the breeze
  Gave out a fragrant monotone;
While sharp-voiced, whirring things beyond
  Sent a faint treble through the air,
And discords of the hidden pond
  Pulsed like an anthem, deep and rare.
Yet all the twilight range seemed still,
  The tumult was so subtle-sweet;
  When forth it burst—clear, slow, complete—
The evening call of
    "Whip-poor-will!"

The yarrow, crowding by the hedge,
  Stirred not its specked, uncertain white;
The locust on the upland's edge
  Stood tranced against the blaze of light,
For now the throbbing air was mute,
  Since the wild note had pierced it through—
That call so clear, so resolute,
  So tender, dominant, and true.
When, suddenly, across the hill—
  Long, low, and sweet, with dreamy fall,
  Yet true and mellow, call for call,
Elate, and with a human thrill—
Came the far answer:
    "Whip-poor-will!"

—*Mary Mapes Dodge, in Scribner.*

### On Low Levels.

When deeds of heroes were the theme,
  My heart in youth leaped high;
When poets sang of Love's young dream,
  What dreams of love had I!

'Tis over now, the fever-heat,
  'Tis past, the passion's hour;
My feet have followed all the feet,
  Far 'neath the peaks that tower.

O snowy peaks, that flame with day,
  Contentedly I see
Specks on you, that are men, and say—
  Not those the paths for me!

This only striving to confess:
  The peaks are just as bright,
Nor those who climb are heroes less,
  Though I must walk in night. —*The Spectator.*

### A Woman's Good-Bye.

Good-bye, if it please you, sir—good-bye.
This is a world where the wild swans fly.
This is a world where the thorn hangs on
When the rose its time is gone, is gone.
  Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

Good-bye, if it please you, sir—good-bye.
You are here and away—I care not why.
This is a world where a man has his will,
A world where a woman had best be still.
  Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

Good-bye, if it please you, sir—good-bye.
This is a world where we see the sky;
After a while the stars will fall,
And the end will make an end of it all!
  Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

—*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

### On the Shore.

Here many a time she must have walked,
  The dull sand brightening 'neath her feet,
The cool air quivering as she talked,
  Or laughed, or warbled sweet.

The shifting sand no trace of her,
  No sound the wandering wind retains,
But, breaking where the foot-prints were,
  Loudly the sea complains. —*R. K. Weeks.*

### Poppies on the Wheat.

Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
  A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
  Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies, lithe and fleet,
  Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
  To mark the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,
  Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain,
  But I—I smile and think that days remain,
Perhaps, to me in which, though bread be sweet
  No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat. —*H. H.*

---

There was an old, old king,
  His heart was hard, his head was gray,
This poor, poor old king,
  Yet took a bride, young, lovely, gay.

There was a fine, fine page,
  Fair was his hair, light was his mein,
This gay, gay young page,
  Who bore the train of that young queen.

Know'st thou that old, old song?
  It rings so sweet, it rings so sad!
Must die both page and queen,
  For love is blind, for love is mad. —*Heine.*

---

If our readers will excuse us for mentioning "Pinafore" once more, we'll promise never to do it again, not nohow, never. There is a little boy who lives next to us, and he knows all the "Pinafore" tunes. Every night he practices them on the "bones." We know that the Lord likes little children, and we intend to do something for the Lord. If there is room for one more, perhaps his little brother, who accompanies him on the base-drum, will make one of the party.

---

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a doctor to a fair invalid. "A little further still, if you please." "Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tougue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam, but no cessation."

---

"What are the best stories?"

"That depends. When you are telling them, the long ones are; when you are listening, the short ones."

San Francisco, October 31, 1879.

Some one got breath enough the other night, in that seething, jostling mass of humanity up at the Carnival, to ask what brought the crowd when they could not be induced to go to the theatres. For the theatres, men of brains have racked those brains, and consumed hogsheads of the midnight oil, to find something or other which will draw the crowd, while men and women of various degrees of intelligence and imbecility try to interpret them in such a way as to draw the crowd. That's the touchstone of success the world over—to draw the crowd. At the Carnival it is easy enough to get at the heart of it; it is the crowd which draws the crowd, for certainly no one yet has cast a thought to any hospital or foundling of them all, and not man, woman, or child has yet been found to admit that he, she, or it has seen anything of what was going on. Yet not so, for I heard one poor sufferer in the cause of charity, who had emerged three nights from the vortex dripping and exhausted, acknowledge very forcibly that he had seen some women fanning themselves. This to the Fan Brigade! O Andalusia! Señoritas! South America! what blasphemy against this weapon of coquetry and the famous Carnival drill! Truth to tell, people do not take the Carnival bull by the right horn. They try to see this great immensity all in one night. They stand with one crowd in front of one booth till there is a stir elsewhere, when they plunge madly over there, and then miss both what they left and what they came to see. They are punched, and pulled, and walked over. Everybody in the world is taller than they are. They are thirsty, and weary, and cross. They meet some of the people from the booths, looking strange and *outré* in their costumes, and when they get to the booths they are enraged because some of the most attractive figures have gone off to the Swiss Cottage to get some ice-cream and cider—this being the intoxicating fare allowed. In confidence let me tell you, now that it is about over, one must see the Carnival systematically to enjoy it. It requires just five nights. Give one night to the Shakspeare and Italian booths, and the other four are easily divided. Go early. Wear your biggest shoes and your thinnest clothing. If you are in the front line, and can see the grand march, well and good. If not, just quietly cut it and go up-stairs. You will find the gallery rail lined five deep. It matters not a whit. In your mind's eye you divide the east pavilion wall into two parts, and you select the southern section for the night. Get yourself opposite the Goethe and Schiller booth, and you have a commanding view of the Swiss Cottage, Arabian Nights, Goethe and Schiller, the Egyptian, and Trianon. As I said before, the human lining is five deep. Watch for an interstice. Creep into it, and if you keep on creeping long enough you will soon find a space big enough in which to plant your arms akimbo. Keep them rigidly thus. Stand well under a fire of witheriog glances, of sarcastic addresses in the third person, of downright invective if necessary. Stand by your guns till your elbows have made life an intolerable burden to two of your neighbors, and they will call off their wife, or their granddaughter, or whatever female infliction Providence may have seen fit to visit them with, and you will glide into the vacated seat with a beautiful smile and a graceful courtesy of acknowledgment, and enjoy yourself thoroughly for the rest of the evening. For the Carnival really is a great affair if you manage to see it. It is only the thousands who stayed there in misery night after night, and were not able to see anything, that grumbled and declared it to be frightfully mismanaged institution. But the elbowers who divided the booths into four sections, two of which took in the grand stage, did not see it all—for that is a feat which no human being accomplished—but at all events saw the best of it.

Who says there are no garrets in San Francisco? There was many and many a quaint costume there with the down of newness long since brushed off; and what a ransacking of trunks and boxes there must have been, for you meet here a head-dress, there a shawl, anon a wealth of drapery, sometimes a sword or scimetar to which a history was attached, to which there clung no suspicion of the property man; and yet it was all very theatrical. For how your amateur does glory and revel in a good honest chance to make up! They say your true artist when ready for the stage should defy detection at a distance of ten yards, but the beautiful women at the Carnival—for I never saw so many truly handsome women together before—dressed their faces for the distance of the grand stage, and ran about in the crowd a foot from your nose, and were barely recognizable. The general effect of the Carnival was oriental. The room seemed to abound with dark-eyed houris, and blue-eyed ones, too, for that matter. There was a rattle of coin in head-dresses, necklaces, bracelets, everywhere. There were myriads of twinkling feet—I have observed that it is always the correct thing to allude to an oriental maiden's feet as twinkling. This not unpleasing preponderance of the Eastern element was due to the circumstance that there were no less than four booths devoted to the Orient; namely, the Egyptian, the Arabian Nights, the Moore, and the Irving. It is hard to shine in a crowd. Almost any one at times looks well enough by himself, herself, or itself; but any one who is one of fifteen stands at best only one fourteen-hundredth of a chance. There's a mathematical proposition!

Passing then from booth to booth, it was decided that the French Salon was the most interesting, the Egyptian the most splendid, the Goethe and Schiller the most correct, the Shakspeare the most attractive, speaking literally, the Japanese the coolest, the Italian the most delightful place in which to linger, and the Cervantes the most brilliant. Then it was said by nine out of ten that Mme. Récamier was the most striking feature of the Carnival; that Cleopatra was the prettiest; that the dress of the Silver Sphinx was the most remarkable dress in the room; that Marie Antoinette had the greatest fidelity as a historical portrait; that the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan and the Weeping Peri were the two most illusive pictures from fiction, and that the people of the Whittier booth were the most comfortable and inviting looking parties that ever sat down to a tea-table. Lord Byron, too, never passed unnoted, because of the extraordinary resemblance to the portrait of the bard in his boyhood. In the Shakspeare procession the extraordinary likeness of the two Antipholi to each other and of the two Dromios to each other called forth the most wondering comment. If the first be a common freak of nature the second is certainly a most uncommon freak of art. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the Dromios played the *Comedy of Errors* like veteran comedians. Then it was declared that the fountain was the biggest nuisance that ever impeded a public, and it was removed. Then the people howled for benches, and they were put on the floor. Then people stubbed their toes, and lost their tempers, and abraded their shins, over these same benches, till the management were at their wit's end, and they were still at that much frequented depot when last heard from.

Meanwhile there are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth at the theatres, figuratively speaking, for at Baldwin's they are still taking *The Girls* through all their trials and tribulations, to end at last in an ill-furnished room in a lodging-house, while *Our Boys*, at the Standard Theatre, go through some little experience, to bring up at last in quite the same sort of place. What a fancy Byron has for this kind of an establishment. To be sure there is always a little fairy godmother business at the close, but his *dramatis personæ* must undergo their lodging-house experience first. Surely, Byron's luck must have come to him in some such wise. They say a woman's novel, to be a good one, must be autobiographic, and perhaps the playwright is not averse to throwing in a bit of his experience for a realistic touch. I I can fancy Byron himself in just such an obscure, uncomfortable place, day after day and night after night, consuming reams of paper and hearing the happy news at last of a hit, for he makes it the height of bliss for his people to get out of these corners. And how Byron does like "Talbot Champneys." "I don't go in for the Guy Livingston sort," says Mary Melrose in the English girl's vernacular, but she does nevertheless, and so do all the others, author included, for he is careful to give "Talbot Champneys" almost every good point in the play. All English people have a deeply-rooted idea that there is among them a race of this kind, iron-wristed, velvet-handed, who dawdle and drawl through life's leisure, but are up and eager in its fray. Perhaps there *is* such a class of young men, but none of them have ever come to America except between the covers of a book. If there were such, I could believe that Mr. Barton Hill had caught the likeness. I like to see him play the part, he does look so like those long-legged young tourists one sees scrambling off the China and Australian steamers, and he can be such an ineffable idiot when he wants to be, while that singular voice never fitted so well to any other part. John Owens forgot farce rather more than usual, and rose to pure comedy. His "Perkyns Middlewick" isn't half so funny as "De Boots," nor so outrageously absurd as "Mr. Henry Dove," but it is artistically better than either. I heard some lamentations in the beginning of the week that *Our Boys* was being murdered at the Standard, but really I cannot see that it does not compare well enough with all forerunning productions. It is too good a play to kill easily. The mounting at the Standard was excessively shabby, and Mr. Kennedy himself did not see fit to wear a dress coat to dinner—a trifle, it is true, but he is the manager and the example. Of course one missed Harry Edwards, for "Geoffry Champneys" was one of his best parts, but Mr. Bassett, though he showed that he was acting, acted so well that it was a treat to see him awake. Miss Kate Denin was in one of her wildest aberrations of mind regarding the wardrobe question. She can look so handsome; she has such a delicious voice in its softer accents; she can be so satisfactory sometimes; but if she will thrust those hideous combinations of fabric and color upon the public eye, the public eye has a right to be offended—more especially with Miss Stanhope and Miss McClellan beside her to point comparison—neat, trim, and point-device. Take it for all in all, *Our Boys* was rather good than bad.

Over the way the painters are beginning to take out their scaffolding, and the auditorium begins to assume something of the cosy brightness which will distinguish it next Monday night. Emé Roseau's lithographs are in the window, the singer who had the temerity to introduce "Baby Mine" to this generation. The new theatre and the new company together will go far toward making a success, for let no one be frightened from the theatre—Miss Roseau has ceased to sing "Baby Mine." Betsy B.

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During Grant's stay in Sacramento Frank M. Pebbles, the artist, succeeded in getting a sitting or two from the distinguished guest—the first he has given throughout his whole tour of the world—and has just finished an excellent portrait of the General, which will remain in Sacramento as a memento of the memorable visit. Pebbles has been exhibiting some good portrait work of late, but none more satisfactory or creditable than his canvas of General Grant.

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We illustrate in our column of dinner cards a striking absurdity. Our fashionable people all cause their "menus" to be made out in French. It may be some compensation for us to know that we can eat in French if we can not discourse in it. It also enables some people to overcome their repugnance to frogs by eating them under another name.

---

Professor George W. Minns will be kindly remembered as one of the best teachers of the earlier time in San Francisco. He returns, after fifteen years of absence, with a portfolio of interesting lectures—advertised in another column. We bespeak for him a good hearing from his former pupils and many friends.

## THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL.

Around the hall, they slowly pace,
With light in every eye
And merriment in every face,
A dazzling company.

The banners wave, the bagpipes scream.
'Tis like a swarm of bees,
Or rather, like a fairy dream
Of other days than these.

But see! the long red curtain drops,
The glittering tableau closes,
And soon in their respective shops,
Some vend ice-cream and roses;

While others, on the mimic stage,
Enact the past most truly,
With squire, and queen, and belted page,
And vassal bending duly.

Proud dame and gallant cavalier,
Familiar Jack and Jill,
The savage and the sage are here,
And here Immortal Will.

Harry the Eighth, of wifely fame,
Chats with some Highland lasses,
And Arthur, knight of spotless name,
With Mrs. Bardell passes.

A mermaid, in her sea-green dress,
Flirts with some Pacha grave,
And Peggotty, all buttonless,
Still cares for lonely Dave.

Calm smiles the stately Queen of France,
Unconscious of her doom;
The maidens of Japan advance,
And mince about the room.

And Faust forsakes his Marguerite
To walk with Little Nell,
And Hiawatha stops to greet
Rebecca at the well.

But, as I watch that countless throng
Move o'er the canvassed floor,
I think of the great kings of song—
Of Burns, and Scott, and Moore.

Perchance, from the Elysian plains,
They bend to-night to see
Those children of their teeming brains
Pass on in mimicry.

Of flying hours I take no heed,
So far my fancies roam.
Ah! rude the wakening indeed—
The band plays "Home Sweet Home."

San Francisco, Oct. 30, 1879. Mme. Elizabeth.

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### The Shooting Super.

If being shot through the head from the stage by a "supe" is to be numbered henceforth among the regular and permanent perils of theatre-going we submit that an extension of the free ticket system would be a graceful and equitable concession on the part of the management. All the world, journalists excepted, may reasonably enough be required to pay for the privilege of going to the theatre if this include the greater privilege of going home afterward; but it is obviously unfair to exact money of a man for entering a place of amusement where he may be required to leave his remains for the satisfaction and greater glory of some subordinate actor who habitually "doesn't know it is loaded." The demand of the highwayman, "Your money or your life," is bad enough, in all conscience, but it presents an alternative, unpleasant as it is; but if the bandit of the box-office is to claim your money *and* your life it is to be feared that persons with an unusually strong sense of justice will altogether avoid the road that he infests. Had the late Mr. Nelson, sometime patron of the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, exercised that discretion this paragraph would not, indeed, have been written, but the late Mr. Nelson might now have been alive to read the one that would have taken its place and, we venture to hope, been equally entertaining and instructive. If fire-arms on the stage are a necessity, life in the auditorium is at least a luxury, and for the possibility of its surrender to enhance the interest of the drama a rebate ought to be made. Moreover, it is customary, we understand, to admit "the profession" to certain inferior parts of the auditorium free; and certainly, in view of the reasonable expectation that a spectator may now entertain of playing an important part in any performance requiring the discharge of fire-arms, it seems not too much to ask that he be considered, in some sense, an actor and dead-headed accordingly. There is, however you look at it, neither sense nor justice in demanding full pay for part of a performance; and the person who in the discretion of a shooting "supe" may at any point of the play be spiritually ejected from the house, "the subsequent proceedings interesting him no more," is guilty of something not much better than conspiracy to defraud if he pay full price for his ticket to the show. We do not complain of shooting audiences from the stage—most theatre-goers deserve shooting if there is a circus—we only insist that as nearly as may be, considering the nature of the operation, its disadvantages shall be shared equally by the management and the public. There are, of course, occasions when it is not only allowable but a moral duty for the "supe," or even the star actor, to kill the audience; on first nights, when the house is papered, it may also rightly be peppered.

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We have received from Louis Cregoire & Co. the initial number of a new publication in the form of a magazine, entitled *La Nouvelle Revue*, a semi-monthly. It is to be devoted to French and foreign literature, history, politics, philosophy, voyages, science, and beaux-arts, and will contain contributions by the most eminent of modern French, Spanish, Italian, and other writers, such as Edmond About, H. Houssaye, Victor Hugo, D'Ennery, Emilio Castelar, Fiorelli, Ferd. de Lesseps, etc. The price is as follows: One year, $16 50; six months, $9; single number, $1.

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We desire to call the attention of our readers and friends to the fact that the Argonaut has a "Job" Printing Office. It is a new thing. It does nice work, and we hope it may pay. We hope our "many admirers" will remember the fact. Every little helps.

If you have a sick friend whose life is a burden, one bottle of Hop Bitters may restore that friend to perfect health and happiness. Will you see that that friend has a bottle at once?

NOTICE.

We respectfully call the attention of ladies, who drive down town to purchase their grocery supplies, to our New and Elegant Grocery Store, No. 121 Post Street, between Kearny and Dupont. We have made the necessary arrangements to have the street and sidewalk kept clear of any obstacle which might prevent ladies in carriages from stopping in front of our store. Soliciting your patronage, which shall always have prompt attention, at lowest prices for finest goods. Very respectfully,

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GEORGE W. MINNS

Will deliver a course of

SIX LECTURES

.... ON ....

LOWELL, HOLMES, WHITTIER, LONGFELLOW, BRYANT.

The first Lecture, on the Humorous Poetry of James Russell Lowell, will be delivered on Tuesday evening, Nov. 4th, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Price of tickets for the course, $1 50; of a single ticket, 50 cents.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

GRAND OPENING.

MONDAY EVENING.....NOVEMBER 3, 1879

This favorite theatre having been completely refitted and brilliantly decorated throughout, with the addition of luxurious opera chairs, elegant proscenium boxes, a new stage, etc., etc., and an orchestra, large and complete, composed of the finest instrumentalists on the Pacific Coast, being secured. The New Season will be inaugurated on Monday evening, November 3d, by the celebrated

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40 ATRTISTS. 40

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PRIMA DONNA—SOPRANO.

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Admission.....1 00.
Reserved Seats.....50 Cents Extra.

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Fourth Week and Acknowledged Success of the Owens Comedy Season.

This Saturday evening, Nov. 1st, Matinee to-day at 2 P. M.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS

.... AS ....

PERKYN MIDDLEWICK,

In Henry J. Byron's most successful Comedy,

OUR BOYS.

Supported by

MR. BARTON HILL AS TALBOT CHAMPNEYS,
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General Agents, corner First and Brannan Sts.

*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of November, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

**$25 to $5000** Judiciously invest in Wall St. Lay a the foundation for fortune every week, and pay immense profits by the New Capitalition System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 72 Broad St., N.Y.

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**REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES**

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**BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.**

*FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-* ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

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Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
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Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
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Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

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INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

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See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on each bottle.

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*A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG* Ladies. Parents desiring a New England home for their daughters, where, free from the excitements of a large school, they may still receive thorough instruction in the English branches, in the Languages, and in Music, are invited to correspond with MISS ADELE BREWER, Stockbridge, Mass.

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*FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHIL-* dren, 922 POST ST., between Hyde and Larkin.

This well known Day and Boarding School, with Kindergarten, will reopen for the term OCTOBER 3, 1879.

MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

**ETCHINGS AND RARE ENGRAVINGS.**

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM No. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection, either as visitors or purchasers.

Readers of Hamerton will find some of the Etchings reviewed in his "Etchings and Etchers," in present collection.

Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

**JOE POHEIM**

*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.

Suits to order from.....$20
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☞ The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is, at

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Samples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

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*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

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*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-*senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | | 7.00 | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | | P. M. | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | | 3.00 | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B12.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

# NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

☞ On SATURDAYS only commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 3d, the run of this train will be extended to Salinas—connecting with the M. and S. V. R. R. for Monterey. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose... .....$1 00

On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4.00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

# SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.25 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—†5.30, †6.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, $1 75; Santa Clara, $1 65; Congress Springs, $2 75; Santa Cruz, $4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, $3 25; Santa Clara, $3 05. Excurson Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, $2 50; to Los Gatos and return, $3 25; to Congress Springs and return, $4 25, including stage; to Alma and return, $3 65; to Wright's and return, $4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, $6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be $1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

# SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BRAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.

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FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

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—AND—

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

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DUPONT ST., S.F.

## CHICKERING

PIANOS AT COST.


# ASSESSMENT

—OF—

LANDS BENEFITED

—BY—

## WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

# TAXES, TAXES,

## 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.


# FINE JEWELRY AND DIAMOND SETTINGS

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**TO ORDER:**

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| Black Doeskin Pants, | $7 to $15 |
| White Vests, | 3 to 5 |
| Fancy Vests, | 6 to 15 |

Beaver Suits, $55.

ENGLISH CORDS FOR HUNTING SUITS.

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PANTS TO ORDER IN SIX HOURS. SUITS TO ORDER IN TWELVE HOURS.

ONLY WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS. ☞ A small stock of Uncalled-for Goods at Immense Reduction.

SALE PRICES—Pants from $3; Suits from $12; Overcoats from $12; Ulsters from $15; Vests from $2; Coats from $7.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices. Any length cut, and all kinds of stock kept on hand.

**FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.**

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ALSO, THEIR FAMOUS CUSTOM SHIRTS TO ORDER.

**No. 25 Kearny Street ..... San Francisco.**

# SILVERWARE AND CLOCKS.

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**Goods Marked in Plain Figures.**

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**119 Montgomery Street.**

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## JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.'S

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**The CUTTER GROS GRAIN SILKS are HAND WOVEN by SKILLED LABOR brought to this country at an enormous expense from the Silk manufacturing districts of France.**

**Now under the protection of our flag, this establishment is producing a purer and better grade of Black Silk fabrics than is imported. They will stand the old time test, satisfaction in wear—by chemicals or the simple match.**

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**For further information, address COL. A. C. REID, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.**


# MONTGOMERY AVENUE

## ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 19. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 8, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE STORY OF A FORTUNE.

BY LEONARD KIP.

I.

In 1862, one Basil Dulapoon was of the number of Lord Palmerston's personal retainers. The word is used because it is not easy to give any other description of the office. He was not valet nor butler, for there were valets and butlers beneath him, and partly under his direction and government. He was rather what has been called his lordship's "gentleman;" being attached to his person, held superior to the other servants, accustoming himself to duties requiring taste and skill, and occasionally, in a small way, finding himself considered worthy of unimportant confidences. There may be many people who, having had Lord Palmerston's acquaintance, remember to have seen this person with him, with grayish hair and red whiskers—a slight stoop, the result of many years of habitual subserviency—dull eyes which seemed to gaze upon any one speaking to him with a sort of placid, inanimate forgetfulness, but which, when he answered, gained intensity from some quickness of motion adapting them to the relations of his thoughts, and from a habit of dropping the upper lid of his left eye and looking out steadily beneath it with a queer, keen, crafty glance that gave appearance of intelligence to his whole face.

We have said that at times he was made the guardian of small personal confidences. Of course, it must be understood that no secrets of a political character were ever intrusted to him; yet enjoying his confidential position, it could never have been difficult to gain some inkling of public affairs before they became spread abroad through the ordinary channels; and if inclined to take the most of his opportunities, it would not have been impossible to gain possession of secrets never intended for the public and discreetly to make his market of them. And that he had managed so to do was the belief of many. For if not, how, after the decease of Lord Palmerston, could he have managed to live in idleness and comparative affluence? Most men in his position would have gone into some small branch of trade with their earnings, but Basil Dulapoon simply retired from any active duty whatsoever, joined a club befitting his position, frequented the box stalls of the lesser theatres, and was even known to have contemplated setting up his own cabriolet.

Now there are some men who can keep a secret and grow fat upon it; there are others who waste away with the burdensome knowledge, yet all the same retain their trusts unto the very end; there others again who, with the best faith and intention, would die if they did not at times betray themselves, though knowing that a moment afterward they would repent in sackcloth and ashes. Of this last was Basil Dulapoon. Most of the time he lived a careless life—his pension for secrecy, for such there undoubtedly was, seeming to prove all-sufficient for his utmost needs. At other times he would grow soured and unhappy, as with the consciousness of a weight of knowledge too heavy for any man to bear, and then he would disappear altogether from the world, as though fearing to trust himself among men while the spell of longing to betray lasted. It was hinted that once, as with the "Ancient Mariner," the longing proved too powerful for him, and that he told the story to his nearest friend; that, repenting the next day, he charged that friend with a base theft of property, the stolen articles being found upon the person and readily securing conviction. And it was believed that Basil Dulapoon had himself managed the production of the evidences of guilt whereby the friend was deported to one of the penal settlements, and his revelations, were he to speak, rendered not only inadmissible but apparently of ridiculous import from the first. Once after that Basil Dulapoon found himself impelled to speak out, and he told the whole story to an American named W—r. With wise sagacity W—r, having already heard of the fate of the previous confidant, did not delay or await his own similar misfortune, but returned at once to his own country. But being a discreet man, even there for a time he gave no publicity to the story that had been told him, contenting himself with his own safety, and knowing full well that without proofs whatever he said would seem too wonderful to be believed, and would only result in ridicule against himself.

It happened that about fifteen months ago Basil Dulapoon died. It was supposed that at his death the secret might be revealed, and to a certain extent this was so; that is to say, having for keeping the secret enjoyed an ample provision during life, he was well satisfied that at his death his heirs should make the most they could by the betrayal of it; and, therefore, it was found that in anticipation he had written out the whole matter in full, accompanying it with various documents, many of them in Lord Palmerston's own handwriting. This package, well rolled up, fell into the hands of his sister, his only heir, who wisely kept the secret herself, resisting all the entreaties of several aunts and cousins to read it aloud in family conclave; for truly a secret can no more be such if all the world knows it, and if originally it has a market value, that value falls to zero with too great publicity; therefore, the sister kept it to herself, and for a while believed that in it she had a fortune.

But as it turned out, though a possible fortune, it was difficult so to conduct the matter as to realize upon it. Her proper course would have been to sell the package, with all the documents, to the English Government, which up to that point had paid Basil Dulapoon his annuity. Of course the annuity would not be continued to all his surviving relatives in perpetuity; and it might be supposed, indeed, that he had left behind him no trace of the secret, and consequently that all danger from him was at an end. But with proof of the original documents remaining, it might not be difficult to obtain from the government a certain sum in gross, if thereby the trouble might be ended forever. The sister was a nervous old lady, however, not accustomed to dealing with governments, and apprehensive of fire, tortures, bastiles, and no one knows what else, in case the existence of her treasure became noised about. Therefore she preferred quietly bargaining with some private person or corporation, and in the beginning made proffer of the manuscript to a leading newspaper. This journal did not wish to purchase—perhaps being unwilling to subject itself to the chance of criminal prosecution for what might turn out to be a mere fabrication; perhaps, also, because it could not gain a distinct knowledge of what it was asked to buy. For it is not easy to sell a secret for a large sum when you can not tell what it is that you wish to sell without entirely parting with that element of mystery which alone makes the secret valuable.

Little by little the price of the secret fell—from five thousand pounds, by gentle stages, to one hundred—and still no purchaser. But at last the American W—r, having heard of Dulapoon's death, and ascertained his own consequent safety, returned to England, there chanced to hear the story of what by that time was supposed to be the old lady's idiosyncrasy, gained access to her, and after due chaffering, purchased the whole package for fifty pounds. And still, even in his hands, the secret remained for a while undisclosed. It had not been his purpose to reveal it; indeed, his only intent was self-justification. It had chanced that once, having drank enough wine to unsettle his wits and unseal his tongue, he had told the story as he had heard it to a single friend. That friend had laughed at him as a clumsy inventor; and W—r now merely desired the documents to exhibit them to his friends as guaranty of truth. This he did under pledge of continued secrecy. But then arose a new question. The friend was something of a historian and antiquary united; was known, indeed, as one of the most frequent correspondents of *Notes and Queries*, under the title of "Ingenuus;" and suggested that he be permitted, merely for pastime, to investigate the strange story, filling up blanks in the document—doing it in such a cautious manner as to excite no observation, but all the time making the whole more complete. This he was finally allowed to attempt. He inserted questions in *Notes and Queries*, and thereby—under various pretenses—obtained important dates and the means of comparing doubtful handwritings. He himself made a visit to England in order to visit localities. He searched the British Museum, and verified a chance quotation of one of the Privy Council as a quotation likely to be made only upon the basis of one particular train of thought. One line of inquiry was of doubtful propriety, it must be confessed; seeing that, he spent two month in making acquaintance, through our Diplomatic Corps, with Sir George Rutherven, once one of the Privy Council, and all for the sake of putting to him an impertinent question. Then, meeting him one day at dinner at Lord Dudley Grosvenor's, he abruptly asked: "What do you think of the Guyndal affair, Sir George?" Sir George turned red. Had he been keener of wit, or less conscientious, he would have affected ignorance. But he was a remarkably truthful man, and perhaps had never heard of Dr. Johnson's theory, that a denial may rightfully be made in cases where mere silence would constitute an admission. He therefore merely answered: "I have nothing to say upon any such subject," and turned his back. This, in fact, was proof, and established an additional link of presumptive evidence. Little by little the searcher succeeded in putting together new proofs, and at last the whole chain was woven with such completeness that there could no longer be a particle of doubt. And thus the whole story stood revealed with such features of extraordinary interest that it became impossible to avoid the satisfaction of publishing it.

And, after all, there can be no special harm in doing so. Upon this side of the water there are no influences to make us chary about the sayings and doings of foreign court life and interests. Doubtless the story must some day come to the surface; for it is not to be supposed but that some one who was in the secret of it should make note of it, to be published long after his death as secret political history, after the manner of the Greville Memoirs or the Papers of Talleyrand. To tell the story now, is simply to foretell some future revelation, and probably to present a true rather than a garbled statement. And already many of those who were concerned in it have passed away. Of the two Privy Councillors, one is dead, and the other within a month has gone upon the Continent, with failing health. Dulapoon is dead, and a few weeks ago his sister followed. Of the family most directly interested, all are dead except one; and she has been untraceable for so many months that her continued existence is problematical. But lest even she should chance to be still alive we disguise the name by which she was once known, and thereby endeavor to protect her from any unnecessary notoriety. When, therefore, we use the name of Guyndal, we wish to have it understood that we are adopting a false designation; and that in this, our only departure from strict fact, we feel justified by the necessity of shielding indigent obscurity.

II.

The Guyndal house—it was not sufficiently large or important to be called a place—stood almost in the centre of a small town in Hertford. It was a square brick house, with about an acre and a half about it. At one side stood the church, and, at the other, the inn; the residences of the different townspeople being scattered here and there at convenient distances, after the manner of most villages. Of all these, the Guyndal house was neither the least or the greatest, its principal interest being derived from its antiquity. It was built in the time of Charles the First by one Hugh Guyndal, who was a prominent lawyer of the Crown. At the Rebellion, he turned so adroitly as to become a leading lawyer of the Commonwealth, and, at the Restoration, he easily again made his peace as a Royalist—the more easily, perhaps, as his knowledge of the Crown-lands made his prospective services almost invaluable. Up to that time, it was not thought that the family had saved much money; and, indeed, it was considered uncommonly fortunate for them that they had preserved the house and land from confiscation. Other families which had taken less active part in the civil troubles had fared much worse and been driven out into the world penniless.

A while later, the place was owned by Giles Guyndal—a lawyer of some eminence, though not in the Crown employ. Far better than that, however, his abilities were recognized in the settlement of certain complications arising from the bursting of the South Sea bubble; and in that matter he was enabled to shape his policy so successfully, as, while protecting others, to accumulate for himself a large fortune—how large, was not known. Those who had the best means of conjecturing put it at enormous proportions—alleging that he had used his gains in successful speculation in government securities during certain continental troubles, and must thereby have quadrupled his original receipts. The only demurrer to this conclusion arose from the fact that Giles Guyndal made no enlargement of his style of living, but continued on in the old house, practicing law as before. "If he is so wealthy," was naturally the cry, "why does he not retire and purchase a large landed estate and endeavor to get a baronetcy?"

The truth was, that Giles Guyndal was as ambitious as could reasonably be desired, but not for himself as much as for his family. He was content with his own style of living, having never been used to any other; but he looked far ahead and demanded a different manner of life for his descendants. He had one child, a son—educated in his own profession. It seemed the proper thing that John Guyndal should move out into another sphere, purchase the landed estate and the baronetcy, and contract some high alliance.

But, upon inheriting the property, John Guyndal in his turn, also, set at naught the public expectation. He felt that he, no more than his father, would be likely to enjoy the care of a landed estate—a kind of property, moreover, that would eat up interest much more rapidly than it would gather it. Doubtless, too, with his great wealth he could have made a marriage with some unendowed daughter of a titled line; but he had the sense to understand that this would lower his wife rather than elevate himself, and he feared lest one who should barter her family pride for his money might exact the full payment to the last extent of prodigality. Therefore, somewhat to the indignation of the expectant community, he married a careful, saving woman in his own station, continued in the practice of law, and took no measures to become Sir John Guyndal. As to an estate, the only change he made consisted in an extension to his own house, a wing being thrown out behind in the nature of a fire-proof deposit for valuable papers—a small brick building with enormous thickness of walls and strength of triple-plated iron doors, and into which building no one beside himself was ever allowed to enter.

It must be held that about this time the family policy began to crystallize into a fixed rule of action. Whether it was written down for the instruction of succeeding generations, like the supposed will of Peter the Great, or whether it passed by word of mouth, respected all the same as an unalterable family duty, can not be learned. But John Guyndall dying and leaving two sons, there was still no intimation of desire for the landed estate or the baronetcy. The youngest son, taking a younger son's share, went abroad with it—like the Prodigal Son, spent his inheritance, but, unlike him, thereupon died without returning. The older son, Richard Guyndal, after the manner of his ancestors, continued in the profession; after their manner, also, selected a quiet, frugal, painstaking woman of his own degree to be his helpmeet. And so the line ran quietly down until the time of one Thomas Guyndal. Unlike his ancestors, however, he had for sole descendant a daughter. She was a tall, slim, graceful girl—pleasing in a moderate way without manifestations of remarkable refinement; somewhat too ruddy in complexion, bright eyed, yet with thin lips and an expression of unusual firmness in the corners of her mouth, her whole type of face inclining rather to thoughtfulness than vivacity—in fine, a well made up embodiment from the line of careful wives that had preceded her.

So the family went on, peacefully and almost unnoticed, until the fall of 1862. At that date Thomas Guyndal had become a widower, and his daughter Edith, who had reached the age of eighteen, was his sole companion. The lawyer sat one morning solitary and thoughtful in his office [illegible] while, turning from inactive meditation, he then d[illegible]

his table and made some elaborate calculation. Then he unlocked the door of his adjoining record-room and gazed in for the moment wistfully, as if wishing to reassure himself still more thoroughly of something about which he had been not at all doubtful. Then ensued a lengthy examination of a parchment schedule—then a quick raising of the head, as with sudden fixed intention; then a word to his daughter who sat in an adjoining room, with the intervening door open:

"I must go up to London, Edith."

"Yes, father," was the quiet answer.

This was all; and, placing the parchment schedule in his breast pocket, slowly he wended his way to the railway station. Before long he was in London, and at once he drove to Lord Palmerston's residence.

The Premier was in town, and as it happened, at that hour was disengaged. Thomas Guyndal sent in his card and was admitted—more speedily, perhaps, than he had anticipated. He had never met Lord Palmerston; but the name of Guyndal was not unknown to the Premier, as of one who formerly had been employed in government transactions. Even at that late date it came up frequently, in examination of official records. Consequently, his lordship, directed that the applicant should at once be admitted, bade him be seated, and courteously waited for him to announce his business. And Thomas Guyndal did not make his lordship wait very long.

"Is it true, my lord," he inquired, "that there is talk about a marriage between his highness the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark?

Lord Palmerston frowned and naturally began to retire within himself. For, in truth, it was not at all becoming that a perfect stranger should thus bluntly assail him for information about what, as yet, must be an official secret.

"I can not comprehend, sir," he therefore began, "by what claim—"

"Merely this," responded the lawyer. "If that matter has not already been resolved upon, it should not go further, inasmuch as I am able to offer his royal highness a more valuable alliance—that is to say, should he feel disposed to consult the interests of the nation at large."

The Premier turned pale with wrath.

"This liberty—" he cried.

"Listen to me, for a moment," interrupted Thomas Guyndal, "and you will discover that if it seems a liberty, it brings its own justification with it. In now offering my daughter Edith—"

"Your daughter Edith!" cried the Prime Minister. "Why the man must be mad! This insolence—" And he looked towards the little hand-bell that now happened to rest upon another table than that before which he had been sitting. And thus glancing across, he chanced to observe the lawyer's face more narrowly than before. Surely there were no signs of insanity there; merely the tokens of some matter of weighty moment. He paused irresolutely.

"If your lordship will listen to me for only one minute—"

"Go on; I will hear you. But be brief."

"As possible. And let me ask you, Lord Palmerston, should not a royal prince in his alliances have some respect for the welfare of the nation, as well as for his own pleasure? What is it that this Danish marriage could bring other than the closer friendship of a state already friendly and the burden of future entanglements and complications by reason of it? That is an equivocal blessing, indeed. But on the other hand, your lordship knows that with the hand of Edith Guyndal, his royal highness will secure for the good and the good-will of the English people—*the total payment of Great Britain's debt!*

III.

The Premier started, glanced once more towards the bell—was partly recalled to his equanimity by the calm, sedate, easy expression and manner of the lawyer. What to do with such a man, be he insane or not, but to hear him out? It would take only a minute or two, and then the farce would be over. At the least, it might prove a pleasing study of eccentric character, and there could be no question but what it would be possible to have the intruder so closely noted that he should never again effect an entrance.

"Your lordship," said Thomas Guyndal, composedly drawing the folded parchment from his pocket, "here is a schedule of the amount of consolidated bonds of Great Britain now in my possession and ownership."

"Surely it cannot be difficult for any one to manufacture a schedule," responded the Premier, disdainfully. "What about the bonds themselves?"

"I am coming to that, my lord, and briefly. In 1720, my ancestor, Giles Guyndal, so successfully conducted his many speculations that he became the owner of three million pounds. It was supposed that he would purchase a county or so, build a castle, apply for a title, and assume airs of state. He did nothing of the kind, but continued to live in his accustomed quiet manner, the avails of his legal practice supporting him. Meanwhile the three millions, invested in bonds, lay idle and at interest. Can your lordship tell me how long it would take them to double at four per cent?"

"About eighteen years," responded Palmerston, for he had had occasion to work out that sum before.

"Precisely. Then in 1738 my ancester must have been worth six million pounds, and in 1756, twelve millions. It is not probable that up to that period, or, indeed, during his lifetime he had elaborated any enlarged or magnificent scheme of family ambition. His highest hope must have been that the family should rise one degree in importance, after the usual manner where higher birth may accommodate itself with great wealth. In that comparatively moderate ambition, he died. But when Nelson succeeded, there grew up more comprehensiveness exactness, looking forward to wilder aims; and then, probably, the family destiny began to be shaped as it has since been expressed throughout the whole line and into my hands. The [illegible] Guyndal, built as an adjunct to his house an underground strong vault—the present contents of which, your lordship would give me great pleasure to exhibit to you. In this vault he deposited almost all the family property, amounting by that time to upward of twelve millions of pounds, invested, for greater convenience, in government bonds. From that date, as by preëstablished agreement founded upon family tradition, each descendant has lived on quietly in the same old house, finding his professional practice sufficient for all his wants, and allowing the interest on these bonds to accumulate without being drawn upon to the extent of one penny. This interest has been continually invested in other bonds. Your lordship may, at times, have heard some wonderment expressed that during the past generation, so few of these bonds have appeared for sale in the customary money markets; though all the while, as evidence that they are not lost, the interest upon them has been punctually collected. It was supposed that the bonds had mostly gone abroad; or, if at home, were held in possession of capitalists who were too well satisfied with the investment to care that it should be disturbed. The latter supposition is nearest the truth; I being the sole capitalist. Take your pencil, my lord, and calculate how much the original three millions would amount to at compound interest from 1720 to 1862, nearly a century and a half."

Lord Palmerston hurriedly made the calculation, then arose nervously, and gazed with startled expression at the lawyer.

"Can it be really possible," he gasped.

"It can be possible; it actually is so," was the response of Thomas Guyndal. "The whole funded debt of Great Britain amounts to about eight hundred millions of pounds. A portion of this sum, of course, cannot be reached, being already in hands which are unwilling to change the investment. But upward of seven hundred millions of pounds in government bonds now lie drawing interest in my own private safe, and in addition to them, stocks and bonds of different companies in amount sufficient to complete the deficiency. Upon the marriage of my daughter Edith with the Prince of Wales, all these bonds will be surrendered to the nation, and Great Britain can be proclaimed free of debt."

"You forget, however, that the Royal Marriage Act—"

"It can be annulled by the will of the English people, your lordship," responded the lawyer coolly. In fact, having had time to state his case, he was becoming every minute more self-possessed; while the Premier, fairly staggered with the astonishing revelation of individual wealth and ambition, was in a whirl of flurry and excitement.

"But the Prince himself! Nay more, her Majesty! Surely they would never consent to—"

"Perhaps not at first, your lordship—possibly never, if this transaction were to go no further but were to remain a secret between us. But if it became known that the Prince refused to make one little sacrifice of pride whereby he could for ever lift a weight of burdensome taxation from off his people's necks, what then would be the instant demand of the whole nation? And where any longer would be the love of the people for one who had preferred a high alliance to his subjects' welfare?"

"Go—go!" cried the Prime Minister, rising. The torrent of thought was too impetuous for him to bear and he felt that he must be alone. "Go! Of course all this is a mere vagary. You must yourself see its—its impropriety. And yet—it is possible that you—that I may wish to see you again. Leave me your address; and so—but let me remain alone now."

The lawyer took his leave, well satisfied that the seed was finding root; and the Premier remained alone, pressing his knuckles into his temples, and striving to gain more collected thoughts. But before he could succeed in this, the door opened and gave admission to Lord Rydel and Sir George Rutherven—two members of the Privy Council. They started and hung back for a moment, at seeing how the Premier raised himself, pale-faced and nervously discomposed, to greet them.

"It is nothing," he said, noting their solicitude and forestalling their inquiries. "A slight headache, a vertigo—no, it is not that, but—listen, gentlemen, to this. It must of course be a secret between us. You will see for yourselves how ridiculous, how impossible, indeed—but let me tell you the whole silly story."

He told the story, laughing at the end as though there had never been anything so contemptible and foolish. So did the two members of the Privy Council laugh—and with the same hollow, unreal laughter as himself. And so they separated, and it might have been anticipated that nothing further would be heard of the affair.

But it happened that the very next day the two Privy Councillors dropped in again. They had some little matter of business to talk over—they intimated—but somehow it did not occupy them long. And when it was finished, they lingered around in uncertain attitude, and finally Lord Rydel spoke:

"That queer story of yesterday," he said, "that ridiculous story—I suppose there can be no truth in the statements of that man's wealth. Do you think so?"

"It can be ascertained very easily, of course," answered Lord Palmerston. "And why should we not find out—just for our own curiosity? If it be false, that of course ends the matter. If it be true, why even then it can make no difference; but all the same we shall have found out where our bonds have accumulated—eh?"

"Of a certainty, that of itself would be worth looking into, my lord."

With that, the Premier touched his bell, wrote a hurried note, and as a result in less than an hour a confidential clerk of the Treasury made his appearance. To him the Prime Minister gave further directions of a confidential character, and the clerk at once took rail and sought out old Thomas Guyndal. He was in his own office, and made no objection to what was asked of him. Unlocking the great iron door of the safe-room, he ushered the clerk inside and trustingly left him to his own devices. In the centre of the vault and all around were iron racks, crowded with steel-bound boxes. One key, with which the lawyer had furnished the clerk, unlocked all these boxes; and the clerk at once opened several of them, singling them out at random here and there, as a sampler would attack chests of tea. In three hours the Treasury clerk returned to the Premier's residence, where, as it happened, the two Privy Councillors still lingered.

"I have this day seen more wealth than ever in my life before," said the Treasury clerk, half frightened lest it might all be unreal and himself losing his wits. "There must be over seven hundred million pounds in government bonds in that one little place."

Then he departed, having discharged his errand, and the others gazed inquiringly at each other—each seeking to read the thoughts of the others.

"It is very strange, as well as ridiculous," Sir George Rutherven at length observed. "Of course nothing can ever come of it; and yet—it is such a marvelous thing that—do you not think that her Majesty should know about it?"

"And who would dare to tell her?"

Who, indeed, would be the one to tell that tale with the undue proposition attached to it?

"We will all go, gentlemen," said the Premier; "and I, as is proper, will be your spokesman, the rest of you standing by to support me with your countenance."

With that, the three proceeded at once to Windsor, and sought audience of her Majesty. What happened there may never definitely be known, except that at the first suggestion of proffered misalliance, though any concurrence in it was disowned by the whole Council and the matter brought to be heard as mere matter of curious detail, the blood of the Tudors must have asserted itself fiercely, overpowering the later absorption of Dutch phlegm; so that in the end the three visitors fled rather than retired, and returned to London in terrible discomfiture.

Yet, after all, the seed had been sown and was bearing its fruit. Daily did the Premier meet the two Privy Councillors and affect to transact a little important business with them, after which unfailingly they would recur to the proposition of the old lawyer. At first they would speak of it with the usual laugh, as a matter to be treated only with ridicule; then, as the true sense of it bore down more heavily into their thoughts, the laugh grew more forced and hollow; at last, almost ceased as they began to gain more accurate reading of each other's minds and recognized the uselessness of further empty pretense. For all the while, far above any sensitiveness upon the score of base and unequal blood, hung the tempting bait of payment in full of the national debt of Great Britain! Almost total relief, now and evermore, from anything in the shape of direct taxatinn! An incubus upon trade and commerce lifted and cast away! A blessing and an immortal fame upon the rule that by a single sacrifice of caste and prejudice might consent to procure for its subjects that great boon; curses and perhaps revolution itself from a groaning people, which surely would sometime break out into strong hate if its interests were not respected! After all, had not Henry VIII., the most powerful Tudor of all that line, married his subjects? And was this Edith Guyndal necessarily of base blood? Might it not be sufficiently proven that the line of Guelf could, for good reason shown, condescend to it? Might not the Herald's College discover that the Guyndals had done some good service in the civil wars, whereby they could now be enrolled in preparation for higher exaltation? Suppose that the old lawyer should be made a baronet, pretense being made of a dormant title, could not some title be given to the daughter—another and more honorable one be substituted after a little while, and thereby secure her ennoblement by degrees?

Certainly the seed seemed bearing fruit, and from being treated as farcical became constantly more calmly discussed. The payment at one stroke of the whole national debt! This was the issue of all discussion. It became rumored at one time, even among the people, that something they knew not what was interfering to break off or postpone the projected alliance with Denmark. In fact, at a Court reception, the Premier, filled with the one engrossing subject, had uttered to the Danish Minister one of those significant remarks that say so little and mean so much, and which, upon the whole, are looked upon as unfriendly to whatever negotiation may be in progress. The remark was made with smiling countenance, and was responded to, but within the next two hours there were hurried telegraphings to Copenhagen, and the funds fell one-half of one per cent.

"If her Majesty will not yield at least her consideration to this scheme," the Premier felt at last hold enough to say in secret consultation, "she must be made to yield."

The others sat appalled at the unaccustomed vigor of the remark, but it was noted all the same that it called forth no reply, but was allowed to stand as the opinion of the rest. And the crisis of the whole affair slowly drew on.

It came to the destined result one morning when, in obedience to a sudden summons, the lawyer, Thomas Guyndal, called upon the Premier. The Premier gazed upon him for several minutes in seemingly dreamy abstraction—possibly with reluctance to utter what he had made up his mind must sooner or later be said.

"You wished to see me, my Lord," the lawyer at length said, becoming impatient.

"Should this matter go through," then said the Prime Minister, very slowly and deliberately—"and yet I can not answer that it will—what security can the nation have that you will perform your portion of the agreement and release the debt?"

"My lord," was the answer, "long before the announcement of the marriage I will place all the securities into the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, together with my full renunciation of any claim upon them. As soon as the marriage has actually taken place the torch can be applied to the whole mass of bonds, and in a few minutes England will stand free of debt."

"And have you considered that in thus fostering you ambition you will yourself lose almost everything? That you will not be lifted thereby, but that you can thenceforth seldom see your child, excepting at a distance?"

"But she, my lord, will one day be Queen of England."

Again the Premier paused.

"I do not know," he muttered; "I think, however, that it can be done."

The lawyer gasped, turned pale, half arose from his chair at the speedy culmination of his plans; then endeavored to appear as though it was no unusual assurance that was made, nothing that should unduly bewilder or excite him; then for a moment struggled for breath, and wildly clutching at the empty air, fell lifeless beside his chair.

IV.

He was dead before they had time to lift him from the floor. Here, indeed, was a sad ending to the scene; and, what might be of important public moment, many complications might arise to hinder the great end in view. What perplexities might not now ensue in the shape of collateral or joint heirships, guardianships, and, in fact, any and all manner of legal formalities and restrictions to obstruct the whole project?

And yet, upon review of the case, it must surely be understood that Edith Guyndal was her father's sole heir; and though she was under age, no guardian would dare to with-

stand the proposed royal alliance. And, as is usual in almost all human calculations, the only check came through a consideration which had not in the slightest degree been anticipated.

For, when a week had passed away, and the old lawyer had been duly buried, there came to the Premier a slight-built, graceful girl, in deepest black, and raised her veil. Lord Palmerston had never heretofore seen her, but some instinct told him that she was Edith Guyndal, and he arose respectfully; for might he not be in the presence of his future sovereign?

"My lord," she said, "what I have to tell must be in few words. Only yesterday, from a paper that he left behind him, have I learned the lot which my father had destined for me. Let me now say that I must inflexibly decline it."

"Decline! Refuse his Royal Highness!" gasped the Prime Minister.

"I am already pledged—have long secretly been so—to one whom I love—my father's clerk," she said. "I can not, I have no wish to retire from my word. Let that suffice."

The minister stood thunderstruck.

"And does he know the full extent of your wealth?"

"He does not know it now, my lord; it may be that he shall never know it," was her response. "Heaven will have to help my thoughts, what to do, seeing that the money must be too much for one person's care—certainly for his needs."

"And therefore it may—" The Premier spoke hopefully. Might she not, after all, even while declining a royal bridegroom, be generous to the nation and relinquish the debt? But the lawyer's daughter inherited something of the professional acuteness, and was not minded thus to sacrifice her birthright.

"Whether my husband shall or shall not know," she said, "or what further I may do, time alone will show. My lord, farewell."

With that she dropped her veil once more over her face, and retired as softly as she had entered. To her so doing, Lord Palmerston made no opposition. How, indeed, could he? Or with what grace could he press a rejected royal alliance upon her? He could merely fall back upon his chair and sigh, and ponder over the mysteries and eccentricities of human nature, and await results. And truly, it was a mark for earnest curiosity what that result might be. Would Edith Guyndal conclude, after all, to bestow her whole inheritance upon her intended husband, the lawyer's clerk, and allow him to flash forth into the blazing notoriety of such a fortune as man never yet had owned? Or would she relent and bestow a portion of it, at least, upon the nation, making it grateful to her for assisting it in its necessity? There was nothing to do, however, but wait and see.

There was not long to wait. In a few days it became noticeable that the volume of government bonds for sale at the customary money exchanges began mysteriously to increase. Inquiry elicited the fact that these sales were made on account of sundry churches and hospitals which had received anonymous presentations of these bonds to a heavy amount. After that, different commercial projects in a failing condition were discovered to have been aided with large subscriptions, and evidently in a feigned name. For the most part these assistances came too late, the projects continuing on in their failing career, so that in the end the amounts applied seemed wasted. But no one came forward to complain; and while the public wondered, those who were more nearly in the secret began to comprehend that gain or loss in the investment of the bonds was probably a matter of no solicitude to their owner, the only intent being their disposal out of reach, as material that it was burdensome to hold. So for two months; during which the accumulation of bonds upon the market was so excessive as for the time materially to reduce their value, disturb exchanges, and threaten panic.

At length, some five months after old Thomas Guyndal's death, his daughter Edith married the man of her choice. It has been ascertained that she brought him a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, the sole remains of her magnificent inheritance. This, however, was more than he had been led to expect; and the possession of such a sum by one who had never been accustomed to the use of money, for the time unsettled him. Almost at once he launched out into extravagant expenditures, which absorbed nearly one quarter of the whole sum; then, partially recovering himself, he entered into wild speculations with the hope of making good the deficiency. Losing heavily in this, he became more quarrelsome and took to drinking. Other ill-judged expenditures followed, then came increased dissipation, recrimination, jealousies, quarreling, and ill-treatment of his wife. And so, with giant steps, the customary road to ruin was traveled; and, at last, after only two years, ensued poverty and desertion. We will let Basil Dulapoon, from his written memoir, tell the remainder of the story; merely correcting his language and phraseology, which, coming from an uneducated man, are defective in no ordinary degree.

"About that time," he says, "I thought that I would like to know what had become of Edith Guyndal. I traced her at last to a small house in a narrow street leading out of the Strand. She had been deserted by her husband, and occupied a small room at the top and rear of the house, the rent of which she managed to pay by plain sewing. She was away when I called, having gone across the city to Oxford Street, to solicit orders. Therefore I left and strolled off to the Park, trusting to look her up some other day. But just as I reached the border of the main drive, I beheld her coming. I had seen her before, upon the occasion of her calling upon the Prime Minister, and I now recognized her at once, though she was greatly altered. Her face was thin, her eyes heavy, her motion slow, her whole appearance that of one who was in quick decline, and had not many months longer to live. Her dress was poor, insufficient, and patched, and in her arms she held a roll of material to be made up—an ordinary sized roll, but seemingly a burden all too heavy for her. As she came slowly and wearily to the edge of the drive and would have crossed over, there ensued a sudden stir of carriages drawing up on either side. With that a policeman seized her roughly by the shoulder, and bade her stand still. The roll of material fell at her feet, and there lay, as though she lacked the strength to lift it again. And so, immovably she stood, while for a moment the two lines of carriages remained drawn up motionless; and between them and followed by a ripple of loyal cheers, rolled the open barouche that bore the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

## THE "FEMME FASHIONABLE."

### She Addresses a Note Courteous to the Widow.

OAKLAND, October 22, 1879.

DEAR MADAME:—It is with a certain degree of reluctance that I presume upon your good nature in thus abruptly addressing you. I understand thoroughly the indelicacy of my course, being a stranger to you and liable to have my motives misconstrued by one not acquainted with my idiosyncrasies of character. But a somewhat impulsive nature, in addition to what I consider a pressing necessity, has prompted me to interrogate you in regard to a matter which is of vital importance to my personal welfare and to my future happiness. For sometime past I have been brought in contact with a gentleman named James Snaggleby, a friend of Mr. Philip Raglin, at whose home in this city I am at present visiting. I have good reason for suspecting that Mr. Snaggleby will, very shortly, honor me with a proposition of marriage, and I wish to ascertain from you, as an old friend of his, how far I may be justified in favorably entertaining the proposal. Do you think that it would conduce to my well being in the future if I accepted Mr. Snaggleby? I can not say that I love the gentleman in the general acceptation of the term, but I respect him very highly for his outspoken, free hearted, generous manner—his naturalness, if I may use the expression in this connection. And, although it is said that sympathy is the surest path to love in the abstract, I have reason to believe that genuine respect may, in time, be productive of the same result. If my theory is correct in this particular, it is safe to presume that love founded on respect and esteem for the object of the affections will prove more substantial and lasting than the mere flurry of passion which so frequently actuates men and women in making selections of life partners. I hope you will not accuse me of adhering too closely to Platonic theories in this particular, and if you do I can only excuse myself by stating that I finished my education as regards philosophic thought in a German boarding school, where girls are taught to reason by induction. As I am not passionately in love with Mr. Snaggleby, and simply esteem him as a gentleman from what I have observed of him in my limited social intercourse with him, I wish to ascertain from you whether he is really worthy of a young girl's respectful regard. Mr. Raglin vouches for him in every particular, and informs me that I could not intrust my future to a more kind-hearted or considerate keeper. Mr. Raglin, however, is a man, and cannot perceive with any degree of clearness the delicate touches of character and disposition so apparent (through intuition I suppose) to a woman. You have been brought into contact with Mr. Snaggleby so frequently that you must be thoroughly conversant with his character. You probably understand his disposition well enough to judge whether he would render the woman of his choice happy. I am unable to decide as to our congeniality; our ages are somewhat unequal, to be sure, and Mr. Snaggleby is slightly bald—I fear also that he has had to resort to the dye bottle—but as far as I have been able to observe he is high-souled, generous, and possesses wealth ample enough to render us comfortable, even if we do not move in the most stylish society in the State. Had it not been for my poor father's unfortunate speculations I would probably have married an Italian count, who was on the point of proposing, when the news came to us at Naples that the Bank of California had failed, and that $300,000 deposited there was not worth the paper representing it. It was a terrible blow to pa, and nearly drove poor ma frantic; in fact, she never did recover entirely, and died a year after. Just think of it. After all poor dear papa's struggling along with the army, in the sutler's train, to have a bank fail just as I was about to become a countess, and to occupy a beautiful palazzo, surrounded by servants and luxuries. We saved enough from the wreck to live on, but we did not save the Italian count or the marble palace that would have been our home. You should have seen my count; he was superb. Such piercing black eyes! a love of a moustache, eight inches from tip to tip, and as black as jet! a darling nose, that curved like the nose of the eagle! hair that hung to his shoulders, as dark as the curtain of night! and his hands! Admiration is but a feeble term in praising those lovely palms, those tapering fingers, white as the wax that burns before the shrine of the Madonna! In fact, my dear Mrs. Jones, my Neapolitan count was just perfect. He had fought seventeen duels, and had scratched his adversary each time with the point of his rapier. Brave? Why, he was as brave as a Numidian lion! And honorable! Regulus himself was not more punctilious as regards his word of honor than was the Count di Orsini Rattazzi. The count was my first and my only true love, and I am revealing this, my heart secret, to you as I would to a sister that I may profit by your advice. I am inexperienced in true love matters, having simply flirted with my numerous rich young acquaintance, and never, except in the case of the Count Rattazzi, have I felt one heart-throb of sympathy or affection. But this is not saying that I may not, from association, love the man I marry. They say it is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, and I agree with the sentiment fully, and especially as the old men have, as a general thing, the largest bank accounts. Mr. Snaggleby is certainly not a "curled darling of society," but how often do we see old gentlemen retire from the gaze of the public behind the brilliant presence of their society bred wives. Not that Mr. Snaggleby would have to retire, you know, but he certainly would not feel at ease amidst the bustle and refinement of intellect and beauty. I imagine that he would rather seclude himself in his own apartments, where, slippered and comfortable, he could smoke the flying hours away, ruminating upon a well spent life. Wouldn't it be delightful! And then, you perceive, it would be a positive boon to Mr. Snaggleby himself to mate with a woman who would force the world to admire and respect her. With what a high degree of complacency he could regard his life companion surrounded by fashion and brains, followed by the votaries of wealth and the devotees of style. If you would be kind enough to favor me with your opinion of the situation you will confer an everlasting obligation upon

Yours respectfully, MAUD TARBOX.

To MRS. PRISCILLA JONES,
Tuttletown, Tuolumne Co., Cal., via Copperopolis.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### A Dream of Childhood.

A little child beside the evening's fire
Nursed the thin flames upon the embers quivering;
Without was heard the tempest's swelling choir;
Within, the child was listening and shivering.

And when at last the breeze grew strong and fierce,
She sat and watched it, musing and dejected;
Seeking the gloom of the unknown to pierce,
And read her future in the fire reflected.

Beholding shapes she could not exorcise,
With forest twigs and tongues of fire entwining,
Till burning brain and slumber-freighted eyes
Grew sick of hope and weary of divining.

Then round the child the shadow-laden air
With rush of strange and mystic throngs was teeming,
Which trod the steps of an enchanted stair,
And bore her on to realms of rapturous dreaming.

She heard the blare of trump and crash of lance,
Saw crested knights in triple mail contending
To win from her one nod, or gracious glance,
While at her feet the sons of kings were bending.

Love laid its vows, and wealth its jewels rare,
Before the throne where she a queen was reigning;
She woke—upon the cheerless hearthstone there
Was nought but ashes and charred coals remaining.

Alas! poor child, base not ambitious aims
On such foundations as are found in flashes;
Thy hopes were painted on those vaulting flames,
Thy life and fate foreshadowed in the ashes.

VIRGINIA CITY, November, 1879. SAM DAVIS.

### A Litany.

Love, who holdest us in thrall,
Guard nor evermore forget us!
Thou whose grace is over all
Canst not let our foes beset us;
Much less, therefore, wilt thou fret us,
Love, who holdest us in thrall!

Love, who doest all things well,
Thou art truth nor can deceive us!
Thou, in whom our faith doth dwell,
Till our life's end wilt not leave us,
But from fate's decrees reprieve us,
Love, who doest all things well!

Love, who art a jealous lord,
Night from thee no treason covers!
Thou dost see and hold abhorred
Recreant devotees, false lovers;
Over them thy hot wrath hovers,
Love, who art a jealous lord!

Love, who knowest friend from foe,
We, thy loyal, crave thy pardon!
Scant our tribute is, we know;
Yet by grace we tread that garden
Whereof thou art sovereign warden,
Love, who knowest friend from foe!

Love, without whom life is loss,
Beauty baleful, hope confounding!
Though thou givest us a cross,
Still, when discords are abounding,
Let us hear thy dear voice sounding,
Love, without whom faith is dross;
Love, without whom life is loss!

NEW YORK, October, 1879. JOHN MORAN.

### A Lost Life.

"When he thought thereon, he wept"

Like those at school who on their slates
Write figures and for fame contend,
Then blot them out and write again,
As they in mathematics mend,

Could I unspeak the words I spoke,
Unthink the things I often thought,
Undo the actions I have done,
Since I was into being brought;

Then backward from this breath I draw,
With eager haste and godly fear,
I quick would run the blotting quill,
And cancel clean my whole career.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. A. C. GILLIES.

### "A la Plus Belle."

I said to the rose: "I would twine a flower
In a chaplet fit for my lady's brow;
I'll cull the buds and leaves in thy bower;
Their beauty and perfume will charm her now."
But I thought of her coral lips, and then
I left the rose in its native glen.

I said to the lily: "Thou art so fair,
'Twere meet that thy delicate bells should peal
In the coronal I wreathe for her hair,
And beauty and fragrance and grace reveal;"
But I thought of her soul where white thoughts dwell,
And the lilies were left in their native dell!

'Twere vain to glean from the world of flowers
A posy to mark my heart's esteem;
In vain do I seek, through the livelong hours,
A gift that fitting for her I deem.
So I'll whisper to her that I need not cull
The flowers to render her beautiful.

SALINAS, November, 1879. E. S.

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The Central [illegible]acific Railroad Company people, finding themselves fla[illegible] by the South Pacific Coast Railroad, that threatens to [illegible] its [illegible] the passenger traffic between San Francisco and S[illegible], have countered by purchasing the narrow-guage [illegible]—It is [illegible] Monterey. The road will be changed to a broad gau[illegible] steel rails, strengthened and shortened, and [illegible] make the distance between San Francisco and [illegible] three hours. Sleeping cars will be put upon t[illegible] fares will be the order, and thus new life will be b[illegible] under the ribs of death in old Monterey. A splendid hotel is to be constructed, bath houses erected, and the old capital becomes a rival watering place to Santa Cruz.

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People who do things too mean for the public to know, entertain very lofty ideas on the subject of "[illegible]orrect [illegible] [illegible]ournalism.

## THE WAYS OF WOMEN.

From the day when Eve first came before Adam, "a woman fair, and graceful spouse," down to the present time in which we live, woman has been both the blessing and the curse of mankind. She has been the cause of strife and ruin, of misery and bloodshed among nations, and in domestic life has not infrequently been the discordant and jarring note. Yet she is also the very type and embodiment of all grace and virtue, the source and centre of peace and reconciliation, the one gracious influence which softens and humanizes mankind, reconciling the contradictions of opposing wills and natures, and bringing them into harmony by her healing presence. Poets have never ceased to sing her praises, and these songs have been among their best and happiest efforts. She has been their inspiration—awakening in them all their chivalry, and love of the beautiful and pure. They who have, like Scott, spoken of her as capricious, have, like him, almost in the same breath laid at her feet the just tribute of her praise:

> "O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light, quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

There is no heart so dead to all good influences that is not touched by the exhibition of a woman's unselfish, undying love, which is ever ready to requite evil with good, and to forget the wrong that has been done in the desire to win back the affection that has strayed. She calmly waits her opportunity, "hoping against hope," and praying that it may come, and with a wondrous patience and winning grace welcomes the first indication of a return, and goes forth with offerings of forgiveness and love to meet the wanderer, and aid or hasten his faltering steps. Far back in our lives we can trace the hallowing influence of a woman's presence, the footprints of which have not been trodden out by time. The watchfulness of her love, her unselfish care, her ready ear, and quick response to our griefs, have left an impression which nothing can efface, and which puts us in good humor with all womankind. The memory of unnumbered blessings that have sprung from her gathers round us even in advanced life, when all feelings of romance have long since died away, and the very name of woman awakens in us a sense of reverent affection.

But leaving this sentimental, but just, view of womankind, we will beguile ourselves with the consideration of some of those peculiarities which are exhibited in certain specimens of the fair sex. There is nothing more true than the old adage, "all is not gold that glitters," and it may be said with equal truth that all woman are not good. There are exceptions to every rule, and if we amuse ourselves for a time at the expense of those exceptional cases, we trust that we have already sufficiently guarded against the possibility of being charged with insensibility to the power of woman's charms of mind and person.

Nature is full of exceptions; incongruities and eccentricities are to be found in the very midst of her most beautiful works. It is therefore no reproach to the fair sex to say that some women have peculiar ways, which would fairly puzzle the man who had not been more or less acclimatized to them. "Woman's at best a contradiction still," says Pope; and certainly no angler was ever more at a loss among the slippery and finny tribe than man is among wayward, capricious, and *inconsequente* women. It is next to impossible to know "how to take them." That which pleases to-day is an offense to-morrow. Their moods are so variable that no one can be certain of them for two hours together. *Exigéante* and capricious, the disproportion of their demands is only to be equaled by the unaccountable fitfulness with which they change; and any one who has burnt his fingers in the vain endeavor to meet and satisfy their wishes soon learns, in the painful process, to wait with calm indifference for the passing away of their incomprehensible moods.

There are women who have a marvelous faculty for skimming rapidly over the surface of things, reminding one of the swallow, dipping here and there in his rapid flight. It is as breathless and fatiguing to follow them in their conversation as to pursue a squirrel as he leaps from tree to tree. No sooner do you imagine that you have caught their meaning, and are going to enjoy a little conversation that can boast of some consecutiveness, than you are obliged, by a powerful wrench, or intellectual sleight of hand, to divert your thoughts suddenly into a totally different channel, wholly unconnected with anything that has gone before, till you are led through mazes of which a volatile woman alone is capable. Overpowered with the exertions of the chase, you give up, simply exhausted by the process, without any clear or distinct idea on any one subject. This exercise is frequently accompanied by a considerable amount of vivacity and *naïveté*, which imparts a raciness to the entertainment that would otherwise be only unbearable. You find yourself engaged in a kind of steeple chase, or in an intellectual version of the old-fashioned game of "hunt the slipper," only with this difference: the slipper is rarely the same for two minutes together. Or it may be that the transitions are too rapid for the completion of any sentence calculated to explain the idea which, for the moment, has possession of the mind; and while you strain every faculty you have in order to gain some insight into the meaning of what is said, you are abruptly asked, in the middle of half uttered, half expressed, incoherent, and broken sentences, whether you do not understand??

We have all been introduced to the "Naggletons," and might, without any great difficulty, find the exact counterpart of Mrs. or Miss Naggleton among our friends. She is by no means a *rara avis*. "Nagging" is a most expressive word. Its very sound denotes roughness of temper, which is continually fretting against people and things. Some women have a peculiar talent for ceaseless captiousness, which it is their delight to exercise every day and hour with unabated vigor, keeping it free from rust. They do not waste their strength and time in violent outbursts of vituperation, but by means of incessant reproaches and twittings keep their victims in a state of perpetual discomfort. Water will wear a stone by its continual dropping, and these women know how to wear out the peace of a man's life by their unremitted "nagging." Having also the gift of tears, she calls them to her aid, when other measures fail and the old tactics seem to have lost their power, and is content to gain her point even at the cost of a little apparent weakness; for she knows that few men can withstand "the unanswerable tear in woman's eye."

The love of cruelty is inherent in human nature, and women are no exception to the rule. It is certainly the most hateful aspect under which they can present themselves before us; and the idea itself is so entirely contradictory to all that distinguishes a woman from the rest of creation, that it seems almost paradoxical to say that she can be cruel. Yet history can supply us with too many instances in which women have been conspicuous for their cruelty, and the annals of crime record against them some of the most revolting crimes. The form of cruelty to which we refer is generally combined with a certain cleverness which belongs to women who have the reputation of being *intriguantes*. It is, of course, combined also with unscrupulousness; because no one can be both cruel and considerate toward others. If an unkind thing can be done or said, they say it or do it, not only without hesitation or compunction, but even with satisfaction. They take pleasure in chafing a wounded spirit, in goading almost to madness a mind that is, perhaps, already heavily laden.

From the extreme susceptibility and nervous organization of women, there is a considerable tendency to excitement and versatility which conduces to impatience of the minor circumstances of life. There can be no doubt that the smaller contradictions of daily life are, in a certain sense, harder to bear than any of its severer trials. Against the former we are not specially prepared, or on our guard; against the latter we are. As a rule the lives of women are more affected by externals. Their occupations and interests are of the lighter kind, and hence the small events of every-day life are a greater fret to them; they both feel them more keenly, and are more influenced by them. This is not said disparagingly, but only to account in some degree for the susceptibility and impatience which women frequently exhibit. The nervous, impatient woman is a torment to herself as well as to others. She demands the utmost promptitude in the execution of her wishes. No one is quick enough, and yet all are too quick. Her *juste milieu* is unattainable.

Love is the domain which specially belongs to woman, over which she rules with undisputed sway. It is her peculiar privilege to awaken it, as well as to lavish and bestow it; yet there is a temper and disposition, which might almost be called a vice, that springs from love and keeps close by its side. If pity is akin to love, jealousy is its offspring turning "love divine to joyless dread." It is affirmed by some that there can be no true love without jealousy. This is true in a certain sense. It would be impossible to love another and be at the same time indifferent to his or her infidelity or neglect, but it is not true in the sense in which it is often urged as the plea for absurd and groundless jealousies. It often happens that the most trivial and innocent incidents are distorted into misdemeanors and offenses against the law of love by those who are always on the lookout for grounds of jealousy, and the commonest courtesies of life are misconstrued and suspected of evil, till society itself is viewed as one vast conspiracy against their happiness. It causes great and needless suffering, and not unfrequently brings about the evil which is so much dreaded.

Women who talk, and women who love to manage, are among those who have brought discredit upon womankind. The managing woman always occupies herself in setting her neighbor's house in order. She is equal to any emergency, is ever ready with a suggestion and a plan, and equally ready to take offense if her advice is not followed. She criticises, discusses, proposes, and advises. She is the bane of young newly-married people, who, diffident of their own powers and resources, are too ready to take the managing woman at her own value, and listen to her counsels.

The ways of woman are manifold, and if some of her peculiarities are less pleasing than others, or are fraught with danger to our peace and happiness, it can not be denied that in eight cases out of ten she is our light and solace—

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,
> For transient sorrow's simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. C. S.

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If the following, which we cut from a New York paper, is not some of Sam Davis's outrageous nonsense then that merry gentleman has an Eastern competitor of no mean ability: "William Garhart denies Congressman Daggett's assertion that the mule is the king of beasts. Garhart accords the palm of superiority to the hog. A hog always knows what he is about. Garhart claims that no man on earth ever got the better of a hog in a fair struggle. He has tried to drive over hogs many times, but was successful only once. They sometimes lie in the hollow of the road fast asleep. Mr. Garhart has often borne down on them at a 2:40 pace, with a five-ton stage and a six-in-hand on a down grade. Just, however, as he confidently expected to see the air filled with wagon-grease and spare-ribs, they would lurch clear of the wheel or glide under the stage and come out all safe and sound, with a grunt of quiet satisfaction and a look that was more exasperating than to be robbed by road agents. Mr. Garhart never got away with a hog but once. The animal dodged a train of cars coming out of a tunnel, and he whipped up his horses and caught the hog square in the neck with one of the fore-wheels and killed it. The stage, however, upset and smashed everything in sight. Two men were killed outright and several women maimed for life. The hog calculated all right for the locomotive, but was cut of his reckoning on the stage. But the company thought the victory over the hog was dearly purchased. Garhart also asserts that a hog can whip a mule, Daggett's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding."

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No clergyman should give a certificate that any particular brand of patent medicine has cured him of a disease which he did not have, however agreeable may be the taste of the medicine.

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In the picture gallery. *Gentleman*—Is this Murillo here genuine?

*Cicerone*—Of course it's genuine. I'd risk the rain on it all day, and the color wouldn't come off?

## THE PLAINT OF A PESSIMIST.

A Carnival Retrospect.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Once upon a time a good bonze, who lived in snow-bound Thibet, was thanked for telling the truth. But the good bonze is dead, and it is not among the probabilities that his good fortune will be duplicated in San Francisco. The daily papers of this city have just parted with an opportunity to do some gratuitous truth-telling on a large scale. In lieu of truth, however, they were content to gush, and, from the standpoint that "charity covereth a multitude of sins," they were undoubtedly generous and probably politic. The *idea* of the Author's Carnival was the keynote of a splendid charity, and the result in dollars and cents has almost equaled the most sanguine expectations of the Carnival's most sanguine friends. But not all mankind—not even all the San Francisco contingent—think in numerals or base final judgment upon the footings of a balance sheet. Morality, common sense, the love of art, find lodgment with a minority in every community. This minority in San Francisco was long ago absorbed by the majority which has read the ARGONAUT from its first number. In writing to such an audience it is unnecessary to coin a new word for spade, or to disguise moral truths in verbal fustian. The Carnival is over, and the various charities interested are the richer by several thousands each—likewise the enterprising manager. But the society of a great city has a right to demand something better of a representative achievement than the mere negative failure to fail represented by a certain number of dubious dollars, supplemented by a daily paper catalogue of a thousand feminine costumes, more or less costly, more or less characterless, and more or less indelicate. Truth has nothing to do with the coincidence that some one has written that "charity covereth a multitude of sins." Truth is chiefly concerned with facts, and has no time to try and disprove circumstantial evidence, or draft a special plea for the excellence of the artistically damnable. Looking, then, retrospectively upon our vaunted Carnival of Authors, there can be but one intelligently honest opinion—except as an agent of charitable revenue, it was a glaring failure.

Socially, artistically, even from the standpoint of the dressmaker and the costumer, the carnival was a failure. As an exposition of our literary culture it was a puerile travesty; as a sample of our social good taste, it was almost as pronounced a satire; and as a fund of amusement to the populace, it was a sardonic joke. We gave two booths to Dickens, and none to Thackeray; the space requisite for the representation of the picturesque in two Americans to Longfellow, and none to Hawthorne and Bryant. We represented the old régime of kingly, chivalrous France by the salon of Madame Récamier, and modern French literature, by a booth representing a volume of Jules Verne, and used as a stand for the sale of shells. To go through the interminable thanklessness of indicating not merely the historic deficiencies of the booth programmes—for which every one was prepared—but the glaring violations of accepted literary canons—which the friends of our so-called culture had a right to receive with some surprise—would be indeed a herculean task; and fortunately the columns of the ARGONAUT are not open for an endless recapitulation of faults and follies. But perhaps in the distant future San Francisco may attempt another authors' carnival. If yes, there are a few plain facts to be remembered. A mere list of the names of authors and the titles of books, coupled with a few more or less characteristic canvas interiors and a number of extravagantly costumed people, does not make, in any sense, a carnival of authors.

To invite people, "for charity's sake," to stand in an ill-ventilated, ill-arranged, ill-managed hall, is to make charity odious, and benevolence a quality to be distrusted. It is true that the acting, the dressing, and the stage setting in many of the booths were above amateur average, and in an honest sense creditable to those concerned. It is true that many of the ladies interested were actuated by the purest motives, and worked, as ladies seldom do or can work, for the best success of their pet scheme. But the fact remains that the public, which paid the piper, was obliged either to listen to indifferent piping or hear no pipes at all. Instead of a double tier of seats the entire length of the hall, upon which four thousand persons might have been seated in comfort to watch the grand march, and the tableaux and by-play in the various booths, there were a rush, a squeeze, a ragged edge of dissatisfaction nine days long. And as a social result, at least a hundred pretty girls are stage-struck, and half as many mouthing youths imagine they can act, and are on the verge of relinquishing their present toil for the traps and pitfalls of the theatre. ALFRED HARDIE.

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I.—Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed. "I am going to tell father on you!"

"This is only corn-silk," murmured the boy, penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you don't get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

II.—It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckle and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little bird object to me smoking a cigarette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Murray. "I like cigarettes, they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

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CIII.—Sunday, November 9.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Eastern Oysters.
Soup a la Minute.
Chicken Salad.
Fried Veal, Cream and Parsley Sauce.
Baked Egg-plant. Lima Beans.
Roast Canvas-back Ducks. Saratoga Potatoes.
Vegetable Salad.
Raspberries, Whipped Cream. White Sponge Cake.

TO MAKE SOUP A LA MINUTE.—Cut four ounces of salt pork in dice and set on the fire in a sauce-pan; stir, and when it is turning rather brown add one onion, half a middling sized carrot sliced; stir, and when they are partly fried, add two pounds of lean beef cut in small dice; stir and fry for five minutes. Then pour in about three pints of boiling water, salt, pepper, and boil gently about forty minutes. The soup may be strained and served with toast, and the beef served as entree, with a piquant ravigote or Robert sauce.

## THE "CATHOLIC PROBLEM."

General Grant's Possible Agency in its Solution.

Against the Roman Catholic Church in America there is a deep-seated prejudice and growing fear. Its members are, in an almost solid body, Democratic. Over most of them the priests exercise a political control. The priests and the more devout laity acknowledge an obedience to the Pope of Rome that is by many regarded as incompatible with the sturdy independence of republican government. The Pope of Rome, as Christ's vicegerent upon earth, claims the right of control, or at least of direction, in certain important matters, especial education, in all countries. The history of the church is a history of violent and bloody interference with the national concerns of Catholic countries, and subtle diplomatic intrigues with all. The church has never yielded its claim to spiritual obedience from its members, and in its broad interpretation of this word civil duties are largely involved. To-day in Spain the clergy of the Roman Church is a dominant political power. After a long and fierce contention, and eventual defeat, in Italy, the church is not content to subordinate itself to the royal authority.

The struggle between Germany and Rome is a compromise. The fight between the clergy and the political authorities of Belgium is to-day at red heat. The Catholic Church has abated none of its political pretensions since the time of Gregory VII. Its proudest boast is *semper eadem*. It is growing in America beyond any other denomination. Immigration from Catholic countries increases its numbers and its political influence. It aspires to control the education of the youth of the nation. It witholds its own children from our public schools. A church without a country, a king without subjects, a government without civil recognition, an authority without an army, it sends nuncios to the courts of kings. A priest assumes to be an earthly potentate; the chair of St. Peter is a throne; the tiara of the Pope is a royal crown. This organization—more perfect than anything human, more ancient than any European government, as subtle as it could become under the manipulation of keenest intellects, as secret as the grave, and as unscrupulous as ecclesiastical power always becomes—is by many Americans looked upon as a thing of danger to our country, and as a menace to republican institutions.

General Grant is inspired by this fear, and on more than one occasion, in public and unreservedly in private, sounds the note of alarm against this growing ecclesiastical power. Some years ago at Dubuque he declared opinions upon the importance of preserving our common schools free from sectarian agitation. This declaration became an element in the election of General Grant to the Presidency. It alienated from his support a very large part of the devout Catholics. This alienation and unfriendly feeling is noticeable; it has been illustrated in his visit to San Francisco. No devout Catholic has gone out of his way to be polite to General Grant; no Catholic school children have strewn flowers in his pathway, and if any Catholic institution has been decorated in his honor it has escaped our notice. Again, and within a few days, at Burlington, General Grant has struck the shield of the hierarchy a sounding blow. "I think," said he, "that if there ever is another war in this country it will be one of ignorance versus intelligence, and in that battle the State of Iowa will achieve a great victory. Furthermore, I think the war will be one of ignorance and superstition combined against education and intelligence, and I am satisfied that the children here will enroll in the army of intelligence and wipe out the common enemy, ignorance."

The use of the word "superstition" in this connection indicates what General Grant is driving at. He is, in our judgment, a shrewd and far-seeing politician. He thinks that in this country the time is not far distant when the people will array themselves against what he pleases to consider aggression upon the part of a dangerous ecclesiasticism. Perhaps, to be *the* leader, or *a* leader, in resisting this aggression involves some consideration of personal ambition. Perhaps he sees that as soon as this Solid South and "bloody shirt" business shall be disposed of, the "Catholic" will become the burning question in American politics, and perhaps it will. There are elements at work well worth the consideration of thinking minds. Among the more ignorant of the anti-Catholics there is a smouldering fire of hate; there is a class, numerous and in earnest, who affect to believe that the Roman Church is a political conspiracy against republican liberty. These people talk about the necessity of taking up arms to resist; they talk about the necessity of secret counter organization; they resolve to support no Catholic for office. There is a smaller and more intelligent class who, not fearing force or violence, or any endeavor to control the civil affairs of our government, do think that the Catholic clergy interfere in what does not concern them; look with apprehension upon the influence of the Catholic Church in our civil and political affairs; deprecate the fingers of priests in our treasuries of States and cities, under pretense of charities, and the tongues of priests in the lobbies of our State Legislatures; distrust the pretensions of the Church to its share of church moneys, and resent with open indignation that attitude of Romanism which will not allow its youth to mingle with Protestant boys and girls at the free secular schools, which are by them considered as the foundation of republican government, the shield and defense of American liberty.

There is another more liberal, and, perhaps, more level-headed class, who see no danger at all in Roman Catholicism. In a community like ours, overlooking the bigoted and the ignorant, the narrow-minded priest and the over-devout layman, they see all around and about them a great, intelligent, wealthy, loyal class of most highly respectable Catholic citizens, men who, Catholic-born and Catholic-bred, care as little for their church as do the most extreme Protestants; believe as little in the dogmas of the Catholic faith as do the most liberal of Protestants; respect the Catholic priestly robes just to the extent that they cover earnest, consistent, and devout men, who mind their own business and do not interfere in that which does not concern them; men who have the marriage ceremony performed in Catholic churches if they happen to wed with a Catholic maiden; allow their children to be baptized at the Catholic altar, and when they die expect to be buried from a Catholic church in a Catholic burying ground, with the solemn rites of the Catholic Church; who are willing that their wives should be just as good and devout as they please, and who would rather their children should be taught to kneel at the Catholic mother's knee in prayers than grow up as hoodlums, indifferent to religion; who educate their boys at the public schools, finish off their girls at convents, vote as they please, fight for the country where their allegiance is due, and would resist at the electoral urn or on the battle-field any endeavor of Pope, or King, or Emperor, to interfere with the government of the United States of America. Who shall presume to say that such Catholic men or Catholic women are not as good citizens, and have not as much at stake in the country, as those who enjoy the superior privileges of native birth, or rather are free from the entanglements of any religious faith?

We have not undertaken in this article to express opinions; we are not alarmists against the encroachments of any church. We have an abiding faith in the intelligence of a people, where free schools and a free press are in the ascendant, and under the protection of the law. We have confidence in the permanence of a government where there can be no fixed privileged class, and we have never doubted the patriotism of the more intelligent and wealthy of our Catholic fellow-citizens.

### Condensed Wisdom.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
—*Byron.*

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world can not do without him is still more mistaken.—*La Rochefoucault.*

But, being made, 'tis Circumstance.
That finishes us all.—*Owen Meredith.*

Conceit is as natural to the human mind as a centre is to a circle.—*O. W. Holmes.*

I have seen the honor of women drowned in a river of diamonds.—*A. Karr.*

Vanity is the quicksand of reason.—*George Sand.*

Wordless women are silent thunder.—*Byron.*

For one virtue which makes us walk, how many vices make us run.—*Amedie Pechot.*

Jealousy is the essence of a disordered self-love.—*Countess Guiccioli.*

He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.—*Byron.*

To forgive a fault in another is more sublime than to be faultless one's self.—*George Sand.*

Flattery is a false money that is current only through our vanity.—*La Rochefoucault.*

Every spendthrift to Passion
Is debtor to Doubt!—*Owen Meredith.*

Deaf as the sea, hasty as fire, is anger.—*Shakspeare.*

Falsehood alone can make men happy; truth kills them like God's lightning.—*Schiller.*

Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.—*Thackeray.*

Take away the opportunity, and you take away the sin.—*Cervantes.*

Those who can do nothing but speak nothings must pass for nothing.—*Shakspeare.*

He who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—*Balzac.*

Habit is ten times nature.—*Duke of Wellington.*

Sensitive beings are not sensible beings.—*Balzac.*

Men would not live long in society were they not the mutual dupes of one another.—*La Rochefoucault.*

Rather a good monkey story for little folks this: There lives in the south of France a man of wealth, whose château or country place of residence has around it very tall trees. The cook of the château has a monkey—a pert fellow, who knows ever so many tricks. The monkey often helps the cook to pluck the feathers from fowls. On the day that interests us the cook gave the monkey two partridges to pluck, and the monkey, seating himself in an open window, went to work. He had picked the feathers from one of the partridges and placed it on the outer ledge of the window with a satisfied grunt, when, lo! all at once a hawk flew down from one of the tall trees near by and bore off the plucked bird. Master Monkey was very angry. He shook his fist at the hawk, which took a seat on one of the limbs not far off and began to eat the partridge with great relish. The owner of the château saw the sport, for he was sitting in a grape arbor, and crept up to watch the end of it. The monkey picked the other partridge, laid it on the ledge in the same place, and hid behind the window screen on the inside. The hawk was caught in this trap, for when it flew down after the partridge out reached the monkey and caught the thief. In a moment the hawk's neck was wrung, and the monkey soon had the hawk plucked. Taking the two birds to the cook the monkey handed them to him as if to say: "Here are your two partridges, master." The cook thought that one of the birds looked queer, but he served them on the table. The owner of the house shook his head when he saw the dish, and, telling the cook of the trick, laughed heartily.

The prospectus of the new magazine—*The Californian*—printed on the sixteenth page of this issue, will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the literature of this coast. The new publication is something that ought to succeed, and there is an abiding faith among those immediately interested that it will. It promises a good beginning, and anticipates a prosperous future. As the publishers are not desirous of "puffing" the magazine beyond its merits, this notice and the prospectus simply announce the first number and the general plan of its publication.

If Edison can render sound available in so many ways, why doesn't he utilize the howling wilderness?

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Lavator Infelix.

Hap Wah did wash with a caustic drug,
He ate his "lice" chop-chop from a mug,
His soup he boiled from a bow-wow-wow,
He lived in dirt like a swill-fed cow,
And he washed for the Melican man.

And the clothes Hap washed did rot, rot, rot!
And the summer air got hot, hot, hot!
And the Melican shirt did melt, melt, melt!
And Hap Wah Melican's bonnee felt—
Heap mad was the Melican man.

Now Hap will sail across the sea,
Back to his own big land of tea,
And tell his saffron club-foot girl
How bad we are in the Melican world—
D—n heap the Melican man.

### October.

How brilliant the woods in October!
Like the nose of a man never sober;
Like the red of the juvenile mitten,
Or the coat of a calico kitten;
Like the variant hues of a nice dream,
Or the tints of a harlequin ice-cream;
Like changeful, ever-changing mosaic,
With nothing stale, dull, or prosaic,
But everywhere gleaming in splendor,
Like the sky in the west at day's end, or
The posters whose charms never irk us,
That tell of the forthcoming circus—
Like the nose of a man never sober,
How brilliant the woods in October!

### More October.

The woodland wears a veil of balmy gold,
The brooklet patters down the hazy mead,
While softly rustles in the wind the reed,
And the old cow meanders down the wold.

### The Watch Dog.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome, as I near her home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
My coming, and look brighter when I come."

But ah! 'tis sad, 'tis terrible, the fear,
That this confounded watch-dog e'en perchance
Will tackle me, and a square sample tear
From out the dome of my best Sunday pants.

### The Bather's Lament.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold hard stones, O Sea!
And I hope that my tongue won't utter
The curses that rise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
If he likes to be soused with the spray!
Or well for the sailor lad,
As he paddles about in the bay!

And the ships swim happily on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for a clutch at that vanish'd hand,
And a kick—for I'm catching a chill!

Break, break, break,
At my poor feet, O Sea!
But the artful scamp who has collar'd my clothes
Will never come back to me.

### A Drama.

ACT I.

This Smith & Wesson pistol suits;
Here, shopman, take your pay;
I'll always keep it, sir, at home;
'Tis handy, as you say.

ACT II.

O Johnny, here's pa's little gun!
Let's play to war we go;
You be the rebel. Halt, sir!—bang!
'Twas loaded! Oh, dear, oh!

ACT III.

My friends, the ways of Providence
Are past our finite ken;
The Lord doth give, doth take away;
We bless his name. Amen.

### Thanksgiving.

The turkey now within the yard
Is indolently dreaming;
He darkly glows within the sun,
Which on him's idly gleaming.

And while all things unto him seem
Set up his bliss to baffle,
He sighs with features woe-begone,
"The raffle, oh, the raffle!"

### The Merry Tuber.

I am coming by and by;
You will hear my plaintive cry,
In accents mild and gentle as a lamb;
Ere long I'll be on deck,
Bringing ninety cents a peck.
Sing hey! the sweet-potato that I yam.

### Polite Intimations.

C. R.—Your manuscript has been filed away, where it awaits sufficient postage for its return—like Noah's dove—to the hand that "threw it off."

CASSANDRA.—It is too long; we could hardly use it even if instead of an English translation from Schiller it were an English translation from Hector A. Stuart.

J. A. W.—We do not know what is meant by "Soul Hunger," and if

"Hearts are starving,
Souls are dying,"

we fancy the best thing to do under these certainly melancholy circumstances is to take 'em to some good restaurant and stand a square meal, unless, like "them pious," they "eats awful." Seriously, your versification is so good that it is rather a pity you did not hit on a subject capable of intelligible treatment.

J. P. Q., Watsonville.—Yes; the "literary feller" who pays thirty cents postage to get his manuscript to a publisher, and inclosing a cent stamp for its return if not wanted, is writing for the pretty steadily now from various places along the coast interior. He is one of our most valued contributors.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—XI.

And yet again am I assailed by sundry busybodies, who have all sorts of suggestions to make about the manner in which I compile my recollections. Some of the letters are so pedantic and of so little consequence as to be of no possible interest to any one, so I will confine myself to the two in answering which I may most likely recall events of considerable importance. The first of these fossillated "kickers" says that the most interesting phases of Frisco's rise and growth have escaped my notice. That if I will visit him at blank room, Dash Hotel, he will tell of a time fresh in his memory when there were but three houses in San Francisco. It is with unfeigned delight that I receive the somewhat doubtful intelligence of the existence of something fresh in this petrified pioneer's memory, for his letter betrays the fact that there is something deliciously "fresh" in his manner.

Now, I propose to "see" this accommodatiog old gentleman, and "go him one better," for I can tell him of a time when there was only *one* house in San Francisco. I hope that recalling these very ancient recollections will not often become necessary, for I am rapidly piling decade upon decade upon the existence of my memory which it may be difficult to harmonize with the period of my birth. I am constrained to confess that my past is rapidly becoming a little mixed. This first house was built in 1836 by a Mr. Richardson, of Richardson's Bay, in Marin County. It was a small wooden structure, intended for a store, and was put up at the suggestion of, I think, Don Juan Robinson, who was then engaged in the hide business, and suggested to Mr. Richardson that as now and then a hide vessel happened in the harbor, and as the hide scows came here occasionally to unload at the beach, some little trade might be successfully carried on. *Aguadiente*, however, most likely formed the basis of store keeping, for there were plenty of Indians to drink it. Collecting hides was the sole occupation of the few people who lived in this part of the country, and scows manned by Indians used to come up the bay and discharge on the beach or alongside of a vessel, should one happen to be in port. The beach was where Montgomery Street now is, and was skirted here and there with rocks. The underbrush was open in places, so that one could walk with comparative safety up as far as where Mason Street now is; beyond that was unexplored region. From this point the view extended as now over an ample expanse of bay and Contra Costa, but no sail dotted the waters, no house was to be seen on the opposite side of the bay. All was as quiet as when the first navigators discovered the country. For months Mr. Richardson's sole occupation was living in the unproductive glory of having erected the first house and selling bad rum to the natives. At last the ship *Alert*, of Boston, arrived to trade for hides, and at last the solitary pioneer found a purchaser for his accumulated store. Mr. R. H. Dana was one of the crew, and speaks of this visit in *Two Years Before the Mast.* The *Alert* lay about where the present corner of Clay and Davis Streets is located. On shore the only sign of human habitation was the little house of Mr. Richardson. At long intervals the Indians came and went with their cargoes of hides, and then all again relapsed into the original solitude. At that time there were groves of trees near the Presidio (where there were a few old Spanish cannon), and also on the north side of Golden Gate. Timber was also found on Angel Island. The carpenter of the *Alert* was sent over there for a supply of wood and small spars, which were readily procured. It is of course unnecessary to state that the remainder of the timber has been entirely cut off. The few people in the neighborhood used to sometimes talk of two large rivers which emptied into the bay, but there did not seem to be enterprise enough to explore them or penetrate to the mysterious region which lay beyond. Had they only known the fabulous wealth which lay glittering in those distant mountains, the *Alert* would never have found a crew to bring her back with her cargo of hides, and Mr. Dana would most likely have become Governor, land monopolist, railroad shark, Dupont Street Commissioner, and the well mailed target of Kearney. Indeed, it seems as if a special Providence had ordained that the discovery of gold to any extent should be reserved for the time when the country should be wrested from her feeble and unworthy ruler.

Now I flatter myself that this story beats that of my correspondent, who wants to tell me of the three houses, all to pieces; also those of a handful of Argonauts who insist that Jacob Primer Leese built the first house in 1846, and fired the first gun upon the hoisting of the American flag. My historical correspondent also wishes to tell me of the first discovery of gold by Captain Sutter. Now I will at him again, for I assert with the utmost confidence that Captain Sutter did not discover the first gold. I saw this estimable old humbug at a pioneer banquet in New York two years ago sit calmly at the head of the table, and take in with undisturbed equanimity dozens of prodigious yarns about his wandering along a lonely creek and "catching with his eagle eye a tiny speck glittering in the sands." He seized it between his thumb and forefinger, and ejaculated "gold!" And not once did this celebrated relief-bill sharp acknowledge that it was John Marshall who brought the shining speck to him, but announced in a speech, with tears in his eyes, that "it was pleasant to receive such gombliments in my old age, but I only did my duty to de beeble of my adopted gountry." At last dear old Joe Lawrence rose to his feet, and said he'd be dashed if he'd stand it any longer; that he'd be dashed if was any such thing; that Sutter discovered gold just as much as a man catches a hare when it is brought to him by a dog; that an old friend of his, Jack Marshal, discovered it, and he'd be dash dashed if he would see the glory wrested from him. I propose, by way of contradiction to my correspondent, to explode both of these very delightful fairy stories.

The existence of gold was known as early as 1836, and when the *Alert* sailed for Boston she took with her a small quantity of gold dust procured from an Indian, but the amount was so small, and the stories of the difficulty in obtaining it so very discouraging, that no attempt was made to search for a further supply. Furthermore, instead of the first excitement originating at Sutter's Fort, it originated in the neighborhood of San Diego. In the same year ('36) a sailor, hearing from the Indians of the existence of gold in the far south, set out alone for San Diego, and was gone for some time, during which period he visited the mines near Los Angeles. He was unsuccessful, and, returning to San Francisco, was laughed at for his pains, although he brought "the color" with him.

I have at hand another letter quite the reverse of that first mentioned, in that it is not arrogant and dictatorial, and the writer does me the honor to suppose that I have a prodigious amount of memories stowed away somewhere. He suggests that as the event was several times touched upon during the recent political contest, an account of the duel between Senator Broderick and Judge Terry would be interesting to the public, as well as conferring a favor upon him. I cheerfully respond, and give as complete an account as can justly be expected of one whose memory dates back no further than 1836. He does me the honor to suggest that I be as impartial in this as in my other letters, and such shall be my endeavor. As hundreds of people know the cause which brought about the duel, I shall confine myself merely to the actual occurrence. It requires a jump of twenty-three years from the first half of my letter, but no matter.

At six o'clock in the morning, September 13, 1859, a large party of gentlemen, in buggies and and conveyances, arrived at the ranch of a Mr. Davis, about a mile south of Lake Merced. They had known for some days that the duel was to take place, and had come to see it. Their knowledge as to the place of meeting was indefinite, and any apprehension they might have had as to the probability of not finding it was removed by the appearance of Dr. Hammond upon the scene, who was known as one of Judge Terry's physicians. The entire party followed his buggy, and were led to a secluded little valley, surrounded by hills and undulating ground, and within hearing of the surf breaking upon the beach. Soon two carriages appeared. One of them contained Broderick, with his seconds, William McKibben and ex-Sheriff Colton; and the other, Judge Terry, with Colonel Tom Hayes and Calhoun Benham, his seconds, Mr. S. H. Brooks was field counselor, and Dr. Aylette an experienced duelist, surgeon and field adviser. Immediately upon the arrival of both principals, with their seconds—which was almost instantaneous—Broderick took his position upon the field, being immediately afterward followed by Judge Terry. The former faced the west, the latter the east. There were, including principals, over seventy people present. Judge Terry's seconds and advisers were constantly with him. Broderick seemed to be absorbed in matters disconnected with the issue, and was talking earnestly with Mr. Haskell and other friends. He was, during all this time, perfectly cool and self-possessed. His antagonist seemed agitated, and measured the ground in his direction with an anxious and uneasy tread. The seconds examined the pistols, and pointed out to their principals the white mark upon the ground which marked the distances. Mr. McKibben snapped a cap upon the pistol he had chosen for his principal, that he might assure himself that it was in good order. Benham approached Terry and said something to him, to which he responded by a smile and nod.

As the affair was now nearing the crisis every eye was turned upon the combatants. Broderick's friends held a short conversation with him and retired. Mr. Brooks did the same with Judge Terry and moved to one side. The Judge's lips were compressed, his eye clear, and his demeanor giving evidence of his being a man without fear. Broderick could not have been distinguished by the spectator as a principal. With his hands folded behind him, he would coolly turn his head, face the crowd, and nod to an acquaintance. His whole bearing was that of a man who was about to meet a great issue, and who was firmly prepared for it. Both principals, upon being warned that the time for action had arrived, threw off their cloaks. Benham, taking a pistol, approached Judge Terry and placed it in his hand. The latter took the weapon calmly, and stood with it resting upon his left arm. Broderick, on being handed his pistol, carefully examined it, and at intervals measured with his eye the ground between himself and his adversary. Before the word was given Benham approached Broderick, who handed his watch, money, etc., to Mr. McKibben—felt his clothes, and with his hands examined his body. A nod of satisfaction revealed the fact that Broderick had nothing concealed about him. Terry was examined in like manner. Everything being ready, the principals and seconds took their positions. Mr. McKibben stood to the right of Broderick, and immediately opposite Colton. The seconds of Terry occupied similar positions, Benham on a line with McKibben, and Col. Hayes on a line with Colton. The word fell to the latter. He said: "Gentlemen, I will give the word as follows: Gentlemen, are you ready? When both have answered ready, I will say: fire, one, two, with a pause between each word. The arrangements seemed to be understood, and all parties assumed their positions, McKibben uncovering his head. Up to the time the pistol was handed him Broderick seemed to be the cooler man of the two; but after examining it he appeared to grow uneasy. He betrayed nothing like lack of courage, but in measuring the stock of his pistol with the conformation of his hand he presented a dissatisfied appearance. It was the general impression that Broderick's position—either from his constitutional nervousness, or from a want of confidence in the equality of chances between the two combatants—was not favorable to his success. There was no lack of bravery, but an anxious solicitude in his deportment that placed him at great disadvantage.

At fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, Colton, in a clear, distinct voice called out the word, when he said, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Terry instantly replied, "Ready," without moving a muscle. Broderick, however, for some seconds continued to examine the stock of his pistol, as though endeavoring to make it fit into his hand. When, at last, he answered "ready," he did so with a nod, at the same time inclining his body towards Colton. Between the words, "Fire, one, two!" both parties fired, Broderick the fraction of a second in advance. His shot was spent in the ground some four or five feet in front of him, but Terry's took effect in the right breast of his antagonist above the nipple. Immediately upon receiving the shot, Broderick raised his right arm, still grasping the pistol. It was the impression at first that he had been shot in the shoulder. His arm contracted, and a spasmodic effort was made to brace himself up. The bullet had, however, gone to a more vital part. After endeavoring to resist the weakness that was dragging him down, the head dropped in a recumbent position over the right shoulder, and at last Broderick, as a child gently and calmly retiring to rest, sank to the ground, still holding his pistol and lying on his left side. Judge Terry, in the meantime, maintained his position, his eye constantly in the direction of the fallen man. When told that his antagonist could not rise, he entered a carriage with his friends, and was rapidly driven to the city. Broderick was taken to his rooms at the Union Hotel, where he gradually sank and died on the 16th, three days after the duel.

The result caused intense excitement throughout the city, and Judge Terry was immediately arrested on a charge of murder. Many dark rumors were afloat among the friends of Broderick about the unfair advantage taken of him by Judge Terry. It was even said that the weapon used by Broderick had been tampered with, and rendered ineffective by the friends of his adversary. On the other hand, the friends of Judge Terry contended that the chances were equal in every particular. At all events, no evidence of such a character as to secure a conviction was advanced upon the trial, for the slayer of "our Broderick" was adjudged not guilty by a jury of his fellow-citizens.

The funeral on Sunday, September 18th, was the most imposing pageant ever held in San Francisco. Stores were closed, the city was draped in mourning, and all military and civic societies, in addition to the Fire Department, of which the deceased was an active member, participated in the procession. Whatever justification may have existed for this act of Judge Terry, public opinion was deeply in sympathy with Broderick, and it is to be regretted that no more fitting tribute should have been erected to the memory of such a man than the ungainly and unsightly shaft of marble which disfigures Laurel Hill Cemetery.

CLAY M. GREENE.

## LITERATURE.

Mr. James Parton hopes to complete his *Life of Voltaire* some time next spring. He has given the matter some eighteen years of study, and ought to make the book almost as interesting as his sketch of General Ben Butler—considering the inferior importance of the subject.

According to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Bret Harte is not greatly delighted with his Crefeld consulate. In fact he likes Crefeld so little that he has moved his residence to Düsseldorf, and goes to and from his business office by rail. Even the old city by the Rhine, with its artistic and literary circles, does not seem to content him, for he is reported as suffering from homesickness. Mr. Bret Harte is not the first American to discover that the enchantment of life in Europe comes largely from the glamour of distance, and that a consular appointment brings with it no great amount of dignity, comfort, or money. Mr. Harte, says the same Vienna paper, has produced but one literary work since he arrived in Prussia—an essay on the superior quality of the Düsseldorf servant girls.

Among the manuscripts which the illness of George Eliot will not permit her to complete is an essay on Herbert Spencer. She had once an offer of marriage from Mr. Spencer, of which she had not the foresight to avail herself, and the essay is prompted, no doubt, by revenge.

The health of Mr. Spencer, by the way, is improving, and if he escape such a backset as the publication of an essay on him by the author of *Theophrastus Such*, he may be reasonably expected to finish his system of philosophy.

The Princess Louise will illustrate the Marquis of Lorne's book of travels when she has disposed of the little business that takes her back to England.

The following extract from a letter is rather obviously from the gifted pen of Marcus H.: "Please receive my best thanks for the invitation to meet the Atlanta soldiers and the Putnams. I was on the point of starting when a committee requested me to remain here and introduce Gen. Joseph R. Hawley to a political mass meeting. This was a great surprise to me, for I had supposed the man was comparatively well known. I shall remain, of course, and shall do what I can to blow the fog from around his fame. Meanwhile will you kindly see that the portion of your banquet which I should be allowed to consume if I were present is equitably distributed among the public charities of our several States and Territories? I would not that any partiality be shown on account of political creed or geographical position, but would beg that all the crates be of the same heft."

A Roman Countess, profoundly learned in the Greek and Latin languages, has just been elected a member of the Academy of Lincei, in Rome, but nobody wants to marry her, all the same.

The Rev. DeWitt Talmage has been lecturing in Boston on "Big Blunders"—of which himself is the chief.

Mr. Mallock and Mr. Mallock's critics have, as yet, been unable to decide whether life is worth living, but each is doing what he can to make it burdensome.

Harper & Bros. have published a book for children, entitled *What Darwin Saw*, wherein the infant evolutionist and clouted positivist may find the kind of milk that is most amenable to the gastric processes of their tender intellects. The sucking philosopher is a product of our era.

Paris is to have still another monthly *revue*. The title is *Le Livre*, the editor M. Uzanne.

To-morrow the people of Copenhagen will celebrate the centenary of the poet Ochlenschlaäger, a great name in literature.

Longfellow has for many years been popular in Germany, and now the Baroness Hohenhausen will publish there a translation of his "Golden Legend." We should not be surprised if the German appreciation would sometime venture to tackle "The Spanish Student" and "The Children of the Lord's Supper."

## THE SONG OF THE PEAR TREE.

From the French of Paul Feral.

I.

There stood at the end of the village a large pear tree; in the spring time it became a beautiful mass of flowers. The house of the farmer was on the side of the road; it had a portal of stone, similar to that of a chateau. The daughter of the farmer was called Perrine.

We were good friends. Since when? Ah! who knows? —for I am ignorant.

II.

She was sixteen. What a dear little heart beat under her blue bodice embroidered with black velvet! What roses on her cheek! How brilliant her laughing eyes when from her window she sang to me.

Sang to me that it was time for our meeting under the pear tree, to talk of our marriage.

III.

Under the pear tree there was green grass. In no other place could you find grass so sweet and fine to sigh on, and repeat those words that are said a hundred times, yet are always new.

She laughed with all her heart. "Perrine, my Perrine, when will you marry me?"

IV.

Everything about her laughed—her caressing hair which played with the wind, her round waist, the little red shoe which peeped forth from its hiding place, her hands which lowered the pendant branches of hawthorn to inhale the perfume of its flowers, her pure and joyous face, her pearl-like teeth between her red lips.

Ah! how I loved her!

V.

When the conscription came I burned a wax taper to the Virgin. The thought of leaving Perrine, of going far away from her, perchance never to return, stilled my heart. Praise be to Ste. Marie! I drew the highest number. But Jean, my foster brother, fell a victim to fate.

I found him weeping, saying: "My mother! my poor mother!"

VI.

"Console thyself, Jean; I am an orphan." He would not believe me when I said to him: "I will go for thee." Perrine came under the pear tree; her eyes were wet; never before had I seen her weep; but her tears were more lovely than her smiles.

She gave me her cheek to kiss, and whispered to me softly: "Go, my Pierre, I will wait for you."

VII.

Right, left, right, left, drums beating! Forward, march! Thus we went to Wagram. Pierre, be firm! There is the enemy! A line of fire is visible—five hundred cannon speak at the same time; smoke oppresses the lungs, and the feet slip on blood-stained ground. I was afraid, and thought of the past.

VIII.

The past was France, the village, and the pear tree, on which the flowers were now fruit. I shut my eyes, and saw Perrine praying for me. Praise be to God! I am brave again! Forward, march! right, left! Fire! Charge bayonets! Ah, ah! how well he does, the conscript!

"Young man, what is thy name?"

"Sire, I am called Pierre."

"Pierre, I make you a lieutenant."

IX.

Perrine, O my Perrine! Lieutenant! *Vive la guerre!* It is a feast-day of battles! To rise in an army is but to put one foot before the other. Right, left.

"Is it still thou, Pierre?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Take an epaulette."

There were plenty on the shoulders of the dead.

X.

"Sire, I thank you!" And now forward to Moscow—but not further; through great plains of snow is a route marked by corpses; here the river, there the enemy—on both sides death!

"Who placed in line the first bridge?"

"I, sire."

"Always thou, Captain."

He gave me the cross of a chevalier.

XI.

Praise be to God! Perrine, my Perrine, you will be proud of me. The campaign is finished; I have my leave. Sound the chimes, the bells for our marriage! The road is long, but hope travels fast. Already I see the country; behind that mountain is the valley. I recognize the bell-ringer. He is ringing.

XII.

He is ringing. But the pear-tree?

The month of flowers is here, but I see not the fragrant mass. Before, it was visible from afar. They had cut down the tree of our young tenderness! It had its flowers, its flowers so gay, but its branches were strewn about the grass.

XIII.

"Why do you ring, Mathieu?"

"For a wedding, Captain."

Mathieu no longer remembers me.

A wedding! He spoke truly. The couple came down the steps of the church. The bride was Perrine; my Perrine, laughing, and more lovely than ever.

Jean, my brother, was the bridegroom.

XIV.

Around me the good people said: "They love each other."

"But Pierre?" I asked.

"What Pierre?" they answered me.

They had forgotten.

XV.

I threw myself on my knees in the church. I prayed for Perrine, and I prayed for Jean—all that I had loved. The mass finished, I picked up a flower from the pear tree, a poor, dead flower, and retraced my route without looking behind me.

Praise be to God! they love each other; they will be happy.

XVI.

"You have returned, Pierre?"

"Yes, sire."

"You are twenty-two years of age; you are a commander, and a chevalier. If you wish, I will give you as your wife a Countess of my Court."

Pierre pulled from his breast the dead flower picked from the felled pear tree.

"Sire, my heart is like that. I wish a post in the advance guard that I may die bravely."

XVII.

He had a position in the advance guard. Praise be to God! At the end of the village there is a tomb of a colonel, dead at twenty-two years, on a day of victory. It is the place where stood the pear tree; and it is not a widow who comes there to weep and to pray. I. W.

OAKLAND, October, 1879.

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In an impromptu conversazione on the veranda of the United States Hotel, last summer, during the session of the Association for the Advancement of Science, it transpired that there is an interesting invention that Professor Edison has in one of the out-of-the-way corners of his brain and works at in odd moments. When the telephone first came out, a gentleman in St. Louis had a remarkable dream concerning it. In his dream he was talking through the telephone, and while he heard, with perfect distinctness, the voice of his friend at the other end of the line, he also saw him, and was assured that he himself was visible to his friend. The vision was transmitted simultaneously with the sound. This remarkable dream was published in the St. Louis papers, and drifting across the ocean, was picked up and cartooned by *Punch*. The telephone of the future was pictured as stretching, with an easy reach, from Australia to England. One gentleman and lady sitting at the dinner-table in London. Son and daughter in Australia playing croquet. Old gentleman taking the telephone with dessert, amuses himself by watching the game in Australia, and says warningly across the wire, "A very bad stroke. Take the other ball; there, that is better." And he remarks to his wife that Mary does not play croquet so well as she did before she went out to the colonies. Somebody had been relating all this, and on conclusion Mr. Edison remarked that he believed something of the sort could be done; that he had for some time been working on the idea, and that one of his future inventions would be an instrument which should collect and transmit the waves of light as the sound waves are now transmitted, and so give a vision of the speaker.

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We would not willingly break a bruised reed, but would—and will—put people on their guard against the editor of the Sacramento *Bee*. "Show me," said Solomon, "the kind of things an editor cuts out and puts into his newspaper, and I'll tell you the state of his mind." Now, our esteemed contemporary hasn't any mind, but he is beginning to have a conscience, and it worries him. In a single column of his "Selections" there are no fewer than four paragraphs pointing plainly, we submit, to some deed of dark embezzlement or other crime long concealed, but about to transpire. He is beginning to excuse himself in advance. Look at this: "There is no place so secret where temptation does not come" —an apothegm commending itself to him by sentiment and syntax alike. Elegant extract No. 2 is equally significant: "When one temptation goeth away another cometh; and we shall ever have something to suffer." Next he enforces the lesson of charity to the erring by an appeal to an eminent authority: "Hamlet has well said we know what we are but we don't know what we may be"—another way of saying "let him who is without sin throw the first stone at the editor of the *Bee*." The last of this significant series is as follows: "By flight alone we can not overcome, but by patience and humility we conquer all our enemies." From this we infer that our remorseful contemporary is at least not going to run away: he will try the experiment of patiently and humbly conquering his enemies through the grating of the county jail.

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The Russian peasants have a curious tradition, which may be new to some readers. It is that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. "Come with us," they said, "we have seen his star in the East, and go to worship him." "I will come, but not now," she answered, "I have my house to set in order; when that is done I will follow and find him." But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for him still. For his sake she takes care of all little children. It is she who in Russian and Italian houses is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morning. The children are awakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka!" and spring up, hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago, but she is doomed to eternal disappointment.

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Harry Mighels was on General Sturgis's staff. Sturgis was a good deal of a martinet, and liked to see his officers in full dress when on parade. The night before Harry had been quite unwell; he got up late, his head was much swollen, his legs were much tangled, his dress was greatly disordered, and over the whole he had drawn a long linen duster. In this style he appeared on parade. *General Sturgis*—"Colonel Mighels, where did you get that coat?" *Colonel Mighels*—"This coat! Why, General, 'this coat did to my mother an Egyptian give.'" *General Sturgis*—"There, Colonel, take that coat back to the Egyptian, and tell your mother to be careful how she accepts gifts from the enemy."

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How hard it is to learn that which we hate to know.

## "HOME RULE" IN IRELAND.

The renowned Hugh Hanna, an Irishman, of Belfast, made an address at Glasgow, from which we make the following eloquent and truthful extract:

"The doctrine of the resolution which disapproves of the Home Rule agitation, I heartily adopt. The cry raised by a section of the Irish people for home rule is simply a phase of that discontent and unrest which have prevailed in Ireland from time immemorial. The Ethiopian does not change his skin nor the leopard his spots, and it is not easy for a nation to renounce the character it has inherited for two thousand years. There has probably been no country on the earth more distracted and divided than Ireland. Some great unrest has been the continual burden of her soul. The O'Teagues, the O'Regans, and the O'Tooles could not conceive of a Paradise without the diversions of Donnybrook. Without a head to crack, and a shillalah wherewith to crack it, Irishmen of that class would consider existence to be a misfortune; and so the history of Ireland is largely a record of agitation and turbulence. A thousand years ago these evils were chronic in the land. One generation transmitted them to another, and they got to be embedded in the national character as the bowlders you see in banks of clay. If for any period Ireland enjoyed repose, and gave promise of a creditable position among the nations, the period was brief, like a fitful gleam of sunshine from a dark and stormy sky. I don't believe all that is fabled of Ireland's golden age. Where are the remains of her great cities, of her art and science and civilization? You have a few imposing memorials, but to me they tell the tale of a dominant clergy and an oppressed people. In that age her celebrated chieftains were but savages, and the mass of her people but miserable kernes. The English annexation has added nothing to the unrest and sufferings of Ireland. It was an Irish chieftain who invited the English invasion, and a Papal pontiff who blessed the enterprise; and if confiscations and disabilities were inflicted, they were largely necessary to make any government possible in the land. The dangerous classes of society are at perpetual war with the police, and it is absurd to hear of an offender against law to complain of the handcuffs that restrain his murderous violence. A nation that cannot assert its independence, nor wisely submit to the decrees of Providence, and make the best of the situation, becomes a by-word and a reproach on the earth. Ireland has been too weak to stand alone. That is proved by a history of a thousand years. Ireland must link her fortunes to that of a stronger neighbor. Great Britain could not allow any of her neighbors to appropriate Ireland without serious peril to her interests. The annexation of Ireland became a strategic necessity to both islands, and must remain so while present geographical arrangements exist on the earth. The scientific frontier of Britain toward the setting sun is the western shores of Ireland. The Home Rule agitation which aims at the independence of Ireland is opposed to an obvious design of nature, and is as absurd as to affirm that a planet of the solar system should assert its independence of the sun. Ireland has no natural right to independence, and the Home Rule agitation is a brainless business. And beyond the regret felt by every true lover of his country at the folly of the Home Rule agitation, it has given no serious concern to any sensible Irishman. It is utterly impotent to accomplish the object at which it aims. Did such agitation assume a serious aspect the loyalty of Ireland is quite competent to deal with it; and with such confidence in its own strength Irish loyalty has hitherto regarded the Home Rule party with contemptuous unconcern. Multitudes of Irish Roman Catholics know that the true interests of Ireland are best promoted by the closest union to the sister kingdoms, and are soundly loyal to the British connection. They would stoutly resist the Home Rule faction if stout resistance were necessary. Twelve hundred thousand Irish Protestants, descendants of the men of Derry, Enniskillen, and the Boyne—men not unworthy of the glorious traditions of their fathers—would resist. They are proud of the grandeur and glory of the British Empire. They won't consent to be degraded into a narrow and miserable provincialism under the name of Irish nationality. They won't consent to be separated from Great Britain according to any definition of Home Rule, or any exposition of its policy. They are resolved to maintain the integrity of this great Empire. Their fathers suffered and died for it beyond any other section of the British people, and their sons, if necessary, will do the same. They recognize the great mission that God has assigned to Britain on the earth, and there is not a solitary and barren rock of ocean over which the British flag has waved that they will surrender to any hostile demonstration. They won't allow the Emerald gem to be plucked from the British Crown, and they won't allow their relation to be relaxed. The Home Rulers can't accomplish their object but by force, and the loyalists of Ireland assure them that the object can't be accomplished at all. It is, therefore, supremely foolish and wicked to continue an agitation for an object that can not be attained and that, much further pursued, may drench the soil of Ireland with the blood of her children. In Ireland you have more than half a million of Presbyterians. They are united to Scotland by centuries of a common history, and by the strong and sacred bonds of a common faith. If they wanted your help in Ireland you would fly to help them. But they don't need your help. Shoulder to shoulder in the day of danger their ranks would repel the onset of any foe. Among the whole half million of Irish Presbyterians there is but one Home Ruler known to exist. But that solitary and eccentric exception conspicuously proves the loyalty of Irish Presbyterians to a united empire, and their intelligent appreciation of what is best for Ireland herself. We stand for the legislative union of these three kingdoms, and we will do all we can to bind up these British islands in the bonds of a common nationality. We would abolish, if we could, the Irish Sea, and wreathe still more intimately our verdant shamrock with your defiant thistle and blooming rose. We will gladly accept any well-considered measures to extend the application of local government to all parts of the United Kingdom, but Home Rule in the sense of weakening the connection with Great Britain we won't have at all. We won't have a Parliament of Home Rule brawlers in College Green, and we won't allow Ireland to be converted into a base of operations against British interests and power."

*PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.*

Gov. Irwin has perpetrated one of those political blunders that are worse than crimes. He has made an appointment that savors of political cowardice, and can be explained only upon the hypothesis of his own personal and political selfishness. In our judgment it is an unmanly and cowardly act. It ought to damn the Democracy, and damn every individual Democrat who accepts it, or apologizes for it, or who does not openly protest against it. The appointment of a stupid and blundering Irish farmer to be Bank Commissioner; a man not entitled to the place by education, business capacity, or reputation for personal integrity; a man who has failed in life, who does not understand book-keeping or accounts, is bad enough in itself, and is an insult to every decent and competent Democrat in the State. But when the political history of this man is known, and it is remembered that he was the nominee of Kearney, his implement, his fish-horn, the tin kettle at his tail, the representative of revolution, the advocate of chaos, the leader of all that is disgraceful, bad, and dangerous in our society, the enemy of every man who has a bank account, it evidences on the part of Gov. Irwin a base and cowardly pandering to the vicious and nasty element of his party that compels us to apologize to our readers for any thing we have ever said that was good of him. There may be politics in this appointment, but it is politics too deep for our comprehension. If this impecunious farmer of the Pajaro is competent and honest enough to be Bank Commissioner, then he was fit to be the successor of Irwin, and the Governor was not justified in taking the stump against him. If his Democratic record is consistent enough to entitle him to this nomination, then his party is the Democratic party, and Glenn was the leader of a bolting faction. This act of a Democratic Governor slaps every gentleman of his party in the face. It is a pilgrimage of the Democracy to the sand-lot. It is an expiatory sacrifice to the Irish cartman. Gov. Irwin says to every Democrat who opposed the election of William F. White for Governor that he has made a mistake. He rewards the man who, as the tool of Kearney, allowed himself to be used for the destruction and dismemberment of the Democratic party. It has been done because the Democracy fear to lose the Irish vote—hope to recover it. To do so, the party is willing to lie down and be trampled upon by the Irish; is willing to be beaten over the head by the political shillalah; is willing to be humiliated, disgraced, and dishonored in order to reunite its ranks; and in doing this, so far as Gov. Irwin can, he has insulted every American-born Democrat, every foreign-born gentleman, and every respectable Irish citizen who deplores the conduct and regrets the political ascendancy acquired by the turbulent, idle, political Irish. If the *Examiner* justifies or accepts this appointment, it will evidence the fact that, in the true and manly interpretation of the word, there is no "chivalry" left. It is the green above the gray. It is Phil Roach over Pen Johnston with a club. It is an alliance between the meanest elements of the Democracy, in which all honest men and gentlemen are left out of consideration. If there is not a bargain of some sort in it, then Gov. Irwin is a fool; if there is, he is a knave. And, taking either horn of the dilemma, or putting any interpretation he can upon the act, he has insulted every honest man and gentleman in California, and his life from this out will be one chronic blush of shame, one continuing apology for an act that can have no intelligent and honest justification.

It does seem as if the Democratic party had become entirely demoralized from one end of the country to the other. Wherever there has been treason, disloyalty, repudiation, local dissension, turbulence, and revolt against the law, there the Democracy will be found a prominent element in the misrule, and a stormy factor in the disorder. It is undoubtedly true that the foreign element of the party is in the front of every bad movement that has occurred since the civil war; but it is also true that the native American portion of the party has truckled to this foreign mob, and has disgraced and dishonored itself by endeavoring to keep in friendly alliance with an element it ought to have repudiated. The history of the Democratic party in California is especially cowardly and contemptible. An illiterate Irish drayman, who has not even the distinction of being a consistent party man, but who is a sort of hybrid cross between Republican and Democrat, an unprincipled alien, without education or property, the promoter of a piece club, a mercenary, mendacious, and blasphemous adventurer, has had power enough to dismember and destroy the Democratic party. He has contributed to an organic change of law that unsettles and disturbs property. He has made threats, and intimidated good citizens. He has imperiled the repose of society. He has depreciated the value of property. He has introduced chaos and confusion to every department of government. He has reduced the price of wages, and he is the avowed, open advocate of communism as he understands it, and agrarianism as thieves interpret the word. Under the lash of the tongue of this Irish adventurer, the Democratic party lay down. Its leaders turned their backs in abject cowardice, and gave up their organization; they lost their heads, and with him made dishonorable alliance; instead of fighting him, and his band of nomads and tramps, they made disgraceful terms with him. Governor Irwin, the Hon. Thomas Fowler, and a few more we might name, undertook to stem this current. Now Irwin has fallen down, and the Hon. Tom Fowler is the only Democrat of nerve and resolution we know in this State who dares to stand up and proclaim his fearless independence of this most impudent of draymen. The appointment of White—of Kearney's White—to be Bank Commissioner, is the final capitulation and surrender of the Democracy. It puts down its arms; it walks out to the tune of "The Rogue's March." Its requiem is sung, and dogs howl at its wake. Now is the time to form an American party. Let it be composed of respectable and intelligent electors, native and foreign-born. Let men of property, integrity and patriotism, who have sense, unite to snatch the country and its laws from the base born foreign adventurers, and the baser born and baser bred native-born demagogues who pander to them.

An English resident of Chicago communicates to the London *Times* some interesting figures concerning that city and the State of Illinois, and forecasts for both a marvelous future of development in wealth and population. The area of Illinois and England are very nearly equal, and in Illinois 90 out of 100 acres are capable of profitable cultivation. The Indian corn crop of 1877 was 269,889,742 bushels—six bushels per head to the 45,000,000 now inhabiting the United States. A fair crop of wheat for that State is 30,000,000 bushels—10 bushels per head for its 3,000,000 of inhabitants. In 1876 the total receipts of grain at Chicago were 97,000,000 bushels, an amount equal to the entire production of Great Britain. Within the trade jurisdiction of Chicago there are 1,000,000 square miles of land suitable for culture as yet untouched by the plow. In Europe the females largely exceed the males; in the United States the males exceed the females. In each of the continental countries there is a standing army of from 200,000 to 700,000 men, who are taken out of the labor market; and in addition, large numbers of working men are demanded to furnish food, clothing, arms, and other things indispensable for the maintenance of soldiers. The leading industry of the United States is farming. In maize alone the production of the country is 1,300,000,000 bushels per year, or nearly 30 bushels to every man, woman, and child in the whole country. When we consider the broad and fertile area of our nation's lands, the large and increasing population (a population increasing by the immigration from Europe of young and middle-aged persons, a majority of whom are males), and reflect upon the fact that we are at peace with all the world, have no large army and require none, we may well look forward to a period of very great prosperity. Our contrast with the political condition of Europe is worth noting. England is disturbed by social and political questions at home, has two foreign wars upon her hands, and is threatened with a war by Russia, while Ireland is almost in a state of revolt in reference to its land tenures. There is no one of the governments of Europe that dares, even temporarily, to dispense with its army; and there is no one of the Great Powers that may regard itself as free from the probability of a great war. Labor is under great depression in Europe, wages are low, tenants are discontented, strikes are frequent, crops have to a large extent failed during the past year. Our exportations are largely in excess of importations, skilled mechanics are coming from Europe to America, our bonds are returning to us, and we are now receiving from abroad nearly a million dollars per day for the purchase of our commodities. We are competing successfully with European States in many branches of mechanics and manufactures, and we are contesting with Europe in many foreign markets that have been monopolized for long years. Contemplating these facts, and considering our political, financial, and geographical condition, have we not reason to look forward to a bright and prosperous immediate future?

To those Baptist preachers who met and blasphemed God by attributing to him the election of Kalloch and his rescue from deserved assassination, and to those other good idiots who think this reverend demagogue will make a good Mayor, and that he will embrace this opportunity to redeem the mistakes of an odorous past, we commend reflection upon the following fact: At the Cigarmakers' Union it was recommended to form Jacobin clubs "for the secret murder of cigar manufacturers who persist in employing Chinese." And a vote by showing of hands was had to determine "how many would risk their lives in secret to kill Chinese-employing merchants." I. M. Kalloch, Auditor Dunn, and others addressed the meeting amid shouts and applause. Let the Kalloch hard-shells again unite in prayer and invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the political organization that would organize murder, and that acknowledges this reverend charlatan as its leader and as the embodiment of its intelligence and its morals. This means, if it means anything, a determination to set the law at defiance; and yet such a meeting as the one mentioned would not be suggestive of danger, if it were not for the fact that it is countenanced by demagogues who use ignorant and misguided men for their political advancement. The man who, in his excitement, will lift his hand to pledge himself to kill may do it thoughtlessly. But the men who, like Robert Morrison and Robert Ferral, and nearly all the other judges elect of the Supreme and Superior courts, will humiliate themselves by accepting office at the hands of these men, and who, like the Governor, will reward them with appointment to office, are the dangerous men in society, and the men who ought to be punished by the full measure of popular contempt. This band of agitators will exist just so long as public opinion consents to endure them. That they will form Jacobin clubs we do not fear; the fate of the Molly Maguires will suggest itself to them. We do not at all tremble at the prospect of a secret association of the bog-born Irish making any very serious disturbance in the community, but would be rejoiced to see every politician who panders to them tied at the tail of a cart and whipped through the streets of our city.

The election results indicate the general strength of the Republican party in the Northern States; that it is well organized, and will enter upon the Presidential election with great vigor, and with the possibilities of success. The election in New York demonstrates that there are more Democrats than Republicans there, and that a united party, supporting a popular candidate for the Presidency, would give the electoral vote of that State to a Democratic Presidential candidate. Cornell, after a hard struggle, is made Governor by a plurality vote. Tilden is murdered by the treachery of Tammany. That Kelly, and his gang of thieving political rounders in New York city, should have killed him gives to him something of the character of martyr, and to his memory something of the odor of sanctity. It does undoubtedly make his nomination impossible. If we were to guess the Democratic candidate, we should name either the Hon. Stephen J. Field or Senator Bayard, and in our judgment either would make a very strong and available Presidential candidate for the Democracy. The election of Cornell is a triumph for Conkling, a snub to the George William Curtis civil service reformers, and a rebuke to President Hayes. It demonstrates that Conkling can not carry the State as a Presidential candidate, and it demonstrates that he can cast its electoral vote for whom he pleases. We believe Grant can not be a candidate; we believe he will favor the nomination of Elihu B. Washburne; that Cornell will give the vote of New York to him; and that Washburne will be the Republican candidate for President.

The National Republican Committee will be called upon in a formal manner to remove Mr. George C. Gorham. It is, of course, understood by every person at all conversant with political matters in California that between the ARGONAUT and this person there is a personal and political quarrel. We denounce him upon every occasion that gives us the opportunity, as a person altogether destitute of moral qualities. We brand him as a common liar, as an uncommon libeler, and an ungrateful, dishonest, political adventurer. He has dishonored and disgraced the Republican party since he was a member of it, and in our last gubernatorial contest he betrayed and deserted the party, and in his defection endeavored to destroy it. He was admitted to the State Convention by proxy; he was appointed by the President on the Committee of Resolutions. He voted for Evans for Governor; remained in its deliberations till its close, and when Mr. Perkins was nominated, he congratulated him, drank his wine, pledged his own honor to his support, and then went out and betrayed him, and took the stump for Glenn. If the National Committee retain him, it will insult the Republican party in California, and if it persist in this business, it will cost the Republican party the electoral vote of California at the next Presidential election. We will not submit to this wrong, and Mr. George C. Gorham shall not hold an important and influential position in the party. If he is retained, the electoral vote of the State will be cast for a Democratic President. The contemptible leadership of this political and party vagabond has cost this State the loss of two Republican Governors.

## AFTERMATH.

We have a friend—well, he is not a friend exactly, for his opinion of himself would not permit him to consider us in any nearer relation than that of a permitted acquaintance. He belongs to our club, and we take salt with him. He is a German—presumably a baron, as he is not presumably a barber. He is probably from Schleswig-Holstein. He has kindly consented to come to America, and has allowed himself to take the oath of citizenship, and forswear his allegiance to that particular sovereign, potentate, or power that may have happened to rule over that particular part of Germany that had the honor to be his birthplace. He is a tall, handsome gentleman, with dark and curling hair, an intellectual face, a dignity of deportment, a stateliness of carriage, that so eminently distinguishes all the barons and other nobles of Schleswig-Holstein. He is fat and sleepy, like a dog on a door-mat, and in his face is the idiocy of five generations of beer. He is an exceptional German. He has—temporarily, we presume—accepted the situation of a bookkeeper in a pawnbroker's establishment; not for the salary, but to acquire the necessary knowledge of business to manage his estates in Schleswig-Holstein, when he returns to their enjoyment. His is in a painful position, as he does so utterly despise America and everything that is American. Its laws, its literature, its beer, are to him a constant source of anxiety. He contrasts Goethe, Schiller, and Heine with Ada Ballou, Hector A. Stuart, and Teresa Corlett. He drinks our tasteless vintage and contrasts it with his Bavarian beer; eats our fruits, and dreams of sausage and blood-pudding; considers our institutions, and draws the parallel of the splendid imperial autocracy of his fatherland. He fails to perceive the beauties of diction and the purity of expression in the writings of Washington Irving and Lathrop Motley, so absorbed is he in the admiration of the German *Demokrat* and *Abend Post*. He is not surprised that General Grant had the ability to lead Americans against Americans in battle, nor that he made a successful administration of our governmental affairs, but is surprised that he lacked the intelligence to run a tan-yard and leather factory. We can appreciate the utter loneliness of this refined and sensitive German mind in being banished to this barbarous land, where there are no gentlemen and no ladies, no literature, no music, no learning; where the wines are unfit to drink, and the fruits have no taste; where the beer is poison, and where sauer-kraut and Bologna sausage are only good if imported from the banks of the classic Rhine or the blue Moselle. So sincere is our sorrow, and so intense our sympathy for this exile from Schleswig-Holstein, that we would be almost willing to deprive ourselves of his genial society, and allow him to return again to the enjoyment of his native land. The country would lose so little, and he would gain so much.

A few weeks since an utterly worthless political blackguard—known by everybody in the State as such—assailed one of our most respected and esteemed citizens at a public meeting at Union Hall. He gave notice with great flourish of brass that he would brand this most estimable citizen and write "felon" upon his highly respectable forehead, and that the gates of the prison were "yawning before him," and the warden of the penitentiary was "stalking behind him." To the tail of this Black-and-Tan terrier of the political rat-pit was attached the rattling tin kettle of public contempt, and the little monster legged it with haste out of the State. He will never return. With this small and colored political reprobate Mr. Charles de Young formed an alliance, and gave echo, in display type with broad head lines, issuing three stereotyped editions of the *Chronicle*, and scattered broadcast over the State the lying prophecy that the prison was yawning and the warden stalking for this most highly reputable and esteemed gentleman. The late Grand Jury has indicted Mr. Charles de Young for an assault with intent to murder, and we are generous enough to hope that these Arab chickens may not come home to roost, and that he may escape the term in the penitentiary which he so richly deserves for other offenses than an effort to kill the foul-mouthed libeler who defamed the honored name of his respectable mother. We are glad that De Young is indicted; a Grand Jury has no alternative. We are glad of the finding of the indictment, because it gives a petit jury an opportunity, by its verdict of acquittal, to declare how much more serious was the crime of the reverend political blackguard in his infamous and inexcusable defamation of a most respectable and aged woman than was the unsuccessful effort to take his life by her son. The political blackguard who originated the lying accusation against the very worthy citizen, the foul-mouth priest who affirmed it from his pulpit, and the newspaper proprietor who printed it, have all had narrow escapes. One escaped the State, the other escaped death, and the third will, we hope, escape the yawning prison and the stalking warden. The world is round, and continues to revolve upon its axis.

Any remaining doubt of Grant's intention to be a candidate for the Presidency may seem to be dispelled by his speeches all the way from San Francisco to Galena. At every city, village, station, and cross-roads he has "spoken to the people," and on each occasion has said something to stimulate and gratify the absurd local vanity that serves in American political life as the stepping-stone to preferment for each successive demagogue; and to the title of demagogue General Grant, by virtue of this undignified concession to a baseless and unworthy provincial pride, may now justly prefer a new but increasingly cogent claim. We decline to believe that each State between the sands of the Pacific and the mud of the Wabash is the greatest and and most remarkable State in the Union. We dissent from the proposition that Salt Lake City is a more wonderful town than Omaha, and Omaha than Salt Lake City. We do not perceive anything extraordinary in the fact that Iowa has a greater population than it had when it had a smaller one. In the abundant crops of the lower Platte Valley we see very little more than evidence than wheat, corn, and millet will grow where they have been sown or planted.

None of these things impress us as unusual or exceptionally creditable to American enterprise, industry, intelligence, or morality. We do not even believe that the people of Colorado piled up the Rocky Mountains, and should hope they would take them down again if they did; that the pioneers of Illinois made the prairies on which they live, and if so should think them fools for not timbering them; that the Nebraskans made it such an intolerable distance from the mouth of the Platte to the mouth of the Hudson. It is a fond fancy of ours that we know something about flattering the people; we manage to do a good deal of it in the course of a year, and find our profit in it; we think it increases our circulation. And when Grant gushes in much the same way we are firmly persuaded he doesn't gush for nothing. We shall, however, be prepared to think otherwise if his promised "important announcement" at Chicago should turn out to be a definitive withdrawal from the canvass; and what but that can it be?

"BOSTON, November 3d.—The first snow of the season commenced this morning, and, intermingled with rain, fell at intervals during to-day. To-night a strong wind prevails, and snow is falling briskly. Dispatches from various parts of New Hampshire and Vermont report a very heavy storm. At Dover, New Hampshire, it has been snowing all day, and considerable delay to trains has been occasioned. At Keene, New Hampshire, fifteen inches fell, and at Lebanon it has been snowing since last night. Trains are blockaded, causing much delay. The storm is still raging fiercely. Other points report a fall of from eight to twelve inches. At Brattleboro, Vermont, a fall of twenty inches is reported. From ten to twelve inches of snow has fallen along the western shore of Lake Champlain. It is the most severe storm that ever prevailed at this season of the year." And we are enjoying delightful days and balmy nights, our fruits fairly glutting our markets, flowers in full bloom, the thermometer at 80°. Our cattle are grazing upon nutritious grasses, young lambs playing upon sunny hillsides, children barefooted, lovers in muslin and brown linen dusters sparking by moonlight, swinging on gates, driving to the cliff, and riding on the California Street Railroad. Green peas, young lamb, and asparagus every day for dinner, with strawberries for dessert; while our New England friends are sitting down to their regular winter's diet of five months, with salt codfish and the *Atlantic Monthly!* We can afford to allow our Atlantic coast people to laugh at us as we brag of our climate, but we would not swap our warm and glorious days for all that New England produces.

A trustworthy person, a miner now engaged in working a mine in the Tuscarora District in Nevada, which mine is fifty miles from Butte Mountain, on the railroad, says that Salt Lake is a better ore market than San Francisco; that ores are bought closer, more money advanced upon them, and worked more satisfactorily to the miner at that point than in this city; that he can send 175-dollar ores to Salt Lake, and get back half the money; that on one occasion he sent one ton of picked ores from his mine to San Francisco, and by the time it was converted into coin, it cost him $380. Now, if this is true, it is discreditable to somebody; either the railroad, or the middlemen, or the ore manipulators are much to blame. It is strangling a great industry in its cradle; murdering an infant Hercules in its crib. The manipulation and reduction of ores ought to become a great and profitable industry in San Francisco, and there ought to be no place in the world where this business can be pursued to greater advantage than in this city. To allow Salt Lake City, Omaha, Chicago, and St. Louis to take this business out of our hands is little creditable to our business men and capitalists. We commend these reflections to the consideration of Messrs. Selby & Co. and other ore buyers.

Kearney is at it again. A few evenings since he held a meeting of his Irish blackguards upon Nob Hill, opposite the house of Mrs. Hopkins. He talked of hemp and burning, and finally passed a series of resolutions demanding that the Government advance moneys to the idle vagabonds of his class that they might make improvements upon lands to be given them by the Government. Kearney is endeavoring to squirm back into notice since General Grant sat down upon him, and since the *Chronicle* has the good sense not to notice him. Only think of the cheek of this long-forgotten vagabond and his clodhopper loafers in asking the Government to give them lands, and money to improve them! Why not demand potatoes and whisky as well? It would be cheaper in the end than any effort to induce these foreign tramps to earn an honest livelihood by work, for they will never do it. Whisky, potatoes, a dudeen with strong nigger-head plug tobacco, a shillalah, and a chance to vote, are what the Kearney Irish demand.

The army of the United States consists of 24,262 enlisted men and 2,187 officers, of whom eleven are generals. General Sherman favors an increase of the force, and he is right: there should be more officers—especially generals. In his report he speaks of "skeleton companies," but, except in the case of some long dead on the field of honor, nobody ever saw a skeleton officer.

Rather amusing, by the way, is the colloquial directness with which General Sherman employs the resources of our mother tongue in his annual report to the Secretary of War. Speaking of the Apaches, he explains that these children of nature never retire to their reservations except to recuperate for the next war against the whites, adding: "I infer that as soon as winter comes they will return to their agencies and be good." Recounting our losses in soldiers and settlers in the Ute outbreak the General concludes: "The Indians admit the loss of thirty-nine warriors killed, so they have not much reason to boast." But perhaps the mostly homely and forthright of this grizzled veteran's expressions occurs in an order to General Sheridan with regard to that officer's disposition of his forces pending negotiations with the Utes for the return of captives and surrender of the wicked: "Let all preparations proceed, and be ready the moment I give the word to pitch in." This is not the language of "officialism," certainly, but it has the charm of novelty with the added merit of being intelligible. In short, General Sherman scrupulously obeys one of the laws of composition formulated by that master of style, Quintilian—to so write that the reader not only may understand if he will, but must understand, whether he will or not.

We remember that in a correspondedce with one of the enemy's generals during the civil war, General Sherman expressed his sense of the absurdity of one of that gentleman's statements by tersely requesting him to "tell it to the marines." At another time he instructed one of his own subordinates, who was about making a march, to the rear of his antagonist, to "get upon his railroad and tear it up good!" On the whole, we think "Uncle Billy's" captivating aptitude at quotable expressions would make him a particularly strong candidate for the Presidency.

If we had not arrived at that mental condition when surprises are no longer possible, we should be a little startled at the announcement that Charles N. Fox, member of the Assembly elect and attorney for the Spring Valley Water Company, is a candidate for the position of Speaker. It takes away our breath, just a little, to contemplate this astounding fact. It surprised us somewhat that he should have been elected at all; but that, being the attorney of the water company, having been before committees, having been employed in the lobby for them, he can think the Republican party, in a close contest for organization, can afford, or ought to afford, to make the fight for him is absurd. It indicates a defect somewhere in the mental make-up of Mr. C. N. Fox.

The Nevada Bank of San Francisco was the only bank in the United States with a capital of ten million dollars, and there are, we believe, only two with half as much. As to the public benefit conferred by a bank with ten millions of capital, in excess of that accruing from a bank with three millions, we are not sufficiently learned in finance to point it out; but California has naturally been proud of the distinction of having so great a bank, and we are sorry to relinquish that title to the world's consideration. Owing to the onerous taxation imposed on banking capital by the new Constitution it has been decided to reduce that of the Nevada Bank to three millions. Let the sand-lotter, the granger, the honorable bilk, and the lords of misrule generally, contemplate their handiwork with such satisfaction as they may; for our part we would rather be a frowsy cur yappeting at the leathern heel of a tranquil beef than any of the statesmen who hang upon the long, oracular lip of Mr. Kearney, and sip, and sip, and sip.

Judge Robert F. Morrison, Chief Justice elect, will appoint the brother of Denis Kearney to be janitor of the Supreme Court. This is as it should be. This is a kind and grateful act on the part of the Chief Justice elect. If there is any thing more commendable than another, in the moral and political code, it is the observance of that precept that teaches the creature to be grateful to his creator.

Again would we remind our friends and patrons that the ARGONAUT has a job printing office attached, where pamphlet and card printing is a specialty.

## WIDOW BRADY'S LOVERS.

Some Humors of Courtship in Bixby's Camp.

It created quite a sensation in Bixby's camp when Mrs. Brady came into the place and established a boarding house.

Bixby's was an obscure mining town of the early days in California, and, although it consisted of only two stores and a few straggling cabins, its population was daily increasing, for the ragged cañon in which it was situated was rich in dust. There were few women in the place, hence the sensation created by Mrs. Brady, and the opinion of the boys was very well expressed in the remark made by Jack Landry to his partner: "She's a foine crature, intirely."

Jack Landry was the steady man of the camp; his grizzled beard and half-shut blue eyes concealed an inexhaustible fund of good humor, and it was generally conceded that Jack would not fight nor get drunk until provocation reached the bounds of human endurance. But he was unfortunate in his choice of associates; his partner and countryman, Barney, was the most incorrigible drunkard in the camp, and many a time would Jack go up to the stores and stop his liquor, only to find him, a few minutes later, standing in front of some adjacent cabin with a bottle and glass, issuing liberal potations to thirsty miners without the formality of pay or license.

Mrs. Brady was a large, strong, good-hearted woman, who held her numerous admirers at a respectful distance and made frequent mention of a brawny husband who was to appear in the not distant future. But Barney stoutly averred, one day, that she was a "widdy;" and when the boys in the store remonstrated, remarked that her husband was a long way off, anyway, and it was all the same; after which he departed with an inebriate wink. A moment after, when Jack came in, he was greeted with the information that Barney was drunk again, and had gone up to see Mrs. Brady.

There was a twinkle of humor in Jack's half shut eyes: "An' has he, indade? She'll fix him out, thin;" and he refilled his pipe and seated himself on a bench before the door with the evident intention of remaining there.

But curiosity was too strong for the boys; they adjourned in a body to a deserted cabin opposite Mrs. Brady's, where they could watch unobserved for the result of Barney's call.

Now it happened that one of the store keepers had imported an arm-chair expressly for Mrs. Brady, and presented it to her in token of good will. It had been "packed" in over the mountains on mule back, and was the only reliable chair in camp. This chair was plainly visible to the boys through the open doorway, standing in its accustomed place, and presently Mrs. Brady came and seated herself in it, quite unconscious of spectators.

There was a pleasant expression on her rather comely face, and she had just settled down for "a bit of rest," when who should appear before her but Barney, standing unsteadily on his legs and making profuse apologies for his intrusion.

Sam Clark was peeping through a convenient knot hole:

"There he goes, boys! Bully for Barney!"

But the boys never heard what Barney said; he sidled up to his "widdy" with a drunken leer, and the next instant Mrs. Brady was on her feet, the chair had descended on Barney's head with a loud crash, and he was running down the street bawling "murther" as he fled, with the chair still firmly fixed to his head and shoulders.

It required but a few minutes to reach the store, close behind Barney. But just as the boys arrived, Jack, who had recognized the chair and needed no further explanation, rolled from the porch to the middle of the street, convulsed with laughter, and calling out, between his fits of cachinnation:

"An' is it yourself, Barney? An' a foine man ye are to be going an' having it all to yourself, loike a pig at a parthy, an' a-coming back loike a pig in a poke!"

The chair was removed from Barney's head by the liberal use of a saw, in spite of the suggestion of some malicious persons that it should be left there, and a collection was immediately taken up to procure "Barney's widow" a new one.

Jack insisted that his partner should apologize to Mrs. Brady; but when Barney declined doing so, on the ground that he didn't know what the widow might throw at him the next time he came in the door, Jack went himself; and, after assuring her that Barney was a harmless, half-witted old fellow, who meant to give no offense to any one, eloquently expressed his own regret at what had occurred.

But Mrs. Brady replied with indignation: "It's a foine man ye are, Mr. Landry, to be having such a pardner; sure there's not another man in the camp that would take up wid old Barney and that big Jerry."

At the mention of Jerry's name Jack weakened, and left the house.

He cornered his two dissolute associates in the store, and threatened them with condign punishment if they ever spoke to Mrs. Brady or mentioned her name again; and then he retired to his cabin across the creek, and seating himself in the doorway began to smoke, indulging meanwhile in sombre meditations.

"Sure," he muttered to himself, "betwaan the ould man and the b'y, it's enough to make a fellow lave camp."

And then his thoughts went back to the day when Jerry first came to him. Jerry was a stunted, cross-eyed, red-headed lad, with "hard case" stamped on every lineament of his countenance. He had walked up to Jack's cabin, and with an aggressive voice and manner that boded no good to any one who should contradict or deny him, remarked that his name was J-J-Jerry, and he wanted work. Jack gave him a good claim, and he went to work with a will, always depositing a portion of each "clean-up" with Jack, but he got so outrageously drunk on the balance that his benefactor had been obliged to forbid his bringing any more whisky across the creek.

But Jack's gloomy train of thought was interrupted by the appearance of its object reeling down the trail from Bixby's, barefooted, bareheaded, and dressed in his favorite holiday costume—an old pair of overalls and a flannel shirt wide open at the breast. There was nothing strange in this, but one thing puzzled Jack. Jerry staggered with a halt, like a man who wears a ball and chain, and cast frequent rueful glances behind him. But when he forded the creek the mystery was explained. There was a villainous looking black bottle attached to Jerry's leg by a string, and as he towed it carefully over the water he called out to Jack with a theatrical gesture of despair, and an apologetic quaver in his voice:

"J-J-Jes (hic) j-jes see the dam (hic) stuff f-f-follow me, Jack! I ca-ca (hic) can't help it, ca-can I, Jack?"

This last exploit raised such a storm of vituperative Irish eloquence about Jerry's devoted ears that by the time Jack disappeared over the hill beyond the creek he was nearly sober. He looked about and found himself seated on a bench in the cabin, and the black bottle lay near at hand. Jerry picked it up, took an invigorating draught, and then looked down at his feet with sundry wicked exclamations of disgust. On being helped into the cabin he had encased his feet in a pair of slippers as a mollifying concession to Jack, who always insisted that he should wear a hat and boots—unnecessary articles of apparel in Jack's estimation, to which he seriously objected, especially when intoxicated.

But Jack was out of sight now, and so, with a bound and an indescribable side kick, knees close together, and feet suddenly thrown wide apart, he sent the slippers flying to opposite sides of the cabin, and then he bolted through the door and started for town at a dog-trot.

A bright idea had struck Jerry. Several facts had come to his knowledge of late. Jack Landry was "sweet" on "Barney's widow;" he believed her husband to be a myth; he might propose marriage at any time, and so reap the benefit of the shrewd guess that had brought Barney nothing but discomfiture. Jerry would forestall Jack!

Beaming with this bright idea he soon reached the village, and the boarding-house, and the presence of Mrs. Brady. He went at his work in his usual straightforward, aggressive fashion, eyeing the chair askance meanwhile; but Mrs. Brady only laughed, and dismissed him with a motherly admonition to go home and get sober—advice which Jerry took by contraries, getting gloriously drunk and quarreling with Jack Landry, whose wrath knew no bounds when he heard of what Jerry had done.

Jack dismissed the young hopeful from his claim and cabin, and Jerry spent his time and money about town till his money was gone and time hung heavy on his hands. Then he looked for work, but could find none, and was finally well satisfied to do errands and odd jobs for Mrs. Brady, who kept him well fed, and would gladly have given him clothing and a bed, but Jerry had no use for clothing, and a bed with clean sheets embarrassed him. He had learned by long experience to prefer the boundless freedom of the outer world to a close room or a cramped couch, and usually spent his nights in roaming the streets, or sleeping curled up in the lee of some friendly building. It was in unkind allusion to this latter habit that Sam Clark replied, with his own peculiar drawl and Jerry's stutter, upon being questioned as to how Mrs. Brady's house caught fire:

"J-J-Jerry forgot, and went to sleep with his head against it."

Now this was a base calumny; Jerry had not slept that night. He had succeeded in borrowing two dollars from Sam early in the evening, and had come off to the extreme end of the town to celebrate his good fortune in a becoming manner.

But one thing was certain: Mrs. Brady's house was on fire, and by the time the tired miners turned out to assist at the conflagration the huge pile of dry lumber was roaring like a furnace. Sam Clark was the first man to enter the building. He hustled the half-awakened lodgers into the street, and then went searching for valuables. He succeeded in making quite a collection of small articles and money, and superintended the removal of part of the furniture; but was finally forced to beat a hasty retreat, with his handsome face begrimmed with the smoke of the conflict, and his curling blonde beard and hair sadly scorched by the flames. But where was Mrs. Brady? Sam hadn't thought of that; and now the cry of the excited populace was echoed and emphasized by Jerry, as he dashed past Sam and into the burning building, closely followed by Eugene, with:

"Wh-where the h—l is Mrs. Brady?"

Sam tried to follow Jerry's intrepid lead, but was knocked down by a falling timber, and rescued by ready hands from without with some difficulty. The fate of the two boys was considered sealed. It was not probable that either of them would be seen again alive. But they did finally appear on the roof of the sharp gable end of the building overlooking the street.

Eugene was a scion of an honorable and wealthy family of New York city, but his wild ways had led him into numberless difficulties; and after having been knocked down on one memorable occasion by his irate father, who was an ex-sea-captain, he had concluded to go West. He was a resolute fellow, as had been abundantly proved in his numerous pugilistic encounters with men of twice his weight and size since his sojourn in Bixby's Camp, and he was possibly nineteen years of age—some two years Jerry's senior.

He looked at the fire, fast winning its way to where he stood, and then at the upturned faces in the street below. The situation seemed hopeless, and there was nothing to be done; so he sat down quietly on the ridge boards and looked curiously at Jerry. Eugene had at first been disgusted by Jerry's personal appearance and his habitual undress, but on further acquaintance began to admire his pluck, and a mutual liking had ripened into warm friendship. Jerry had called on him at the store that evening, and a hilarious state of intoxication for both, with a run to the fire, had been the result. At last Jerry broke silence:

"I've seen worse fires than this, 'Gene."

"Where?"

"In New York, when I was a boot-black there."

"I reckon you never got quite so close to one before?"

"Well, I've been close enough; but d'ye think there's any chance of our getting out o' here?"

"Hardly."

Just then there was a perceptible commotion in the crowd below; Sam Clark had recovered himself, and was trying to throw a heavy rope to the roof of the building. He had been a cattle drover in Texas, and rather prided himself on his ability to throw a rope with precision at long range. But the odds were against him here, and after several unsuccessful attempts he turned with an exclamation of disgust, to see a Mexican *vaquero*, seated on a mustang at a little distance, regarding him with a grim smile. Sam dropped the rope, shaking his right leg by way of commentary on his useless efforts, and then stood watching the *vaquero*.

The Mexican forced his horse as near the fire as the animal would go, and unfastened a long rawhide *riata* from his saddle. His sharp eye measured the distance and marked its object well, and then swaying lightly in the saddle, he sent the *riata*, with a sharp whiz, up to the very peak of the roof and over.

"*Bueno, vaquero!*" yelled Sam, as he ran across the street to get a better view of the two boys.

The *riata* struck Jerry full in front and nearly upset him; but he caught it, and waited while Eugene stamped a hole in the light roofing material with the heel of his boot, and made the rope fast to a rafter.

"Can you go down a rope hand-over-hand, Jerry?"

"I'll try," quoth Jerry.

"Then I'll go first. Wait till I get a little way down, and follow me; it will hold us both, and there's no time to lose."

Eugene was already disappearing from sight, and Jerry made haste to follow, muttering to himself as he caught the rope and slipped carefully from his footing on the heat-curled shingles:

"Where the devil is Mrs. Brady?"

Eugene had a purpose in going down first: he was a trained athlete and no coward, but the boarding house was a long, narrow, rickety building, three stories high, and if Jerry should fall— He looked up through the smoke, clasping the rope firmly with his knees and hands, and, just then, Jerry did fall. There came a hoarse groan from the crowd, that changed into a cheer as 'Gene made a desperate grab, and, catching Jerry by the slack of his voluminous overalls, came spinning down the *riata* to the street below. He picked himself and Jerry up and staggered out of reach of the fire, just as the tall gable end of Mrs. Brady's boarding house fell in with a loud crash. The *riata* had torn the flesh from his left hand, but otherwise he was not seriously injured.

Jack Landry came running down the street, and was met on the outskirts of the crowd by his quondam partner, Barney, who seemed to be in high good spirits, and, catching Jack by the lapels of his coat, exclaimed in ludicrously thick accents:

"It'sh lucky, Jack! It'shlucky!"

"What's lucky, ye spalpeen?"

"It'sh lucky, Jack, that I didn't marry the boardin' house!"

Jack shoved Barney aside and made his way into the crowd:

"Where's Jerry?"

Jerry looked up ruefully from where he stood braced against a building, tenderly rubbing his bruised shins, the centre of an admiring crowd of spectators, and answered for himself:

"Wh-where the d-d-devil was you, and wh-where is Mrs. Brady? She wasn't in her room!"

This gave the crowd a clue, and Jack was greeted with a mighty shout of:

"*Where is Mrs. Brady?*"

"Niver fear, lads," he said; "Mrs. Brady's all right."

Jack Landry's word was good, and the assemblage immediately gave three rousing cheers and adjourned for a drink; but Sam Clark and Eugene cornered Landry in the back room of Beckwith's store, and insisted upon being enlightened as to how he knew Mrs. Brady was all right.

"An' how do I know it, boys? Sure, she's in me cabin across the creek!"

Then Samuel simply remarked, "I pass," and Eugene went to get his hand dressed.

The presence of Mrs. Brady in Jack Landry's cabin at that unseasonable hour of the night, or rather morning, was easily explained. She slept in a side room on the ground floor of her house, and, when the fire broke out, she raised the window and saw Jack Landry who had just arrived. Mrs. Brady thought that she'd better get out through the window, and Jack assisted her; but he was very much excited, and when he found her fairly in his arms he bolted with his lady, like young Lochinvar. To be sure, Jack was not mounted, and Mrs. Brady was a heavy weight; but he never stopped running till he reached his cabin across the creek, where he deposited the widow on the bed, all uninjured, but out of breath with her rapid transit; and then he felt safe and somewhat embarrassed.

Mrs. Brady lay quite still until she recovered breath, and then she sat up and laughed.

Jack stood fumbling nervously in his vest pockets with a thumb and finger of each hand, and Mrs. Brady's laugh only added to his discomfort. He tried to apologize for or explain his wild escapade, but Mrs. Brady cut him short as usual—kindly this time, however:

"It's a brave man ye are, Jack Landry. Now go and look afther that boy."

"What boy?" says Jack, dubiously.

"Jerry, av coorse. He'll be looking afther me when he gets to the fire."

Shortly after the big fire, Jack Landry appeared in the new character of a capitalist. He built a large hotel near the site of the old boarding house, and made several needed improvements about town; and upon being asked who was going to run the new hotel, replied sententiously: "Me and Mrs. Brady, be garra!"

And sure enough, when Landry's big building was finished and Christmas-time drew near, he and Mrs. Brady were married, and the new house got such a warming as never hotel received before. It came out at last that Mrs. Landry's former husband had been dead some years, and, to quote Sam Clark, "the cunnin' critter jus' threw him up as a blind, like."

Jerry fought long and bravely to obtain the position of "bar-keep" in the new hotel; but after a secret interview with Eugene, seemed well content to accept a position in the store under that worthy young man who always told his customers never to take a package by the string. Mrs. Landry had objected to Jerry's turning bar-keeper, thinking a situation in the store would be more respectable and better for his morals; but she was circumvented and his long-cherished dream was realized, for he became chief executive behind the bar in the back-room at the store, and it was worth a great deal to see him officiating in a new suit of clothes and a high shirt collar, with elastic bands around his snowy shirt-sleeves, and his smug face shaven and polished till it shone like enameled leather.

One night in the store, for the sake of bedeviling Jerry, Sam Clark blandly insinuated that the new bar-tender had been making serious advances to a certain young lady in the town, and had been ignominiously "mittened." Now Jerry's pet aversion was women, particularly young women, and he broke forth wrathfully:

"You're a b-b-blamed liar, Sam! I never proposed to but one woman in my life."

Voices in chorus: "Did she accept you, Jerry?"

"N-no, gentlemen. I'm d-d-d—d if she wasn't my own mother!"

And this was true, for, by incontestable proofs furnished by friends of Eugene in New York, Jerry's identity was established. The incorrigible waif was the long lost and deeply mourned son of Mrs. Brady, and her motherly heart rejoiced when she had found him out, and persuaded him to mend his ways at least to a reasonable extent.

Old Barney became a hanger-on at the hotel, and was always sure of a square meal and a bed; but he used to resort to Jerry for his extra drinks, not being allowed to become intoxicated at Landry's establishment.

OAKLAND, October, 1879. BURKE.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

### The Bloody Shirt.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—I have noticed with regret that in various late issues of your paper you strongly deprecate the sectional issues made by Republicans in various parts of the country, and are severe upon the "bloody shirt" tactics adopted by that party in the campaigns we have gone and are going through. I am no politician. I have no desire for office, neither have I any desire to get my name before the public through the medium of your paper; but I do desire to ask you, in view of the various utterances of Southern leaders, How is the Republican party to ignore what they say and do, and what their evident purpose is to accomplish? I was "born and brought up" an old line Whig; my first vote was cast for a free-soil ticket, and of course I became a Republican. I enlisted for the war, fought in many battles against the rebels, and have an honorable discharge; still I have always felt conservative as to the treatment of the Confederates. I did not believe that negro enfranchisement was the best for the negro and the country, and I confess that it is natural that those who owned the negroes should writhe under their domination as electors. I think that in many ideas and men the Republican party has been mistaken. I voted against Grant for a second term and condemn the boom for a third, but I see no way out of our political troubles unless a strong Northern sentiment is aroused which will hold the Republican party compactly in order, to put an end to the constant stream of Southern thought and Southern acts for supremacy in the Government, which they seek to control for the evident purpose of vindicating their rebellion and forcing national as they have their State repudiation, and the assertion of their hide-bound theory of State rights. Look at what they say and do. I do not mean such silly twaddle as that of the Okalona *States* and a similar class of vaporing papers—although that is the meat on which many of their voters feed—or the shooting of a negro postmaster, or all the Mississippi troubles; but take their action as against the Government in the revenue cases, the assertion of some of their leaders "that if the North desires to break up a united South they should dissolve the Republican party," and the utterances of so conspicuous a paper as the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Of course, we know that the editor was a rank rebel, who published his paper behind the lines of that army during the war, moving his office as the army went; for all of which he was pardoned, returned to his old home with impunity, has been sent to Congress from there, and advised Tilden to fight for his office; yet is privileged to enjoy the same blessings of a good government as we who did no wrong; is allowed to mould public opinion to conform to his rebel ideas, and fan the flame against the men and party who who saved the Union. I send you a supplement to that paper, in which is published a letter from its Washington correspondent, and ask you to read it and say what you think of it. Have you ever seen a meaner or lower pandering to Southern ideas, and do you wonder that the North, in view of such utterances, should again become "stalwart," and wave the "bloody shirt" again aloft, in order that such men and such ideas and such utterances should be put down? I confess that I, for one, have again become a stalwart, and will accept any one as a candidate for the Presidency who will accept the nomination on that platform alone. I am disgusted at all attempts at conciliation, while heretofore in favor of them. I have no admiration for Hayes, his wife, or their attempts to institute a temperance reform in the White House. I did believe that his plan for reconciliation would amount to something; but am now satisfied that we want a strong, ultra-Republican candidate. I want to ask you how you can reconcile your deprecation of the Republican attempt to revive these old issues with the knowledge you can not but have of the rebel element yet desirous of triumph by ballot, if not by bullet. I do not care to have you publish this or my name, but please give us your reasons for opposing as you have the plan of the Republican campaigns on the principles set forth. H. C. HINMAN.

BROOKLYN, CAL., October 22, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—I have read with more than usual interest the editorials in the ARGONAUT of the 25th instant. They show the editor to be one of the most liberal of liberal Republicans, who speaks right out in meeting, who will vote for an honest Democrat in preference to a dishonest Republican—becoming "a temporary Democrat for a purpose." I had supposed you to be of the more radical school, and am much pleased to find my mistake. Like your Shasta correspondent, in the same issue, "I like your American ideas, opposition to sand-lot mob," etc., but your opposition to General Grant for the Presidency has astonished me very much. I am your antithesis, for I am a life-long Union Democrat—one of the first to volunteer at Washington City in defense of the Federal Government, in 1861; and the troops under my command, mostly men from south of Mason and Dixon's line, assisted to inaugurate Abraham Lincoln, being accepted as his guard of honor on the 4th of March, 1861, going immediately afterward into active service, and placed in defense of the departments at Washington, and subsequently opening the campaign on the Potomac. In the late Presidential campaign I canvassed this State for Mr. Tilden, making some forty speeches in his behalf, to the entire satisfaction of my party, and somewhat, I hope, to the discomfiture of the Republicans. In these speeches I let into General Grant's administration lively, in a political sense, but always spoke of the General personally in terms of great respect and admiration, as the greatest military genius of the age. But, sir, if he ever again becomes a candidate for President he will get my vote, and that of every voting member of my family, Democrat and all as I am. I will even go further: I will advocate his election in every way I can, and work day and night, and make twice as many speeches as I did for Tilden, if necessary to accomplish that result. I know the man; have served under him; have reason to be grateful to him, and believe him to be not only a very great man, but one of the wisest, best, and most capable men living. He would honor the position, and be of immense advantage to the country. Finally, he deserves this distinguished honor. We Americans appear to think we do wonders when we elect a man like General Grant to the Presidency a second time. We should remember that Madison, Monroe, and other equally ordinary men were twice elected to the same office. And now, when we have a very extraordinary man, who has rendered invaluable services to the country, we hesitate to distinguish him from all others by elevating him a third time to the honored and responsible position. This might be assigned as one reason why republics are accused of ingratitude, because of their refusal to properly recognize great worth and great service. England's great military genius, the Duke of Marlborough, and hero of the battle of Blenheim, received for that victory the rank of Lieutenant-General, a pension of $25,000 per year, and other rewards. Queen Anne ordered a magnificent palace to be built for him, to be called Blenheim; it covers seven and a half acres of ground, and is located in a park of two thousand seven hundred acres, costing millions of dollars. The German Emperor made him a prince of the German Empire, and endowed him with landed estates in Germany. And yet this man was in no way the equal of General Grant. The incident serves to illustrate the difference between the gratitude of monarchical and republican forms of government. I would be glad to see General Grant made President without any regard to party affiliations, for I believe there are thousands of Democrats like myself, who would vote for him. Put me down for Grant!

J. GREY JEWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 30, 1879.

### Articles de Paris.

Mlle. X., a pretty young actress, has hands so red as to resemble boiled lobsters.

"She is a most charming young person," said Gondinet, "but her hands are rather bashful."

Civil service reform:

"Monsieur Duval, have you no work to do?"

"Finished my work, sir."

"Finished your work, sir? But you oughtn't to have finished your work, sir. In a public office a public servant in this era of civil service reform should never have finished his work, sir. Look at that excellent young man there who has copied the same document seven times over on the best cream-laid, wire-wove, extra-superfine official paper rather than do nothing. He has no idea of drawing the salary of idleness—of robbing the public treasury."

A gentleman goes to an armorer's and asks for a revolver.

"Here's a real nice family weapon," says the clerk.

"Family weapon?"

"Yes, family weapon—just the thing for domestic tragedies; six-shooter, you see, sir—two bullets for your wife, two for the destroyer of your happiness, two for yourself. All the go, sir! Sell hundreds of 'em for bridal presents, sir."

"Isn't that your friend, Mme. B., who is dancing there?"

"Yes."

"That's a frightfully ill-made dress she has on."

"Yes; but if it wasn't it wouldn't fit her."

A very indifferent littérateur had just been decorated.

"I'm hanged if I can understand it," says one critic; "why, that fellow can't write."

"Oh, but don't you know that when a fellow can't write he makes his cross."

An eminent vine-grower, of Argenteuil, invited Monselet once upon a time to taste some of his fine, new, home-made wine.

The gourmand tastes it and makes a frightful face.

"Now, that's a very good wine, I can assure you, when you're eating—"

"Oh, I dare say, but then when your drinking—"

A passer-by puts his head in at the window of the shop where an honest cobbler is working, never thinking of evil, and says, cheerily:

"Well, my friend, how many thieves are there in this street without counting you?"

"What!" yells the cobbler, "without counting me?"

"Well, then," says his imperturbable questioner, "how many are there counting you?"

Upon Secretary Thompson, during the recent naval review in Hampton Roads, a small joke was literally played. As he reached the side of the flag-ship in a steam launch the band, says the Baltimore *American*, began to play the air from *Pinafore* which announces the arrival of "Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B." The Secretary observed that everybody smiled, but he is one of those rare persons who have not seen Mr. Sullivan's opera, and wondered, no doubt, at this causeless merriment. As he went on visiting each ship of the fleet, each band played the same air.

Another good story is told of a noted defaulter who had been a "swell." On arriving at the State prison after sentence he asked permission to retain his watch. The warden's answer was an imperative "No." "But why not?" still urged the prisoner. "In the first place because it is against the rules of the prison, and in the second, because you wouldn't have a watch half an hour after it was generally known you wore one," was the answer. "What," was the rejoinder, "are there *thieves* here?"

## INTAGLIOS.

### Palabras Carinosas.—A Spanish Air.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto the fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieus. Till then good night!
You wish the time were now? And I—
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What! both these snowy hands? Ah, then,
I'll have to say good night again!

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

### Love's Call.

Shy tender stars sedate and sweet
Round weary Earth's pale pillow press;
Night cloaks her at the golden feet,
And they are shod with silentness.

Tranced in a weird colossal dream,
The mountains shadowy arms outfling;
Around the silent forests gleam
And every leaf is listening.

What distant call? What sudden-stirred
Echoing thrill from breast to brow?
Was it the nightingale I heard?
Or was it, best beloved, thou?

### My Lady.

My lady's the lily of ladyhood,
And when she has passed the stair,
The trebled scent of a spring-tide wood
Is sweet on the troubled air.

For her be vagrant verse of mine,
But a wedding of house and land;
And, wheresoever she hap to dine,
A seat at her host's right hand.

For her be dozen-of-button gloves,
And dozens of sweet champagne,
But never the least of all the loves
Will come at her call again.

—*J. S.*

### Pagan Consolation.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be—
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Flows somewhere safe to sea."

—*Swinburne.*

### Blackberries.

Black as Beauty's tresses,
Sweet as Love's caresses,
Darlings of the people, beloved of high and low,
Dear to age and childhood,
Gleaming in the wild-wood,
Peeping to the sunshine in every green hedgerow.
Berries of the bramble,
How I love to ramble
Through the shady valleys and pluck you as I go.

Your luxuriant treasure,
Stinless, out of measure,
Fills me with such feeling of recklessness and joy,
With such sense of rapture
At the wealth of capture,
Prodigal as sunbeams where the wavelets toy,
I laugh at Time and trial,
And on his sunny dial
Turn back the creeping shadows and feel I'm yet a boy.

Come hither, little maiden,
With wicker basket laden,
And thou, O peasant urchin, with cheeks like dawning day;
We'll all go forth together,
Free as the wind and weather,
And pluck the luscious blackberries that ripen by the way;
You of the world unweeting,
I from the world retreating
To taste a simple pleasure, and prize it while I may!

—*Charles Mackay.*

### Lalage.

I.

Come to me, Lalage,
Girl of the flying feet,
Girl of the tossing hair,
And the red mouth, small and sweet;
Less of the earth than air,
So witchingly fond and fair,
Lalage!

II.

Touch me, Lalage!
Girl of the soft, white hand,
Girl of the low, white brow,
And the roseate bosom band;
Bloom from an orchard bough,
Less downy-soft than thou,
Lalage!

III.

Kiss me, Lalage!
Girl of the fragrant breath,
Girl of the sun of May;—
As a bird that flutters in death,
My fluttering pulses say:
"If thou be Death, yet stay,
Lalage!"

### Tuberoses.

My soul is laden heavily to-night
With tuberoses cold, and sweet, and white,
Whose perfume, through the slowly dying light,
Comes as a ghost from out the long ago.
O Time, that lingers not for faltering feet,
Or youth, or love, or clinging kisses sweet,
To-night, amid thy moments flying fast,
I kneel before the altar of the past.

—*Edward...*

San Francisco, November 7, 1879.

How upholstery does draw! Locke's luck itself, proverbial as it has become, could not fill a house as the new theatre was filled on Monday evening, for people have gone furniture-mad, and let it be but whispered that the Queen Anne revival is abroad in a new place, presto! there is a rush. Good Queen Anne was a consistent woman in her style, and carried her fancy for square furniture as far as she could, poor woman! for she made it her business to die fat enough to fill a square coffin. But I think the present style is too composite to lay at her majesty's door. The Decorative Art style, they say, with that delightful vagueness which permits people to talk understandingly without committing themselves to details, and the cosy auditorium of the Bush Street Theatre is a delightful exponent of the idea. Have you seen the new drop curtain, in which a huge, impossible peacock, perched on a frail balustrade, is the prominent figure? An irreverent scoffer mentioned that the divine bird had a turkey's head; but what matter? A peacock's tail is the main idea, and this is a truly gorgeous affair. There is a wild, straggling passion-vine creeping up the opposite side, and a rain of gold over all. Then there is a bewildering mass of ruby velvet curtain, transfixed by golden furniture pikes of some kind, and seeming to drag the folds of a Neapolitan awning. It may not be pure art, but it is high art, as the term is latterly accepted, and in the Decorative School it is a very beautiful curtain. The dark Eastlake walls look rich enough, and are further set off by the brass sconces holding the delusive gas candles, with which people love to persuade themselves that they are sitting under soft, flattering wax-light. Keramos has not been forgotten. There are jugs and jars, and plates, just enough to hint at the tastes of a collector, and a bit of bronze here and there, which may be plaster of Paris underneath this glittering exterior, but which serves the purpose decoratively. The boxes are really pavilions, in the misapplication of the term, and are excellent affairs for any one who has just laid in a new wardrobe; but woe to the guy who seats himself or herself beneath their golden rods and crimson lambrequins! They are pitilessly bright and showy. Thoroughly well dressed people are always comparatively happy, and sitting in a well appointed room, under agreeable circumstances, is conducive to cheerfulness; therefore, by the time the people had found themselves established in really comfortable chairs, and had made a survey of the Queen Anne elegance, they were prepared to accept the Folly Company, more especially as the programme assured them at intervals that it was a refined, elegant, and chaste entertainment at which they were about to assist.

The Colville Company does not compare with the Rice Surprise Party, since they have no comedian of any exceptional talent, and none of the ladies would be classed beyond mediocre. Little Ella Chapman is really the bright, particular star, although in the other company she ranked only after Alice Atherton. Miss Emé Roseau is per advertisement *the* star. She is a tall, handsome woman in a large, heavy way, and reminds one of Lucretia Borgia, or that cheerful person, the Duchess of Malfi, but would never strike any one as a Cinderella. For some inscrutable reason a woman five feet and ever and ever so many inches tall can not play the *rôle* of *ingénue* without looking excessively silly. To understand *how* silly, go and listen to Miss Roseau singing "Chick-a-dee-dee." She would make a superb Mlle. Lange or Mephisto in opera bouffe, a beautiful Venus or Juno in burlesque, but there is too much darling for a fairy godmother in the *Magic Slipper*. *A propos*, she does bring to the part one very unusual furnishing: a small, elegant Arabian foot. Then she has a good voice, and some taste in singing ballads. Rash creature! She dared—actually dared—to stand up and sing "Baby Mine." Nobody groaned or sighed; nobody lifted a protesting voice; nobody hissed or guyed. She sang it straight through to the end, and then they deliberately encored her. But, if I remember, it was after the fairy godmother had waved her wand; and, as Miss Roseau has a very pretty taste in dressing, so she was at least worth looking at.

Next to Miss Roseau in the bills ranks Miss Kate Everleigh, a little English girl, with a nice set of teeth and the merest *soupçon* of a voice. She—well, really, that is all there is about her. Then comes little Ella Chapman, as tiny and as pleasing as ever. It was a pity she, or any of the others, was obliged to put on that awful dress—a footman's livery; but she is such a blithe, merry, neat little creature, with her baby voice, and her awfully bad pronunciation, that one likes to see her under any circumstances, but more particularly dancing. How ungainly the others look beside her! For style, commend me to Miss Ada Lee, who, by the way, has nothing else to recommend her; but who, in a suit of black and gold, looked very *distingué*. Some one said that she was a sister of Jennie Lee, our sometime soubrette in the good old days, and a more than slight resemblance seemed to point the idea with truth. As for the female chorus, it is a pretty and well-dressed band of young women, who sing rather worse than female choruses usually do, and seem even less bright and intelligent than female choruses usually are. The male chorus is small, but extremely acceptable. After a vocal attack from the female chorus, it was really quite refreshing to hear them give the "Toreador's Catching Song" with some evidence of lungs and spirit. No less than three *encores* for their "Good-night Song" attested the delight of the people at hearing something good. Indeed, the Folly Company have a delightful prospect before them, for all San Francisco is just in the "now and then" mood of the famous couplet when nonsense is relished. So, Follies, bring on your nonsense. But the *Magic Slipper* will not do. It is a good old story, but just a little too old, except with better setting. Its jokes are all stale, its puns execrable. As for the comedians, it is better to let them alone until they have another chance.

At Baldwin's, the Authors' Carnival or something else has reminded them of Jules Verne, and they have resurrected the *Tour of the World in Eighty Days*, and a most uninteresting spectacle they contrive to make of it. I wonder if James O'Neill has any idea of how very, very badly he plays "Phineas Fogg!" Who ever saw him so completely adrift before? As for "Phineas Fogg" himself, he is as methodical as a clock, but interesting nevertheless, for the fanciful Jules Verne himself says that he was the type of that English composure in which the novelists delight, and by all the rules of fiction he is of the stuff of which heroes are made. James O'Neill makes him appear like a mild hypochondriac, with an impediment in his speech and gait, for his drawl is not English, and his mincing steps are unexplainable. Lewis Morrison, on the contrary, presents just the accepted type of the book American, as unlike the real article, it is true, as book Englishmen are unlike live Englishmen; but, at least, he does what he intends to do, and looks like Brother Jonathan himself. Mr. Jennings is cast for "Fix," the detective, but does not shine in the protean line. Barrows as "Passepartout" makes a new departure, and indulges in an intermittent French accent, which is really quite good when it comes, and is fascinating from its uncertainty. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis and Miss Eleanor Carey have nothing to do but to stand around and let the scenery act. Every one appears sleepy and tired, except Mr. Bradley, who seems to quite enjoy the inflammatory temperament of the Calcutta magistrate. After the revival of a play like this it must be as interesting to the players as to the played, and a week of langour may prepare them for some exertion in *Forget-me-not*, which is promised next week.

John Owens has revived "Wellington de Boots," and supplemented it with "Toodles," for the week. But he promises us *Dr. Clyde*. Mr. George Chaplin, the luckless actor who periodically goes to Australia, and periodically makes a failure of it, supports him, filling, it is possible, the leading-man vacancy of which people have been complaining. Actors do not go to Australia any more when they die, and it is time they stopped going while they live, for it is heart-rending to hear the dramatic reports from this summer isle of Eden, floating in dark purple seas, or words to that effect.

The doors of the California are still closed, and no daring manager has been found to say, "Open, sesame." There is a rumor to the effect that Frank Mayo will open it with that startling novelty, *Davy Crockett*, but "Davy" is still rankling from the slight of our English cousins, and it can not be that he has strength enough to save a forlorn hope.

Betsy B.

### Preludes—In Divers Keys.

The Schmidt Quintet made a most auspicious beginning of their winter series of Recitals on last Tuesday evening, with a goodly audience and a selection which was, if perhaps a little more mixed than usual, interesting in the main, and evidently quite to the taste of the public for which it was provided. A new feature in this season's programme—and one that I can not but consider decidedly objectionable—is the substitution of vocalists of merely operatic antecedents in the place of concert singers; the enjoyment of a Mendelssohn *Quartet* or Beethoven *Sonata* is not materially enhanced by having to sit through a third rate rendering of "Ernani involami" or "Una voce" sandwiched between them; and the feeling about it all is considerably aggravated when one remembers that our city is fortunate in the possession of at least three or four singers who can sing good songs that would be in keeping with the rest of the programme, and can sing them quite up to the average excellence of the rest of the performance, at that. Signora Speranza, who sang the above-mentioned novelties, may be very well in some second-rate Italian Opera Company, but is out of place in a Recital of good chamber music. She did not sing well. Of the remainder of the concert the Schumann *quartet* numbers made the greatest impression; the one of Mendelssohn the least. And very properly, since it is dry, and got but a dull rendering. The other *ensembles* went excellently, especially the *quintet* of Rubinstein, a really superb movement, which Miss Alice played with great spirit and aplomb. Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., had a fine opportunity in the introduction to the "Spanish Dances" by Sarasate, and made the most of it, playing with a beautiful, warm tone and broad, musician-like phrasing. In the *vivace* that followed he was less happy. Tricks and vapidities do not suit him; he seems to do them under protest and with an ill-grace. I think I can understand his feeling about this, since if I could play the good things as well as he can, I should also despise the cheap tricks and dodges; the question always remains: Why does he play these things when there are so many good things left to do? What has become of Bach and his violin music? Why do we never get a Sonata of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, or Gade? Surely there is some little *real* music extant for the violin that would exactly suit Mr. Schmidt; music that no one among us can play as beautifully as he can. He should let us hear some of it occasionally.

The strong number of Mr. Herold's matinée of last Wednesday was Hugo Ulrich's *Symphonie triomphale*, a work of considerable, though unequal, interest. With a first movement of decided power and admirable structure it has a rather trivial and dreadfully long *Scherzo*, a weak but pretty *Andante*, and a pompous and inflated *finale*, in which the elaborate treatment and instrumentation only serve to expose the weakness of the thematic material. Ulrich is known in the musical world chiefly through his piano-forte arrangements of classical works, and has done valuable service in this field. This Symphonie, which carried away the prize at a competition which took place at Brussels some thirty years since, is his only original composition that has endured, and upon it his reputation will probably rest. Of the other numbers of this Concert only Reinecke's lovely *Entr'acte* from "King Manfred" was at all interesting; the residue was mere stuffing.

O. W.


## A BUSINESS OF MAGNITUDE.

To those people who have arrived at that period when they live to eat, the existence of the grocery establishments of the house of

Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Co.

is a great and important fact. Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Company are three great facts. The firm has three large stores filled with the choicest and most excellent goods from all parts of the world. This firm has demonstrated what money, enterprise, and a thorough commercial knowledge may accomplish in a city like San Francisco; for, although among the youngest of large commercial houses, it has attained to dimensions that place it at the head of the grocery business of the State of California. It embraces, we believe, original features for a San Francisco grocery house. It is at once importer, jobber, and retailer. Having a large and available cash capital, it imports from foreign countries and from home producers its goods direct, which it retails to its customers at such reasonable profit as enables it to do two things: First, to have the best goods, and next, to sell them at low prices. The house of Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Co. does not profess to sell cheap groceries, but does profess to sell groceries cheap. It keeps the best and only the best, and seeks the trade of the best people and only the best. This house is ambitious to obtain and deserve the reputation of supplying those families that purchase goods of only the most excellent quality, and it invites all persons who know what the luxuries of life are to call and examine their goods. The original house is located at Nos. 529 and 531 Kearny Street, between California and Sacramento, where it has been doing business for some years as successor to the house of William Kroning & Co., which was established in the year 1850, the new firm of L. Lebenbaum and J. Goldberg bringing new life, a large capital, and great energy and enterprise to the old and very respectable concern of Kroning & Co. About three years ago, when the migration of fashionable society from Rincon Hill to the Western Addition had fixed the fact that Polk Street, lying between Nob Hill and Van Ness Avenue, was to become a leading business street, the house established a branch of its business near the corner of Bush. The move proved an advantageous one, and it was soon so overcrowded with business that they purchased and built for themselves an elegant and spacious store on the southwest corner of California and Polk Streets. This place,

1447 and 1449 Polk Street, S.W. cor. California,

Has become an important branch, accommodating that portion of their customers who reside in the aristocratic vicinity of Van Ness Avenue, Franklin and California Streets. The growing business and continuing success of the house have recently demanded, and they have just now opened a new, spacious, and elegant store, at No. 121 Post Street, crowded in both cellar and store with the best and choicest of family luxuries. The Post-street store is something unique and quite marvelous for its style and elegance of arrangement, and was established in order to accommodate customers in the southern part of the town. The firm has distributed their stores with a view to the accommodation of their customers and to economy in the distribution of their goods. The Kearny-street store covers territory bounded by Bush Street, Jones Street, North Beach, and the water front; and that of Post Street, from Bush Street to South Park, Hayes Valley, and the Mission. The Polk-street store covers the Western Addition. These stores are all connected by telephone, and as indicating the enterprise of the house of Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Co., we may mention the fact that upon the list of subscribers to the telephone, the Kearny Street Store is No. 1, and the Polk Street Store No. 2. The following list of delicacies gives some idea of the character of the business done by this house, and the commodities in which it deals:

Patés, pheasants, larks, birds truffled and roasted, from the house of Ls. Henry's fils, Strasbourg.

The finest French jellies, fruits in juice, sardines, anchovies, olives farciés, mushrooms truffled, and other delicacies, from the famous house of Teyssonneau Jne., Bordeaux.

Curry powder, chutnies in great variety, and India condiments, from Wm. Newson & Co., Calcutta.

The choicest grades of coffees, bought at the government sales at Pedang, and imported by themselves.

China, Japan, and Oolong teas, direct from Yokobama and Foochow. Connoisseurs of fine teas should try their especial brand (L. L. & Co. in a diamond). It will be found superior to and better than any other in the market.

Hams from Westphalia, and sausages from France, Germany, and Italy.

Cheese—Roquefort, Brie, Neufchâtel, Edam, Cheshire, Gloster, Stilton, and the choicest American dairies.

Biscuit in large variety from F. A. Kennedy, Cambridgeport, Mass.—the most delicious biscuit manufactured.

Wines—Champagne, Claret, Sauterne, Hock, Sherry, Burgundy, and liqueurs of the choicest brands.

Whisky, cogoac, rum, gin, malt liquors, mineral water, bitters, etc., in great variety and of the finest quality.

Pure native wines, by the gallon or bottle, all the well known brands.

All these articles are imported in large quantities direct from the original manufacturers and producers, at first cost, and without any middle class business to increase the prices, enabling the firm to give its customers advantages in price of goods which no other house is prepared to offer.

Altogether the firm of Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Co. have a good title to the credit of being the pioneer house so far as concerns the foundation of a really great and complete grocery business on this coast. They, and they only, have taken from San Francisco the reproach heretofore too often heard and too justly deserved, that it would be a good place to live if one could only get something to eat. They have laid the four quarters of the globe under contribution, and brought to our doors the delicacies of every country and climate. One need no longer make a pilgrimage to Astrakhan to get caviar, nor to Cyprus for ortolans.

Every *gourmet* and *bon-vivant* in California may congratulate himself that, thanks to Messrs. Lebenbaum, Goldberg & Co., ships freighted with toothsome comestibles are sailing hitherward on every sea.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.
It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervous, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not been sick a day in a year since I took Hop Bitters. Several of my neighbors use them.
MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

The periodicals reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Company (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.), are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage prepaid by the Publishers.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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FRECKLES, MOLES, SALLOWNESS, BLACK WORMS, POCKMARKS, WARTS, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, instantly and permanently removed by MONS. A. MOREL, with FEISTEL & GERRARD, Chiropodists, who remove skillfully and without pain CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, etc. Finger-nails made almond shape and rose-tinted. Sole Agents for the Genuine Sozopado, for disinfecting and modifying excessive perspiration. Highest testimonials. Specifics sent to any part of the world, on application at our office, 838 Market Street, opposite Fourth. Parlors 2, 3, and 4.

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Will deliver a course of
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The third Lecture, on the Poetry of Oliver Wendell Holmes, will be delivered on Tuesday evening, Nov. 11th, commencing at 8 o'clock.
Price of tickets for the remaining four lectures, $1; of a single ticket, 25 cents.

*DASHAWAY HALL.*

MME. ZEISS-DENNIS,
MESSRS. GOFFRIE AND MANSFELDT,
Will give their third and fourth
HIGH ART CONCERTS
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Unqualified success has attended the representations by the famous
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The largest and most complete organization of its class in the world.
Every evening until further notice, and Saturday Matinee, will be presented the Ethereal Burlesque Extravaganza, in two acts, entitled
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Comprising all the Nouveautees which Berlin has produced in the course of this year. We respectfully invite our Lady customers and Ladies in general to give us a call.
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Equal to the Turkish or Persian, at one-fourth the cost. Elegant designs, unexcelled for durability. Kept by the leading Carpet Dealers, and WAKEFIELD RATTAN COMPANY, 38 Geary street.
ROBT. COULTER Agent.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE* INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 73.—The monthly dividend for Oct., 1879, will be paid on Nov. 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.
CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, November 5, 1879.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister he was a six-button kid.

A man never knows how many friends he has until he begins to keep a demijohn at his office.

Snake stories should not generally be credited unless the name and residence of the snake are given.

Job has been marked down in history as the patient man. The fact is that at one time he was just boiling over.

The man who indulges in musbrooms may not find the toad-stool of repentance until he reaches the next world.

We know of a man, a victim to tobacco, who hasn't tasted food for forty-seven years. The tobacco killed him in 1832.

This life may be, as stern moralists say, all a fleeting show, but it is an exhibition from which deadheads are rigidly excluded.

It is better to be caught out in a thunder storm with another man's umbrella than be caught in an ice cream saloon with another man's wife.

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" "No, Augustus, I won't," she replied; "I'm no gas meter."

"My dear," said Mr. Talmage, a few hours before he landed, "please rub the knees of those pantaloons very hard. They don't look shiny and worn enough."

Byron once said of a lady, whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor, that she had been dangerously ill, but was now dangerously well again.

Though Col. Robert Ingersoll
Is guilty of some follies,
He makes his queer ideas pay,
And that's his Ingersolace.

"People who compare Mary Anderson to me should remember that I have earned $175,000, and have a colt, both of which feats Mary, as yet, has failed to achieve."—*Goldsmith Maid.*

A negro was asked if he knew the nature of an oath, to which he replied: Oh, yes, boss, for sartin. My ole marser 'structed me in all dem tings." "Well," asked the judge, "what is your notion of an oath?" "Why, boss, it's jes' dis: if I once tells a lie, I'm to stick to it clean t'rough to de end."

A Philadelphia reporter says that he would rather go back to the drab hat of his Quaker ancestors than sport a poor little martyred bird upon his bonnet. He would, would he? Would rather kill a poor, dear little innocent sheep to make him a hat than to wear a straw bonnet with a bird on it?

Patient—"Do you mean to say my complaint is a dangerous one?" Doctor—"A very dangerous one, my dear friend. Still, people have been known to recover from it, so you must not give up all hope. But recollect one thing, your only chance is to keep a cheerful frame of mind, and avoid anything like depression of spirits."

A congregation, anxious to get rid of their pastor, were considerably perplexed how to do it without hurting his feelings. After considerable discussion they concluded to inform him that they were obliged to reduce his salary. A delegation to wait on him and notify him of the fact was appointed. "Brethren," was his reply, "I have been with you in prosperity, and I will never desert you in adversity."

The following stanza was picked up in the neighborhood of a dog-kennel:

Were I a little bird I'd build my nest
Higher than the tallest mountain's crest;
I'd weave it in a corner of the star
That nods and blinks in the sky afar,
Where no cruel boy nor wicked man
Could tie down my tail with an old tin can.

"There is a small fever blister on my lower lip. I wonder where I got it. Are such things catching?" wrote ex-Congressman N. O. Ross to Mrs. Emily Bell, of Mansfield, Ohio—Mrs. Bell being a grass widow and Mr. Ross a bachelor. That was in the summer of 1877; and now Mrs. Bell, who has just sued Congressman Geddes for breach of promise, shows the original love letters of the retired statesman with the fever blister.

As he sat on the steps on Sunday evening he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then got to "calling" him on lightning-bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging about a depot in the distance where trains were switching.

In Candahar when a young woman becomes sweet on a young man she sends him a hairpin, meaning, "that is the kind of a hairpin I am." If the young man is like Barkis, he pins a handkerchief to his cap with the hairpin, signifying, "You can bet your sweet life I am on it worse than an Injun." This amounts to an engagement and a notification to all the folks of the fact, and then they get married. This plain and simple way of doing the business saves a deal of swinging on the gates, burning kerosene oil of nights, buying ice-cream, and standing off the livery man for buggies.

They were looking at the hippopotamus at the aquarium. Said she, "Augustus, dear, did you say that was a horse?" "Yes, duckie, I did; a river horse." "Well, isn't he made up wrong, or deformed, or something of that sort?" "Oh, no; that's the only model of blood stock they have in Africa; he isn't very pretty, is he?" "Well, not very; but do you know he reminds me of you sometimes, Augustus, dear?" "How, dearie? When he shuts his eyes and drifts into those delicious phases of reverie?" "No, you old blessing; it's when he yawns."


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*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

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TAUGHT BY

**PROF. LOUIS ARMAND,**

*MASTER OF ARTS, GRADUATE* of the University of France, Faculte des Lettres de Paris, ex-Professor of French at the State University of California. Apply to the ARGONAUT office. Terms, $2 per lesson. Special arrangements for pupils or classes by the month.

REFERENCES:

JOHN LE CONTE, President State University; HON. JOHN W. DWINELLE, HON. JOHN S. HAGER.

**SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.**

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER M'F'G. CO.

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JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER,

501 Market Street, San Francisco.

**ETCHINGS AND RARE ENGRAVINGS.**

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM NO. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection, either as visitors or purchasers.

Readers of Hamerton will find some of the Etchings reviewed in his "Etchings and Etchers," in present collection.

Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of November, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 60) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fourth (24th) day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG* Ladies. Parents desiring a New England home for their daughters, where, free from the excitements of a large school, they may still receive thorough instruction in the English branches, in the Languages, and in Music, are invited to correspond with MISS ADELE BREWER, Stockbridge, Mass.

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**ASSESSMENT**

—OF—

**LANDS BENEFITED**

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**WIDENING DUPONT STREET.**

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

WM. FORD,
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

**MRS. COLGATE BAKER'S**

*ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN* Boarding and Day School for young ladies, and Kindergarten for children, 848 and 850 Van Ness Avenue. The next term commences Friday, October 10th.

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*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | ——— | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | 0*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

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NORTHERN DIVISION — SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

☞ On SATURDAYS only commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 3d, the run of this train will be extended to Salinas—connecting with the M. and S. V. R. R. for Monterey. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose..... $1 00

On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## *SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz; also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## *SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BRAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 1, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 9, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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## *OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL*

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | BELGIC. |
|---|---|
| December ..... 6 | January ..... 17 |
| February ..... 28 | April ..... 10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## *PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.*

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.

CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## *PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.*

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

## THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

## COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary

## LEE D. CRAIG,

*Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.*

*TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS, Searching* of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating Mining Companies, specialties.

413 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

## FRANK KENNEDY,

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER*chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, incolvency and all cases attended to. Rents, etc., collected.

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## *THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO*

*Capital paid up*..... $3,000,000

*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET.

AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.

This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## *THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,*

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS — New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

## CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY,

*Corner Brannan and Eighth Sts.*

**Office, - - - 215 Front Street.**

This company manufactures all grades of

## HARD AND SOFT SUGARS,

And a superior Quality of Syrup known as

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## SYRUP!!

SUPPLIES ONLY EXPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

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## MILLER & RICHARD'S EXTRA-HARD METAL SCOTCH TYPE

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*ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,*

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"DOMESTIC"

THE LIGHT RUNNING

SEWING MACHINE

**Saves Muscle, Time, Health, and Temper.**

THE LIGHTEST RUNNING LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE IN THE MARKET.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

J. W. EVANS,

No. 29 POST STREET (MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING).

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Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

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MUSIC THE

FIRST CLASS HEMME & LONG PRICES LOW

PIANOS

131 DUPONT ST., S.F.

CHICKERING

PIANOS AT COST.

KNABE PIANOS.

*WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A* large invoice of the celebrated KNABE PIANOS, making our fine assortment of these instruments again complete. Call and see these magnificent instruments.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., No. 721 Market Street.


# TAXES, TAXES, 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.


ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,

REGALIA AND LODGE SUPPLIES.

A. J. PLATE & CO.,

No. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET

S. W. RAVELEY,

STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER

**And Printer of the Argonaut,**

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**A full assortment of AMERICAN and other WATCHES always on hand. Also, a large assortment of the DICKENS Platinum and Gold Chains at low prices. Watches repaired at reduced rates.**

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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CARMANY & CROSETT,

IMPORTERS OF

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Rich Neckwear, Elegant Handkerch'fs, Choice Hosiery, French Kid Gloves, Eng. Driving Gloves, Fine Suspenders, Durable Underwear, Newest Collars, etc.

ALSO, THEIR FAMOUS CUSTOM SHIRTS TO ORDER.

**No. 25 Kearny Street .....San Francisco.**


*YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $3.00.* *SINGLE NUMBER, 25 CENTS.*

# THE CALIFORNIAN.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

JANUARY, 1880.

## PROSPECTUS.

During the latter part of December, there will be issued, by the undersigned publishers, the first number of a Monthly Magazine bearing the above title. As its name indicates, the publication will be essentially Western in its character, local—to this Coast—in its flavor, representative and vigorous in its style and method of dealing with questions, and edited for a popular rather than a severely literary constituency.

The new Magazine will keep right abreast of the times. It will do faithful prospecting in the range of literature. It will be conducted on broad-gauge and generous principles, following no particular plan, other than to develop and deal with native talent, and to secure the best of everything for presentation to its readers.

Men of prominence, in Law, Literature, Art, Music, the Drama, Politics, and Business, have promised, and will be urgently invited, to express their views on current topics, while writers who know what is known will deal with miscellaneous subjects in an interesting and vivacious way. To originate and be original will be the ambition of the *Californian*, rather than to follow in any of the existing forms.

In addition to original matter, the *Californian* will publish, from month to month, the latest and best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Novels, Tales, Sketches of Travel and History, and Geographical Discoveries, Poetry, and Scientific, Biographical, Social, and Political information, selected from Foreign Magazines and Publications—covering a field of the choicest literature, and representing *the best thoughts of the day.*

Typographically, the *Californian* will not be surpassed in this country. It will be printed from new types throughout, and on a new two-revolution press, especially ordered and built for fine work.

"The Argonaut Publishing Company" will manufacture the Magazine, and have made liberal expenditures for a new and complete dress for the venture, and the latest improved machinery.

With these assurances of what is to be done, and a sincere desire of arousing a spirit of local literary pride among the people, whose special medium of communication with the great world of letters this Magazine is designed to be, its friends and well-wishers are respectfully and earnestly requested to exhibit this Prospectus, and to extend that material encouragement without which nothing can ever succeed. Thousands of subscribers can easily be obtained at the low price of *$3.00* per year, if those who are interested in having a Magazine on this Coast will put forth a little effort in its behalf.

☞ Address all communications to *THE CALIFORNIAN, 522 California Street.*

SAN FRANCISCO:

THE A. ROMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NO. 522 CALIFORNIA STREET.

*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirtieth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-ninth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.


SILVERWARE AND CLOCKS.

**WE CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR LARGE STOCK OF ELEGANT SILVERWARE, WHICH WE OFFER AT LOWER PRICES THAN ANY HOUSE IN THIS CITY. ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.**

**Goods Marked in Plain Figures.**

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**These goods are now being introduced by the leading dry goods houses of the United States as the very best makes of Black Gros Grain Silks now in use, having merit far beyond any foreign production—that of HONESTY.**

**Their Satins, Serges, Satin du Chenes, Braids, and Sewing Silks for machine or hand, are acknowledged by all who know them to be the purest manufactured.**

**For further information, address COL. A. C. REID, Palace Hotel, San Francisco.**


# MONTGOMERY AVENUE ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 20. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 15, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

I am trying a new pencil. It is a patent—an invention. It cost thirty cents. It was patented May 25, 1879. It is No. 861, and is styled "Eagle Automatic." It goes with a spring, holding the lead in a sort of clamp or vice. I am trying it with a view to demonstrate whether it will write a good article or not. I purchased it under the following circumstances: I was drinking beer in a saloon on California Street—"Fredericksburg" lager, brewed at Santa Clara; very good beer at ten cents a glass—with a lunch of bread, sausage, cheese, tomatoes, onions, blood pudding, dried herring. The lunch is free; saw dust is on the floor of the saloon. At the adjoining table a workman was eating fried tripe and drinking beer; at little tables all over the room men were drinking beer; at the counter a group of persons speaking German were talking politics and drinking beer; a person well dressed, looking like a professional man, came into the bar, spoke to the attendant, laid down ten cents, poured something from a bottle and drank it. It was not beer. The day was bright outside and sunny; inside the room was filled with smoke and the atmosphere blue and beery. The place smelled of beer. As I was drinking my second glass a woman came in—tall and lithe of form, dressed in black. She was selling pencils. From one beer table to another she exhibited her wares and explained them, but no one bought. She came to me, exhibited her pencils, explained the mechanism, and I bought one—price, thirty cents. "Thank you," she said; "you don't remember me. You used to know me before I sold pencils." I looked up through the fumes of tobacco and recognized an acquaintance. American, well born, forty years of age (I guess at the age; it is hard to tell exactly a woman's age when one is drinking beer and the smoke of cigars is dense), well educated, well married, had a baby—a girl, had been divorced, had struggled, educated her daughter, had had some money. It was lost in stocks. Had sold books on the subscription plan, had starved, and was now selling pencils. She is virtuous, industrious, economical, competent, not pretty, and with her life is one constant struggle. It has been a struggle ever since her marriage—a fight for life; first with a bad husband, then to keep up appearances, then with stocks, then to maintain a "genteel" existence, and now a "square heel-and-toe" "go-as-you-please" race for bread. And yet bread is so cheap! I mistake; it is not bread, but human life that is so cheap. So little bread would do this woman, and it is so plenty that I thought I would try my new pencil in speculating upon the causes that make bread so dear and human life so cheap, and endeavor to point out a remedy.

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She, this woman, is in health, is able to work, is willing, is educated. One plain, decent, cheap dress would last her a year; she could make it herself; her underclothing, and everything she wears, she has the skill to make. Sheep are so numerous, and wool is so abundant, and machinery so perfect! Cotton grows so easily; leather is so cheap; such millions of centals of wheat are grown; fruit is so abundant; and all she requires is some few yards of woolen and cotton goods, some leather, a few pounds of flour, a small iron contrivance to cook upon, half a ton of coal, and a place to sleep, and she could live and die a happy, grateful woman. She could earn this comfort; she is not a pauper; she would rather starve than beg; she would have been indignant had I offered to give her thirty cents. What she wants, and for want of which she suffers humiliation, and sometimes insult, is an opportunity with her labor to earn an honest support. She has no head to plan, no ingenuity to contrive. She is a woman, and at a disadvantage, in this "heel-and-toe," "go-as-you-please" race. She is jostled and pushed aside. No one to put liniment on her sore places. Her feet are worn; she is faint, loses the race, and dies. Now, somebody is to blame for this; either God who made her, or organized society that sees her suffer, and will not help her—doesn't help her.

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We organize for everything else. We form corporations. Society is an organization for the successful. We incorporate banks to increase rates of interest, and protect money-makers, mining companies, schools, churches, manufactories, commercial ventures, amusements. We have churches, where souls are saved; we have hospitals for the sick, asylums for the aged, shelters for infants, reformatories for young criminals, prisons for old ones, places for orphans, homes for the drunken, Magdalen asylums for prostitutes; but for this woman, no place, no refuge. If she would turn bad, get drunk, commit crime, society would take her up and support her. We are spending in San Francisco one million of dollars each year to educate girls—this woman's girl—to read, write, compute figures, draw, posture, speak French and German, and not a cent to teach them how to sew, cook, sweep, wash, print, keep books, telegraph, nor how to acquire a knowledge of any one of the thousand useful, practical things, by which they could earn honest and independent livelihoods. Our good, Christian people build great churches, upholster them in velvet, have pulpits carved in oak and walnut, pay the preacher a good salary, hire a band of trained minstrels, and preach to sinners the marvelous story of a God who died to save their souls, and in this city we spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to explain the mysteries of a faith that enables poor humanity to escape the divine wrath; but not a cent to enable the woman that sold the pencil how to live a stainless, honest life. We are building a municipal palace costing $6,000,000. We are laying out and beautifying a park, where wealth may drive its well-fed horses. We are building palaces to crown our hills—splendid suburban and country residences adorn our State. We are laying broad and deep the foundations of profitable industries, commerce, manufactures. Trades all flourish. Wealth accumulates. We hold charity carnivals, and good, pure women endeavor to break the force of this unpitying poverty by their sporadic and unsystematized, earnest endeavors to alleviate distress. There are generous men and women, who of their abundance devote a part to the unfortunate; but for that class of women who sell pencils in beer saloons for thirty cents, there is no aid—organized, capitalized aid.

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For poor females there should be provided a home, material for clothing, material for cooking, and employment within that home that would enable them, by their industry, to earn a decent living. One hundredth part of the money expended to maintain politicians, male idlers, and foreign vagabonds, would do it. One fiftieth part expended to sustain those churches where a poor and plainly dressed female dare not enter, and would be unwelcome if she did enter, would do it. One tenth part of the money laid out for a false and spurious education, that makes girls ashamed of honest toil, would do it. To this great industrial organization should be attached a technic school, where girls should be taught such industries as would enable them to become self-supporting. There are hundreds of employments that should be given up to women—that they can do better than men. Let boys go to the farms, to quarries, to the mines, to sea, to war—to the sterner, heavier, braver duties of life. Let the girls cook, wash, tend baby, keep house, become clerks, bookkeepers, telegraph operators, printers, binders, small traders, dealers in the market, growers of raisins, teachers of children. Let them monopolize all those industries requiring dexterous manipulation of fingers—making cigars, working in textile fabrics with machinery. I should like to see a political party introduce such an idea into its platform. I should be glad to join a church that had this purpose for the basis of its theology. I should like to be one among a thousand of our rich men to organize and take stock in an institution to aid women who are compelled to sell lead pencils in a beer saloon for thirty cents apiece.

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And this is the way it should be done: James C. Flood, or D. O. Mills, or Governor Stanford, who are our wealthiest men having elegant country houses, should invite all the millionaires of the State to visit him some Saturday and stay over Sunday; give them a splendid dinner, plenty of wine—a special train, of course—and on Sunday meet to consider this proposition. In order to facilitate the matter I suggest the following gentlemen as guests: Leland Stanford, D. O. Mills, Nicholas Luning, James C. Flood, Charles Crocker, J. C. Mackay, James D. Fair, Levi Straus, Daniel Meyer, L. Sachs, S. C. Hastings, Lloyd Tevis, J. B. Haggin, H. M. Newhall, Henry Miller, A. Lux, Edward Barron, Adam Grant, Egbert Judson, Theodore LeRoy, John Parrot, Peter Donahue, John Sullivan, C. D. O'Sullivan, Joseph Donohoe, Andrew McCreary, Thomas Williams, D. S. Tallant, John F. Miller, Louis Schloss, Oregon Cohn, A. A. Cohen, Charles Main, E. H. Winchester, Peder Sather, Robert Johnson, Josiah Belden, Horace Carpentier, Samuel Meritt, James Phelan, E. J. Baldwin, Clute Wilmerding, J. H. Redington, Claus Spreckles, H. M. Naglee. When this party of wealthy gentlemen shall have assembled, Mr. Flood shall state the object of the meeting.

MR. FLOOD.—Gentlemen, we have been called together for the purpose of organizing a charitable association, to be properly capitalized and wisely managed in the interest of those women who, having seen better days, are now struggling with adversity—those women who are too proud to beg, and who are unable to make a successful fight against an unkind fate. We have been especially favored; we have abundant wealth; we live in elegant homes, surrounded by all the luxuries and comforts of life. Our wives and daughters are in the enjoyment of all that wealth can provide. There are women as tenderly reared as our own who are destitute of the comforts and necessaries of existence. They are bowed down by the heavy hand of poverty; they have no training in business, no faculty for money-making, no capital, no friends. They must starve and suffer unless we provide for them. I, therefore, propose that we organize not a charity, but an industry; not to give them support in idleness, but to give them the aid of our business experience, and advance them from our abundance the necessary capital to establish them in self-supporting labors. I therefore move that Mr. Charles Crocker be called to the chair, and Mr. Lloyd Tevis act as secretary of the meeting.

MR. CROCKER.—I thank, you, gentlemen, for the honor you have conferred upon me, and for this opportunity to identify myself with so noble an enterprise. I heartily indorse all that has been said. I have given this matter some reflection, and at the proper time shall take pleasure in submitting some plans I have entertained for the establishment of a technic school, where our young people may be taught the practical industries of life. I know something of the struggles against poverty, and I know that with industry and opportunity the world will give a generous living to all who struggle for it.

MR. J. B. HAGGIN.—Mr. President, this movement has my most earnest sympathy. It is time that we should begin to think of our deserving poor. Children left orphan and destitute find friends to care for them; the sick are provided for; the laboring poor rarely find themselves in so pitiable a condion as those who are suddenly precipitated from independence to poverty; they better know how to meet and stem the rough winds and currents. The well bred, proud poor—if I may be allowed the expression—have keener pangs than those born to the inheritance of poverty. I hope we may all feel the necessity of making this movement a success.

MR. D. O. MILLS.—It is time, Mr. President and gentlemen, that we who have been so signally favored in the accumulation of wealth in California should do something to show that we are not insensible to the fact that society has a right to demand something at our hands. It is time that we began to erect for ourselves some other, and firmer, and more enduring monument than our own homes, and prepare to leave behind us something more noticeable and lasting than the bronze and marble of our own monuments. I am proud to be enrolled among the founders of this proposed institution. I shall cheerfully contribute to place it upon a firm and lasting foundation.

GOVERNOR STANFORD.—I take pleasure in indorsing all that has been said, and I shall give my active and willing coöperation to promote this endowment. I realize that something is expected of us. I see about me half an hundred gentlemen, all of whom were poor boys. Not one of us inherited a fortune; we have all fought our way up from the ranks of honest birth by our energies and our industry. To some the mines have yielded their long hoarded treasure; to some the Government has loaned its credit; some have become enriched by the advance in real property, owing to the enterprise of their fellows; some from small beginnings have acquired wealth by the accumulations of interest; some have been enriched in commerce, some in manufacturing. But there is no fortune among us that has not been brought to us by the many. No man gets rich alone, none accumulate by themselves. Mines, railroads, banks, ships, shops, and lands depend for their profits upon the toilers. It is, therefore, most fit that we remember the poor and the unfortunate; and in my judgment none are so poor as those who have seen better days, and none so unfortunate as those women who are left to struggle alone.

MR. JOHN PARROTT then moves the appointment of an Executive Committee of thirteen to consider this question and report a plan of operations. All are agreed upon the propriety of the movement. In his judgment he deems it best to organize an incorporation with a substantial capital, this money to be expended in lands, buildings, workshops, schools, etc., for the promotion of the objects in view, with a board of competent business directors to manage the details.

MR. CHARLES FELTON thinks this institution should be established somewhere in the country, far enough away from the city to avoid its annoyances, and near enough to make its resources and markets available for such wares as may be manufactured, or such products as may come from the farm.

MR. LUNING thinks the farm would be a very desirable adjunct. In his native country a great deal of farm work is done by women; he knows there is a prejudice against out-door labor by American women, and by many it is supposed that females are incapable of that kind of toil.

MR. JOHN BIDWELL agrees with the views of the last two speakers. He is a farmer himself, and it is his opinion that fruit growing and fruit drying, especially the raisin culture, opens a large and profitable field of industry for resolute, healthy women, and that many after trial would prefer out-door employment to the confinement of house labors.

GOVERNOR DOWNEY, of Los Angeles, affirms from his own observation in the semi-tropical county in which he lives, and from his observations in the thermal, or fruit-growing belt, that this is a practical employment for women.

MR. PETER DONAHUE hopes the committee will be appointed. This matter now under discussion was proper for the consideration of that committee.

MR. JAMES FAIR remarks that in his judgment there are many industries and many vocations that may be found to be exceedingly profitable if rightfully and economically conducted. What is needed is capital, organization, and business ability. If anything is done he hopes it will be thorough. To make the experiment and fail will be a great calamity, as it will deter others from similar attempts; to succeed, will cause others to imitate, and this may become the pioneer institution from which many others will copy.

The discussion is continued, bringing out various suggestions, and finally, on the motion of Senator Sharon, it is—

"*Resolved*, That a committee of thirteen be appointed to consider and report a place of organization for the establishment and maintenance of a Woman's Industrial Home, and that the committee be required to report at an early day to be designated by the chair."

After this a desultory conversation is entered into by all the gentlemen present, the general plan foreshadowed being to form an incorporated company with $1,000,000 of capital; home near the city—probably in Marin county, where land is less expensive; a small beginning, allowing the scheme to develope as it advances.

The following gentlemen are then appointed as the Committee of Thirteen, and directed to report at an early day: Messrs. Lloyd Tevis, A. A. Cohen, Charles Felton, Henry Miller, Charles Main, H. M. Naglee, John F. Miller, Claus Spreckles, Clute Wilmerding, J. H. Redington, Thomas Williams, James D. Fair, and Charles Crocker.

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### Obscure Intimations.

524, Kansas City.—We do not seem to require a "legally appointed" special correspondent to keep us apprised to what is doing at the two excellent theatres of your city. We know these things by instinct.

J. P., San Francisco.—Unfortunately our staff is complete, and as long as we can keep our writers from running away to edit encyclopædias of universal knowledge we shall be pretty well "fixed." The first two vacancies, moreover, have been promised to Mr. Pickering and the Ahkoond of Swat.

CAPTIVE, Berkeley.—Verse should either rhyme or not rhyme; it should not be rhymed in some stanzas and unrhymed in succeeding stanzas of similar metrical construction. It must be admitted, however, that many estimable citizens of unimpeachable integrity write that way.

## LAW, MORALS, AND COMMON-SENSE.

### Mr. Justice Field's Famous Dissenting Opinion in the Matter of the Pacific Railroads.

[The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Field from the majority decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroad cases, involving the constitutionality of the Thurman Bill, is worth a careful and attentive reading. We believe the decision of the majority of the Court to be bad in law and bad in morals. We regard the opinion of Mr. Justice Field as unanswerable in its logic, and altogether sound in its legal conclusions. This opinion will be read by all persons interested in corporate property, by all lawyers, and by that large class of politicians who have heard the opinion assailed for its States' rights views. It is an intelligent exposition of the relation of States to the General Government, and would not, in our judgment, have been assailed by the Democratic or Republican party press if it had not been feared that Judge Field was, or would become, a formidable Presidential candidate. We regret that we can not also print the able opinions of Justices Bradley and Swayne, together with a very clever and well argued letter of Mr. C. P. Huntington to the New York *Nation*. This discussion is one of practical interest to our people. Compelling the railroad companies to anticipate the payment of a debt twenty years before due, and depriving them of the use of the money to extend their enterprises, cripples them to the extent of $1,200,000 per annum, and is calculated to place additional burdens upon that portion of our community that pays fares and freights. Whatever opinions may be held in reference to the great corporations, and whatever of prejudice against them may be entertained, the intelligent and honest judgment of all who examine this question will pronounce against this legislation of Congress, and the decision of the Supreme Court, as the breach of a contract entered into by the railroads with the Government in good faith, and in good faith adhered to by them till disturbed by legislative and judicial action.]

This decision will, in my opinion, tend to create insecurity in the title to corporate property in the country. It, in effect, determines that the general government, in its dealings with the Pacific Railroad Companies, is under no legal obligation to fulfill its contracts, and that whether it shall do so is a question of policy and not of duty. It also seems to me to recognize the right of the government to appropriate by legislative decree the earnings of these companies without judicial inquiry and determination as to its claim to such earnings, thus sanctioning the exercise of judicial functions in its own cases. And in respect to the Central Pacific Company it asserts a supremacy of the Federal over the State government in the control of the corporation which, in my judgment, is subversive of the rights of the State. I, therefore, am constrained to add some suggestions to those presented by my associates, Justices Stroog and Bradley. In what I have to say I shall confine myself chiefly to the case of the Central Pacific Company. That company is a State corporation, and is the successor of a corporation of the same name, created before the railroad acts of Congress were passed, and of four other corporations organized under the laws of the State. No sovereign attributes possessed by the general government were exercised in calling into existence the original company, or any of the companies with which it is now consolidated. They all derived their powers and capacities from the State, and held them at its will.

The relation of the general government to the Pacific companies is twofold: that of sovereign in its own territory, and that of contractor. As sovereign, its power extends to the enforcement of such acts and regulations by the companies as will insure, in the management of their roads, and conduct of their officers in its territory, the safety, convenience, and comfort of the public. It can exercise such control in its territory over all common carriers of passengers and property. As a contractor it is bound by its engagements equally with a private individual; it can not be relieved from them by any assertion of its sovereign authority.

Its relation to the original Central Pacific Company, and to the present company as its successor, in the construction and equipment of its road, and its use for public purposes, was and is that of a contractor, and the rights and obligations of both are to be measured, as in the case of similar relations between other parties, by the terms and conditions of the contract.

By the first section of the original railroad act of Congress, passed in July, 1862, certain persons therein designated were created a corporation by the name of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and authorized to construct and operate a continuous railroad and telegraph line from a designated point on the 100th meridian of longitude west from Greenwich to the eastern boundary of Nevada Territory, and were invested with the powers, privilges, and immunities necessary for that purpose, and with such as are usually conferred upon corporations.

By subsequent provisions of the act and the amendatory act of 1864, these grants were made to the company thus created: a grant of right of way over the public lands of the United States for the road and telegraph line; a grant of ten alternate sections of land on each side of the road, to aid in its construction and that of the telegraph line; and a grant of a certain number of subsidy bonds of the United States, each in the sum of one thousand dollars, payable in thirty years, with semi-annual interest—patents for the lands and the bonds to be issued as each twenty consecutive miles of the road and telegraph should be completed. These grants were made upon certain conditions as to the completion of the road and telegraph line, their construction and use by the government, and their pledge as security for the ultimate payment of the bonds. They were the considerations offered by the government to the company for the work which it undertook.

By the act which thus incorporated the Union Pacific Company, and made the grants mentioned, the United States proposed to the Central Pacific that it should construct in like manner a railroad and a telegraph line through the State of California from a point near the Pacific Coast to its eastern boundary, upon the same terms and conditions, and after completing them across the State, to continue their construction through the Territories of the United States until they should meet and connect with the road and telegraph line of the Union Pacific.

They, in effect, said to the company, that if it would construct a railroad and a telegraph line from the Pacific Ocean eastward to a connection with the Union Pacific—the road to be in all respects one of first class—and keep them in repair, so that they could be used at all times by any department of the government for the transmission of dispatches and the transportation of mails, troops, munitions of war, supplies, and public stores, at reasonable rates of compensation, not exceeding such as were charged private persons for similar services, and allow the government at all times the preference in the use of the road and telegraph—they would grant the company a right of way over the public lands for the construction of the road and telegraph line, and grant to it ten alternate sections of land on each side of the road, and give it their bonds, each for the sum of $1,000, payable thirty years after date, with semi-annual interest, such bonds to be issued at the rate of sixteen, thirty-two, or forty-eight the mile, according to the character of the country over which the road should be constructed; and would issue patents for the lands, and the subsidy bonds as each twenty consecutive miles of the road and telegraph should be completed in the manner prescribed; it being agreed that the company should pay the bonds as they should mature, and that for the security of their payment they should constitute a second mortgage upon the whole line of the road and telegraph, and that one-half of the compensation earned for services to the government, and, after the completion of the road, five per cent. of its net earnings should be returned and applied to the payment of the bonds; and also, that the company should complete the road by the first of July, 1876, and keep it in repair and use thereafter, or upon failure to do so, that the government might take possession of the road and complete it, or keep it in repair and use as the case might be. And they further, in effect, said that if these terms and conditions were satisfactory, the company should file its written acceptance thereof with the Secretary of the Interior, within six months thereafter; and that thereupon there should be a contract between them.

This proposition of the government the Central Pacific accepted, and filed its acceptance as required, and thereupon the provisions of the act became a contract between it and the United States, as complete and perfect as could be made by the most formal instrument. The United States thus came under obligation to the company to make the grants and issue the bonds stipulated, upon the construction of the road and telegraph line in the manner prescribed. The corporate capacity of the company in no respect affected the nature of the contract, or made it in any particular different from what it would have been had a natural person been one of the parties. The company was not a creature of the United States, and Congress could neither add to nor subtract from its corporate powers. The exercise of the right of eminent domain allowed in the Territories was not the exercise of a corporate power. That right belongs to the sovereign authority, and whoever exercises it does so as the agent of that sovereignty. Nor was its character as a State institution changed by the fact that it was permitted by Congress to extend its road through the territory of the United States. This permission was no more than the license which is usually extended by positive agreement, or by comity in the absence of such agreement, by one State to the corporations of another State, to do business and own property in its jurisdiction. Such license is not the source of corporate powers exercised. Insurance companies, express companies, and, indeed, companies organized for almost every kind of business, are, by comity, permitted throughout the United States, and generally throughout the civilized world, to do business, make contracts, and exercise their corporate powers in a jurisdiction where, in a strict legal sense, they have no corporate existence. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, for example, to take an illustration mentioned by counsel, is a corporation created under the laws of the State of New York, and, like the Central Pacific, has been subsidized by the United States. Its ships visit Central America, California, Japan, China, and in all these places it leases or owns wharves, and makes and enforces contracts necessary to the transaction of its business, yet no one has ever pretended or suggested that it derived any of its corporate powers from the United States, or from the authorities of any of the places named. By consent of those authorities, expressed in terms, or implied in what is understood as their comity, it exercises powers derived solely from the State of New York.

When, therefore, Congress assented to the extension into the territory of the United States of the road which the Central Pacific was authorized by its charter to construct in California, it was deemed important for the company to obtain also the consent and authority of the State to act without its limits and assume responsibilities not originally contemplated. Accordingly, in 1864, the Legislature of the State, at its second session after the adoption of the original railroad act of Congress, in order to enable the company to comply with its provisions and conditions, authorized the company to construct, maintain, and operate the road in the territory lying east of the State, and invested it with the rights, privileges, and powers granted by the act of Congress, with the reservation, however, that the company should *be subject to all the laws of the State concerning railroad and telegraph lines*, except that messages and property of the United States, of the State, and of the company should have priority of transmission and transportation. The extent of the power which was thus reserved we shall hereafter consider. It is sufficient at present to observe that it was as ample and complete as it is possible for one sovereignty to exert over institutions of its own creation, and that its exercise is incompatible with the control asserted by the law of Congress of 1878, which has given rise to the present suit.

The Central Pacific Company having accepted, as already stated, the conditions proffered by Congress, proceeded at once to the execution of its contract. In the face of great obstacles, doubts, and uncertainties its directors commenced and prosecuted the work, and within a period several years less than that prescribed, its portion of the telegraph line and road was completed, the latter with all the appurtenances of a first-class road, and were accepted by the government. Patents for the land granted, and the subsidy bonds mentioned, were accordingly issued to the company. Since then the road and telegraph line have been kept in repair and use, and the government has enjoyed all the privileges in the transmission of dispatches over the telegraph, and in the transportation of mails, troops, munitions of war, supplies, and public stores over the road, which were stipulated. There has been no failure on the part of the company to comply with its engagements, nor is any complaint of delinquency or neglect in its action made by the government. The road is more valuable now than on the day of its completion; it has been improved in its rails, bridges, cars, depots, turnouts, machine shops, and all other appurtenances. Its earnings have been constantly increasing, and it constitutes to-day a far better security to the United States for the ultimate payment of the subsidy bonds than at any period since its completion, and to the government it has caused, with its connecting road of the Union Pacific, an immense saving of expense. The records of the different departments show an annual saving, as compared with previous expenditures, in the item of transportation alone of the mails, troops, and public stores, of five millions, aggregating at this day over fifty millions of dollars.

While the company was thus complying in all respects with its engagements, the act of May 7, 1878, was passed, altering in essential particulars the contract of the company and greatly increasing it obligations. By the contract only one-half of the compensation for transportation for the government is to be retained and applied toward the payment of the bonds. By the act of 1878 the whole of such compensation is to be retained and thus applied. By the contract five per cent. only of the net earnings of the road are to be paid to the United States to be applied upon the subsidy bonds. By the act of 1878 twenty-five per cent. of the net earnings are to be thus paid and applied. By the contract the only security which the government had for its subsidy bonds was a second mortgage on the road and its appurtenances and telegraph line; and the company was allowed to give a first mortgage as security for its own bonds, issued for an equal amount. By the act of 1878 additional security is required for the ultimate payment of its own bonds, and the subsidy bonds of the United States, by the creation of what is termed a sinking fund—that is, by compelling the company to deposit twelve hundred thousand dollars a year in the treasury of the United States, to be held for such payment, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make the five per cent. net earnings, the whole sum earned as compensation for services, and sufficient in addition to make the whole reach twenty-five per cent. of the net earnings.

It is not material, in the view I take of the subject, whether the deposit of this large sum in the treasury of the creditor be termed a payment, or something else. It is the exaction from the company of money for which the original contract did not stipulate, which constitutes the objectionable feature of the act of 1878. The act thus makes a great change in the liabilities of the company. Its purpose, however disguised, is to coerce the payment of money years in advance of the time prescribed by the contract. That such legislation is beyond the power of Congress I can not entertain a doubt. The clauses of the original acts reserving a right to Congress to alter or amend them do not, in my judgment, justify the legislation. The power reserved under these clauses is declared to be for a specific purpose. The language in the act of 1862 is as follows: "And the better to accomplish the object of this act, to promote the public interest and welfare by the construction of said railroad and telegraph line, and keeping the same in working order, and to secure to the government at all times (but particularly in time of war) the use and benefits of the same for postal, military, and other purposes, Congress may at any time—having due regard for the rights of said companies named herein—add to, alter, amend, or repeal this act."—(Sec. 18.) The language of the amendatory act of 1864 is more general: "That Congress may at any time alter, amend, or repeal this act." The two acts are to be read together; they deal with the same subject; and are to be treated as if passed at the same time.—(Prescott vs. Railroad Co., 16 Wall., 603.) The limitations, therefore, imposed upon the exercise of the power of alteration and amendment in the act of 1862 must be held to apply to the power reserved in the act of 1864. They are not repealed, either expressly or impliedly, by anything in the latter act. If this be so, the legislation of 1878 can find no support in the clauses. The conditions upon which the reserved power could be exercised under them did not then exist. The road and telegraph had years before been constructed, and always kept in working order; and the government has at all times been secured in their use and benefits for postal, military, and other purposes.

But if the reserved power of alteration and amendment be considered as freed from the limitations designated, it can not be exerted to affect the contract so far as it has been executed, or the rights vested under it. When the road was completed in the manner prescribed and accepted, the company became entitled as of right to the land and subsidy bonds stipulated. The title to the land vested with the issue of the patents; the title to the bonds vested with their delivery. Any alteration of the acts under the reservation clauses, or their repeal, could not revoke the title to the lands, or recall the bonds, or change the right of the company to either. So far as these are concerned the contract was, long before the act of 1878, an executed and closed transaction, and they were as much beyond the reach of the government as any other property vested in private proprietorship. The right to hold the subsidy bonds for the period at which they are to run without paying or advancing money on them before their maturity, except as originally provided, or furnishing other security than that originally stipulated, was, on their delivery, as perfect as the right to hold the title to the land patented unencumbered by future liens of the government. Any alteration or amendment could only operate for the future and affect subsequent acts of the company; it could have no operation upon that which had already been done and vested.

There have been much discussion and great difference of opinion on many points as to the meaning and effect of a similar reservation in statutes of the States, but on the point that it does not authorize any interference with vested rights all the authorities concur. Such was the language of Chief Justice Shaw in the case cited from the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; and such is the language of Mr. Justice Clifford in the cases cited from this court. And such must be the case, or there would be no safety in dealing with the government where such a clause is inserted in its legislation. It could undo at pleasure every thing done under its authority, and despoil of their property those who had trusted to its

faith.—(Essex Co. vs. The Commonwealth, 13 Gray, 253; Miller vs. The State, 15 Wall., 498; Holyoke Co. vs. Lyman, Ibid, 522; see also Shields vs. Ohio, 95 U. S., 324, and Sage vs. Dillard, 15 B. Monroe, 35.)

The object of a reservation of this kind in acts of incorporation is to insure to the government control over corporate franchises, rights, and privileges which, in its sovereign or legislative capacity, it may call into existence, not to interfere with contracts which the corporation created by it may make. Such is the purport of our language in Tomlinson vs. Jessup, where we state the object of the reservation to be "to prevent a grant of *corporate* rights and privileges in a form which will preclude legislative interference with their exercise, if the public interest should at any time require such interference," and that "the reservation affects the entire relation between the State and corporation, and places under legislative control all rights, privileges, and immunities *derived by its charter directly from the State*."—(15 Wall., 454.) The same thing we repeated, with great distinctness, in the case of the Railroad Company vs. Maine, where we said that by the reservation the State retained the power to alter the act incorporating the company, in all particulars *constituting the grant to it of corporate rights, privileges, and immunities;* and that "the existence of the corporation, and its franchises and immunities, derived directly from the State, were thus kept under its control." But, we added, that "rights and interests acquired by the company, *not constituting a part of the contract of incorporation*, stand upon a different footing."—(96 U. S., 499.)

Now, there was no grant by the United States to the Central Pacific Company, of corporate rights, privileges, and immunities. No attribute of sovereignty was exercised by them in its creation. It took its life, and all its attributes and capacities, from the State. Whatever powers, rights, and privileges it acquired from the United States it took under its contract with them, and not otherwise. The relation between the parties being that of contractors, the rights and obligations of both, as already stated, are to be measured by the terms and conditions of the contract. And when the Government of the United States entered into that contract, it laid aside its sovereignty, and put itself on terms of equality with its contractors. It was then but a civil corporation, as incapable as the Central Pacific of releasing itself from its obligations, or of finally determining their extent and character. It could not, as justly observed by one of the counsel who argued this case, "*release itself and hold the other party* to the contract. It could not change its *obligations* and hold its *rights* unchanged. It can not bind itself as a *civil corporation*, and loose itself by its sovereign legislative power." This principle is aptly expressed by the great conservative statesman, Alexander Hamilton, in his report to Congress on the public credit, in 1795: "When a government," he observes, "enters into a contract with an individual, it deposes, as to the matter of the contract, its constitutional authority, and exchanges the character of legislator to that of a moral agent, with the same rights and obligations as an individual. Its promises may be justly considered out of its *power to legislate*, unless in aid of them. It is, in theory, impossible to reconcile the two ideas of a *promise which obliges* with a power *to make a law which can vary the effect of it*."—(Hamilton's Works, vol. 3, p. 518, 519.)

When, therefore, the Government of the United States entered into the contract with the Central Pacific, it could, no more than a private corporation or a private individual, finally construe and determine the extent of the company's rights and liabilities. If it had cause of complaint against the company, it could not undertake itself, by legislative decree, to redress the grievance, but was compelled to seek redress as all other civil corporations are compelled, through the judicial tribunals. If the company was wasting its property, of which no allegation is made, or impairing the security of the government, the remedy by suit was ample. To declare that one of two contracting parties is entitled, under the contract between them, to the payment of a greater sum than is admitted to be payable, or to other or greater security than that given, is not a legislative function. It is judicial action; it is the exercise of judicial power—and all such power, with respect to any transaction arising under the laws of the United States, is vested by the Constitution in the courts of the country.

In the case of The Commonwealth vs. The Proprietors of New Bedford Bridge, a corporation of Massachusetts, the Supreme Court of that State, speaking with reference to a contract between the parties, uses this language: "Each has equal rights and privileges under it, and neither can interpret its terms authoritatively so as to control and bind the rights of the other. The commonwealth has no more authority to construe the charter than the corporation. By becoming a party to a contract with its citizens the government divests itself of its sovereignty in respect to the terms and conditions of the contract, and its construction and interpretation, and stands in the same position as a private individual. If it were otherwise, the rights of parties contracting with the government would be held at the caprice of the sovereign, and exposed to all the risks arising from the corrupt or ill-judged use of misguided power. The interpretation or construction of contracts, when drawn in question, belong exclusive to the *judicial* department of the government. The legislature has no more power to construe their own contracts with their citizens than those which individuals make with each other. They can do neither without exercising judicial powers which would be contrary to the elementary principles of our government, as set forth in the Declaration of Rights."—(2 Gray, 350.)

In that case the charter of the corporation authorized the building of a toll-bridge across a navigable river, with two suitable draws at least thirty feet wide. A subsequent act required draws to be made of a greater width; but the court held that the question whether the draws already made were suitable, and constructed so as not unreasonably or unnecessarily to obstruct or impede public navigation, was not a question to be determined by the legislature, or by the corporation, but by the courts. It was a question which could not be authoritatively determined by either party so as to control and bind the other. "Like all other matters involving a controversy concerning public duty and private rights," said the court, "it is to be adjusted and settled in the regular tribunals, where questions of law and fact are adjudicated on fixed and established principles, and according to the forms and usages best adapted to secure the impartial administration of justice." In the case at bar, the government, by the act of 1878, undertakes to decide authoritatively what the obligations of the Central Pacific are, and in effect declares that if the directors of the company do not respect its construction, and obey its mandates, founded upon such construction, they shall be subject to fine and imprisonment.

The distinction between a judicial and a legislative act is well defined. The one determines what the law is, and what the rights of parties are with reference to transactions already had; the other prescribes what the law shall be in future cases arising under it. Wherever an act undertakes to determine a question of right or obligations, or of property, as the foundation upon which it proceeds, such act is to that extent a judicial one, and not the proper exercise of legislative functions. Thus an act of the Legislature of Illinois, authorizing the sale of the lands of an intestate, to raise a specific sum to pay certain parties their claims against the estate of the deceased for moneys advanced and liabilities incurred, was held unconstitutional on the ground that it involved a judicial determination that the estate was indebted to these parties for the moneys advanced and liabilities incurred. The ascertainment of indebtedness from one party to another, and a direction for its payment, the court considered to be judicial acts which could not be performed by the legislature.—(3 Scam., 238.) So also an act of the legislature of Tennessee authorizing a guardian of infant heirs to sell certain lands of which their ancestor died seized, and directing the proceeds to be applied to the payment of the ancestor's debts, was, on similar grounds, held to be unconstitutional.—(Jones vs. Perry, 10 Yerger, 59.) Tested by the principle thus illustrated, the act of 1878 must be held in many ways to transcend the legislative power of Congress.

I can not assent to the doctrine which would ascribe to the Federal Government a sovereign right to treat as it may choose corporations with which it deals, and would exempt it from that great law of morality which should bind all governments, as it binds all individuals, to do justice and keep faith. Because it was deemed important, on the adoption of the Constitution, in the light of what was known as tender laws, appraisement laws, stay laws, and installment laws of the States, which Story says had prostrated all private credit and all private morals, to insert a clause prohibiting the States from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts, and no clause prohibiting the Federal Government from like legislation is found, it is argued that no such prohibition upon it exists.

"It is true," as I had occasion to observe in another case, "there is no provision in the Constitution forbidding in express terms such legislation. And it is also true that there are express powers delegated to Congress, the execution of which necessarily operates to impair the obligation of contracts. It was the object of the framers of that instrument to create a national government, competent to represent the entire country in its relations with foreign nations and to accomplish by its legislation measures of common interest to all the people, which the several States in their independent capacities were incapable of effecting, or if capable, the execution of which would be attended with great difficulty and embarrassment. They, therefore, clothed Congress with all the powers essential to the successful accomplishment of these ends, and carefully withheld the grant of all other powers. Some of the powers granted, from their very nature, interfere in their execution with contracts of parties. The war suspends intercourse and commerce between citizens or subjects of belligerent nations; it renders during its continuance the performance of contracts, previously made, unlawful. These incidental consequences were contemplated in the grant of the war power. So the regulation of commerce and the imposition of duties may so affect the prices of articles imported or manufactured as to essentially alter the value of previous contracts respecting them; but this incidental consequence was seen in the grant of the power over commerce and duties. There can be no valid objection to laws passed in execution of express powers, that consequences like these follow incidentally from their execution. But it is otherwise when such consequences do not follow incidentally, but are directly enacted."

"The only express authority for any legislation affecting the obligation of contracts is found in the power to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy, the direct object of which is to release insolvent debtors from their contracts upon the surrender of their property."—(12 Wallace, 663.) From this express grant in the case of bankrupts the inference is deducible that there was no general power to interfere with contracts. If such general power existed there could have been no occasion for the delegation of an express power in the in the case of bankrupts. The argument for the general power from the absence of a special prohibition proceeds upon a misconception of the nature of the federal government as one of limited powers. It can exercise only such powers as are specifically granted or are necessarily implied. All other powers, not prohibited to the States, are reserved to them or to the people. As I said in the case referred to, the doctrine that where a power is not expressly forbidden it may be exercised, would change the whole character of our government. According to the great commentators on the Constitution, and the opinions of the great jurists, who have studied and interpreted its meaning, the true doctrine is, that where a power is not in terms granted, and is not necessary or proper for the exercise of a power thus granted, it does not exist. It would not be pretended, for example, had there been no amendments to the Constitution as originally adopted, that Congress could have passed a law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or the right of the people to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances. The amendments prohibiting the exercise of any such power were adopted in the language of the preamble accompanying them, when presented to the States, "in order to prevent misconception or abuse" of the powers of the Constitution.

Independent of these views, there are many considerations which lead to the conclusion that the power to impair contracts, by direct action to that end, does not exist with the general government. In the first place, one of the objects of the Constitution, expressed in its preamble, was the establishment of justice, and what that meant in its relations to contracts is not left, as was justly said by the late Chief Justice, in Hepburn vs. Griswold, to inference or conjecture. As he observes, at the time the Constitution was undergoing discussion in the convention, the Congress of the Confederation was engaged in framing the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory, in which certain articles of compact were established between the people of the original States and the people of the territory, for the purpose, as expressed in the instrument, of extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, upon which the States, their laws and constitutions, were erected. By that ordinance it was declared, that in the just preservation of rights and property, "no law ought ever to be made, or have force in the said territory, that shall, in any manner, interfere with or affect private contracts or engagements *bona fide* and without fraud previously formed." The same provision, adds the Chief Justice, found more condensed expression in the prohibition upon the States against impairing the obligation of contracts, which has ever been recognized as an efficient safeguard against injustice, and, though the prohibition is not applied in terms to the government of the United States, he expressed the opinion, speaking for himself and the majority of the court at the time, that it was clear, "that those who framed and those who adopted the Constitution, intended that the spirit of this prohibition should pervade the entire body of legislation, and that the justice which the Constitution was ordained to establish was not thought by them to be compatible with legislation of an opposite tendency."—(8 Wallace, 623.)

Similar views are found expressed in the opinions of other judges of this court. In Calder vs. Bull, which was here in 1798, Mr. Justice Chase said, that there were acts which the Federal and State Legislatures could not do without exceeding their authority, and among them he mentioned: a law which punished a citizen for an innocent act, a law that destroyed or impaired the lawful private contracts of citizens, a law that made a man judge in his own case, and a law that took the property from A and gave it to B. "It is against all reason and justice," he added, "for a people to intrust a Legislature with such powers, and therefore it can not be presumed that they have done it. They may command what is right and prohibit what is wrong, but they can not change innocence into guilt or punish innocence as a crime, or violate the right of an antecedent lawful private contract, or the right of private property. To maintain that a Federal or State Legislature possesses such powers if they had not been expressly restrained, would, in my opinion, be a political heresy altogether inadmissible in all free republican governments."—(3 Dallas, 388.)

In Ogden vs. Saunders, which was before this court in 1827, Mr. Justice Thompson, referring to the clauses of the Constitution prohibiting the State from passing a bill of attainder, an *ex post facto law*, or a law impairing the obligation of contracts, said: "Neither provision can strictly be considered as introducing any new principle, but only for greater security and safety to incorporate into this charter provisions admitted by all to be among the first principles of our government. No State court would, I presume, sanction and enforce an *ex post facto* law, if no such prohibition was contained in the Constitution of the United States; so, neither would retrospective laws, taking away vested rights, be enforced. Such laws are repugnant to those fundamental principles upon which every just system of laws is founded."

In the *Federalist*, Mr. Madison declared that laws impairing the obligation of contracts were contrary to the first principles of the social compact and to every principle of sound legislation; and in the Dartmouth College case Mr. Webster contended that acts which were there held to impair the obligation of contracts were not the exercise of a power properly legislative, as their object and effect was to take away vested rights. "To justify the taking away of vested rights," he said, "there must be a forfeiture, to adjudge upon and declare which is the proper province of the judiciary." Surely the Constitution would have failed to establish justice had it allowed the exercise of such a dangerous power to the Congress of the United States.

In the second place, legislation impairing the obligation of contracts infringes upon the provision of the Constitution which declares that no one shall be deprived of his property without due process of law; and that means by law in its regular course of administration through the courts of justice. Contracts are property, and a large portion of the wealth of the country exists in that form. Whatever impairs their value diminishes, therefore, the property of the owner, and if that be effected by direct legislative action operating upon the contract, forbidding its enforcement or transfer, or otherwise restricting its use, the owner is as much deprived of his property without due process of law as if the contract were impounded, or the value it represents were in terms wholly or partially confiscated.

In the case at the bar the contract with the Central Pacific is, as I have said, changed in essential particulars. The company is compelled to accept it in its changed form, and by legislative decree, without the intervention of the courts, that is, without due process of law, to pay out of its earnings each year to its contractors, the United States, or deposit with them, a sum that may amount to twelve hundred thousand dollars, and this, twenty years before the debt to which it is to be applied becomes due and payable by the company. If this taking of the earnings of the company and keeping them from its use during these twenty years to come is not depriving the company of its property, it would be difficult to give any meaning to the provision of the Constitution. It will only be necessary hereafter to give to the seizure of another's property or earnings a new name—to call it the creation of a sinking fund, or the providing against the possible wastefulness or improvidence of the owner—to get rid of the constitutional restraint. To my mind the evasion of that clause, the frittering away of all sense and meaning to it, are insuperable objections to the legislation of Congress. Where contracts are impaired, or when operating against the government are sought to be evaded and avoided by legislation, a blow is given to the security of all property. If the government will not keep its faith, little better can be expected from the citizen. If contracts are not observed, no property will in the end be respected; and all history shows that rights of persons are unsafe where property is insecure. Protection to one goes with protection to the other; and there can be neither prosperity nor progress where this foundation of all just government is [illegible]tled. "The moment," said the elder Adams, "the i[illegible] admitted into society that property is not as sacred a[illegible]

laws of God, and that there is not a force of law and public justice to protect it, anarchy and tyranny commence."

I am aware of the opinion which prevails generally that the Pacific railroad corporations have, by their accumulation of wealth, and the numbers in their employ, become so powerful as to be disturbing and dangerous influences in the legislation of the country, and that they should, therefore, be brought by stringent measures into subjection to the State. This may be true; I do not say that it is not; but if it is, it furnishes no justification for the repudiation or evasion of the contracts made with them by the government. The law that protects the wealth of the most powerful, protects also the earnings of the most humble; and the law which would confiscate the property of the one would in the end take the earnings of the other.

There are many other objections to the act of Congress besides those I have mentioned—each to my mind convincing—but why add to what has already been said. If the reasons given will not convince, neither would any others which could be presented. I will, therefore, refer only to the interference of the law with the rights of the State of California.

The Central Pacific being a State corporation, the law creating it is, by the Constitution of California, subject to alteration, amendment, and repeal by its Legislature at any time—a power which the Legislature can neither abdicate nor transfer. In its assent given to the company to extend its road into the territory of the United States—the general government having authorized the extension—the Legislature reserved the same control which it possesses over other railroad and telegraph companies created by it. That control, under the new Constitution, goes, as is claimed, to the extent of regulating the fares and freights of the company, thus limiting its income or earnings, and of supervising all its business, even to the keeping of its accounts, making disobedience of its directors to the regulations established for its management punishable by fine and imprisonment, and the Legislature may impose the additional penalty of a forfeiture of the franchises and privileges of the company. The law in existence when the corporation was created, and still in force, requires the creation of a sinking fund by the company to meet its bonds, and under it large sums have been accumulated for that purpose, and still further sums must be raised. In a word, the law of the State undertakes to control and manage the corporation, in all particulars required for the service, convenience, and protection of the public; and can there be a doubt in the mind of any one that over its own creations the State has, within its own territory, as against the United States, the superior authority?

Yet the power asserted by the general government in the passage of the act of 1878 would justify legislation affecting all the affairs of the company, both in the State and in the territories of the United States. It could treble the amount of the sum to be annually deposited in the sinking fund; it could command the immediate deposit of the entire amount of the ultimate indebedness; it could change the order of the liens held by the government and the first mortgage bondholders; it could extend the lien of the government beyond the property to the entire income of the company, and, in fact, does so by the act in question (sec. 9); it could require the transportation of the government to made without compensation, and it could subject the company to burdens which, if anticipated at the time, would have prevented the construction of the road. A power thus vast, once admitted to exist, might be exerted to control the entire affairs of the company, in direct conflict with the legislation of the State; its exercise would be a mere matter of legislative discretion in Congress. Yet it is clear that both governments can not control and manage the company in the same territory, subjecting its directors to fine and imprisonment for disobeying their regulations. Under the Constitution the management of local affairs is left chiefly to the States, and it never entered into the conception of its framers that under it the creations of the States could be taken from their control. Certain it is that over no subject is it more important for their interests that they should retain the management and direction than over corporations brought into existence by them. The decision of the majority goes a great way—further, it appears to me, than any heretofore made by the court—to weaken the authority of the States, as against the will of Congress. According to my understanding of its scope and reach, the United States have only to make a contract with a State corporation, and a loan to it, to oust the jurisdiction of the State, and place the corporation under their direction. It would seem plain that if legislation, taking institutions of the State from its control, can be sustained by this court, the government will drift from the limited and well-guarded system established by our fathers in a centralized and consolidated government.

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X., a Bohemian, sick and poor, not wishing to go to the hospital, calls at the residence of a doctor much in vogue to obtain advice. "I entered the reception-room very early," he says, in telling the story, "so as to be the first patient to see the doctor. Immediately after me came a sick idiot from the country. In his excitement he mistook me for the doctor, and bowed to me reverently. 'Be so good as to take a seat, sir,' I said to him in a magisterial tone; and he, thus encouraged, sank into a chair and proceeded to unfold to me all his symptoms and complaints. I listened with a superior air, and when he had concluded, said, 'My good sir, there is really nothing seriously wrong with you; from what you have told me I feel confident that the whole disease will pass off of itself.' The countryman rose gladly, bowed humbly, laid a napoleon on the mantelpiece, and withdrew, shedding happy tears. A napoleon—that is no small temptation to a poor devil of a Bohemian, and I was strongly tempted to collar it, for, after all, I had given him the consultation. But then conscience reasserted itself, and I would have died before I would have touched that money. I therefore contented myself with putting one of my gloves on the mantelpiece beside the napoleon, so that the doctor would think it was my fee which I had placed there in advance!"

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A man can always write better than he can speak. This is a rule of universal application. Even when a gentleman stands on the bank of a trout stream he gets no fish by speaking, though he be never so eloquent; but, on the other hand, if he just "drops a line" to the finny tribe, they respond with great alacrity—after a while.

## THE SUPERIOR SEX.

"They have their will—
The very devils can not plague them better."—*Shakspeare.*

No woman ever refused to accept pictures from her photographer because they flattered her.

"Dearest, let me correct your morals. You address me 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

Nine out of ten groups of young ladies one overhears talking on the streets or elsewhere will be found to use the pronoun he, his, or him some two hundred times oftener than any other words.

Mrs. Lily Langtry is described as having been, in her childhood, "a lovely little creature with floating golden hair, who used to dash about the island of Jersey on her little pony in most daring fashion."

A Miss Whitten, now at Damariscotta, Maine, has probably the longest hair of any woman in the world. It is eight feet long, and when dressed in a French twist it passes six times around her head.

"If you admire a young lady, and wish to know her as she really is, call upon her in the morning."—*Dr. Franklin.* Venerable shade, it will not do. When the morning comes it finds us already there

At Catskill, if a young man takes his girl to the opera house, and it begins to rain just as it lets out, in order to save hack hire he offers to walk her home, go-as-you-please, for the champion belt and what they can get at the gate.

One of our preachers said on Sunday afternoon: "The little good any of us can do must be done with our hearts thumping against the hearts of other men." And every young woman in church looked at every other young woman and smiled approvingly.

A tramp out West has been arrested and imprisoned for cutting off the hair of a lady whose tresses reached down to the ground. But think of the thousands of miles he must have traveled and the years of search he must have spent before he found such a young lady.

The $4,000,000 dowry of the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria has been put into the National Bank at Vienna. If all young men would positively refuse to name the day until the girls of their choice took precisely such decided action as this, there would be fewer heart-rending books written bearing the title "How to Live on $700 a Year."

"Miss Miller, of Ferris, Texas, chloroformed her father's dogs and eloped with a young man whom her father had forbidden the premises. The probabilities are that about a year hence she will conclude that her life would have been less miserable if she had chloroformed the young man and eloped with her father's dogs.

Tennyson is getting a little old, but a London paper says he is still very fond of waltzing. That he waltzes well his best friends would be slow to assert; but many a fair lady is glad to sacrifice the perfect performance of a few moments for the honor of having her waist zoned by the illustrious right hand that wrote "Come into the garden, Maud."

When in 1860 the Empress Eugénie visited the Lake of Annecy she was so greatly charmed with the scenery that, wishing others to enjoy it from every point of view, she presented the town of Annecy with a steamboat for public use. The grateful townsfolk erected a handsome pillar to commemorate her generosity. It is still standing, but in an excess of Republican zeal they have had the Empress's name chipped off.

A spirited woman put an end to a duel near Berlin three weeks ago. Principals, seconds, and an army surgeon were on the ground, and the pistols were loading, when the lady suddenly drove up in a swift droschky to the place of meeting, stepped up to her husband's seconds, snatched a pistol from his hand, and directing its muzzle toward her bosom, declared that she would kill herself unless the projected duel were at once given up. The whole party returned peaceably to Berlin.

A sewing machine agent, by the name of Pendleton, thought he would test the affections of his wife. He accordingly went to an upper story of his residence and opened the window. He then tied a stout rope around his body under his arms, fastened one end to something in the room, and stepped out of the window. He then made a noise which attracted his wife's attention. She came and beheld the perilous predicament which he was in. She felt the need of doing something at once to save her husband. In her excitement she seized a knife and cut the rope.

An American lady, who has lived in England, says: "For the street English women dress horribly, but for dinner parties and balls they are lovely. They wear usually either white or black, and their skins and complexions are dazzling. But every English woman when she gets to be thirty-five or forty has a rash break out on her nose. I believe it is because they drink so much. They are always drinking wine and all that with their meals. They don't get faded and worn looking as we American women do, but they get very stout and their beautiful complexions get to be really "beery."

A Boston lady recently returned from England has brought some photographs of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West, the reigning London beauties, differing from any we have seen for sale here. Mrs. Langtry is represented in a costume of real preraphaelite cut, suggesting that of "Marguerite" in *Faust.* Her face, in this picture, is a trifle heavy, though the features are good. Mrs. West has a strongly American style of beauty, but is no more striking in appearance than a thousand American women who might be found at a day's notice in Boston and New York. The question arises whether these ladies enjoy their distinction because of the scarcity of beauty in England, or because they are unusually charming in manner and conversation. We would be willing to risk something in the assertion that softness and sweetness of voice—in which American ladies are often sadly deficient—has a good deal to do with it.

## BOOK-COVER REVIEWS.

The house of Billings, Harbourne & Co. place us under continued obligations, by the presentation of new books, which, in a weekly journal, we have not the space to review as the character of the works and the generosity of the publishers merit. We must content ourselves, therefore, with the mere mention of author and publisher:

*Mildred at Roselands*, a novel by Martha Tinley (Martha Farquharson). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

*In Prison and Out*, by Herbert Stretton. Same publishers.

*Pocahontas.* Historical and sketchy, treats of the early settlement of Virginia. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. Published also by Dodd, Meade & Co., New York.

A book of poems, entitled *All Along the Potomac*, by Ethel Lynn Beers. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

*Christie Johnstone*, a novel by Charles Reade; *A Gentle Belle*, by Christine Reid; another of the series of Health Primers, *The Skin and Its Troubles*, are all published by Appleton & Co., New York.

A beautifully illustrated and altogether very charming book of Children's Poems is issued by Porter, Coates & Co., of Philadelphia. The work is edited by Henry T. Coates, author of the *Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry.* It professes to have chosen only poems of a high literary merit, and largely those containing narratives, catching the idea from that universal disposition of the youthful mind to enjoy story-telling. Selections are made from the best authors in the English language. It is an elegant and desirable Christmas gift for children between the ages of six and twenty. Children of a larger growth will also enjoy this volume.

From the house of D. Appleton & Co. we receive *Appleton's Dictionary of New York*, a handy volume in paper covers, not too large for the ulster-pocket of the tourist. A useful work, we should say, to all those who expect to go to New York, as well as to those who can not go—this latter class including all the former.

Billings, Harbourne & Co. have received from the same publishers Thomas Dunman's *Glossary of Scientific Terms*, a copious lexicon of biological, physiological, and anatomical terminology, which ought by a little study to enable even the most hardened and impenitent ignoramus to pass for a scientist of respectable attainments. It has enabled us.

What Mr. Dunham has done for science in this way—and who can doubt his important service?—Mr. Frederick G. Ireland has accomplished for letters by his *Pocket Classical Dictionary*, for sale by the same house, G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Whoever the Greeks and Romans had a name for is mentioned in his alphabetical order in this little volume. With this in one's pocket one ought to be able to rout, overthrow, and utterly confound the most learned talker of the Bohemian Club by merely pulling it on him as if one did not know it were loaded. It is easy to prefigure the consternation of the Club at perceiving in black and white that Themistocles was not the son of Marcus Aurelius, and that his name does not rhyme with "cockles."

Several books are ticketed for review next week if the publishers in alarm do not ask for them back.

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The fashion of not wearing gloves, says the Boston *Courier*, which has been so economical for gentlemen for a year or so past is slowly on the wane. We do not all of us know it, but the truth is that American men take their fashions from the Prince of Wales. His slightest actions are carefully watched, noted, and faithfully imitated by the English swells, and by some mysterious process the fashion makes its way across the water, and when we go to buy a hat or to be measured for a suit of clothes, and we are told "they are wearing them smaller this season," or "double-breasted will be the style this fall, sir," we take it as a dispensation of Providence, innocent of the fact that we, free-born Americans, are adopting the fashions decreed by a foreign despot, and what is worse, getting them always about a year behind. A gentleman who was in London last summer was told by his friend to wear only the left hand glove and carry the right hand one in the left hand, leaving the right hand bare, because "only cads wore both gloves."

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Froude, the historian, in writing of Julius Cæsar, remarks that throughout his career Cæsar displayed always a singular indifference to life. He had not much belief either in God or the gods. On all such questions he observed from first to last a profound silence, except on one occasion, when a majority of the Senate, of which he was then a young member, wished to consign a large number of political offenders to capital punishment. Cæsar opposed this. He contended that death was not a punishment at all. Death was the end of human suffering. In the grave there was neither joy nor sorrow. When a man was dead he ceased to be; he became as he had been before he was born.

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About an hour after dark the other night an Oakland man passing up town discovered a man lying in the middle of the street, and an examination proved that the stranger was drunk and asleep. He was hauled to the sidewalk, aroused from his stupor, and the citizen said: "I tell you, old man, you've had a pretty close shave from being run over and killed by some passing vehicle." "Yes, that's so," replied the inebriate. "I'm glad it's dark. If this thing had happened in daylight you don't know how degraded I should feel! You can go home—I'm going to sleep again!"

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"Ouida's" name is Rosa de la Rama, and she is the daughter of a Frenchman. More information than this the most indefatigable interviewer has not been able to get from the author. She lives in a lovely villa, about two miles from Florence, where she is surrounded by books, pictures, and, what she prizes more than both of these, dogs. She has a burying-ground on her place for her dogs, where they are laid away with a tenderness that is not always bestowed on the human race.

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Grief has its alleviations. The poignancy of an inch deep mourning border on one's note paper is perceptibly softened by the introduction of a fan in lavender and silver set in the corner of each sheet.

## LITERATURE.

R. Worthington, the publisher, will issue a volume entitled *The Mischief Book*. Get it for your girl; she knows something about the subject.

"Her head floats, merged over the ears, in her heart," is how the Professor of English Literature in the School of Oratory, Boston University, prefers to write of Shakspeare's "Portia." His own head similarly merged would rest on the bottom.

Theodore Tilton's new book of poems is called *Thou and I*, though it is mostly *I*.

Mr. Charles Reade is getting so deaf that it is almost impossible to flatter him.

The *Magazine of Art* for October has a sketch of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson Butler, the painter of "The Roll Call." She is ugly.

*Four Months in a Sneak-Box* is the captivating title of a book by Mr. Nathaniel H. Bishop, the author of *The Voyage of a Paper Canoe*. A sneak-box is only a duck boat wherein to circumvent and astonish the unsuspecting mallard and the trusting canvas-back.

Emile Zola's *Le Ventre de Paris* takes the reader out the laundry, the dram-shop, and the gutters of his *L'Assommoir* into the purer and more refined atmosphere of the *abattoir* and the butcher business.

Persons who hold, with us, that Herod was one of the greatest benefactors of his time, and that *scarletina* can do no wrong, will find their controversial hands strengthened by Mr. Sidney Lanier's latest venture in letters—*Froissart's Chronicles* expurgated and adapted to the nursery.

The December *Atlantic* will have a critical and biographical study of Ivan Turgénief. In the absence of a story by him this will "do to stop a gap."

*The Boy Emigrants*, a story by Noah Brooks, whilom editor of the *Alta*, will be brought out in England. "The publishers," it is naively stated, "have asked permission to cut out such words as make the dialogue unintelligible to English minds." Not an unreasonable request, certainly—merely to elide a few *Altaisms*.

Macaulay, it is known, did not include his essay on Barère among the collected papers of which he authorized the republication. His reasons appear in a letter to Napier. "The essay," he says, "is a shade, unrelieved by light," "the fault of the subject rather than the painter," however. He adds: "Thus to the many reasons which all honest men have for hating Barère, I may add a reason personal to myself—that the excess of his rascality has spoiled my paper on him." We have felt something like this ourselves; we can forgive our enemies their follies and vices, but their obscurity, which makes it unprofitable to attack them, is a sin which we can not overlook nor they condone.

In a work called *Shakspeare's Morals*, Mr. Arthur Gilman will endeavor to show by parallel passages that Shakspeare was largely indebted to the Bible. Gentle Anne Hathaway looks down from heaven, mutely hoping that Mr. Gilman will not select for his purpose a certain little love passage in the poet's life.

One hopes that the legal maxim, *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*, is not of divine origin when one is reminded that in the beginning of the last century the earnings of a workingman for fifteen years would not have purchased a Bible—not even a Latin one.

O Bob Burdette,
When you did set
Your hand to fancies funny,
You did not say
That you'd some day
Republish them for money.
Jokes bound in calf provoke a grin—
At the calf, Bob, who gave the skin.

O Bob Burdette,
'Tis wrong, my pet,
So long a season after,
To tickle, sir,
Death's ribs, and stir
Our late lamented laughter.
For laughter in a tomb is known
To frighten when the tomb's its own.

M. Victor Hugo, at the supper recently given to celebrate the one hundredth representation of *Notre Dame de Paris*, said, rather picturesquely: "It is literature that makes nations great. It is by Homer and Æschylus that Athens exists; it is by Tacitus and Juvenal that Rome dominates; it is by Rabelais, Molière, and Voltaire that France reigns. Three cities only in history deserve the name of *urbs*, which seems to sum up at a given moment the whole of humor and intelligence. Those three cities are Athens, Rome, and Paris. The whole of Italy is expressed in the word Danté; the whole of England in the word Shakspeare." And then, after a moment's reflection, as if the matter was too sacred for hasty treatment, M. Hugo added: "When one has said 'Hector Stuart' one has said 'San Francisco from the Mission southwestward.'"

Mr. Sala's new book, *Paris Herself Again*, is more amusing than most novels, full of information, and of innumerable anecdotes for the dinner-table and the smoking-room. There is no style so chatty and so unwearying as that of which Mr. Sala is a master. Like Sidney Smith, he "is fond of gossipping and has some talents for it." We expect Billings, Harbourne & Co. to get this book and give it to us.

The first number of *The Californian* will be issued about the fifth of December. It will contain the best work of our best writers, and is coming to stay. It is above the vicissitudes of fortune, and will survive even Mr. Carmany, who slew the *Overland*.

## THE BLACKNESS OF WHITE.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—SIR:—On a foggy evening, which was August 14th, 1879, I sat in the main street of Watsonville, Santa Cruz County, State of California. I sat in a standing crowd (I had captured a chair) beside a fire made of goods boxes, old boards, and other trash, and listened to the Workingmen's candidate for Governor making what his followers called a speech. His first point was an attempt to justify himself in departing from the Democratic party. He did this by reminding his hearers that he had raised a family in their midst, and gone out and in before this people for over twenty years. By this array of domestic facts we all understood him to be conveying to us the idea that he was an honest, conscientious, patriarchal person. Then he showed that being such a man, at the head of such a family, it was no longer possible, for him, to train or trade with a party so corrupt, so lost to all sense of honesty, so prone to promise-breaking as the Democratic party. Hence he had joined the Workingmen's party, deeming it the only party fit for honest men to support.

He also spoke of the general badness of the Republican party; but I permit that party to attend to its own business.

This speech, as I have just said, was delivered August 14, 1879, at which date the Democratic party was too corrupt for Mr. White, his wife, and his children—for he always introduced them into politics—to say nothing of "his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

Now, in less than three months from the date of that speech, this same innocent, honest old man is appointed to the office of Bank Commissioner by this corrupt party, which he had left in conscientious disgust. If the Democracy was corrupt then it is no better now. In fact it is worse, for if it were not its leaders would be honorable enough not to buy trash with corruption.

But then, here comes the family again. Mr. White's friends say "the old man is poor and has a large family, and a nice family." Very good. A nice large family covers a multitude of sins, and "Blessed is the man who hath his quiver full of such;" but when did it become honorable to feed a nice family on the wages of sin? What right has a man to call his neighbors out into the street on a foggy night and hold them there while he relates to them, in studied phrase, the sins and corruptions of the Democratic party, calling upon his family record to justify the rectitude of his intentions; and then, in less than three months thereafter, permits Gov. Irwin, Jim Farley, and Tom Beck to overturn the Democratic swill barrel into the family trough? Not only permits it, but obsequiously accepts the odorous charity. Is poverty no longer joined with honor in California? Can corruption bring forth incorruption? Go to. The conundrum is older than Christ.

If this appointment is for any other purpose than as a high-toned charity to the White family I should like to know it. As a Democrat, I have a right to be informed of it. If it is to buy the forty-four thousand Workingmen's votes in this State, I predict its failure. If it is to give Mr. Tom Beck Irish prestige in Santa Cruz County, it is a doubtful move. If it is to reward Mr. White for some ancient service done for Mr. Beck, then it is a swindle upon the people, for Mr. White has not the education, the habits, nor the training to enable him to cope with expert and deeply-skilled financiers and bookkeepers—such as are to be found in the banking houses of California.

Some of Mr. White's more innocent, or pretended innocent, friends (for you can not always tell if Irish unsophistication is real or assumed) say that, begorra, he wouldn't take the office till they promised him to fire out Mayor Bryant, Tommy O'Connor, and thim corrupt divils in the city. That's Irish taffy, or potato cake, I don't know which. I rather think it is potato cake. "Thim corrupt divils in the city" are not so easily fired out by any body, much less by such men as are concerned in White's appointment.

But let me change this subject and come to the point which induced me to write you. Now that the Workingmen's candidate is provided for by the State Democratic Administration, regardless of all principle, can not the N. C. P. candidate, Dr. Hugh J. Glenn, be provided for by the Republican Administration at Washington? He got more votes than White, therefore he is worth more. Can not he be sent as Minister to England in place of that sugar and molasses fellow of Philadelphia? I understand old sugar and molasses wants to come home. Dr. Glenn, as "the boss farmer of California," would have a good effect upon the great respectable class of dissatisfied farmers and tenants of England, and would greatly help to turn the attention of that respectable and solid class to the lands of the Pacific slope. Dr. Glenn would make a better representative at the Court of the Empress of India than Mr. White will make at the Court of Mammon. Pitch in, and help me to work this thing up.

On second thought I deem it proper to say that I believe Dr. Glenn has never been a friend of the Republican party, either in fact or on pretense; but, if parties have only practices and not principles, that fact need not hurt him. He never abused the Republicans in as bad a way as White has the Democrats. Glenn is an open enemy, not a traitor, to the Republican cause, and as such he is entitled to belligerent rights and open capture. He may be difficult to take; but he received votes.

Governor Irwin might do one thing more to immortalize his name. If he will now devote his private fortune to the erection of a monument to Judas Iscariot, his name will live in song and story. There were some good points about Judas if he *wasn't* a renegade Democrat with a large, nice family.

J. W. G.

One morning while General Grant was here he flanked his admirers by getting up at five o'clock and quietly stealing out from his hotel to examine the California Street cable road. When the first car came out of its house at 5:40, General Grant and a friend were patiently awaiting it. Taking seats the General rode to the end of the road and back. On his return he went through the engine-rooms, examined all the machinery, and expressed himself as delighted with what was to him a novel and interesting problem. Moving freight and passengers by fixed power he thought was destined, from its economy, to be adopted over all short lines. He returned to his hotel after an absence of two hours, during which time he had not been recognized nor annoyed by a curious following.

## MODJESKA'S ALBUM.

A correspondent of the Washington *Republic* affords us a peep at the photographs and autographs of some of the worthies whom the great actress has "brought to book."

General Sherman is dressed in uniform; the four buttons in groups, the three starred, flat epaulettes, proclaim his unique military standing. On his coat lappel hangs a single medal, a shield-shaped one. He holds his field-glass in his hand, and seems to be watching his enemy—in this case no one more terrible than the photographer, of course. A letter from the General accompanies this photograph, and in it the distinguished General "hopes to have the plesure of again meeting one whom he so much admires and respects, and writing in her beautiful album himself."

Longfellow! What a joy to study those, noble, pure features, the bright eyes, the amiable smile! Pleasant to observe, too, as a contrast to what is supposed to be a prerogative of poets—untidiness—is the neat costume of this great writer, the fine black coat, neat black tie, the speckless, well-fitting white vest. Longfellow quotes from himself the well-known lines:

"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

James T. Fields, in a black velvet coat, lousely knotted tie, looks like a Parisian artist in his atelier. His motto is:

"Courage. Nothing can withstand
Earnest heart and willing hand."

Mrs. Field, a delicate-looking lady, with long bands of hair sweeping her cheeks in a mode now generally disused, contributes an original stanza:

"Let summer follow spring,
And oaks renew their leaf,
And morning blossom sweet,
Nor give a hint of grief—
But only love can bring
Their glory to our feet."

"Willie" Winter, of the N. Y. *Tribune*, is seen in profile, with graceful, down-drooping head, eyelids half-closed, as if musing. He quotes:

"Oh, while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail?
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?"

Richard Watson Gilder, of *Scribner's*, indites an original poem to Modjeska. I only catch—to remember it—the opening lines of one of the stanzas, all of which are true poetry, though so full of eulogy:

"Lady, thy art, thy passion, were the spell,
That held me and still holds."

Charles Dudley Warner, a highly intellectual face, abundant grizzled hair, parted in the centre and waving in soft ripples; full beard; neat, "all alike" suit; reefing jacket, buttoned across the breast; eye-glasses. Mr. Warner writes:

"Modjeska! You come out of the East, compact of dew and fire, to puzzle us anew with the doubt if nature is not better than art; and you leave us unable to separate the genius of the artist from the charm of the woman."

Bright-eyed, quick, alert, straight, out-looking, with dark love-locks, curling over the broad forehead, is Edwin Booth, who quotes from Shakspeare:

"Oh, for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

Celia Thaxter's face is truly that of a poetess. Fine, cameo-like, three-quarters, the brown hair rippling over the brow, banded with a ribbon, and twisted at the nape in a Grecian chignon. She writes of Modjeska listening to deft fingers playing Chopin:

"Silent and thrilled she sat, her lovely face
Flushing and paling like a delicate rose
Shaken like summer winds from its repose,
Softly this way and that, with tender grace
Now touched with sun, now into shadow turned,
While full of kindred fire her deep eyes burned."

### Condensed Wisdom.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
—*Thomas Moore.*

Men are women's playthings; women are the devil's.—*Victor Hugo.*

Divorce converts marriage into a civil prostitution.—*Chateaubriand.*

The most lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed.—*Chamfort.*

The weak alone repent!—*Byron.*

The devil never cuts his very best flowers early.—*Ouida.*

Discouragement is of all ages; in youth it is a presentiment, in old age a remembrance.—*Balzac.*

The generality of friends put us out of conceit with friendship, as the generality of religious people put us out of conceit with religion.—*La Rochefoucault.*

Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.
—*Byron.*

Man prepares himself for privation by satiety, and succeeds in damning himself before commencing repentance.—*Emile Souvestre.*

Marriage is of all serious things the most ridiculous.—*Beaumarchais.*

Love! It is the only good thing in life.—*George Sand.*

Suspicion is full of eyes.—*Shakspeare.*

God created woman to tame man.—*Voltaire.*

Agreeable counsels are rarely useful counsels.—[illegible]

There is a woman at the origin of all great th[illegible] *martine.*

NETTIE B. S[illegible]

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—XII.

Theatricals Resumed.—A Dissatisfied "Old Stager" Satisfied.—The Bateman Children.

In returning to the subject of early theatrical representations, I feel called upon to answer a communication from some one signing himself "Old Stager," who holds that to San Francisco does not belong the honor of "giving the first show," and that Sacramento was a better "show town" than Frisco. Old Stager is politely informed in vulgar though expressive parlance that he is "giving us a chestnut." It was not at first my intention to go outside of San Francisco in recording my recollections, but after all I may as well, for his especial edification, try to remember something of events in other cities, especially if it will induce him to buy an ARGONAUT this morning after breakfast. The first performance ever given in California was in Monterey in 1844. The company was a small one, and C. E. Bingham was the manager and principal actor. J. H. McCabe, I believe, was a member of the company. Matters theatrical assumed prominent shape in Sacramento almost as early as San Francisco, and, for a season, took the lead of this city in the character and regularity of the entertainments presented. The old Eagle Theatre on Front Street was liberally patronized during the month preceding the erection of the Tehama Theatre, which, under the management of Mrs. Kirby, was justly deemed the leading theatre of California. During the earlier seasons of this establishment the principal performers included Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Hambleton, Mrs. Bingham, Mrs. Mestayer, Messrs. Atwater, Hambleton, Wright, McCabe, and Daly, with the later additions of Messrs. Stark, Coad, Bingham, McCloskey, Zabriskie, Vinson, and others. During the first year the management of the theatre, as well as the representation of all the leading female characters, devolved upon Mrs. Kirby, and she is said to have performed both tasks with consummate skill. I have spoken of this lady before, but am conscious that a return to the subject can not fail to be interesting, especially as the lady is still among us, in excellent health, and, although retired from the stage, is still fresh in the memories of our old time theatre-goers. She, with James Stark—afterward her husband—is associated with almost all of my first experiences as a play-goer. The latter arrived by the overland route in August, 1850, and shortly became associated with Mrs. Kirby in the management of the Tehama Theatre. They were soon married, and came to San Francisco, where they were, for a long series of seasons, great favorites. It may be sacrilege, in these days of Booths, McCulloughs, and Barretts, to make such an assertion, but so great and lasting was the impression made on my boyish mind by the acting of this gentleman—who was the first to introduce Shakspeare into California—that I am exceedingly loth to believe I have ever seen it excelled, if equaled. When I last saw him in an inferior *rôle* at Booth's Theatre, New York, a few years ago, his most ardent admirer of the old days could not have recognized him. The erect figure and flashing eye were gone, and his voice—never an over musical one—had become positively painful to hear. There is, however, some consolation in the thought that all of our present tragic luminaries, who shall fail to accumulate a hoard of filthy lucre, may one day, from necessity, follow in poor Jim Stark's path and descend to "old men." Another member of this company—Mr. H. F. Daly, once a prime California favorite—has already managed to land on the wrong side of the Rubicon, and is playing second old men in the Union Square Theatre, New York. Some of the old fire still remains, however, as was evidenced last winter when he undertook Charley Thorne's part in *The Banker's Daughter* at four hours' notice, and was most favorably compared with the New York pet by competent critics. Mr. Atwater has even passed the "old man" period, is one of the "papas" of the American stage, and travels with his daughter. Jack McCloskey is still fresh and happy, and occupies a fair political position in New York. He has much to answer for, however, having been guilty of the perpetration of *Across the Continent*, *Poverty Flat*, *Schneider*, and many other kindred atrocities. Hambleton, a most excellent comedian, who was ranked side by side with Burton, Placide, and Blake, McCron, who had few superiors in the delineation of tragic *rôles*, "Buck" Zabriskie, a fair actor and most fascinating, though "horrid man," sort of a fellow, and little Harry Coad have all crossed the river, and it is to be hoped that there are many of us who think sufficiently of the hereafter to cause us to wonder what they are doing over there. A couple of years ago I saw Harry "materialize," and he informed us that he was having a good time and playing decent parts at last. None of the ladies of this company, excepting Mrs. Stark, are still living—not to my knowledge at any rate. Until the winter of 1850 nearly all the dramatic talent of California was concentrated upon the Tehama boards; but when the Jenny Lind, Union, Metropolitan, and American theatres were built in this city Sacramento became more or less of a theatrical desert, and it has remained so, almost without intermission, ever since. For satisfactory evidence, *vide* return sales of nearly every manager who has taken out a "country snap."

Two weeks ago I had occasion to chronicle an event in the lives of the Batemans' *père et mère*, which was far from redounding to their credit. I neglected to state, probably from want of space, but more likely because I did not want to say too much about them at the same time, that much might be said in extenuation of what was then considered a most heinous crime, the adapting of a story to the stage, and claiming the work as original. To their credit be it recorded that in not one of the plays offered by the "twenty-one," was it possible for the Bateman children to appear, as there were no parts for them, and this was positively stipulated in the advertisement offering the prize. Thereupon *The Mother's Trust* was hastily prepared, scored a hit, and the prize of $1,000, which Mrs. Bateman had offered and won, was immediately given to the Orphan Asylum. These Bateman children were wonderful little creatures, and their success here was prodigious. Imagine two little tots of ten and twelve years of age appearing in a whole round of legitimate rôles, and even playing Richard III. successfully. It was, of course, absurd to see a Richard three feet high promise the bestowal of his royal favor upon a full-grown Buckingham, or a ten-year old Richmond offering his hand and heart to a Queen old enough to be his grandmother, but the audiences immediately suppressed the incipient titter, and applauded and wondered at these little prodigies. They were, indeed, wonderful, and it seems that the discovery of their genius was purely accidental. Mr. Bateman, while playing an engagement in an Eastern city, had occasion to use two children for the drama of *The Babes in the Wood*. It was found impossible to procure any, and in this dilemma Mr. Bateman resolved to let his little daughters, the youngest not then three years old, perform the parts. To the astonishment of both audience and parents the little ones acquitted themselves so admirably that the piece created a profound impression, and was repeated night after night to large audiences. The marked success of his children induced Mr. Bateman to prepare them in other characters better calculated to test their powers. They successfully appeared as "Bombastes" and the "King" in *Bombastes Furioso*, the "Duke of York" and "Prince of Wales" and other parts. The following year they appeared as "Richard" and "Richmond," "Tag" and "Little Pickle," and "Natz" and "Lisette," at the Boston Museum. From that period they immediately became full-fledged stars filling enormously successful engagements in all of the principal cities. Barnum scented them out, of course, and made Mr. Bateman a flattering offer for their services, which was accepted. He took them to England, where they created ever so much more excitement than dozens of Tom Thumbs. Is it then to be wondered at that two such celebrated magnates in the theatrical world carried away sack after sack of dust from this barbaric region? When their popularity began to wane, and everybody soon tires of prodigies, Pa Bateman worked up a series of "Farewell Tours," and as these were not then the well-known humbug of later days, he succeeded in creating a new and lucrative interest in them. There is no period though, in all my long and eventful career, when I was not continually hearing of the Batemans, *père, mère, et filles*. Conclusions drawn *ad lib.*

I remember a company in the old Metropolitan Theatre, under the management of Mrs. C. H. Sinclair, such as we can not afford to keep nowadays. Edwin Booth and J. B. Booth shared in the leading business—the latter doing most of the "heavies;" Bill Barry, then in the midst of his fame, low comedian; D. C. Anderson, old man. In business, corresponding to order in which they are named, were Messrs. Wilder, Thompson, Collins, and McGowan. The ladies were Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. Burrill, and others. Those were the days when young "Ted" Booth had just succeeded his father in the performance of leading *rôles*, and was deemed inadequate to fill the position. I have before me a criticism, which reads as follows: "Mr. Edwin Booth is laboring manfully to attain the enviable position in the hearts of our people just vacated by his father, and although not lacking in talent, he has evidently a superhuman task before him. He lacks those qualities most essential to the attainment of greatness, so strongly marked in his father, viz: a deep, sonorous voice, and manly vigor. * * * It is, however, with deep satisfaction that we commend his performance of 'Hamlet' last night. It was strongly marked by a deep sense of the requirements of the part, and in some scenes we should almost pronounce him great." "Ted" had, however, a warm friend and admirer in Dave Anderson, who, whenever an unkindly thrust from a too captious critic offended his sensitive nature, would tap him on the shoulder with: "Never mind 'em, Ted; by ——, you'll hit 'em yet." So great was Mr. Anderson's confidence in the talent of his friend, that he went with him to Australia, with the determination to "make a hit or walk back." History reveals nothing of the making of their fortunes in Australia, but there is no doubt that only the absence of sufficient dry land prevented them from walking back.

It was in the old Metropolitan also that I heard my first opera—*Lucrezia Borgia*, with Anna Bishop as the fiendish heroine, Herr Mengis the "Duke," Mr. Bentler, "Gennaro," and Julia Gould, "Maffio Orsini." There was some admirable singers in the operatic companies of those days, but my recollection of the choruses is of such a nature that I had better not record it, as some of the old-time choristers are still among us, and will always be—worse luck. The capable manager of the Metropolitan was an admirable actress withal, and her performance of the "Widow Cheerly" in *The Soldier's Daughter* occupy a prominent niche in the memories of us old timers. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Sinclair, last winter, in New York, and found her in splendid health and spirits, and an ornament to society. The old American is a very tender spot in my theatrical memory, and I touched upon it in a former letter, but neglected to state that here I first wept with the noble "Virginius," admirably played by C. R. Thorne, Sr., and laughed at the wondrous witticisms of *Pocahontas* as displayed by Billy Leighton and his resplendent wife. There may have been better representations of Brougham's best character, but I have no desire to be reminded of them. Like most San Franciscans I cling to first impressions, and contend—as far as is compatible with ordinary common sense—that "first is best." It may not be generally known—and it is my province to try to record events not generally known—that the American also saw the probably only well authenticated appearance on the boards of the late lamented Col. J. C. Cremony, then editor of the *Sun*. The occasion was the benefit of A. R. Phelps, the leading man of the theatre, and the play *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, with Cremony as the delicious vagabond. As is usual on such occasions, the company did their best to break him down. They were imperfect in their lines, and during the entire play gagged, guyed, and did everything in their power to discomfort the gentleman, who had a single fault—an unpardonable one in the eyes of the professon; he was an amateur. But the pluck which followed John C. Cremony to his death-bed was with him there, and to the intense disgust of the "fakers" he succeeded in going through the part most creditably, and won the hearty plaudits of that part of the press and public who are not hypercritical in everything. Phelps himself was a sharer in the plot to "queer the amateur," and I am pleased to remark that while the Colonel found an honored grave, Phelps is doing his best to drink himself to death with money earned playing utility parts in the variety theatres of Philadelphia.

CLAY M. GREENE.

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The proper form for a will nowadays will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate."

## THE COUNTERCHECK QUARRELSOME.

The Widow Empties Two Vials of her Sarcasm.

TUTTLETOWN, October 27, 1879.

MISS TARBOX:—I've just managed to get the drift of your Dutch boarding school *induction* letter through my bead, and thinking perhaps you might be terribly disappointed if I didn't answer and give you a few points on the Snaggleby lead, I proceed to answer at once. If there is anything I hate worse than *circumlocution* (and words as long as the moral law) it is disappointing people. You want to know my opinion of Jim Snaggleby. Well, in the first place he's an idiot. He hasn't the brains of a yearling calf, and don't know enough to come in out of the wet. I don't blame the poor fool particularly, though, for he was born so; but I do blame the people that are encouraging him in his idiocy. *Educated* people ought to know better than to lead him around by the nose, making him believe that he is *high-souled*, and *generous*, and all that kind of stuff. Folks who have traveled all over Europe, and associated with maccaroni *counts* and Limberger dukes, shouldn't play it as low down on the poor old man as they seem to be playing it at the present time. It ain't a square deal exactly, and not wishing to be personal, or to hurt feelings, I must say that I can't for the life of me see why the *high toned daughter* of a *high toned army sutler* should take such an interest in a man that we *low toned* neighbors of his didn't give a second thought to. Of course it ain't his money that attracts all the attention he's receiving—folks that could afford to lose three hundred thousand dollars by the bursting of a bank don't want to *marry* an idiot or a born fool simply because he sports a bank account. That wouldn't be according to European society manners, you know. It ain't high toned for a young girl who has been to Naples, and got her education in a Dutch boarding-school, to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather just to make a splurge on his coin, and wait for him to drop off the hooks to make a clean sweep and *buy a palazzo* in Italy with a hawk-nosed count in it. Not at all. It's *respect* that swings the lariat, and it's a *generous* old man that gets tangled in the rope. I don't suppose Mr. Count Lazzarone de Rattazi would marry a woman as old as Jim Snaggleby if every hair in her head hung with a diamond; and as you think so much of the Count, I don't suppose you would marry an old man unless you *respected* him—and couldn't get the Count. You say you have *good reason* for thinking that Jim will *honor* you by popping the question to you. Now when I was a little girl—about your age—I used to hear my older sisters say that it wasn't always safe to *count* your chickens before they were hatched—they never *had good reason* for *thinking* anything in the matrimony line until the popping time had arrived, and the spark had come to taw. But I suppose things have changed in these days of telephones and pinbacks, and a wink is as good as a nod to the blind fillies of the *best society*. If you want a man you can manage, you couldn't find a better shoat than old Snaggleby. He'd stand on his head for you all day if you told him to; and if I was you, after I'd gathered him in, and got my fist well into his sack, I'd dress him up like a circus clown, and turn him loose in the parlor to amuse my company. I wouldn't send him off to the *seclusion* of *his own apartments*, to *smoke the flying hours away*. I'd make him fill in the places where the yawns usually begin to pass around—after the latest scandal in high life has been tackled you know, or all the points of some blue-blooded Italian count has been gone over. I don't know how he'll pan out as a gallant, but I've no doubt he can beau you round to charity fairs and nigger shows as well, if not better, than Italian counts could—his *generosity* would make him hold his own in the charity fairs, and his idiocy is just the ticket at nigger show and such. I don't say that you'll be as happy with him for a husband as you would be in a *palazzo* with an Italian count, but I reckon you'll manage to get along as well with him as he will with the woman who'd a been an Italian countess if the Bank of California hadn't a failed. If I can assist you to corral old Snaggleby let me know, and I'll do it with *pleasure*. Yours truly,

PRISCILLA JONES.

To MISS MAUD TARBOX, Oakland, Cal.

The Old Pard's Dose.

TUTTLETOWN, October 27, 1879.

IDIOT:—You have sense enough left, I hope, to understand what I mean by *idiot*. You are actually an object of pity, Snaggleby, and the sooner a guardian's appointed for you, the better it'll be for Jim Snaggleby. Maybe you think I didn't see through the little game you attempted to play on me when you got that frog-eater to write that *billet*, as he called it. The lingo was bad enough, but the *sentiment* was worse—it was positively insulting. He told me to beware of jealousy! as if I was jealous, and especially of such a lout as you've become. There was a time, Jim, when I might have had hard feelings against you for looking cross-eyed at another woman, but since you've taken to running with the high-flyers and *army sutlers*, I've lost all interest in you. I don't care a snap of my finger whether you spend your money on painted Jezebels, or whether it goes for supplying you with straight jackets in the Stockton Insane Asylum. Jealous! Why, I wouldn't be jealous if you married a Digger Injun, much less the daughter of an army sutler, who'd a married a pigeon-toed Count if the Bank of California hadn't a burst, and laid her so flat that the Count wouldn't have her, and compelling her to play her points for a rich old fool like you. If you come to Tuolumne the boys are going to *shivaree* you for a wild, untamed, jackass fool. That's just what you are, Jim, and that's all there is about it. You don't seem to have sense enough to see that this army sutler's precious daughter's playing for your scads, and that as soon's you're petered out, she'll throw you like a bucking bronco. She'll hist you into the garret, while she makes a grand splurge in the parlor on your coin. She'll quarter all her poor relations on you, and loan half your property to that old father of hers to invest in stocks, and get strapped again. When she's squeezed you dry, she'll get up some fine morning and dust out of town with some Italian Count. That'll be the wind-up of the whole business, Jim, and you'll land in the poor-house like a chunk of mud into a duck-pond. It's hard to learn old curs new tricks, and a sight harder to learn an old Snaggleby

common sense when he's bald-headed, and has to put hair-dye on his whiskers. I don't want an invite to the wedding, Jim, because I feel as though I'd be taken sick during the ceremony. Your circus antics and monkey shines would make any *sensible* woman disgusted, but I don't believe they'll have much effect on the stomach of an army sutler's daughter—those kind of people don't feel particularly squeamish about anything there's money in, and they've got more hard cheek than the mules they drove when they were swindling the poor soldiers down South during the war. I hope you'll be happy with her, Jim; she's been highly educated, and, perhaps, if you coax her hard, she'll learn you how to spell short easy words, so that you won't have to hire foreign coat shakers or French bootblacks to do your corresponding for you. It isn't at all likely that she'll take enough interest in you outside of what she can make out of you to drive any common sense into you, and I don't know as it would be any use if she did take a notion to try it on, for it's natural with you, and you don't know any better. I pity you, Jim, from the bottom of my heart, and when that *gorgeous, fashionable woman* gets you on a string, the whole world will pity you as much as I do. The gang down at Frisbie's is making bets that you'll turn up in a divorce court before you have been tied to her apron strings six months, and that she'll get the half of your property that she don't spend before your suit's commenced. That's the way your cronies are talking about you. I don't want to hurt your feelings, by telling you what the women are saying—how do you like the prospect?

Your particular *friend*, PRISCILLA JONES.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY, Esq., Oakland, Cal.

## ARTISTS' MODELS.

Posing as Practiced in the New York Studios.

The art for which America has in the last few years become famous, excelling every other country in the world, is that of engraving on wood. How few there are who read the better class of illustrated literature, stop to consider the immense amount of trouble and expense that is incurred to obtain the true artistic effect.

Those who draw on wood are, in every sense of the word, entitled to the name of artist. They are generally young men or women who have a talent for this kind of work, but with little or no means to study the higher branches of their profession. They may generally be found on the third or fourth floor of some large building in a street just off Broadway, in the City of New York. Here they appear a little colony of industrious laborers, usually three or four sharing the same studio. It is a large room, the windows darkened and the light admitted from the roof. The room altogether presents more the appearance of an old curiosity shop than anything else. On rudely erected shelves are broken plaster casts, lay figures, blocks of wood, and all kinds of debris which gather in an artist's work room. Several platforms stand around the room in various positions, lay figures here and there, with some queer garments thrown about them. One corner of the apartment is partitioned off, and is a sort of dressing-room, which contains several old trunks filled with the shabbiest of costumes, for models to don whenever the artist finds it necessary to draw from life. There are from two to four desks in a room, and one or all, as the occasion may require, occupied from early morning until the sun goes down. These artists draw on small blocks of wood from subjects placed on a stand about six feet from them.

Models are a class entirely by themselves, and are generally poor women who have large families to support, or girls who try in an honest way to earn their living. It must not for one moment be supposed that they are not respectable; they choose this mode of earning a livelihood because no great intelligence is required and no special training is necessary. The pay is small and the employment precarious. As a rule the poser earns from ten to fifteen dollars a week, but some make more. If the model's *tout ensemble* is according to the rules of art there is a greater demand for her services than if she has only a beautiful arm, a handsome neck, or some other specialty. Having these advantages combined with physical endurance, a regular subject can make from twenty to twenty-five dollars a week ten months out of the twelve. But there are few who follow posing as a regular profession, many of them eking out a living in some other less exhaustive manner.

Then there are others, amateurs, as it were, who only occasionally appear in the studio, and who do so, not for the sake of supporting themselves, but to obtain an extra allowance; it may be for pin money, or perhaps to purchase themselves some little business which otherwise they could not obtain. It is in this class as a rule that the most intellectual models are found. Miss So-and-So is noted for her pretty foot and ankle. Whenever it is necessary to model or draw a foot she is engaged, receiving fifty or seventy-five cents an hour. A certain picture of a celebrated woman is wanted, the whole composition is frequently drawn from four or five different models—Miss A.'s foot is thought of, Miss B.'s bust, Miss C.'s head, and Miss D.'s neck and arms, etc.; but these are only in special cases. Ordinarily only one or two models are used. If the illustration is for a popular magazine, and it is to picture some well known scene with living figures in it, one male and one female subject are used. For instance, if the picture represents a store window with ladies looking in at the goods, the model is placed in various positions, attired as any lady would be for the street, and when one postion is completed she changes her dress and takes up another attitude, and so on till the artist has done with that part. She may then be posed to represent some other character; frequently she may be thus employed for five or six hours daily for a week. She may figure in the whole illustration, but in different guises. To practiced draughtsmen, however, the lines of the same figure may be detected through the whole series of illustrations.

Many models are ladies who move in the best society. At a reception given by the Lotos Club, of New York, one of the most respected and modest ladies of the city was confidentially pointed out to the writer as having been the model of a nude figure in a picture by a celebrated artist. The picture was placed on exhibition in the Academy of Design, and was the admiration of all who visited that institution. It was talked over by the most intimate friends of the lady, they little dreaming whose beauty they were praising. The elegance of the lines, the exquisite coloring, and the graceful pose made the artist famous for that kind of art labor. Sometimes the model's work is of the most painful description. Imagine every muscle set, and every one in a fixed position for ten or fifteen minutes—longer than this it would be impossible to pose without a few minutes' rest. Often the model does not note the length of time, and the artist, becoming deeply absorbed in his work, is forcibly reminded of the model's existence by a deep drawn sigh, or perhaps a sudden fainting spell, brought on by the constant tension of every fibre in the body. Rest is then given for a few minutes, and the position is resumed. The difficulty is always to get in exactly the same position. The same models are used in portrait painting to advantage. Some ladies have their portraits painted in profile. The face is taken from the original. The bust, arms, and neck are taken from some one else. The picture is hung on the wall, and the visitor is surprised at the very beautiful figure displayed by her hostess, not imagining for one moment that the head was put on the shoulders of another. Not long since a celebrated artist exhibited a picture at the Art Association in Boston, which drew the attention of connoisseurs, and was noticed by the public and the press in the most flattering manner. The picture represented a dancing bacchanal. The drawing was very beautiful, and the coloring was exquisitely soft and rosy. The face was the weakest part. It was discovered that it bore a resemblance to the artist's wife. When he was asked how that happened, he confessed that his wife was the model, and in order to obliterate any trace which might have unconsciously crept in his work, he had painted the face from fancy, but unwittingly he had left some slight resemblance of his beautiful wife.

*Genre* pictures are, however, the most fashionable just now, and the artists are devoting their attention to that style of work. The position models take for this style are at times most amusing. One lady, who posed for Mr. M. in a picture representing a young girl lying at full length on a couch reading a book, told the writer that never had she enjoyed *sitting* so much in her life. All she had to do was to take the most comfortable position, hold her novel, and read. Not so comfortable, however, was the man who posed for Mr. T., representing a man covered with bear skins. The time for the sitting was in the warmest part of August days, and the subject's condition after being covered with the skins for two hours can be better imagined than described.

Models are a necessity in art, and many complain how difficult it is to obtain the right kind. Many touching, as well as humorous, stories are told of them. Mr. T. relates the following about "The Tramp," as he was called. He was a character. A seedy suit of clothes covered an attenuated form, shambling along from one studio to another; but the head was a grand one—grizzed, curling hair, a long beard, a pure Grecian profile, and dreamy black eyes. He was about fifty years of age. Nothing was known of his life, yet he had the history of every artist in New York at his finger ends. He did not care for the pay so much; he had a passion for seeing himself in drawings. He was a welcome visitor at all the studios, and was never noticed by the outside world going in or coming out of his favorite haunts. At one time it was observed by Mr. T. that "The Tramp" had not been seen for weeks at any of his accustomed resorts. On inquiring and visiting the place where he lodged, it was found that he had died two days before. From the papers found in his possession it was discovered that at one time he was the art critic of several magazines and newspapers.

MAY WATSON.

### "Poor Carlotta."

Since the Empress Carlotta, after the disastrous fire at Tirvueren, has resided at the Château de Bouchout her health has greatly improved. She is allowed complete liberty, not only in the château, but in the park. The Queen of Belgium is most devoted to her sister-in-law, and her frequent—almost daily—visits are looked forward to with the greatest pleasure. The Empress has one remarkable peculiarity: she never speaks in the first person, but always uses the abstract substantive "on." "On desire," "on veut," "on exige," but affable and gracious to all, it is seldom that she goes beyond expressing a wish, "on desire." She takes a great interest in the families of the farmers and cottagers on the estate, and when inquiring about them says: "It is wished to know if they were well or happy," or she will mention to the gardener that "it is remarked" there are leaves in a certain alley that should be swept away, or that some alteration had been nicely done. The Empress' meals are served with the same ceremony as at a court, and she always prepares for them by making a change in her dress. When "l'Imperatrice est servie" has been announced she enters the dining-room and takes her seat, after making a ceremonial courtesy to her suite, composed of the governor of the palace, the medical attendant, and the ladies in waiting. Her appetite is excellent, and her conversation always sensible and to the point. There are subjects to which she never alludes, and which, but for occasional fits of abstraction, one might think were now completely banished from her mind. On the whole, the Empress Charlotte leads a life as quiet, as calm, and as happy as could be wished, and there is no foundation for the sensational reports that every now and then appear in the French papers. The Château de Bouchout belonged in 1139 to the Duke of Brabant, and since then it has passed into the hands of different noble families. In 1476 it was the property of the La Marche d'Arenbergs, and in 1832 it came into the possession of the Duc de Betuflort, of whom it was purchased by the King for its present destination. The Empress Charlotte inhabits the apartments of the first floor, which are decorated with valuable pictures by modern artists. In a little boudoir is a bust of the Emperor Maximilian, a *souvenir* brought from Mexico, and in the large salon a full sized portrait of the ill-fated prince, as well as portraits of the royal family of Belgium.

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It is a mean man who would fool a fish by wearing a white choker and clerical coat when strolling along the banks of a brook on Sunday.

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People who give tone to society rarely give society anything else.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Worldly-Wise.

Sweet little innocent! I look down in your eyes
Raised wond'ringly to mine,
Purely unwitting that your questioning surprise
Is of your sweet, ingenuous youth to wise,
Calm-moulded souls a sign.

'Tis not the fashion, dear, to wear your sympathies
Exposed to public gaze;
In fact, its quite the thing to hide from Argus eyes
The secret that you have a heart which often sighs
To follow other ways.

I grieve, dear girl, to think you can not always be
As fresh and pure as now;
You will grow weary of the hollowness and glee—
The superficial sapience in all you see,
The mask on every brow.

You look incredulous—but then you are so young
You have not felt the sting
Within life's opening rose; my dear, the human tongue
Gives, of all pains, the deadliest, most heart-wrung,
Yet is the sweetest thing!

It will not do to trust its promise utterly,
Words are no bondsmen more;
'Tis best to have no faith beyond the aim you see,
And hold yourself in watchful, wise security
Beyond another's power.

What can I mean? My girl, I know first love is sweet,
And dear beyond all doubt;
Have I not seen with worldly eyes your straying feet
Draw close beside the brook where love and spring-time meet,
And seek the treasure out?

Alas! alas! the sweet, frail thing will die some day,
Without a single sigh.
Is it not strange that we should let it go that way,
Knowing a sweeter love can never come to stay—
And yet we let it die?

I smile to see the scorn you show upon your face
At my rank heresy;
As if you said: "This love is born of such true grace
That it came to our hearts for an abiding place,
And it shall never die!"

My tender birdling! do you know the world is wide,
And lovers drift apart?
Or do you think your constancy is bravely tried
By a week's parting? Wait till years and seas divide,
Then trust you either heart!

I shall not wake you from your dream; the slumbrous air,
By counter currents met,
Will rouse you to a life of worldliness and care.
Ah, heaven! was not my own love-dream of youth so fair
That life is one regret?

NORTH COLUMBIA, October, 1879. MAY N. HAWLEY.

### Time.

An antique mansion, o'er whose sturdy walls,
The ivy, like a fond attendant, crawls,
Peeping within the casement's mullioned space—
Fantastic gables, high peaked roof and vane,
Carved spouts to carry off the rushing rain,
And creepers trailing, with caressing grace.

A porch ensculptured with armorials—
A paneled hall, where joyous daylight falls,
Through the stained crystal of the oriel wide,
A floor of polished oak, to ebon grown,
And stern old armoured portraits, gazing down,
In cycled apathy, ranged side by side!

Long sounding corridors where childish feet
And joyous prattle the grim silence greet,
Startling the echoes of the sober place—
Huge rooms where youth and beauty met or meet,
Where silken puppies frolic round the feet,
Lithe greyhounds grouping with unstudied grace!

The same old mansion, but with wall down-thrown,
The ever-faithful ivy fostering grown
Over each rent the wounded ruins show;
The daylight flooding the dismantled hall,
The tattered portraits rotting from the wall,
Or in a mildewed heap, up-piled below!

Within each chilly, slumbering corridor
The step and laugh of childhood sound no more;
Through each owl-tenanted, deserted room
Perchance the ghosts of youth and beauty move
And dally there with spectral wit and love,
Rend'ring more hideous still the settled gloom.

SALINAS, November, 1879. E. S.

### Despondency.

The daylight wanes. Across the panes
A fiery glow is cast;
It pales away—and so the day
Is done at last.
Oh, that my life, so full of strife,
Might burn into its west,
Pale away as did the day
And find its rest.

O tender Night, in brooding light
Thy shadowy garments fall—
Let me forget that morning yet
Will break thy blessed thrall.
Thou art not cold: dear shade, to fold
Me close, thou comest now.
Oh, hide me far in some dim star
On thy dark brow.

How sweet to die, as thus I lie
Close to thy breast;
Never to see, never to be—
This is the best.
Wake not to weep—only to sleep
For ever so! . . .
Gone is the pain from my cleared brain—
Night, must thou go?

Still must I live? Still must I give
Myself to the world—not the grave?
Ho! In the east the day's released—
I will be brave!

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. MUSIDORE ROWNTREE.

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"Pure religion and undefiled," according to the good book, "is to visit the widow and fatherless in affliction"—not with affliction, as many people understand it.

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Energy is like a tractable horse. It need's no spur.

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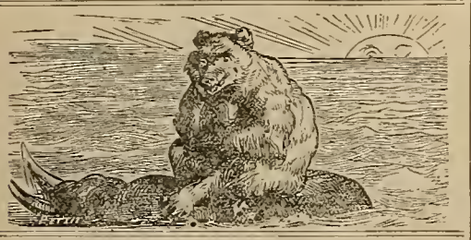

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.*

A friend, Mr. Lansing B. Mizner, residing at Benicia, predicts that the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, the son of President Harrison, will be nominated by the Republican party as its candidate for the Presidency, and sends us an editorial slip of the *New Era* giving reasons therefor. The matter is thus considered: "The nominee, to be successful, "must carry Ohio and Indiana, if New York is to be lost; "and while the Republicans may probably carry the Empire "State in the State elections, the bitter contest between Blaine "and Conkling will deter the Republicans from nominating "either, and that party has no other New York or Eastern "man who can hope to get the nomination. The fact that "Ohio has the present President, Chief Justice of the United "States Supreme Court, the General of the Army, and more "than a fair divide of other leading positions, will incline the "National Convention to look elsewhere than to the Buckeye "State for a candidate. This will shelve Sherman for simi-"lar reasons. Illinois can not expect her distinguished citi-"zen, Mr. Washburne, to be elected, as that State furnished "Lincoln and Grant, each having been twice elected. This "naturally brings us to Indiana for a candidate, and no citi-"zen of that State stands so fair before the American people "as Ben Harrison, the son of President Harrison. He made "a canvass three years ago for Governor of his State against "Blue Jeans Williams, which attracted as much attention as "the celebrated contest between Douglas and Lincoln, and "was only beaten by his greenback adversary by a few hun-"dred votes. And now that the inflation idea has exploded, "it brings Harrison all the more prominently before the na-"tion; and it is believed that his talents and devotion to an "honest currency and honest government will be rewarded "with the gift of the highest office in the land." There is considerable force in this reasoning, except that part of the argument that excludes Washburne because Illinois has had Lincoln and Grant for Presidents. Lincoln was a native of Kentucky, and Grant of Ohio. Washburne was born in Maine. It does not seem to hurt people to transplant them to Illinois; and, as Lincoln was a success, and Grant a success, we are willing to try Washburne. However, we are not at all opposed to the suggestion of the name of Benjamin Harrison to this distinguished office. Indeed (and this may be as good a time as any other to say it) we are not opposed to any of the very respectable and honored names that are likely to be suggested in the Republican National Convention for the office of President. For both Conkling and Blaine we have the highest regard; they are men of distinguished abilities, of unquestioned patriotism, and would bring to their great office eminent and useful qualities. We hope Mr. John Sherman may not be nominated; we hope General Grant may not be nominated; and we will do all in our feeble way to prevent their nominations; that is, we will exercise our one five-millionth part of the political power of this Government by voting against any delegate to a Republican National Convention who thinks differently from ourselves upon this question, reserving to ourselves the privilege of reviewing the political situation after the nomination is made by the two great parties, to do as we please and vote as our judgment directs. Our reasons for opposing the renomination of General Grant are well understood. Thousands, we believe hundreds of thousands, of the most intelligent Republicans of the nation who honor General Grant, as we do, who are grateful to him, as we are, entertain the same views upon the propriety of his third candidacy. Most of these people would vote for him if nominated; some would not; many would not if Bayard, or Thurman, or Hancock should be his opponent. The reasons governing our estimate of the Hon. John Sherman's candidacy so seriously reflect upon what men regard as their honor, that we do not feel called upon to give them, and because we have never heard of any one in California who favors his nomination, and because there is no possibility of his getting a vote from California, and because we are too modest to think our influence extends beyond the borders of our own State, and because we are altogether too amiable to desire to hurt his feelings unnecessarily.

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It seems as if anybody could be elected President whom the Republican party may choose. The party is united as it has not been before since the first election of General Grant, and the Democracy seem to be torn and rent by factions that can not be reconciled. We are not sufficiently familiar with Butlerism in Massachusetts to express an opinion upon it; nor is it necessary, as it will cut no figure in the Presidential canvass. In New York the Conkling wing has won a hardly contested and well-fought battle over Tilden, Tammany, and the scratchers. If, with George William Curtis and the scratchers against him, with the Custom House, Post Office, and administration cold upon him; if, with a divided party, he can elect his State ticket, it must stand to reason that in a Presidential election with an united party, no scratchers, and all the Federal officers fighting for bread and butter, Senator Conkling can lead the Republican party of New York to an easy victory. Ohio is placed beyond any doubt in the Presidential election. Indiana was doubtful; perhaps *is* doubtful; but with her present prosperity, without the disturbing question of the currency, and under the spur of almost certain success, Indiana ought not to be regarded in the list of doubtful States. The results in Pennsylvania, Iowa, Maine, and other Northern States, make it possible to withdraw from them the material and oratorical assistance that they can offer, and allow money and speakers to be used where the enemy presses hottest in the fight. California is a doubtful State, but as we regard the outlook it is not important. It is doubtful, because there is now a conspiracy on foot to heal up the divisions in the ranks of the Democracy. In this conspiracy Governor Irwin, Geo. Pen Johnston, Frank McCoppin, Ex-Senator Gwin, Judge Wallace, Secretary Beck, and others whom we might mention, whose names in time we will speak of, are prominent actors. A coalition is formed between leading Democrats and leading Workingmen to consolidate and unite the two concerns. The appointment of William F. White to be Bank Commissioner is a step in that direction. It was done after consultation with Kearney. Kearney has soured upon the Republican party since General Grant sat down upon him. He intended to keep up a division in the Democracy that the Republicans might win. He contemplated a Workingmen's National Convention, of which he would be a member, a Workingmen's Presidential candidate, and an election that would give the Republicans a walk over. His power in this State allowed, the Democracy and its leaders, finding themselves powerless without the Irish vote, determined to secure it at any sacrifice. Hence overtures were made, and one of the results is already seen in the appointment of White. Kearney's brother will be bailiff in the Supreme Court, by the appointment of Chief Justice elect Morrison, and it is understood that in future elections, the government of San Francisco is to be surrendered to the Workingmen's branch of the party, while the State officers, United States Senator, and San Francisco Legislators shall be accorded to the other wing. Kalloch, the Mayor elect, is embraced in the exchange of prisoners. The *Examiner* is conciliated by prospective printing. The bargain is not unlike that which some years since was entered into and carried out between the Vigilance Committee, the people of San Francisco, and the Republican party.

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An alliance of this character is natural—in fact it is indispensable to the existence of the Democratic organization in California—and if it can be carried out, is dangerous to the prospects of a Republican electoral ticket at the next Presidential contest. Kearney foreshadowed this line of political conduct when he said, as he did last Sunday on the sand-lot, that the correct thing for the Workingmen to do was to nominate Thurman in a national convention of Workingmen, and require the Democracy to come to them—as it would be compelled to do. This is undoubtedly good politics on the part of Kearney and his associates. He and they might do service to the Republican party by dividing the Democracy, but they can never be admitted to its ranks or treated as members of it. He and they would be endured, and regarded by Republicans as spies and traitors are regarded in war; but neither himself nor his followers can ever be accepted upon honorable terms into the Republican family. The Republican party is respectable; it is composed of gentlemen of foreign birth and of Americans; it has no sympathy with that audacity and ignorance that distinguish Kearney and his associates. The Democratic party will accept and welcome them, will give them a home, will divide offices with them. It needs him and them for its dirty work, and it will compensate them for it by small offices and small plunder. This is a natural alliance between uneducated aliens and unprincipled Americans. We are glad that it is made; we hail as an advance every step in the direction that puts native demagogy and foreign ignorance in opposition to intelligence and patriotism, and more clearly defines our political position. It forearms us by forewarning us of threatened perils. It is legitimate, too, and authorized under our republican form of government. In our country the majority must rule. When thieves outnumber honest men, and tramps are more numerous than toilers; when there is a majority of those who have nothing over those who have something, then we shall have reached the beginning of the end. We look forward to this coming time. We shall endeavor, by our political acts and by our writings, to put off the evil day as long as possible. It is not an ill omen that the banditti are massing their troops, coming out from cover, and preparing to fight in the open. It will mass good citizens upon the other side. It will drive property owners, industrious people, intelligent people, moral, decent, and law-abiding people, into the Republican party. We do not fear the result as one that is immediately threatening so long as the intelligent, property-owning, industrious, provident, and respectable classes of society are opposed only by Governor Irwin, Geo. Pen Johnston, Frank McCoppin, Dr. Gwin, Judge Wallace, Tom Beck, the political Irish, and the *Examiner*.

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We do not object to Mr. Kearney being a politician, nor to his doing mean and dirty things. We do not object to political coalitions or conspiracies, nor to anything that he may do through the ballot-box. He must not, of course, pollute the electoral urn by securing false ballots, nor by illegal action of any kind. But having made our immigration and naturalization and election laws as we have, we must abide by them. We may desire to change them; we do, and would repeal and so modify them that we would prevent altogether the immigration of the worthless, prevent altogether their naturalization, and altogether deny to them the electoral privilege. But we accept the consequences of our own acts; we expect Mr. Kearney to all those things in politics that an ignorant and unprincipled alien would naturally do. We may regret that he and his class are ignorant, are unprincipled, are ungrateful, and improvident; that they get drunk, and will not work, and prefer to hang in idleness about gin mills rather than go out to labor on farm, or mine, or orchard; but we do not complain or seek to compel them to either a social or political reformation. We look upon them as we do upon skunks, or musquitoes, or potato bugs, or epidemics, or storms. We have no personally unkind feeling toward any of these evils, but we do resent the conduct of the Democracy as we would that of the person who should breed skunks or musquitoes, or import potato bugs, or introduce the small-pox or the cholera. When Mr. Kearney departs from politics, and he and his associates talk about destroying property, burning dwellings—about fire and hemp; when he and they propose the formation of secret clubs for secret assassination, then we resent, then we complain. Not that they are about to do it, or that we think they intend do it, but that they threaten to do these things and do not attempt them. We are uncomfortable in being made to sleep upon our arms; we want the assault to begin. If there is danger from this foreign mob we desire to know it. Let the dance of death open; we are anxious to choose partners. The coalition that we have written about brings this agreeable and comforting reflection: since the Democracy has opened its arms to admit the sand-lot to its embrace, and since the marriage ceremony is duly performed, and since it has taken to its bed and board this old party harridan, we shall hold it responsible for its acts. When Kearney curses God and denounces the Constitution, and threatens to overturn the law, we shall know that it is but an echo from the Chief Executive and the Chief Justice of the State; that it is Irwin and Wallace who speak; that it is the hand of Esau, but the voice of Jacob.

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General Grant will not be a candidate before the Republican National Convention for the Republican nomination. He favors the nomination of the Hon. E. B. Washburne for that position, and thinks him the most available of all candidates. General Grant hopes to become the President of an inter-ocean canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, and has expressed himself in this language as near as we can recall it: "I was in favor of this ship canal before I became President. I endeavored to interest Secretary Seward in the scheme when he was at the head of the State Department. When I was President I caused reconnoissances and surveys to be made to determine its feasibility. I became entirely convinced that it was practical. I have had it in mind ever since. I should be glad to aid in the organization of such a company, and should be more than willing to act as president of the company, devoting my time to it. I have, in my visit to various countries, discussed the matter with leading statesmen and capitalists. I am assured that it will be approved by the governments of all commercial countries, and know just where the money can be obtained to make the scheme a success. I can raise at home and abroad $100,000,000 to carry out the project. All we need is a guarantee from the governments, and especially from that of the United States, to protect it against the occasional uprisings and revolutions of the State of Nicaragua." We are not authorized by General Grant to say that he will not be a Presidential candidate for a third term, but we do say so, and declare that, when the fitting time comes, he will say all that good taste, patriotism, and love of the Republican party makes it proper for him to say.

## AFTERMATH.

From McAfee Brothers, real estate agents, we receive a circular letter offering to sell land in the Valley of San Gabriel, Los Angeles county. This is one of the most beautiful and productive and delightful places in our State. But why Messrs. McAfee Brothers should make, in their letter, the preposterous declaration that orange culture has produced a profit of $1,000 per acre, or that grape culture yields from $15 to $40 per acre of net revenue, we are unable to understand. We can not quite appreciate the good taste or the propriety of always lying about California—perhaps we ought to say "romancing" about it. Now, for lo! these thirty years, our press, our orators, our preachers, our bookmakers, and our private speculators in lands and in mines, have been over-stating, and over-painting, and over-praising California, and everything that it produces. First as to climate, because it is a climate of two seasons, wet and dry, and because it has no extremes of heat and cold; and because we can raise in parts of our State semi-tropical fruits, we constantly gush over the fact, oblivious to that other fact that everybody would prefer the four seasons, with their healthful and moral influences, their beauty of changing foliage, their constant and succeeding variety of pleasures, to the unvarying monotony of wet and dry, green and brown of verdure, and black and blue of heavens. Southern California has been the home of gush—a very sugar-mill of taffy. Los Angeles and its orange groves; Santa Barbara, the sanitarium; San Diego, and its prospective oriental commerce; this land of the orange and the vine, the pomegranate and the olive, this vine and fig tree business, this milk and honey mixture, is getting to be somewhat nauseating when taken in over-doses. It might be endurable if it were true, and if great evils did not result from this misrepresentation of California as a land for immigrants. California is a good country for rich people, pleasure seekers, tourists, and money spenders. Our climate is agreeable, in places and seasons, and we have good things to eat. Our creature comforts are abundant and cheap. California is a good place for people of moderate resources, who are willing to work, and content to live quietly in the country. But this constant iteration and reiteration of false inducements to immigration is wicked. Our real estate speculators, our colony incubators, our pamphlet makers, and Wentworth with his *Resources of California* have got the impression abroad that the immigrant, upon his arrival at the California border, will be received by a deputation of best citizens, given a special Pullman car, and sent to the Palace Hotel until a vine-covered cottage, with orange groves, can be provided for his accommodation. California is not a good place for any body to come unless he has money that he can afford to spend, or muscle that he is willing to use.

Was Saint Peter a Pope? If the person who sent us the *Evangelist* containing an extract from the speech of Bishop Strassmayer, Bishop of Bosnia in Crotia, delivered in the Vatican before the late Ecumenical Council against the dogma of Papal Infallibility, will send us the entire speech we will be obliged. This speech, delivered in Latin by a most reverend and most learned bishop of the Catholic Church, proves to our entire satisfaction that St. Peter had no authority over the other apostles, that he was not a Pope, or vicegerent of God on earth, and we do not believe it is demonstrable that he was ever in Rome. We will print in our next number extracts from this wonderful speech. The Bishop of Bosnia's speech is wonderful, from the boldness that characterized its delivery and the fearless independence of the speaker, who had the courage to stand up in this grand council of his church, in the presence of a Pope that hoped to be declared infallible, and in presence of the bishops, archbishops, and cardinals of his creation, to declare that the whole splendid structure of the hierarchy was what it undoubtedly is, and what every sensible, unprejudiced, and unbigoted mind believes it to be: a mere human institution framed for a political purpose. A very wonderful institution, undoubtedly, is this marvelous creation that has for so many centuries withstood the erosion of time. But that period in the world's history has arrived when this tremendous creation must submit itself to the analysis of thinking and reflecting minds. For the ARGONAUT to endeavor, or attempt to endeavor, an argument against the Catholic Church, the apostolic character of its head, or the dogmas of its faith, is as useless as to make faces at the Sphinx; but if it does us good, and we enjoy it, and it doesn't hurt the Sphinx, who shall complain? At all events, we will print extracts from the Bishop of Bosnia's speech in our next number. It does us good to stir up our Catholic readers, and especially when we can hit them in a tender spot by an arrow from the quiver of the church.

The unusual conduct of a "drummer" for a Cincinnati drug-house has roused considerable indignation in Indiana, while only moderately pleasing the people of Cincinnati. The gentleman in question, it appears, succeeded in winning—by fair means, it is admitted—the affection of a young woman in Hagerstown, Indiana. But not all drummers are good, and not all young women averse to wine, even such as is probably sold in Hagerstown, and it so fell out that while the twain were alone together the damsel was overcome; or as they say there, and we scorn to say here, got as drunk as a fiddler. Then that drummer did an evil thing: he tattooed that trusting but helpless lady's legs most elaborately with vari-colored inks, all indelible. He wrought on their fair surface, and in the texture beneath, life-like pictures and brilliant patterns, gorgeous letters and intricate flourishes, fearfully and wonderfully executed after the most approved designs of decorative art. To these creations of a wild imagination he added, we grieve to say, a series of indelicate caricatures, authenticating the whole work with his own signature in colors as vivid as those affected by the patient monks of the dark ages in illuminating Holy Writ. Whether or not he took advantage of this uncommon opportunity to advertise the wares of the house that employed him does not appear, but remembering how universal is now the custom of affirming the merits of such things in all public places, it is to be presumed—and hoped—he did. Saddest of this sad affair, the artist's pigments at last accounts had penetrated the young woman's vascular system, threatening to produce death, and actually so swelling her decorated members as by the distension of the skin seriously to impair the symmetery of the work, ruining especially the perspective. Should chronic elephantiasis permanently injure the work of this ambitious youth, or dissolution utterly destroy it, he will get little sympathy and have no one to blame but himself.

Perhaps the most deplorable circumstance connected with the tattooing of a woman's legs is the giving rise to various kinds of misrepresentation and misstatement. Even the tersest and baldest account of the matter so fires the imagination of the reader who has an imagination that if he is also a writer, as most men of imagination are, he will take no rest until he has made it the basis of a romance, which will be conceived in good or bad taste, as accident may determine or the exigencies of publication require. Already a New York journal has seen fit to publish the following not very accurate or considerate version of the affair which, with conscientious regard to the truth, we have related above: "A startling custom has been inaugurated by the ladies of the 'upper crust' of England. It is none other than having their legs tattooed." From Hagerstown to England is a long leap, and the uncommon act of a commercial traveler is not the same thing as a national custom. It is probably not possible to curb the fancy of the prevailing journalist, but perhaps it is not too much to hope that men of affairs will give it fewer opportunities for soaring superior to reason, justice, and international goodwill.

Mr. Pickering, of the *Call*, thinks it is curious that a *certain* weekly paper should flourish when seven *Calls* can be purchased for fifteen cents. It is not so strange, perhaps, when one comes to reflect upon the quality of the commodity furnished. Champagne is five dollars per bottle, while lager can be obtained for ten cents. Johannisberg, Comet vintage, is salable at a high price, while the slops and rinsings of the bar are thrown away. Dinners of terrapin and *pâté de foie gras* are costly if well cooked and elegantly served, while corn beef and cabbage are less expensive. An opera with Adelina Patti and the accompaniment of a splendid orchestra is a more costly entertainment than the wheezing hand-organ played by a blind beggar with one arm. Some things are dear at nothing. Some things are cheap at any price.

We are sorry that anybody has instigated proceedings to invalidate the election of the Workingmen's candidates for office, because they took an obligation to return a part of their salary to the city treasury. It was a right and proper thing to do. It was not in any sense a bribe. The laborer who comes to me and says, "You pay your coachman $60 per month; if you will discharge him, you can hire me at $40 per month," does not bribe me. It is not an improper inducement to electors to agree to serve them for less than the money fixed by law as compensation for official service. The decision made by Judge Wright, of the County Court, is not good law, and is not based on good morals. He has reasoned illogically, and his decision will not be sustained by the appellate tribunal, and it ought not to be. It is strained. All candidates for office make promises of retrenchment and reform that shall save money to the taxpayers. This restoring of the salaries is nothing more and nothing worse. The Workingmen are right, and we hope they will be sustained by both the law and public opinion. They have been fairly elected to their offices, and are entitled to them, and it is idiocy or political knavery that prompts these law proceedings.

Judge Wright has, in our judgment, endeavored to follow legal precedents rather than principle in his discussion of the salary question. This is not a case for authority. It is entitled to be decided upon its own merits. "Bribery" is a word of criminal import; to "bribe" an elector is a crime. "Inducement" and "bribery" are not synonyms. The case under consideration needs no "parallel" to explain it. It requires nothing outside of itself to illustrate it. San Francisco, like all great cities, has been cursed with political thieves; offices have been multiplied, and on an average three persons are required to do one man's duty. A party is organized to reform this evil, and its candidates say: "Salaries ought to be reduced, and until they are reduced by law we will perform the duties for less than the amount allowed." This is not a bribe, but it is an inducement; it is an honest inducement, and there is about it no element of crime. It is an open, honest, manly appeal to individual interests. It is a bid for popular support, but it is an honest bid in the political "market overt." It is an inducement like that which says: "I am honest, I am competent, I am available; I will promote economy, I will reduce taxes, I will build a bulkhead, I will improve streets, I will secure an appropriation for your harbor, I will obtain from the government arms for your soldiers."

The movement that inspired this suit at law is a dishonest and selfish one on the part of enemies to the Workingmen's party, and it ought to be sat down upon. No body can afford to oppose the Workingmen's party upon such an issue, and no one has any right to oppose them at all in that part of their programme that promises reduced taxation, and honest and economical administration of the city government. To accomplish this we would almost submit to immersion by Kalloch. We would stand sprinkling.

Kearney is accused of slandering the militia. He merely says, that if called out to suppress an insurrection of heaven-sent Labor against hell-bound Capital the militia will turn their guns against those who order them to fire. We hope they will; there are some very good fellows among their officers, and in case of a fight we should like to have them as little exposed as possible.

It really does not make much difference upon whom militiamen fire; they never damage anybody but themselves and indiscreet spectators. We defy any man to point out a half dozen instances in the history of the United States when the militia was not worse than useless for any except a useless purpose. In the last *Atlantic Monthly* a military writer, who evidently knows what he is talking of, shows that even in the War of the Revolution they ran every time they met the British, and nearly all the disasters the Continental army suffered came from their cowardly blundering. It was the same way in the War of the Rebellion; and in the recent railroad riots the militia were called out only to decline an engagement with the rioters, or be ludicrously and calamitously whipped. During the same dangerous days in San Francisco it was deemed prudent to pen up the militia in their several armories and keep them there, while the untrained civilian, hastily organizing himself, gently admonished the insurrectionary skull with a pick handle.

Of course, all this is the fault, not of the men, but of the system. Tested in the large way, and under parallel circumstances of organization, discipline, and allegiance, men are about equally courageous; but if Agamemnon himself were a member of one of our "crack companies" called out to confront anything that could shoot, he would decline the honor as fast as ever he could pick up his feet.

*Dramatis Personæ*—A good young man; three evil minded gamblers; a clergyman, with his wife and daughter, traveling for bronchitis. *Scene*—A Pullman car, on the overland trip to California; gamblers playing poker; young man reading his "Traveler's Guide;" preacher looking on. *First gambler*—"Young man, will you join us in a friendly game of cards?" *Young man*—"Thank you; I never play cards." *Second gambler*—"Young man, will you take a nip?" (passes him the flask). *Y. M.*—"Thank you; I never drink." *Third gambler*—"Young man, will you have a weed?" (extending his cigar case). *Y. M.*—"Thank you; I never smoke." *Clergyman*—"Young man, I have watched your conduct with great pleasure. I have seen you refuse to gamble, drink, and smoke. I should be glad if you would go into the next car and allow me to introduce you to my daughter." *Y. M.*—"Thank you; I never marry."

There is a scheme on foot to carry Indiana at the next Presidential election. It is to colonize it with negroes from the Southern States. We approve the scheme for two reasons: it gives the dark and benighted portion of southern Indiana a superior class of immigrants, and it gains the electoral vote of the State to the Republican candidate.

Mr. Conkling's leadership in New York presents some curious phases. Cornell had been dismissed from office by President Hayes and Secretary Sherman, because he was a friend of Conkling. The Senator had "soured" on the administration, so he determined to nominate Cornell for Governor, and compel all of his political adversaries to eat crow. During the canvass the Senator made only two speeches, but he compelled Sherman, Evarts, and Blaine to make the canvass for him. Thus he has snubbed the administration, given George Wm. Curtis a set-back, and made his enemies campaign for him. There is another curious thing: the only man elected on the Democratic State ticket is Horatio Seymour, Jr., Conkling's nephew, and son of the Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Utica.

## A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Certain Bohemians, who Enjoy Life after Their Own Tastes.

There were two of us chatting and smoking cigarettes at the corner of Canal and St. Charles Streets in that quaint and strange old city, New Orleans—a city of never-ending charms and queer phases of life and mysteries without number; a miniature Paris, with its *bijou* theatres in the French Quarter, where the play is in French and the English language is a foreign tongue, and where the men wear their hats and the ladies sip absinthe and puff dainty rings of cigarette smoke from pretty mouths.

"Where shall we go to-night?" Morlan asked me.

"Grand Opera House," I suggested.

"Aren't you tired of Janauschek's diamonds yet?"

"Well, say the Varieties."

"Nothing there but frescoing in the lobby.

"Academy."

"Bah!"

"Any others running?"

"Globe."

"What's there?"

"Ballet."

"Good anatomy?"

"Villainous."

We smoked a while in silence, and finally decided to see Mlle. Mathilde at Le Petit Théâtre Français, away down on Chartres Street.

"There they are across street," said Morlan.

The persons to whom he referred were some hundred or more young men strolling leisurely up Canal Street in detached and irregular groups, now and then pulling off their hats with finished grace to a lady acquaintance, and bowing familiarly or respectfully, as circumstances warranted, to a curiously incongruous assortment of male friends. They were all dressed alike, in plain black cloth, a broad-brim slouch hat, all wearing long hair and a moustache, and none affecting a single piece of jewelry or other article of adornment. It would have been difficult for a stranger to determine whether they were hired mourners returning from a great funeral, or members of some order that required attendance in uniform. They were certainly a dismally funereal looking crowd. Who were they? The wildest rakes that scoured the streets or stirred up the slime and filth of the Basin. They were gallants, dare-devils, philosophers, and gentlemen combined. There was not a Spanish bravo who haunted the *maisons de joie* of the creole section whose knife did not glitter with less ferocity than usual when one of these cool, daring, reckless fellows ordered him from the premises in a solemn voice or kicked him down the stairs when his movements were the least dilatory. There was not a gambling hell on St. Charles Street, or in the dark little streets walled in by tall houses below Canal, where they could not borrow all the money they wanted, and return it when they pleased, or calmly sit down and lose it on the turn. There was not a pretty ballet dancer in the city who could not show a ring or a locket or a necklace from one of these men of undisturbed equanimity, nor a variety actress who was averse to a wild romp with them at Carrolton or Pontchartrain. They were a quiet, gentlemanly enough set, and would handcuff a policeman as readily as attend a grand ball up town. They had the *entrée* to the best society, but generally preferred the worst. They frequented dens and dives and billiard saloons, and smelled of beer and *pousse café;* they occupied the gallery at the theatre—not particularly because it was cheap, but because they liked it—and flung cabbages at the actresses and slang at the poor actors; they threw money to the boot blacks, and cultivated the gamins and wharf rats; they were known at the shooting galleries and fencing schools; they ate oysters from tin platters on the river smacks, and drank champagne in gilded parlors; they threw dice for whisky with the fat Frenchman who kept a dirty little *café* in Lower Town, and drank bumpers with members of the Legislature at the St. Charles. They were improvident, often hungry, and were always in debt for their washing. They took riding the wives of the bakers, confectioners, ice cream sellers, and shoemakers, and choked the surly husbands if they demurred. They had *liaisons* in Jefferson Square after nightfall with black-eyed milliner girls and blue-eyed shop girls. They flirted with their landlords' pretty daughters, and were demurely complaisant toward their landlords' pretty wives. They tied cans to dogs' tails, and sent up cats in toy balloons. They caused a smashing of canes by wriggling stuffed snakes across the sidewalk at night. They opened the water plugs, and threw dead rats into open windows. They rotten-egged the militia, and spread torpedoes in the path of the night patrol. They went on jams with the reporters, and rode soldiers on a rail. They exchanged idioms of the slum patois with the demoiselles of a dive, and discussed Tacitus with the savants.

They were all young men, few being older than twenty-five years. Who were they? Bohemians; men of brains and culture, of nerve and honor, of charitable impulses, of trials and hardships; they were students of medicine and surgery.

"If Golson is in the crowd," said Morlan, "we'll appropriate him. Ever heard of Golson?"

"No."

"He's a character. He's the fellow who led the gang that captured the Rigolets. Remember that?"

"What, the mysterious *coup d'état* shortly after Longstreet's exhibition, and about which the militia was ordered out, and nothing ever came of it?"

"That's the idea. They deployed around the fort in the dark, scaled the walls with a hook and rope, seized and gagged the sentinels, captured the garrison in bed, put every man in irons, fired all the rockets, exploded all the shell, emptied all the guns in the fort, and were at home asleep before sunrise."

"Nothing was ever done with them?"

"No. Had no evidence. They were disguised. Never suspected them. Everybody thought it was a grand *coup d'état* by the Democrats, and a Federal gunboat threw shell at long range into the fort for three or four hours next day. Killed a few of the poor fellows in irons. Golson, come hither!"

A number of the young men had crossed Canal Street, and were passing up St. Charles toward Common, others continuing their way along Canal to Baronne. A handsome, small, delicate student emerged from the crowd. He had bands as white and small as a woman's, long black hair, a pale, thoughtful face, and large, calm, expressive eyes. I was introduced to him, and he grasped my hand warmly and firmly.

"Have you anything to do to-night, Golson?"

"Anything to do? Oh, yes, some infernal thesis, I believe; but hang the thesis—and by George! the dissection, too! Where are you going?"

"To Le Petit Français, we were thinking."

"What! the absinthe and the headache? Come with me to the college. My little girl will do the tight-rope from the roof, and I'll introduce you."

We turned up St. Charles Street to Common, and down Common to Baronne and the college. Crowds were beginning to gather at this point. We threaded our way through the throngs that pressed against the railing around the college-yard, and entered a small door at the side. We climbed four flights of dark, dismal stairs, and stumbled at the turnings. We felt our way along a hall, pervaded by a stifling blackness and a musty smell, from the dissecting rooms. The light from the street below streamed meagerly through a window, and showed us the dim outline of a perpendicular ladder near the extremity of the hall. We climbed the ladder, and crawled through a hole in the ceiling. Here the darkness was intense. We found another close at hand, and by feeling for the rungs gained the top and emerged upon a steep roof covered with slate. We looked around. New Orleans lay at our feet in all the glory of a starry night. On the south we could trace the river winding in a crescent form around the city, and reflecting the colored lights from the shipping. Away to the northeast could be seen the dark, flat surface of the lake. To the southeast lay the French Quarter, with its tall, old-fashioned houses and its narrow streets. To the westward Upper Town stretched its wealth and grandeur over a large area. Under our feet was the glare from Canal, St. Charles, Camp, Common, Carondelet, Tchopitoulas, and Baronne Streets.

A parapet about twelve inches high was all that could have preserved us from the morgue, if the treacherous slate had broken, or the foot slipped an inch. Three persons were standing in the gutter against the parapet. Of these, two were rough-looking men; the third was a woman in tights and short skirts, and covered with sparkles and stars and gold lace. The men were engaged with certain pulleys and cords in drawing to greater tension the wire cable that stretched from the parapet of the college to the building opposite. The woman was standing in the shadow of the parapet, and looking down abstractedly upon the thousands of human beings who packed the street, and whose upturned faces expressive of anticipation she seemed to be studying attentively.

"Already here, Zoe?" asked Golson in his soft, smooth voice.

The woman started and turned quickly, an expression of intense happiness lighting up her face.

"I was looking for you below," she said. "I was afraid, but I am strong now. You don't think I'll fall, do you?"

"Certainly not. You are very foolish to ask such a question."

He introduced us as his friends, and she shook our hands pleasantly. She had a rather agreeable face, though we could not see distinctly, the only light being that of the stars and the faint glow from the lamps and torches below. In any event, she had a pleasant voice, and that was sufficient. She also was small, and delicate and young. A shawl was thrown over her bare shoulders and arms, but her little hands were cold and she shivered in the night air.

"I was thinking, Goldy," she said, "that if I should fall," and a more decided shivering shook her delicate frame—"I wonder what they would think, and how they would feel down there?"

"Nonsense, little Zo!"

She laughed softly and put her arm through Golson's, and looked up into his face with a touching tenderness and reliance. She again scanned the crowd, and was thinking.

"Well, but suppose I should. Do you think they would care? Or would they say she was a little fool, and it served her right?"

"What is the matter, pet?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing whatever," and she laughed again musically. "I was simply thinking. I remember that a long time ago, when I was a child and my father was letting me stand on his head while he rode two horses bareback around the ring—and I was terribly frightened once when the horse became wild with fear or something, I don't remember what—and he caught me strong and close in his arms as I was falling, and kissed my lips, and cheeks, and eyes, and forehead, and held me in his arms quite a while, and called me his dear, precious baby. What was I going to tell you? Oh, yes; about the man who fell from the tight-rope. That was terrible! One end of the rope was passed over the roof of a house, carried down the side, and made fast to a wooden block underneath. It had so happened that the block had rotted off next the ground, and there was no weight upon it whatever. Well, any how, they tied the rope around the block, and the professor was half way across the street when he began to give an exhibition of jumping. Suddenly we saw that the rope was giving way. The jerking had pulled the block from under the house, and was dragging it up the side. The professor turned quite pale, and stood still and waited. He came down slowly with the rope. It seemed as if it would never stop slipping, slipping over the roof, like a long, ugly snake. It soon became slack, and it was, of course, much harder to balance on it; but he never lost his presence of mind, and stood perfectly calm and straight. When the block had nearly reached the roof—it was a two-story house—the rope slipped off, and I heard the block drop to the ground. I hid my face and crouched down against a wall, and heard him strike the ground like something dead. Oh, it was so horrible!" She peered around into the darkness and shuddered. "Poor fellow! he fell flat on his face. It was the cruelest thing that ever happened."

She sighed, and still gazed at the crowd below.

"Did it kill him?"

"No, not quite, but he was delirious for several weeks. When they picked him up the blood gushed from his nose, and his eyes, and his ears, and a bloody froth came from his mouth. I was a little child then, and I dreamed of him every night for two or three years. I dreamed of him again last night for the first time in a great while. I thought I went to pick him up, and could feel his poor broken bones grating against each other, and his poor blood-shot eyes stared wide and cold at me."

"You are not well to-night, Zoe," said the man of science, examining her pulse attentively. He became thoughtful. "I don't think you ought to risk it," he said.

"Oh, I am not afraid now that you are here," she replied in her charming way.

"I think you had better wait."

"Now, don't get naughty. I *must* go. I *want* to go. Why, there's two hundred dollars in that crowd, and my manager would be crazy if I didn't walk. Besides, I contracted to do one street walk every two weeks in addition to the lofty centre-pole walk every day. Why, I've done the lofty five hundred times and never lost my head, and why is there danger now?"

"But it's more difficult to see the rope at night."

"I never look at my feet, any how, when I walk."

"You are feverish and nervous."

"It will make me all the more careful."

"Well, walk then," said Golson, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Now, Goldy, don't look that way."

He became cheerful and beaming in a moment. The manager appeared on the opposite roof, and beckoned the girl to proceed. The attendants at both ends examined the fastenings of the rope to see that they were properly secure. They produced trays in which to burn colored fires, and heaped lumps of the combustible material upon the parapet. Zoe mounted the parapet with an elastic step, and threw kisses at the shouting crowd below as the red fires brought out her frail form. She looked very charming and pretty, standing, smiling, in the intense red glare of the light.

"Give me the pole," she demanded, smilingly, of Golson, holding out a small hand and dimpled arm.

He picked up the cumbersome balancing-pole and placed it in her hands. She found the centre, shook hands with Golson, threw us a smile, rained a shower of kisses upon the crowd, and stepped firmly upon the rope. She soon found a safe pose, took a few steps, and halted. She glanced back at the attendants, and regarded the pile of fire.

"You are burning it too fast," she said. "Good-bye, Goldy!" and she picked her way over the narrow bridge that spanned the yawning chasm beneath. She was graceful, and walked with considerable ease apparently, stopping occasionally to shift the pole and steady herself.

"She's walkin' slow and shaky to-night," said one of the men.

"She's not walking as well as usual?" asked Golson, hurriedly, and looking at her steadily. His glance never left her a moment.

"No; she can beat that. I think she's in the sulks."

Golson paid no attention to the insult, and watched her with fascinated gaze. His face was somewhat paler than usual, in spite of the red glare. He did not move a single muscle. Zoe had passed the middle of the street—the most dangerous place—and continued her walk toward the other end. She toiled up the incline, the rope depressing under her tiny, nimble feet, and at last jumped safe and sound upon the opposite roof. A tremendous, deafening shout arose from the mob, and the plucky girl threw a bunch of kisses at Golson. The color had returned to his face with unnatural intensity, and the look of absorbing anxiety had passed away. His chest was broader, and his eyes brighter. He simply smiled at Zoe, and did not even applaud her.

The shouting below continued. The men made no preparations to remove the rope, but Golson started for the ladder.

"She's comin' back," said one of the men.

Golson stopped as if he had been shot through the brain. The hard, anxious look returned, and the deathly pallor came back all in an instant.

"I didn't know that," he said calmly and resignedly. He resumed his old position, and watched the girl with intense interest—with a gaze in which were concentrated his soul, and heart, and mind, and strength; a look in which was expressed the profoundest feeling of a strong nature.

Zoe rested a moment and again stepped upon the rope. She had proceeded about ten feet when one of the men remarked:

"She's scared."

Golson noticed it; we all saw it. Her teeth were so tightly compressed that in the dazzling light we could see ridges in her cheeks. Her nostrils were expanded, and she stared fixedly straight ahead at the rope. Her breathing was short, and a tremor appeared in her arms and knees. Instead of her usually erect carriage, there was a perceptible leaning forward. When she had made but a dozen steps she stopped and appeared to be in doubt. She then apparently made an effort to walk backward, but was evidently afraid to undertake it. She stopped again, mustered her courage, threw a quick glance at Golson, and recommenced her dangerous journey. The rope trembled and swayed under her feet, and in this way caught a swinging motion that tries the nerve of the most experienced balancers. When she had reached the middle it was impossible to proceed. She might have crossed safely, but the fire on our side was exhausted. She had walked more slowly than usual, and the fire was consumed too soon. She could not see the rope distinctly enough. She stood still for several seconds. The light behind her continued to burn, but it was of no assistance to her, and immediately afterward it also was exhausted. We could distinctly see the poor, frightened girl by the light from below, but her face was obscured. The crowd sent up hisses and groans. The rope-walker attempted to take another step. She succeeded. She tried a second, and failed. Her foot suddenly slipped, but she was active and alert, and caught upon her knee. Her fright increased, and in the terrible excitement of the moment she dropped the pole. It struck the rope, balanced a moment, and slipped off upon the crowd below. There was a great scattering, and the crowd realized that the young girl was falling. Every sound was hushed. The child steadied herself wildly and instinctively a moment with her arms as she knelt on the rope, and then fell.

Golson's appearance was painful and pitiable. Great cords stood out upon his face, which was overspread by an agony of ghastly pallor. His muscles swelled with ridges and knots, and his hands assumed the appearance of an

eagle's claws. He gazed at the rope where the girl had a moment ago stood. She had caught by the right hand, and hung suspended over the cobbles. In another moment she grasped the rope with the other hand, and hung perfectly still. Golson waited but a few seconds, when he saw that fright had taken the strength from her arms, and that she could not climb upon the rope. He dashed off his hat, and grasped the rope with both hands, and threw one leg across it. He crawled along carefully, that the shaking might not cause the girl to lose her hold. The crowd watched him in breathless silence. The rope swung lower under the double weight, and the fastenings creaked and groaned.

"Hold tight, my child," we could hear him say to the fainting girl. "Hold on, for God's sake, and I will save you!"

She raised her head and looked at him for a moment, and then dropped it again between her arms. He approached her slowly and painfully, for he was a stranger to the situation, and was afraid of shaking her off. At length he reached her. He whispered something to her, and she looked him full in the face. He allowed his right knee to remain across the rope, threw his right arm over it at the elbow, and twisted the right hand around underneath to secure a firm hold, and passed his left arm around the girl's waist. The strength of six men was in those supple limbs and clean cut muscles. He drew her toward him. She released her hold, her head drooped, and she fainted.

"Pay out at the college end!" he shouted.

His feet were in that direction. It required four of us to let it out. It slipped over the parapet slowly, and the suspended pair began to be lowered.

"Pay it out!" he shouted again.

We let it go more rapidly, and he and his swooning charge were against the building across the street. He let himself slide gradually down until he reached the sidewalk, where he was met by the manager. The latter took the girl to her home.

The crowd gathered around him with wild shouts, but he slipped away, and met us at the door of the college.

"Where is that scoundrel who said she was sulking?" he demanded, with an angry look.

We pointed him out. Golson walked up to him, explained his business, and gave him a stinging blow in the face that sent him rolling in the gutter.

I met the dear old fellow on California Street the other day, and his little wife was with him, charming and pretty as ever. She laughingly remarked that she liked to see the circus as much as ever, but that she always felt a great horror for rope-walking. I almost believe that her dimples are as pretty as on the night she threw kisses to a great crowd in the street. W. C. MORROW, JR.

OAKLAND, October, 1879.

## AMERICANISMS AND SLANG.

Stray Notes on a Straggling Subject.

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony—
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it maccaroni."—*Old Ballad.*

Foreigners, and especially those humorous members of Eastern society denominated "our British cousins"—a priggish, supercilious set of relatives, we find them—are fond of criticising certain peculiarities of our speech which they kindly call "Americanisms." If it is a pleasure to them to persist in thrusting forth for us these evidences of a national distinction, even though our conversation is made the mark of that attention, we need not begrudge them that simple pleasure. Confining Americanisms to our speech, we may regard them as being of nine classes—the number of divisions made by a professional enthusiastic searcher. First come archaisms, or those words retained in this country but now obsolete in their birth-place, England; then English words which have here acquired new meanings; words which have acquired new meanings in England but have not changed here; English colloquial words which have been engrafted on our dialect; newly coined words, brought forth to meet the near wants of certain sections of our country; foreign words adopted here; Indianisms, negroisms, and peculiar pronunciations.

Only few of these classes are of unusual interest to the general reader. These acquisitions of peculiar words, or Americanisms, may be attributed, first, to deficiencies in our language; then to the universal tendencies of language to become improved—in doing which new words must be coined or draughts on other vocabularies must be made. This system of borrowing has given us a rich collection of words, but we are unable correctly to reproduce from them, and so are compelled more extensively to borrow as our needs increase. Thus, many of our choicest conversational words are from the French, technical terms come frequently from the Greek, while ecclesiastical and literary phrases are most numerous from the Latin. The polished classes thus provided for, the uneducated classes depend upon the transplanting of the vulgar English provincialisms or colloquial words to afford variety to their speech. The sectional peculiarities of American speech are directly due to exclusive national settlements in earlier years. Thus a Dutch settlement, or a French settlement, in the earliest days of our national history left characteristics traces which have not yet become, and may never become, entirely effaced, though obscured by recent innovations in the delivery of our national tongue. The principal instances of the perversion of our language are charged to two widely separated causes: the ignorance of the masses, and the conceit of the educated few who coin new words or corrupt old ones in the pulpit, on the political rostrum, or in the public prints. Again, both classes act together in effecting this purpose; thus, uneducated people, lacking language to express their ideas, coin new words which naturally are crude; they are learned by their children and kept in circulation until, brought up in some public discussion—a political meeting, perhaps—they ultimately find their way into public halls; undignified Assemblymen or Congressmen or Senators repeat them, newspapers report them, and so the nation becomes accustomed to and soon adopts a set of hybrid words and phrases, unconsciously admitting them into the language of such a degree as to cause foreign comment and the sarcastic application of some distinguishing term similar to "Americanism." Extravagant language of this kind is peculiar to most newly settled countries. Such countries are settled by hardy, rough, and generally poorly educated men and women, and every emergency that calls for expression in language unknown to them evokes the birth of some uncouth word or phrase that can not, of course, rise superior in quality to that of their intellects. In this way California, as with all her sister States in the order of their settlement, became the birth-place of many peculiar sayings that contributed largely to our stock of Americanisms. Illustrative of this tendency on the part of the festive early Californian to shock the sensitive nerves of people more accustomed to *belles-lettres* than to the vulgar knowledge of the masses, may be mentioned the names of Muletown, Fiddletown, Dead Man's Bar, Port Wine Diggings, Jackass Gap, You Bet—a few Californian towns characteristically baptized in the palmy days of gold and bullets.

But more in place than would be a disquisition on the development of languages will be the presentation of a number of the more remarkable, yet ordinarily used, Americanisms of speech. Alphabetically first would come the term "A 1," as applied to a crack horse, a favorite "houri," or anything of superlative goodness. The mark was used as an equivalent, etc, of the "first-class," being the highest rating of a vessel on the British Lloyd's shipping list. It became customary to advertise vessels in this way, and Yankee adaptation soon pressed the term into universal service from advertising the qualities of wooden nutmegs to those of wild-cat mines. The term "according to Gunter" is used in the sense of being properly done. Gunter was a celebrated arithmetician who invented a method of gauging. The laws of Rhode Island at one time directed that all casks should be gauged, in the manner called "gauging by Gunter," whence the term. "Acknowledging the corn" is a favorite amusement of certain persons who persist in making statements they can not support, or persons detected in illegitimate pursuits. The story of the origin of the phrase tells of a planter who visited New Orleans to sell a load, each of potatoes and corn, which he had on two flatboats on the river. He fell among gamblers, lost his money, staked his potatoes and corn, and in the natural succession of events, lost them. He returned to the wharf only to find that the flatboat containing his corn had sunk during his absence. He ruminated, mourned, was comforted, and slept. The next morning his gambling friend waited on him to obtain his corn and potatoes. The unfortunate planter looked at him for a moment, then burst out passionately: "Stranger, I acknowledge the corn! take 'em. But the potatoes you can't have, by thunder!"

In a speech delivered by Brigham Young, in 1857, he said: "I swore in Nauvoo, when my enemies were looking me in the face, that I would send them to hell 'across lots' if they meddled with me." Hence the term "across lots" for "short cut." "All fired" is a Puritanical modification of hell-fired. Poor old Puritans; what an all-fired time some of you are having now! The use of the word "ax" for ask is only a circumstance of non-progression, that use of the word being correct in the Old English. In Wycliffe's translation of the Bible occurs: "And Pilate axide him, 'Art thee Kynge of Jewis?' and Jhesus answeride and seide to him, 'Thou seist.'" To "back out" is expressive of that discreet quality a man displays in retiring from a strange boudoir when an unsuspecting husband unexpectedly returns, or the prompt way in which an apology is made when a heavier person of a threatening aspect demands it. The term comes from the stable, where the act of the horse backing out of the stall is made the figure for this pretty bit of speech. Thus a man is avowed to be on the "back track" when compelled to leave his domestic manger, and labor in a plebeian, non-American way to insure future supplies of manger necessities. "Barking up the wrong tree" illustrates that neat accomplishment of journalistic life, wherein a great racket is raised over some imagined fraud in public life, or some unusual folly supposed to have been unearthed in the privacy of the family circle. The simile is drawn from the way in which hunting dogs sometimes lose game which they are pursuing, and stopping at the foot of a tree which they suppose had been made the refuge of the fugitive, "bark up the wrong tree." This practice is peculiar to metropolitan live papers as well as to dogs. Grim Ursus has his name perpetuated in the stock term of "bear" as applied in opposition to that of "bull," on the street or at the exchange. In earlier days when bears were extensively hunted for their skins, traders frequently contracted for the sale of their prospective stocks of skins. From this process of selling the skins before they caught the bears, the term was transmitted to suit the cases of these stock dealers who sold "short" or that which they did not have, trusting to chances of effecting a depression in their particular stock by which they might profit. It has not unfrequently happened, as with numerous of the old traders, that the pseudo-bears were the first to get skinned. Taurus is honored by the opposite faction, because of his propensities to toss things upward.

The man on a "bender" is oftentimes an envied person. The expression would appear to be a geometrical one, explanatory of the figures a man cuts when on a bacchanalian frolic, and when he usually contorts his body into all the angles and figures common and uncommon to all geometrical studies of any age whatsoever. The picture of an enjoyable "bender" is painted in a few suggestive words resuscitated from an actual "poem" which probably was brought to earthly light during the progress of a "boss bender:"

"I led her through the festal hall,
Her glance was soft and tender;
She whispered gently in my ear,
'Say, Mose, ain't this a bender?'"

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. BAXTER, B. G.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CIV.—Sunday, November 16.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Giblet Soup.
Boiled Turbot, Egg Sauce.
Brains Served in Paper Cases.
Lyonnaise Potatoes. Summer Squash.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly and Wine Sauce.
Tomato Salad.
Raspberries and Cream.
German Puffs.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Figs, Grapes, Oranges, and Bananas.

TO MAKE GERMAN PUFFS.—Take four eggs, one pint of milk, two ounces of butter, eight tablespoonfuls of flour, cinnamon or nutmeg to taste. Beat well, put in buttered cups, bake twenty minutes, and serve with a creamed butter and sugar sauce flavored with vanilla.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S POETS.

At Twilight.

The day is ended—this autumn day,
So like to the days that have ended before;
The knock of a friend, may be, at the door,
Who gives his greeting, and says his say,
And then goes his way.

The posts are all in, and the news all read—
There is fighting abroad, and carping here—
We have heaved a sigh, and smothered a tear,
As we pondered o'er the printed names of the dead
Ere the daylight fled.

The flocks are in fold, and the steeds in stall,
And the moon is as red as a rising sun;
While in twos and threes, or one by one,
The plowmen (thinking of nothing at all)
Pass under the wall.

I would I could think of as little as they,
As they whistle along in their holland smocks!
Bound for the home where the cradle rocks,
And the good wife spreads them their supper-tray
At close of day.

But on us, who wonder and question and think,
Crowd weightier fancies as daylight sets,
Hungers and thirstings and vain regrets,
That may not be sated with meats and with drink,
Or with poet's ink.

Fancies that never may stalk in the light—
Hovering phantoms of wasted hours,
Lingering odors of withering flowers,
Wavings of wings that have taken their flight—
These come with the night.

Yet while I can look in a true friend's face,
And thrill to the touch of a loving hand,
I suffer no fear; but can take my stand,
And hold myself ready to lie in my place
At the end of the race.

To the length of our days this day adds one
(One link the more as the chain grows long);
Let us warm it with kisses and wreathe it with song,
And mingle together our sands, as they run
With the days that are done.

—*Violet Fane.*

A Vision of the South.

'Tis May, my love, on the Southern sea,
And night comes softly on,
And the moon shines fair as never to me
A moon of the Northland shone.

And oh! but my soul is beating, love,
With a passionate thought of thee,
And my lips of themselves repeating, love,
The name that is dear to me.

O moon, in the mantle of ragged cloud
That ridest the Northern night,
Breathe low to my love in her London crowd
Of the South and its dear delight.

Breathe low to my love how the Southern moon
Leans down to the passionate sea;
Breathe low to my love how the South winds swoon
On the breast of the passionate sea. —*J. S.*

Tying her Bonnet.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely, floating hair;
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

O Western Wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To madly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where, as he gladly folded her in,
He kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellerly Vane, you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

The Last of October.

I followed my friend through the garden gate,
Whose hinges had many a rusty stain;
And the autumn winds sung this refrain:
"You have come too late! You have come too late!"
And true enough, for the flowers were dead—
That is, the roses and lilies fair,
The sweet-spiced pinks and the violets rare—
While the trees were shivering overhead.

The sentinel dahlias, richly dressed,
Bowed low, as the fitful gales came nigh,
And the poor dead leaves came scurrying by
Like to homeless wanderers seeking rest.
But we found a green and sunny spot—
My friend and I—near the southern wall,
Where the clustering woodbines thickly fall,
And the white dove has its little cot.

There we sat and talked of another time,
A summer time when we were young
And the garden's song was yet unsung.
As I followed my friend from the garden gate,
"Love's blossoms we have not found," I cried;
And the autumn in dismal answer sighed,
"Ye have come too late! Ye have come too late!"

Talk all you please about the quickened consciences of the fellows who send Secretary Sherman twenty dollars every few days to be placed to the credit of the conscience fund, but the French are the most conscientious people in the world. A Parisian was on trial recently for stealing some candles, and the counsel was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of them said that though he had suspected the candles had been stolen he had [illegible] franc's worth, but that in order not to encourage [illegible] had paid for them with a bad franc.

San Francisco, November 14, 1879.

What a pity that, when people undertake to translate a clever play, they simply adapt it. It is not long since German light literature opened a new and delightful field to the professional novel reader, and the mild, bubbling humor of the German comedy has come into fashion. How absurd to try to Anglicize it, as they have done in *Dr. Clyde!* Why not rather leave its characteristics unspoiled; for a German comedy is apt to be clean enough to bear literal translation? Has it come to pass that the English nobleman must be omnipresent? Can we not have a nice little German baron now and then, or even a simple Herr, without tapping him on the shoulder with the English sword before he can obtain an English introduction? As for "Dr. Clyde" himself, he is a character indigenous to no one country; but they might have left him in his homely German household, and given us what the French call *une etude de mœurs.* In *Our Boarding House* the playwright has really given us a study of an American interior. The Italian is the only improbable element, and even he is not impossible. Boarding house! What a dreadful word! Boarder! What a monster he seems when you accept his name literally! [*Board*—To attack, to make the first attempt upon, etc.] Does it not sound as if all the first Americans were foragers, and helped themselves to their meals with the magnificent recklessness of Norsemen so regularly that it passed into a custom? But the big blonde Norsemen married the sisters and daughters of their conquered foes, settled down like sensible fellows, adopted the ways, the manner, the speech of their wives, and made themselves comfortable. But the Americans have kept on boarding ever since they started; consequently, *Our Boarding House* is quite as much a study of American customs as it is a specimen of American literature. But *Dr. Clyde*, as adapted, is a hybrid—for even if we did not know its origin, it would strike the most casual observer as being decidedly odd that "Mr. Totlebury Sims," a young law student, should come to pay a call with his violin tucked under his arm, as if it were a thing of custom; or that "Dr. Clyde" should offer to his family for refreshment something which they Anglicize into crumpets, but which must be pretzels, or whatever is the main article of German fodder in this line. Fancy an English woman regaling herself on cold crumpets just before starting for a ball. Ugh! The digestion of an ostrich would not permit it, to say nothing of the good sense of the English woman. People are very much the same the world over, but they have different ways of living; and why will not authors give the untraveled a glimpse at these differences? Who ever passed, without stopping to look at, a picture of a Dutch market, or a pair of wooden-shod peasants, or a vintage scene from France, or a snow scene from Russia, or a harem scene from Turkey, or a fandango from Spain, or any other scene peculiar to any other country? One gets interested in *Dr. Clyde* but slowly. One feels like the much-quoted man who went to see the *School for Scandal* at its first representation (how odd that the *School for Scandal*, or the *Colleen Bawn*, or the *Two Orphans* were ever unknown) and who wondered when the people were going to leave off talking and begin to play. During three entire acts nothing leads to anything. There are some charmingly natural domestic pictures. "Dr. Clyde" is an autocrat in his household, and, contrary to the custom of physicians, enforces his own hygienic rules. He has a pretty, petulant daughter, a well trained wife, and a well organized household, in which the pompous major-domo, who rules all things else, is subservient to the master. A pretty contrast is drawn between the main characters of the play. "Dr. Clyde," who is almost a martyr to duty, so responsive is he to the call of distress, is the object of constant appeal on the part of the well trained wife to give more time to home, to society, to leisure. On the other hand, "Lord Hammond" marries a rich young woman, impulsive, high-spirited, proud. Resting in the lap of luxury—said lap being furnished by his rich father-in-law—he feels no stimulant for exertion, and lapses into chronic *dolce far niente* with the ease of habit and inclination. Meantime his wife, with reproaches, tears, entreaties, and indignation, tries to spur him to action, and fails. Women always do fail at this sort of thing, many wise authorities to the contrary notwithstanding. When a man gets to be of no account in particular, it takes more than a woman's frail hand to give him the necessary shaking. So "Dr. Clyde," who is an eminently wise man, takes "Lord Hammond" in hand, and gives him a galvanic shock of circumstance. A broken bank, a depleted exchequer, the disappearance of every-day luxuries, or, rather, a menacing of all these, embellished of course with the right amount of good sentiment, these are what bring "Lord Hammond" out all right. But what is the skeleton of a German play after all? It is the filling in which counts, rich as the suggestions may be. As for the character of "Dr. Clyde" himself, who is, in a way, a ministering angel, it is an idea conveyed rather than expressed. The part simply requires a well looking man, of good presence, good expression, and dignified demeanor. Perhaps old "Dr. Klaus" himself had a crusty exterior, but Mr. Chaplin has not, and they got along without it. A casual impression, gathered from their plays and stories, would lead to the idea that Germans associate a gruffness of manner with a concealed good heart. In point of fact, they are not much given to villainy, for every one in *Dr. Clyde* is good all through; and can you recall many famous German villains outside "Mephisto" himself? John Owens has not a star part as "Higgins," the *factotum*, for, strangely enough, there is no star part in the play; but he is delightfully funny, even although he produces precisely the same effects in precisely the same way in every other part which he has submitted. Nevertheless, if you want a good laugh, go see the sham doctor of a half hour prescribe for the countryman with the muddled head. *A propos*, "Dr. Clyde" was rather well played, for they have a good company at the Standard, but among so many little things, for the play is made up of the most absolute trifles, nothing was better than King Hedley's little bit as "Spriggs," the countryman. Poor men's children, they say, have always two heads, and any one will acknowledge that the lower orders are a little queer about the legs. Hedley struck the right angle with his knees (not mathematically speaking), the right depth of rural stupidity in the face, the right color in his rosy hair, the right inflection in his dialect. Mr. Kennedy does not yet go to a stage ball in a dress coat, but he is continually making additions and enlargements to his company. The latest is Miss Gertie Granville, not the lady with the iron jaw, though their aristocratic patronymics are the same. Miss Granville is a most astonishing compound of naturalness and affectatation, and, contrary to all the laws, is most acceptable when she is most affected. She has a high-pitched voice, which seems to come from somewhere up in the flies, and a pair of hands which constantly wave like the windmills at Bay View. She is extremely pretty withal, and lively, and a capital mimic, for she personated no less than three young women in one; and which is Gertie Granville, who can say. For a few moments she was the typical New York *ingenue* without the inanition; here she was at her best. For a longer time she gave us a not bad reduction of the Lotta business. Then she lapsed into some other less well known school of art, the Deadwood, or Leadville, perhaps; and here she was not at her best. There is much of fascination in following an actress through such unevenness, but would it not be better to divide the three styles among three different parts? Players seem so content to be themselves that it is with reluctance they part with their identity in a play, and yet it takes so little a thing to catch an audience that you would think it would pay them. For example, in that well-worn comedietta, *The Day after the Wedding*, in which, by the way, Miss Jeffreys-Lewis plays "Lady Elizabeth Freelove" very prettily, Mr. Bradley and Miss Wetherill nightly made a pleasure of a simple five minutes' scene by the bit of care they expended on its preparation. If the public adore a touch of realism, why not give it them if they are willing to pay for it.

What an astonishing popularity *Our Boarding House* has had, with its faded, ungrammatical landlady; her silly, characterless, well dressed daughter; the young, eligible couple who do not care for housekeeping; the young man who is rather a desirable *parti;* the interesting widow with a history, who works at some genteel employment for her living; and the visionary speculators, "Elevator" and "Gillipop." There is nothing romantic in any of them (for the Mannheim-Fioretti episode does not smack of the American boarding house), but there is ample material for two hours of laughter. The absence of the serious is refreshing, says Taine, and when Mr. Lewis Morrison plays "Fioretti" there is a total absence of the serious in *Our Boarding House.* How pretty Miss Carey is as the "Widow Mannheim," and how conscientious with its melodramatic nonsense! Messrs. Jennings and Bishop bear their burden of comedy fairly, considering that they follow in the footsteps of a pair of stars; but who would not rather hear a dog bay the moon than the soft voices of these two youngsters in "Baby Mine!" They can only be forgiven upon the plea that they have inadvertently set it to an entirely new tune. It is not a pretty tune.

The Follies give a new bill next week—*Oxygen.* A scientific name for a burlesque, but there is some fun in science when it is burlesqued. It therefore only remains for us to find some fun with the Follies.

Betsy B.

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Musical Paris is excited over a rumor that a phenomenal tenor has been discovered in the ranks of the French army—a tenor with a voice such as has never been heard before, a singer as talented as all previous great singers rolled into one, and a natural actor without having undergone any artistic training. The name of this phenomenon has not yet been published, but all lyrical directors are on the alert, for good tenors have become rare, and a fortune awaits the man who can discover one.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

The "Hungarian Suite" of Raff, which formed the strong number at Mr. Herold's concluding Matinée of the present series—last Wednesday—is one of those works which present in a very pronounced manner the more objectionable characteristics of that composer. It is prolix, barren in thematic material, over-elaborated to a painful degree, and trivial and unmeaning in spite of a certain pompous breadth of treatment which has become one of the mannerisms of the newer school of orchestral writing. At the same time this *Suite*—and, indeed, the same may be said of most of Raff's compositions—contains many beautiful moments (notably the commencement of the last movement, "In the Czarda"), and is scored in an effective and frequently original manner; in fact, it would be a beautiful composition if it had only more music in it. Raff, who occasionally does a thing of such supreme beauty that one is compelled to class him among the composers by the grace of God, has thrown into the world so many compositions of this sort—things without any better claim to existence than the mere fact that, as he writes easily, he might as well do it as not even though he happens to have no material at hand to do it with—that I have lost all faith in him and well nigh all interest in his newer works. He is a man with a passion for writing who indulges that passion incessantly; he has the fatal facility that enables him to write well even when he has nothing to say, and who elaborates that "nothing" with every modern device of startling modulation and bizarre instrumentation until to the unwary and non-critical listener it begins to wear the air of a real "something" of more or less profundity and value. He twaddles as much as he talks, mixing his twaddle with his genuine matter in a skillful—well nigh masterly—manner, and for every composition of value that he has given to the world he has produced a dozen that are not worth the paper on which they were written. Among these latter productions I should class this *Suite;* a pompous, windy, inflated, clever nothing. The same Matinée brought a very dry, imperfect, and stupidly uninteresting performance of the first movement of Chopin's *F minor Concerto* for piano forte, by Mr. Roderick Herold, who, as far as can be judged from what he then developed, did a very silly thing in attempting to play it at all. Mr. Herold may be a very industrious and ambitious young man, but he has—for the present, at least—not a single quality that goes toward the successful playing of a Chopin—or indeed any other—*Concerto;* his execution is very limited and uncertain, his touch clumsy and unmusical, his phrasing none at all; he abuses the pedal, and, in fact, plays like a pupil who has as yet every thing to learn.

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The third of the Dennis-Mansfeldt-Geoffrie so-called "High Art Concerts," on Wednesday evening, brought a very smooth and enjoyable performance of Beethoven's F major *Violin Sonata* (op: 24) which had not been heard in public since Madame Urso played it about three years since. Madame Zeiss-Dennis sang superbly, notably in "Le Lac" of Nildermeyer, in which tone, phrasing, and style were beautiful in an eminent degree. We do not often hear such singing in this city—such sure, finished artistic work—and should be grateful for what we get of it.

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An exceedingly interesting concert was given at B'nai B'rith Hall, on last Monday evening, by "The Orchestral Union," an association of about thirty amateur musicians, who, under the leadership of Mr. William Toepke, have for the past ten months devoted themselves to the careful study of orchestra music. Their programme of Monday contained a variety of compositions, some of considerable difficulty, which were all given with commendable precision of *attacque* and nice attention to matters of detail, such as light and shade, accent, etc. This was especially noticeable in Beethoven's C major Symphonie (No. 1), the careful and intelligent preparation of which reflects great credit on Mr. Toepke. In this work that gentleman has found a field that I should think would be very interesting, and in which I am convinced he will be of the highest usefulness; he has many qualities that will render his services of great value to these young musicians, if they will but heartily second his efforts for their improvement. In a note on the programme, the Society invites amateurs who desire to improve themselves to join them, and I should say that those who play on orchestra instruments could hardly do a better thing. They also invite honorary membership, to aid them pecuniarily, and will, I trust, receive sufficient encouragement to enable them to continue their work. I quote from the programme: "With a view to the development of the Society—for which purpose pecuniary aid is greatly needed—it has been decided to admit honorary members. There are in the city many lovers of music who would be glad to give substantial assistance to a society of this kind, and to such the opportunity is now offered. For an annual subscription of five dollars a certificate of honorary membership will be issued, entitling the holder and ladies to admission to all regular concerts of the association and to its rehearsals on the first Monday of each month."

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Senor M. Y. Ferrer, whose annual concert takes place at Dashaway Hall, on the 25th inst., will have a large number of excellent artists to assist him, and has prepared a very interesting programme. Ferrer is at once an admirable guitar player and a good musician—rare combination—and his concerts are always a pleasant feature of our musical season.

O. W.

## INTAGLIOS.

### Das Grab.

[We find in the N. Y. *World* the following translation of this famous German poem by Salis, and for the purpose of comparison add another, by one of our own contributors.]

THE GRAVE.

Deep is the grave and still;
Its brink doth awful stand;
Its veil of dark and sombre hue
Hideth an unknown land.

The song of nightingale
Sounds not within its breast,
And only on the hillock green
Friendship's last rose may rest.

Bereaved brides wring the band—
Alas! their grief is vain;
The plaint of orphan enters not,
No voice is heard again.

Yet here is lovely peace,
When we no longer roam;
And only through the gate of death
Man finds his native home.

Only when storms are hush'd
And tempests rage no more,
Finds the poor soul, so beaten here,
Peace, vainly sought before.

—*C. H. Chichester.*

THE GRAVE.

The grave is deep and silent,
Awful its brink and lone;
'Tis decked with sable hangings
A land unknown.

The nightingale's soft music
Sounds not above its breast;
The flowers of friendship only
There fall and rest.

In vain are tears of anguish
And wringings of the hand;
The orphan's wailings enter not
That lonely land.

Yet here alone abideth
The longèd rest to come;
And through this gloomy portal
Man sees his home.

The poor heart, tossed and wearied
With many a storm before,
Finds rest, when, sinking silent,
It bèats no more.

—*Kottabos.*

### My Lady's Window.

This is my lady's window, this
Her favored vine, whose leaf I kiss.
Grow, little vine, and clamber high,
Let leaf with shoot and tendril vie;
But this thy chiefest duty be:
To guard my lady's jalousie.
And when, at set of sun, she stands
With placid brow and folded hands,
Or rests her arms upon the sill
To gaze adown the misty still,
Then, borne upon some gentle air,
Touch lightly, softly, leaflet fair,
Upon my lady's lips, and leave
The kiss from me thou didst receive.

—*Will. H. Smiley.*

### The Beggar at the Porch.

A woman's sad face, seamed with many tears,
Shrank in a church porch, in those vacant years
When life for me ran shallowly along
With no more murmur than the brook's glad song.
It claimed an alms with dumbly patient eyes,
And when I passed it flashed forth no surprise;
But as I knelt beneath the Gothic roof,
It evermore arose in mild reproof,
Until I said: "The hour of service o'er,
With pitying hand I'll pause beside the door."
When ceased the preacher's voice, the organ's note,
And all the aisle the summer sunshine smote,
The face had vanished, and in vain I sought
The wan, mute pleader I had set at naught.
Ah me, the way to heaven we find too late;
In age we, too, may sit beside the gate.

—*J. W. Ryan.*

### The Burial of Moses.

[These two stanzas are from an anonymous poem with the above title which first appeared in the Dublin *University Magazine.* Can any one supply the entire poem?]

Amid the noblest of the land,
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed
In the great 'minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

### My Little Love.

My little love, your sunny curls are golden;
And, pretty one, your laughing eyes are blue.
How strange to have a lover, gray and olden,
Whose years are many but whose heart is true!
Listen, my little love, and I shall tell
The reason why I love my darling well.

For many years ago, so runs the story,
I held a softly yielding hand in mine;
In her bright eyes there was the self-same glory
Of loveliness and truth I find in thine.
If you were older, dear one, you could guess
That, loving her, I could not love you less.

My child, 'tis beautiful to live life over—
The sweetness of love's perfume never dies.
You are my loved one; I am still a lover.
I find her soul reflected in your eyes,
And she is looking on us from above;
Then kiss your grandpapa, my little love!

## DRESS AND COMPLEXION.

We find the following article on this important, not to say sacred, subject in an eastern journal, and submit it to our lady readers in the hope that such of them as happen to have complexions not corresponding with their clothes may be guided to reform. As to whether the statements made are judicious and valuable, bless our souls! we know no more about the matter than a Mammoth Cave bat:

"Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already more or less determined tiot of this color. Blue, therefore, is a color suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation; and it will not suit brunettes, since they already have too much of the orange. The latter color is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whites those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. Violet, the complimentary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus, it imparts some greenish yellow to fair complexions, it augments the yellow tiot of yellow and orange skins, and the blue there may be in a complexion it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficieotly deep to whiten it by contrast of tone—a fact important enough to be remembered by the ladies. Rose red can not be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their fresbness; dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose red, because being higher than the latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them, in consequeoce of contrast of toce. A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficieot in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience; but it is not so favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those who have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the hue they add to this tiot will be of brick-red hue; a dark green, in the latter case, will be less objectionable than delicate green. Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate greeo; to those skins that are more yellow than orange it imparts white.

## 'Scat!

A certain Dr. Wilder, it appears, has published a pamphlet entitled, *Anatomical Uses of the Cat*, in which he affirms that dead cats are just as good as dead men for purpose of dissection, the aoatomy of the cat bearing the most striking resemblance to that of its master. Dr. Wilder asserts that many physicians will be startled when they learn "how slight are the differences between a cat and a man," meaning of course, a man of science. Each has "a head, a neck, a trunk, and two pairs of limbs, with similar bones, muscles, and joints." Moreover, "the chest, abdomen, and pelvis contain the same organs, similarly arranged." "Let us," pursues the author, "examine the arm, or front leg, of the scientific person. We shall find that it has the shoulder-blade and collarbone, humerus, ulna and radius, carpals, metacarpals, and phalanges," which we find in the front leg of the cat. Both cats and scieotific persons have a collection of ideotical muscles with Latin names, that would certainly loosen the back teeth of any cat who should try to pronounce them; and in conclusion we are told that the cat's braiq "presents all the primary divisioos, and some of the fissures of the hemispheres are homologous with those of man." It may be conceded that Dr. Wilder's arguments fully prove the anatomical usefulness of the cat, but it is possible he has proved too much. If the scientific person so closely resembles a cat, would it not be wise and fitting for him to go and be a cat in the intervals of weariness of self which every man occasionally feels. Dr. Wilder has overlooked this possible result of his pamphlet, but he may be assured that people will not readily forgive him wheo they find their back tences infested with howling scientific persons engaged in practically illustrating their startling resemblance to cats.

The London *Standard's* old fogy, whose contributions oo social topics are among the raciest bits of London journalism, has been overpowered by a young lady of the period. He took her down to dinner, and after they had seated themselves at table, asked her if she had been very gay during the season. It was a commooplace question, but he received a startling answer to it—startling, at least, to an old fogy who had scarcely followed the vagaries of modern maidens with the attention they doubtless deserve. "Oh, no!" said his companion, rather freezingly; and then she added, as if she did not wish to seem discourteous: "We went to hear Professor Allman's opening address at the meeting of the British Association." "Indeed," the old man replied, "did you like it?" "I don't know what you mean by 'like it," said his fair companion coldly; "but I thought it most interesting and valuable. Professor Allman expressed his full agreement with Huxley as to protoplasm being the physical basis of life, and he indorses Haeckel's views as to the reality of Bathybius. But, of course, you read the address." The old fogy was completely staggered. She was quite in earnest. All this came trippingly off her tongue through a pair of the rosiest lips imaginable, and without a smile.

Mr. Gladstone is an active, lithe, muscular man, rather tall and of well proportioned frame. His face aod figure have that clear-cut contour which indicates several generations of intellectual activity and personal leadership. Mr. Gladstone is the descendant of a long line of Scottish lairdmen of small wealth and limited possessions, but accustomed to stand first in their community, to think and to lead. The face is scholarly, cultivated, its outlines boldly defined by that meagreness of muscle which distinguishes the intellectual athlete. There is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on it. The thin lips and well-cut mouth and chin betoken firmness, determination, and endurance. A new fact or an aggressive opinion wakes the whole man with the fire of youth, and the eye flashes with eager light, and the body bends quickly forward as if to grasp a fresh acquisition.

M. Littré has been unburdening himself of opinions very comfortable to the American mind. He thinks that the centre of culture will, in time, move from the Seine to the banks of the Hudson, that the ruling language of the future will be English, and its chief seat of learning will be in the United States. The people of Boston who chance to observe the Frenchman's predictions will doubtless set him down as a man of singular ignorance and stupidity when he talks thus encouragingly of New York. After the Anglo-Saxon, as governing races, M. Littré places the Russian and the Spanish—to the latter conceding the possession of the South American Continent.

## HOW TO WRITE A "PINAFORE."

When Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan landed in New York they had, of course, to undergo the vulgar horrors of interviewing. Deprecating the necessity, we are glad enough to publish the result, if only to mark the contrast between the senseless questions of the reporter and the straightforward answers of the sufferers. The conversation, of course, turned first upon *Pinafore*, and Gilbert and Sullivan agreed in expressing their surprise at its enormous success in this country.

"It is rather hard," said Gilbert, with great good humor, "when one has done for years serious work—a work, at least, aiming to be so—to find after all that a frothy trifle like this should have so far exceeded in its success the work which one has held in far more serious esti nation. For we really had no idea that it would be such an extraordinary success, you know."

Mr. Sullivan cordially chimed in with this sentiment, and alluded to his oratorios and other compositions of a more classical and ambitious style, which he was constrained to acknowledge had not met with anything like the popular success that *Pinafore* had enjoyed.

"Under what inspiration was it composed—champagne or Bass ale?"

Mr. Sullivan laughed, and replied that during most of the time in which he wrote the score of the *Pinafore* he was seriously ill, and was often in great pain when he composed the merriest melodies in that tuneful little work.

"Did these striking airs occur to you spontaneously, or did you have to search for them, as it were?"

"Oh, it's a great mistake to suppose that the music of an opera bubbles up like a spring," was the composer's reply. "We have to dig for music like the miner for his gold. It won't do for the miner to expect the gold to come up spontaneously. He has to dig deep for it, and so we, also, have to dig for our musical treasures."

"And the words," the reporter queried, turning to the author; "how was it that they were so closely wedded to the musical idea?"

"Well, we have been working together harmoniously for the last seven years," was Mr. Gilbert's reply, "and have learned to understand each other so thoroughly that even the faintest suggestion of the one meets with a ready and sympathetic response from the other. In all this period of active coöperation it has never even once occurred that we have disagreed as to the way in which an idea should be carried out, be it either poetically or musically."

"Did you expect these familiar quotations from *Pinafore* to become the popular catchwords which they now are?"

"Never," was Mr. Gilbert's serious and emphatic reply.

"What! Never?"

"Well, very seldom," the author laughingly answered, "as I once innocently said before to a gentleman who asked me the same question, and who laughed uproariously, he thought it so funny. But, seriously speaking, I had no idea that these few jocular expressions would pass into the small currency of daily coversation. Had I sat down with the mechanical effort to coin a popular catchword I probably should have failed completely."

"What is Poetry?" is a conundrum we find in an esteemed cotemporary. Wheo a young lady receives a letter from her lover, and finds at the omega of it those soul-inspiring lines, "The rose is red, the violet's blue, no knife can cut our love in two," she is willing to make oath that sweeter poetry never was written. The world is full of poetry. The little girl of six summers, with heavenly blue eyes, a laughing dimple, fluffy golden hair, pink cheeks and pink sash, is a sweet poem—and ten years hence some young man will want to metre aod form a couplet. The yellow cur going "kiting" down the street, with tinware attachment, is a poem—of the doggerel order. The sad-eyed fisherman, who stanza 'long the river's edge four hours without getting a bite, is a verse—averse to standing there any longer; so epics up his lines, which have not fallen in pleasant places, and concludes to ron-deau-wn home. And the tuft of tender grass that appears after the snows of winter have departed, is a spring poem—but not the kind the editor "sits down upon." The man in the white pants at a picnic does that. And now if you don't koow what poetry is, we give it up.

The London *Spectator* thinks that women care more for nature, and men more for art. Perhaps that is the reason why meo aod women care so much for each other.

That poor bed-ridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. *Will you let them suffer* when so easily cured?

Gentlemen can be accommodated with dress coats for special occasions at the tailoring establishment of J. Cooper, No. 24 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel. *For sale or hire.*

The ladies aod gentlemen of the Authors' Carnival, who overcome their innate modesty in the cause of charity, overcome it so well that in their own cause they have been photographed singly, in groups, and all together, both in and out of costume and character. But then who can fight against the natural desire to be photographed by Bradley & Rulofson? Not the ugliest and most consciously ill-dressed of our species can make head against this most insidious temptation to be glorified and spiritualized by the magic of the camera. To be beautiful on a bit of card has grown to be the first, dearest, and dominant ambition of the human soul.

A fine line Gent's Furnishing Goods at J. M. Litchfield & Co.'s, No. 415 Montgomery Street.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

An elegant assortment of Gold Watches and Chains at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.


The Family Oil. **RED CROSS** The Family Oil.

BRILLIANT, PURE, ECONOMICAL, SAFE.

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*DASHAWAY HALL.*

FRIST SCHMIDT QUINTET MUSICAL RECITAL

.... ON ....

TUESDAY EVENING.....NOVEMBER, 1879,

MISS JENNY LANDSMAN,

Prima Donna, from the Italian Opera, Milan.

Season Ticket, including Reserved Seat.....$5 00.
Admission..... 1 00.
Reserved Seats.....50 Cents Extra.

Box Sheet now Open at Gray's Music Store.

CHARLES SCHUTZ, Business Manager.

*METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.*

GEORGE W. MINNS

Will deliver a Lecture on

LONGFELLOW

On Tuesday Evening, Nov. 18th, and a lecture on

BRYANT

On Friday Evening, Nov. 21st, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 Cents.

Matinee.—This (Saturday) afternoon, Nov. 15th, at 2 o'clock, Mr. Minns will lecture on the poetry of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Admission 25 cents.

*DASHAWAY HALL.*

ELLEN COURSEN FIRST OPERA NIGHT,

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1879.

ADMISSION.....50 CENTS.

*STANDARD THEATRE.*

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

M. A. KENNEDY.....MANAGER.

This (Saturday) evening, Nov. 15, and every evening (except Sunday) until further notice. Matinee to-day at 2 P. M. Sixth week of the popular

OWENS' COMEDY SEASON!

Will be produced for the first time in San Francisco, after careful preparation, with New Scenery, Elegant Stage Appointments, and Great Star Cast, the Five-Act Comedy from the German "Dr. Klaus," entitled

DR. CLYDE!
DR. CLYDE!

MR. JOHN E. OWENS

As "Higgins," the alleged Factotum of "Dr. Clyde," "as it were."

Special Engagement of

MR. GEORGE D. CHAPLIN,

Who will appear in his original character of "Dr. Clyde."

Reserved seats can be secured six days in advance at the box office.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

Continued Success of the Famous

COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY,

Embracing the Celebrated Vocalist,

MISS EME ROSEAU,

....ALSO....

40 ARTISTS. 40

Saturday evening, Nov. 15th, last night but one of

THE MAGIC SLIPPER!

Supported by every member of the mammoth organization.

SATURDAY, MATINEE OF THE MAGIC SLIPPER

Sunday Evening—Last Time of the Magic Slipper.

Monday evening, Nov. 17th—First time here of the new Burlesque of

OXYGEN!

OR, GAS IN BURLESQUE METRE.

# STANDARD BOOKS.

**Dickens,**
**Scott,**
**Thackeray,**
**Bulwer.**
**Irving,**
**Macaulay,**
**British Poets,**
**Shakspeare, Etc.,**

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(MASONIC TEMPLE.)

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*HAVE JUST RECEIVED A SPLEN-* did variety of

## BERLIN EMBROIDERIES,

Comprising all the Nouveautees which Berlin has produced in the course of this year. We respectfully invite our Lady customers and Ladies in general to give us a call.

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*$66 A WEEK IN YOUR OWN* town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,

*DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126* Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

**WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,**

*OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.*

Office hours, from 12 M. to 2 P. M.

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The most fashionable in the market.

Greatly Reduced in Price.

Equal to the Turkish or Persian, at one-fourth the cost. Elegant designs, unexcelled for durability. For sale by the leading Carpet Dealers, and WAKEFIELD RATTAN COMPANY, 38 Geary Street.

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Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

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*IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE* GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

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**Wholesale Provision Dealers,**

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204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. - - San Francisco.

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**Commission Merchants,**

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*OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR* Street.

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# ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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NATHANIEL GRAY. C. S. WRIGHT. J. A. CAMPBELL.

**N. GRAY & CO.,**

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Successors to Kane & Cook,

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METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.*

Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited

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**HOLCOMB BROS. & CO.**

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

**CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,**

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HARNESS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repository and Salesrooms, 411 and 411½ California St.

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PRICES REDUCED!

MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT,

135 Montgomery, near Bush.

Spectacles, their adaptation to the various condition of sight, my specialty thirty years. Established, S. F., 1863.

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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 9) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 11th day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 31st day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-ninth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirtieth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.* Locasion of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of November, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Busb Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, an assesssment (No. 60) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fourth (24th) day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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**HILLSIDE HOME.**

*A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG* Ladies. Parents desiring a New England home for their daughters, where, free from the excitements of a large school, they may still receive thorough instruction in the English branches, in the Languages, and in Music, are invited to correspond with MISS ADELE BREWER, Stockbridge, Mass.

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**FRENCH LANGUAGE**

TAUGHT BY

**PROF. LOUIS ARMAND,**

*MASTER OF ARTS, GRADUATE* of the University of France, Faculte des Lettres de Paris, ex-Professor of French at the State University of California. Apply to the ARGONAUT office. Terms, $2 per lesson. Special arrangements for pupils or classes by the month.

REFERENCES:

JOHN LE CONTE, President State University; HON. JOHN W. DWINELLE, HON. JOHN S. HAGER.

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**SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.**

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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**ETCHINGS AND RARE ENGRAVINGS.**

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM NO. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection. Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

---

**ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,**

REGALIA AND LODGE SUPPLIES.

A. J. PLATE & CO.,

No. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET

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**JOE POHEIM**

*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.

Suits to order from.....$20
Pants to order from..... 8
Overcoats to order from.....15

☞ The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is, at

JOE POHEIM

203 Montgomery St., and 103 Third St.

Samples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

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**BUTTERICK'S**

PATTERNS---NOV. STYLES.

Send stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST. San Francisco.

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**ASSESSMENT**

—OF—

**LANDS BENEFITED**

—BY—

**WIDENING DUPONT STREET.**

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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**TAXES, TAXES, 1879-80.**

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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**MONTGOMERY AVENUE**

ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

WM. FORD,

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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**EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.**

*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

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*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court A. D. SHARON.

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**$25 to $5000** Judiciously invested in Wall St. lays the foundation for fortunes every week, and pays immense profits by the New Capitalization System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 25 Broad St., N. Y.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Coonects at Niles with traio arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Reddiog (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.20* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*9.30* A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

*10.40* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this traio (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.

☞ On SATURDAYS only commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 3d, the run of this train will be extended to Salinas—connecting with the M. and S. V. R. R. for Monterey. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

*3.30* P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*4.25* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

*5.00* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose..... $1 00

On Freight Traios only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted).

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mobave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

## *SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wrigbt's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz; also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Fraucisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## *SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for rouod trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BRAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 1, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 9, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.
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UNDER THE

BALDWIN.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 21. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 22, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

The thing that delights us most is to receive anonymous letters. Most people, we believe, affect to treat such communications with great contempt, throw them in the fire, and assume that they are, if not sent for an evil purpose, at least evidence of great cowardice. *We* are always a little stilted when we undertake to measure other people's virtues. Because we possess moral courage, we think every one else ought to; because we are personally brave, we think all others ought to be; because we despise money, love our neighbors, fear God, and are entirely honest and honorable, and in our lives altogether above reproach, we think every person ought to be likewise good. We delight in anonymous letters, and are always pleased to receive them. If they are threatening—as they sometimes are—we are put on guard. They ofttimes contain most excellent advice, and when they do we are delighted to follow it. Not unfrequently they contain information, of which we are glad to avail ourselves. Upon arriving in our office on Monday morning we found a batch of them, and only one ugly one in the number—and it was addressed to the cowardly element in our character. Two appealed to our mercenary traits, one—couched in the language of genuine friendship—begged us not unnecessarily to wound the feelings of our Catholic readers by any unkind criticism upon the Catholic Church, and one—evidently from a ward politician—appealed to us to avoid printing anything that would alienate the Catholic vote from the Republican party. All of these letters because of a statement in last week's ARGONAUT that we were going to quote from a speech made by the Bishop of Bosnia at the Ecumenical Council upon the doctrine of Papal infallibility.

We hope our Catholic readers will not become unnecessarily alarmed. We do not intend to overthrow and destroy the Roman church. It is not our purpose to confute its arguments or correct its errors. We do not even intend to dethrone the Pope from his spiritual supremacy. Whether or not he is the vicegerent of God we shall allow him to settle with God, whose agent he claims to be. Whether he is the successor to St. Peter in unbroken line we shall neither affirm nor deny, except to say we do not see the proof. But because we have found in print a very remarkable speech of a very learned Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, delivered upon the memorable occasion of the last great council of the church in the Basilica of the Vatican; and because it is from a learned and brave man, and was delivered under peculiar circumstances; and because it shows that the heresy of free thought and free utterance is growing in this world, so that even the Catholic Church, with its traditions, organization, wealth, influence, numbers, and power, can not repress it, even within its own council, in its own church—we print it. To the poor, benighted, and ignorant Catholic bigot who sends us a menacing note, we commend the speech of Bishop Strossmayer. To those who think that the publication of such a letter in the ARGONAUT will injure it in circulation or business, we beg to say we have not so poor and mean an estimate of the intelligent class of Catholics. To the ignorant of any class we do not address ourselves. As to the political friend who is anxious for our future, we beg to assure him that it is because we are quite confident that we have no political future, and because we do not desire any, that we can afford to indulge ourselves in the luxury of independent thought and independent utterance. To the presumably Catholic lady who deprecates any assault upon what she holds dear and sacred, we say she needs have no fear; we know the emotional character of her class; we know that she is at least sincere in her love and veneration for the church. We respect her feelings; and while the threats of men, the terrors of the Catholic vote, and the menace of losing money would almost vex us to an aggressive war, the ARGONAUT does not forget that it does embrace among its readers a small number of earnest, zealous, good people, who do think that the Pope is the vicegerent of God, the vicar of Jesus Christ, the successor of St. Peter, the keeper of the keys of heaven and pastor of an universal church that is the divinely appointed teacher of mankind, and that, when in the discharge of his office he speaks "ex-cathedra," he is infallible. To these good Catholics we give this speech.

This address was made in Latin, and translated by Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Baltimore. Let the reader recall the circumstance of its delivery. It was before the grandest and latest of the Church's great councils, held in the Basilica of St. Peter's, when under its sacred altar reposes half the body of the saint who was the apostle contemporaneous with Christ. We say half the body, because it is a tradition that his head is inurned at St. John Lateran, and his other half at St. Paul's, beyond the wall. It was in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Pius IX. to the Papal chair. The Croatian Bishop saw about him the learned and pious men of his Church. Around him were holy relics of the saints and godly fathers; around him the noblest monuments of art in oil and marble and bronze. He stood in the presence of him who was to be pronounced an infallible expounder of the dogmas of a church that for eighteen centuries had withstood the encroachments of time itself ever encroaching in power. He stood up to declare that in his opinion the Bishop of Rome was no greater than any other Bishop; that St. Peter was not a Pope; that all this splendid superstructure of church grandeur, with power and spiritual dominion, was built not upon a rock; that in spite of its traditions, its wealth, and its power, it was open to the honest investigation of earnest men for the truth of the claims it has so long put forth; that science, reason, and philosophy might be brought to bear upon the Roman Catholic Church, as upon any human institution, and that its pretensions must be weighed in the balance of common sense, by the renowned thinkers of this and succeeding generations. The Bishop said that under a grave sense of his responsibility to God, he had studiously applied himself to the examination of the Holy Scriptures on the question whether the Holy Pontiff, who presides in the Council, is really the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the infallible teacher of the Church.

"The effect of this inquiry has been startling. I open, then, these sacred pages. But what! shall I dare to tell it? I find in them nothing to justify, however remotely, the ultramontane view. Nay, more! to my utter astonishment, I find nothing said about a pope, successor to Peter, and vicar of Jesus Christ any more than about a successor to Mohammed. Yes, Archbishop Manning, you will say that I blaspheme; and you, Bishop Pie, that I am out of my senses. No, no, my lords Bishops, I am not blaspheming; I am not beside myself. But having just risen from the reading of the New Testament from beginning to end, I declare to you before God, lifting my hand toward yonder great crucifix, that I find in its pages no trace of the papacy as it now exists. Do not refuse to listen to me, venerable brethren. Do not, by your murmurs and interruptions, justify those who declare, with Father Hyacinthe, that this council is not free, but that our votes were imposed on us in advance. If this were so, this august assembly, toward which the eyes of the whole world are turned, would fall into the most shameful contempt. If we would be great we must be free. I thank His Grace, Bishop Dupanloup, for that nod of approval. It gives me courage to go on. Reading, then, the Scriptures, with such attention as the Lord has made me capable of, I have not found in them a single chapter, a single verse, in which Jesus Christ commits to St. Peter lordship over the apostles, his fellow-laborers. If Simon, son of Jonas, had been appointed to be what we understand His Holiness, Pius IX., to be in our time, it is astonishing that Christ did not say to the Apostles: 'When I am ascended up to my Father, ye all shall obey Simon Peter as ye have obeyed me. I appoint him my vicar upon earth.' Not only is Christ silent on this point, but he has so little thought of giving the churches a chief, that when he is promising thrones to his apostles to judge the twelve tribes of Israel (Matthew xix, 28) he promises twelve of them—one apiece—without saying that one is to be higher than the rest, and is to belong to Peter. Surely if He had wished this to be so, He would have said so. What must we infer from His silence? Logic tells us: Christ did not intend to make Peter chief of the apostolic college. When Christ sent forth the apostles to the conquest of the world, He gave to all alike the power of binding and loosing, to all the promise of the Holy Ghost. Let me repeat it: If He had meant to make Peter His Vicar, He would have appointed him commander in chief of His spiritual army. 'Christ,' says the Scripture, 'forbade Peter and his colleagues to have rule and lordship, and power over believers, like the princes of the Gentiles.' (Luke xxii, 25.) If Peter had been made Pope, Jesus would not have spoken thus; for, according to our traditions, the papacy holds in its hands two swords, the symbol of spiritual and temporal power.

* * *

"But here is another fact of greater importance still. An ecumenical council was gathered at Jerusalem to decide questions on which believers were divided. Who would have convoked this council if St. Peter had been Pope? St. Peter. Who would have presided over it? St. Peter or his legates. Who would have formulated and promulgated the canons of it? St. Peter. Well, now, nothing of the kind ever took place. The apostle was present at the council like all his colleagues. But it was not he who framed its conclusions, but St. James; and when the decrees of it were promulgated, this was done in the name of 'the apostles, the elders, and the brethren.' (Acts xv.) Is this the way we manage things in our church? The deeper I go, my venerable brethren, in my examination, the more I am convinced that in the Holy Scriptures there is no appearance of the primacy of the son of Jonas. While we teach that the church is being built on St. Peter, St. Paul—whose authority can not be questioned—tells us in his epistle to the Ephesians (ii. 29) that it is 'built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.' The same apostle is so far from believing in the supremacy of Peter, that he only rebukes those who say, 'I am of Paul and I of Apollos' (1 Cor. i, 12), in the same terms as those who would say, 'I am of Peter.' If, then, the latter apostle was vicar of Jesus Christ, St. Paul would have taken good care not to censure so violently those who held to his colleague. The same apostle Paul, enumerating the offices of the church, mentions apostles, prophets, evangelists, teachers, pastors. Is it credible, venerable brethren, that St. Paul, the great teacher of the Gentiles, would have left out the greatest of all the offices—the papacy—if the papacy had been founded by divine institution? It seems to me that this omission would have been no more possible than a history of this council that should make no mention whatever of His Holiness, Pius IX. [Voices in the Assembly, 'Silence, heretic, silence!') Keep calm, venerable brethren; I have not got through yet. By hindering me from going on you will show the world that you are in the wrong, and that you have gagged the humblest member of this body. I proceed: The apostle Paul in not one of his letters addressed to the various churches makes any mention of the primacy of Peter. If this primacy had existed; if, in short, the church had had a supreme head, infallible in teaching, would the great teacher of the Gentiles have omitted all mention of it? Nay! he would have written a long epistle on this important, this vital subject. When, therefore, he is rearing the edifice of Christian doctrine, is it possible that he leaves out the foundation and the key-stone? Now, unless the apostolic church is to be reckoned heretical, which we neither wish nor dare to say, we are constrained to acknowledge that the church has never been more fair, more pure, nor more holy, than in the days when it had no Pope. [Voices, 'It is false! it is false!'] Monsignor de Laval can not contradict this, for if any one of you, venerable brethren, should dare to think that the church, which at this day has a Pope for its head, is stronger in the faith, or purer in morals than the apostolic church, he must say it openly in the face of the world, for this room is the centre from which our words fly from pole to pole. I proceed: Not in the writings of St. Paul, nor in those of St. James, have I found any trace or germ of the papal power. St. Luke, the historian of the missionary labors of the apostles, is silent on this vital point. The silence of these holy men, whose writings are part of the canon of the inspired Scriptures, is as inexplicable, if Peter had been Pope, as that of Thiers would have been if he had omitted the title of Emperor in the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. I see before me a member of this body who says, pointing to me with his finger, 'He is a schismatic bishop who has got among us under false pretenses.' No, no, my venerable brethren, I did not come to this august body like a thief, by the window. I came by the door just as regularly as yourselves. It is my right as a bishop, as it is my duty as a Christian, to speak and declare what I know to be true. But the thing which astounds me beyond all expression is the silence of Peter himself. If he had been what we say—the vicar of Christ upon earth—he must have known it. If he knew it, how does it happen that he never once—not one solitary time—acted as Pope? He might have done it on the day of Pentecost, when he pronounced his first discourse, but he did not. He might have done it at the Council of Jerusalem, but he did not. He might have done it at Antioch, but he did not. He might have done it in his two epistles to the churches, but he did not. Imagine such a Pope as this, O my venerable brethren!

* * *

"If, then, we would maintain that Peter was Pope, it necessarily follows that we must maintain that he was not aware of it at the time. I put it to any man with a head to think and a mind to reflect, whether these two suppositions are credible. To sum up, then: During the lifetime of the apostles the Church never thought of the possibility of a Pope. To maintain the contrary, it would be necessary to put the Holy Scriptures into the fire, or out of mind. But I bear from all sides the question, 'Was not St. Peter at Rome? Was he not crucified here head downward? The chair from which he taught, the altar at which he said mass, are they not in this Eternal City?' Venerable brethren, the sojourn of St. Peter, at Rome, has no other proof than tradition. But even if he was Bishop of Rome, what argument can be drawn from his episcopate here to prove his supremacy? A scholar of the highest rank, Scaliger, has not hesitated to say that the episcopate and sojourn of St. Peter at Rome must be classed among ridiculous legends. [Repeated cries: 'Silence him! silence him! Down with him from the platform!'] Venerable brethren, I am ready to be silent; but is it not more becoming to such a body as this to prove all things, as the apostle enjoins, and believe that which is good?

* * *

"I will not press this further, venerable brethren, but pass on to the great argument which is alleged in proof of the *primacy* of the Bishop of Rome. By the *rock* on which the Holy Church was built, you understand *Peter*. If this were true, it would be an end to the dispute. But the early fathers, who must surely have known something about it, did not think as we do on this point. [The Bishop proceeds to cite the fathers—Cyril, Hilary, Jerome, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Basil of Seleucia—as agreeing in the view that the *rock* was Peter's *faith*, or the great *truth* to which he testified, and concludes with several emphatic and decisive expressions from Augustine.] So far was this great Bishop from believing that the Church was built on St. Peter, that he said to his people in his thirteenth sermon: 'Thou art Peter, and on this *rock* which thou hast acknowledged in declaring, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"—I will build my Church—on myself, in that I am the Son of the living God, will I build it—on me, AND NOT ON THEE.' St. Augustine's opinion on this famous text was the opinion of all Christendom in his day. To sum up, then, I have proved: 1. That Jesus gave to all the apostles the same power as to Peter. 2. That the apostles never recognized Peter as the apostle of Jesus Christ, and the infallible teacher of the Church. 3. That Peter never thought of being Pope, and never acted as Pope. 4. That the councils of the first four centuries, while acknowledging the high power of the Bishop of Rome, conceded to him only a preëminence of honor, never of power or jurisdiction. 5. That the holy fathers in the famous passage, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church,' never understood that the Church was built upon Peter *(super Petrum)*, but upon the rock *(super Petram)*, that is, the apostle's confession of faith. I conclude triumphantly with history, with reason, with logic, with common sense, and with Christian conscience, that Jesus Christ conferred no supremacy whatever on St. Peter; and that if the Bishops of Rome have come to be sovereigns of the Church, it has only been by the process of confiscating, one by one, all the rights of the bishops. [Voices—'Silence the impudent Protestant! Silence him.'] I, an impudent Protestant? No! a thousand times, no. History is neither Catholic, nor Anglican, nor Calvinist, nor Lutheran, nor Arminian, nor Schismatic Greek, nor Ultramontane. It is what it is; it is something mightier than all the decisions of ecumenical councils. You may write falsely against it if you dare; but you can no more destroy it than you can throw down the Coliseum by pulling out a brick. If I have said anything which history disproves, confront me with history, and without a moment's hesitation, I will make the *amende honorable*. But be patient awhile, and you will find that I have not yet said the whole of what I have undertaken to say, and must say. If the stake were waiting for me on the great square of St. Peter's I could not be silent—I should be bound to go on."

Just as we are going to press—this article already in type—we receive from San José the following letter. We have no time to verify the truth of the statement therein contained. We do not know Mr. Walter H. Ellison, but it is right to give his letter, as we give the speech of the Bosnian Bishop. We do not know Bishop Strossmayer. We do not know whether the Sacred Scriptures justify the pretensions of a Pope. We do not even claim to be "candid Protestants." But as candid Pagans we are always willing to print the truth on either side. But if Bishop Strossmayer did not deliver the speech as we have reproduced it, somebody else did. If not in the Vatican, than some place other than before the Ecumenical Council. It is a good speech, meaty with suggestions. We print the letter as we received it:

SAN JOSE, November 17, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—SIR:—I have noticed in your issue of the 15th a statement that you intend, in your next number, making some extracts from a supposed speech of Bishop Strossmayer, which he is said to have delivered before the Vatican Council. Will you permit me to lay before you the following extract from *Men of the Times*, a dictionary of contemporary biography, published by Messrs. Routledge, of London and New York, a responsible Protestant firm:

"*Strossmayer*, The Right Rev. Joseph, D. D., a prelate of the Roman Church, born at Essak, in Slavonia, February 4, 1815, received his education in the universities of Vienna and Padua, and on May 20, 1850, was consecrated Bishop of Bosnia and Sirmio. During the sittings of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, in 1869-70, he was constantly represented as an earnest opponent of the dogmatization of the infallibility of the Pope. Several journals went so far as to reproduce the text of a speech alleged to have been delivered at the Council by Mgr. Strossmayer; but in 1872 the Bishop addressed a letter to the *Francais*, in which he says: 'Latterly several liberal, or rather self-called liberal, papers have published a pretended speech, supposed to have been made by myself at the Vatican Council. I resolutely and absolutely deny ever having made any such discourse. I never said a word during the entire Council which could in any way diminish the authority of the Holy See, or tend to promote discord in the church.'"

It is of course open to you to "stir up your Catholic readers" in any way you may think proper, but I hope that as an honorable journalist you will not, in doing so, make use of a document, without [illegible] tion, which even candid Protestants admit to be an exploded [illegible]

Yours, faithfully, WALTER H. ELL[illegible]

## A MISSION ROMANCE.

One autumn in the early history of our State, circumstances called me to Southern California. I had always had concerning this region an indistinct idea of orange trees springing native from the soil, of Spanish gentlemen who wore picturesque costumes, and that each *señorita*, from the shadow of a lace mantilla, flashed glances out of beautiful eyes across a restless fan. I had long had a yearning to visit this land and its people. I left San José on horseback and traveled rapidly southward; soon reached and passed the few towns on the way, and came out on the Salinas plains—long reaches of almost level country that struck a strange loneliness and homesickness to my heart. The grass was dead, and the roots often lay exposed where the strong winds had literally blown the earth away. My horse's feet striking the gravelly path and the rush of the wind were the only sounds that came to my ears, and I listened to them till the earth seemed to move to the knock, knock of Capo's hoofs and the rustle of the grass. As I neared the Mission of San Miguel the mountains stood in closer, and the view was broken by clumps of low oaks and patches of brushwood. Along the banks of the Salinas the cottonwoods and alders clustered thickly, looking fresh and green as I had ever seen them in other lands. Soon the red-tiled roof of the old Mission was seen across the valley, with its gray walls and little dark windows like dusky eyes, looking ever yearningly to the distant hills as if seeking the mystery they kept concealed on the other side. Some dirty, lazy-looking Indians were lounging about the doors as I rode up, and they hardly deigned a glance in my direction. I looked about for some one to make inquiries of, but the padre came out before I could make up my mind that any of the wretches near had sense enough to answer a question.

"Good evening," said the padre. "Do you come to claim our hospitality?"

"If you take in strangers, yes," I replied, as he came nearer.

"My son, the stranger may always find rest and refreshment within these walls. Dismount and I will have your horse cared for."

He spoke a few words to the nearest Indian, and my horse was led away, while I followed my conductor through the deep porch into the rooms beyond. The one we entered was paved with well cut stone, and the walls and heavy beams overhead were neatly whitewashed. A few rude chairs, a table, and a primitive lounge, over which the skin of some animal was spread, made up the most of the furniture.

The padre went out to have some refreshments brought in, and soon returned, followed by an old, wrinkled woman, who seemed the very witch of Endor.

My host was a man superior to the average Catholic priest found in such places, but this I learned only after a more extended acquaintance with the Mission padres. He was above the medium height, well proportioned, and of good carriage. His dark eyes had a grave, repressed glance, and his face wore a sad, almost a bitter look, as if much had been lost—much that his heart would still, with sinful throbs, yearn after. The meal was simple, but abundant, and the padre seemed to exert himself for my entertainment; but his mind would wander, and several times he appeared lost in reflection, from which he aroused with a quick, half-apologetic glance that I affected not to notice. Later he took me through the Mission, showing the wardrobe used by the priests in the different church ceremonials, and all the things supposed to have any interest for a stranger. There was an old black-letter Bible in the vestment-room, worn and broken by use; a few flowers were pressed between the leaves, and I smilingly asked the padre if he was a botanist. His cheek flushed darkly, and with a nervous motion he said we would now walk in the garden, as he had no doubt the flowers there would please me better. I was surprised at the embarrassment he showed, but made no objection to inspect his floral treasures. As we were going we passed a room I had not seen before; my host walked with head bent, and eyes on the floor, and did not see the open doorway. The floor was covered with skins and mats of various kinds, a guitar stood in one corner, some flowers in a quaint old vase were on a table among various small articles, that gave the room more the air of a woman's presence than I had thought the old housekeeper capable of imparting. Evidently the padre is a man of taste, I thought, as we stepped into the garden. Several varieties of flowers were blooming along the paths, showing care in their arrangement. A large grape-vine had been trained over a rude arbor, and it now hung heavy with purple clusters full ripened by the hot southern sun.

The garden was inclosed by a high wall, and was so connected with the Mission as to be as private as a room in the house. A small knot of flowers was lying on the floor of the arbor, and the padre picked them up with the nervous motion I had noticed before and held them in his hand.

"You are fond of flowers?" I said.

"Yes," he answered, with an embarrassed flushing of the face, and his eyes on the ground.

Evidently he thought I considered it a weakness, and I hastened to reassure him.

"It is a pleasure," I said, "to meet a man in this lonely place who has a love for flowers, and can indulge in it. It must make many hours brighter, and compensate for many losses, that you can have these few pleasures added to your many duties in this land."

"Yes," said the padre, with a tender look in his eyes that softened their gravity; "yes, we are not wholly forsaken by the beautiful, *gracias a Dios*," and he lifted the little bunch of flowers to his lips.

His lot is not so hard after all, I thought, for I had been wondering why such a man should bury himself in this place, isolated and desolate. He finds pleasure here, and perhaps is happy.

That night I was shown to a room back in the farthest corner of the building. It was clean, and the moonlight from the deep narrow windows dropped soft and white on the cold stone floor. I felt restless, and thought I would slip out and walk in the garden to soothe myself to quiet. I prowled about through rooms, dark, save where the moonlight swam in the shadows, and was lucky enough to find a door that opened into the garden. Everything was quiet but the acacia leaves that trembled above the wall, and seemed to wave a thousand fingers in the light. I walked slowly on, quieted by the serenity of the night, and soon came to the arbor; it was quite dark inside, for the vines grew close, and were in luxuriant leaf. I entered, and stood watching through the door the yellow hills across the river, the still trees along the shore, the garden wall, the flowers close shut from the cool dews that would come by morning, and the calm moon walking across her arching empire of blue.

I must have stood there thinking and gazing an hour, when I heard voices coming from somewhere in the garden. A sort of covered walk ran off from the back of the arbor, and I stepped into this and waited as the voices came nearer. Two figures appeared in the moonlight before the door and paused. A look showed one of them to be the padre, and that he seemed very pale. But his companion astonished me; it was a woman, of a slender, supple looking figure, perfectly graceful as she stood there, her long heavy hair hanging loose about her shoulders. Her dress was dainty and becomingly picturesque, and her face exceedingly lovely, with a sad, mournful beauty that touched me strangely. She stood looking in her companion's face, where anguish seemed at strife with many feelings.

"Juan," she said, in a voice very sweet and gentle, "why will you not let me fully into your heart? "Oh!" she added, with almost a moan, "our love is all we have left, and now I fear for that. Mother of God, pity me when you cease to love me!"

He lifted his face, and may I never see another so wrought with pain.

"Dolores," he said, "you are cruel to talk so. You say our love is all we have left—do not doubt it. I forgot God and sinned, but I loved you, *corazone*, I loved you." It was almost a wail. "I think I can forget till some stranger with unthinking hands disturbs the dust above my grave, and then I must go through the agony again. But never doubt me; nothing gives pain like that." And he held her head down on his heart, while his face bent over her white face with agony and love.

"We have sinned," she answered; "let us suffer together. When your dark hours come, let me bear them with you; do not grieve alone as you do, walking these garden paths in the night with your heart aching and reproaching you for its anguish."

"Ah! Dolores," he said, in a bitter voice, "who soothes your dark hours? Nay, have not these eyes shadows they were strangers to when we first met?—are there no secret tears that ever fall? Do you never regret that you followed the poor priest to this distant land?"

She put her hands on his shoulder and leaned closer to him.

"The tears may fall, for they will not be controlled; and I would take back what I have lost, if I could have your love still. But regret that I am with you? You do not know my love, Juan. The past is gone for ever, and we must love and cling together till the last."

He gave her a silent kiss, and with sad faces they passed on.

I waited till near midnight, and then found my way back to my room, where I was soon asleep in spite of the strange scene I had witnessed. The padre looked pale and worn the next morning, and I inquired if he had rested well. He glanced at me sharply, and nervously answered that his rest had been somewhat broken. I gazed with new interest in his dark repressed face, but my glances seemed to annoy him, though he tried to be cheerful and converse. I offered pay for my lodging, hardly knowing what else to do, but it was kindly refused.

"Keep your money, my son. We have enough for our simple wants."

Thanking him warmly I asked his prayers for a safe journey. His face twitched a little as he promised not to forget me, and I rode away. Through my long ride that day those two sad faces in the moonlight haunted me, and I thought pityingly of both. The padre's seemed a noble nature, over which ruled a tender conscience, but whose natural affections had planted thorns that would never more give that conscience peace. I felt that those two hearts would hide many a wound from each other, and each wear many a smile for the other's sake.

Years have passed, and the last time I was at San Miguel the garden walls were broken, and every vestige of arbor and flowers gone. Dogs, horses, and lazy Spanish herdsmen stood and lounged about in the sunshine, while the discolored whitewash only clung in patches to the walls. Inside the sanctuary all was cold and still; dust lay on the altar, and the figure of San Miguel, the patron saint of the Mission, lifting his arms above the altar steps, was sadly dilapidated. I knelt on the cold stone pavement and sent up a prayer for the two who had so often knelt before the same rude emblems.

What their after story was can never be known; whether they rest in the heavy walls of the Mission, or have found a home in some other land; but wherever they carry their burdnes, let us hope they may find rest and forgiveness at last.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. B. SAVELLI.

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George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days" and other stories, whose more ambitious work, "The Grandissimes," opens well in the November *Scribner*, is a native of New Orleans, thirty-five years old. He bids fair to do for the early history of Louisiana what Harte has done for that of California. The subject is more interesting, however, with grander types of character and a more cleanly life. The men seem to have gambled a good deal, and were addicted to duels out of all reason, but they were gentlemen, and of such is the kingdom of literature.

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*Miserly old gentleman* (who is about to give a dinner party)—"With the roast we'll give them some of our Pomard." *His wife*—"Oh, that'll never do. It's turned—as sour as vinegar." *Old gentleman*—"Oh, they'll never notice it." When the banquet hall is deserted, *old gentleman* (proudly)—"What did I tell you, eh? They've never noticed it—not one of them ever said a word about it."

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Miss Neilson has returned to this country. The ten young actors who have her picture indorsed on the back, "To the best *Romeo* I ever acted with," will now come to the front as supports for the wayward *Juliet*.

## THE JAPANESE STONECUTTER.

From the Dutch.

There was a man who cut stones out of a rock. The work was very difficult, and he worked much, but his salary was small, and contented he was not. He sighed because his work was difficult, and he said: "Oh, if I were rich, I should be able to repose on a couch of red silk." And there came an angel from heaven, who said: "You shall be what you desire." And he was rich, and reposed on a couch of red silk.

The king of the country traveled along with horsemen before his carriage, and there were horsemen behind his carriage also, and they held the golden sunshade over the king's head. And as the rich man heard this, he grieved because they did not hold one over *his* head, and now he was not contented; he sighed and cried out: "I should wish to be a king." And there came an angel from heaven, who said: "You shall be as you desire." And he was a king, and before his carriage many horsemen drove, and there were horsemen also behind his carriage, and over his head they held the golden sunshade.

The sun shone with hot rays and burnt the earth, so that the grass was scorched.

And the king complained that the sun scorched his face, and had greater power than he, and contented he was not. He sighed, and said: "I wish to be the sun." And there came an angel from heaven, who said: "You shall be what you desire." And he became the sun; and he sent his rays far above and far beneath, to the right and to the left, and everywhere, and he scorched the grass on the earth.

A cloud passed between the earth and him, and the rays of the sun rebounded upon it; and he was angry because his power was resisted, and he complained that that cloud had greater power than he, and contented he was not. He wished to be the cloud which was so powerful. And there came an angel from heaven, who said: "You shall be what you desire." And he was a cloud, and placed himself between the sun and the earth, and averted the rays, so that the grass became green. And the cloud rained big drops upon the earth and swelled the rivers, and the flood took the herds away, and desolated the country with its water. And it fell down upon a rock, which did not withdraw.

And it rattled down in large streams, but the rock withdrew not. And the cloud was angry, because the rock would not withdraw, and because the power of its streams was in vain, and contented he was not. And he exclaimed, "That rock has power given it above me; I wish to be that rock." And there came an angel from heaven who said, "You shall be as you desire;" and he became a rock, and withdrew neither when the sun shone nor when it rained.

There came a man with a mattock, and a pointed axe, and a heavy hammer, who cut stones out of his bosom; and contented he was not. He cried out, "I am weaker than those; I wish to be that man." And there came an angel from heaven, who said, "You shall be as you desire." And he was a stonecutter; and he cut stones out of the rock, and his work was difficult, and he worked much for little reward, and he was contented. CH. ROBINSON.

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### The Catholic Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—In a leading article in your paper of date the 8th inst., entitled the "Catholic Problem," I perceive a broad field for discussion, and food for a great deal of thought. The discussion, however, to my mind, is unnecessary; but thought is necessary on all occasions of any importance to a free people.

What surprised me most, from your article, was that a journal having the acknowledged ability of the ARGONAUT would even *intimate* that Grant is almost able to settle any question; and alluding to this problem as being a dangerous one which he may possibly settle. Now, Mr. Editor, the writer is opposed to Catholicism, as a religion, as strongly as any one in America, and at the same time an admirer and supporter of Grant in all that he has done, and what he proposes to do that is useful and beneficial to the country; but in his seeking to make an issue where there is none, nor any cause for one, I think he is seeking a lost cause, and coming very near playing the part of the demagogue, to enlist the prejudices of that class of Protestants you mention first in your article, who, through ignorance, are afraid of a rival church. It at least seems a little strange that Grant should be the first President, or ex-President, that has seen fit to stoop to discuss religious subjects publicly, and deride one faith in particular.

If the Catholics, as such, were seeking office; if any of their priests or bishops ever sought to fill an office, or in any way control public affairs, either in conventions or legislatures; if they had ever insisted that the school fund should be divided, as a mass, or even an almost infinitesimal minority, there might be some pretext for General Grant to raise this question. But there is not! The country does not care very much for religion as a soul-saving process. The people want quiet, and care not to listen to the discussion of imaginary things for the purpose of creating a hobby on which one may ride into the White House the third time. I am unable to see by General Grant's remarks that he is more "shrewd" or "far-seeing" than ordinary men, for this subject is discussed in every country store; but his exalted position and great influence give to his utterances greater weight than greater wisdom has from other lips. The true statesman can see no danger from any particular denomination of Christians in this country. In the institution of slavery there *was* danger, and it proved to be a great one. That danger was imminent and urgent for two years prior to the breaking out of the war, and the most careful biographer of General Grant fails to give us any warning of its evils, and the dangers threatening us from its source, from him.

"Ignorance" and "superstition" are to be deplored, and it is a common duty to eradicate them, but combined they hardly rise to the dignity of a national issue. It is intelligence, and not ignorance, which makes national issues in a great nation like this. The ignorant are easily dealt with; the cunning, "shrewd, and far-seeing politician" is our greatest danger. A REPUBLICAN.

EUREKA, Nevada, November 12, 1879.

## AMERICANISMS AND SLANG.

Stray Notes on a Straggling Subject.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

"Blackmail" is an Americanism; it is an "ism" unfortunately well understood by unprincipled speculators and bald-headed men of numerous family and imperfect discretion. The compound word is of Scotch origin: a certain band of robbers in old Scotland levied a tax of a certain rate of produce, which they called black-mail, from the farmers. The origin Scotch, the modern practice intensely American. "Blatherskite" is another production of Scotch intellect, but is extensively used in American complimentary notices of rival political speakers. A more thorough knowledge of what a "blatherskite" is can be obtained by a Sunday visit to "our native soil," the sand-lots, and an audience before the dictator of the irregular army.

"Blazes!" The word "blazes," which in belles-lettres is seldom used as an ejaculation, is regarded as a synonym for "the devil." Its significance is fully understood by every married man who belongs to a lodge or ever got home late at night, or ever gave the baby its gentle mother's new bonnet to play with, or committed any one of the thousand innocent errors into which a man's inexperience is likely to plunge him. Where is he who, in his checkered career, has not a score of times felt decidedly "blue," and said so, without vexing his hearers to define the expression? It may be that to experience the feelings intelligently described in this highly colored way is so general among Californians who are made the victims of such amusingly conflicting slices of luck, that the term is not regarded as anything but the purest of good English, and the very cream of Californian dialect. As we understand it, "blue," by a long line of descent, or ascent, through the significations of ultra, extreme, severe, gloomy, and unpromising, is synonymous with "troubled" or "despondent." So when we see a man who has been on a "bender" all night, hat crushed, pocket empty, and head full of suspicious fumes, engaged in lightning mental calculation of the probable warmth of his reception when he gets home, we pityingly call him "blue." In early New England blue was considered the color of blood (we still hear of the blue-bloods of England), and so the sanguinary laws that marked the fanaticism of the Puritans gained the name of the "blue laws of Connecticut." A "blue" character, again, is considered in the light of a traitor. In 1812, when the British fleet lay off the coast of Connecticut, blue fire was often seen burning on the dangerous shores, warning the enemies' ships, and presumed to have been placed there by traitors. Hence in political speeches thereafter the incident was perpetuated in fitting invective. The very common word, "bogus," used for "counterfeit" or "spurious," is only a contraction from Borghese, the name of an enterprising person who flooded the states with counterfeit banknotes about forty years ago. A "bumper" used to be a small frame with elastic springs, attached to railroad cars to break the shock caused by the bumping of the cars while in motion—now called a "buffer." The word is now more used while a man is in motion sending favorite mixed drinks at railroad speed down his capacious throat, and experimenting (with confused results) on the force with which they strike each other. The "bumper" is considered to be a super-drink that settles all conclusions. This may account for the fact that a man seldom concludes to do anything but he commemorates the event by taking a drink of something exhilarating. More men talk "buncombe" than anything else. In times when our population was sparse, and intellects were not collectively so bright as now, the outside districts that sent representatives to national assemblies expected every man to say something for the district he represented, whether the district needed or would profit by it, or not; else he did not do his duty. So, representing the constituency of Buncombe, a delegate one day arose in the middle of a discussion and began gesticulating and talking incoherently, to the disgust of his hearers. Questioned as to his meaning, he drew himself up with the professional pride of a quack doctor, and announced that he was "talking for Buncombe."

"Chickadee" has become a stock word in the vocabulary of loving mothers, who bestow it upon their squalling offspring, no doubt to compare them with the little bird whose name it is. Thus may we follow the lives of at least those infants of the feminine gender—infantile, chickadee, *i. e.* bird; æt. 16–18, duck; 20–25, hen; 25–30, goose; and thereafter, vulture. Let every patriot smack his lips at the mention of our national beverage, the insinuating "cocktail." [I regret not having been able to determine the origin of the name.] Its mighty worth is paid just tribute in this couplet from an American's apostrophe to Dickens after his visit to this country:

"Did we spare our brandy cocktails, stint thee of our whisky grogs?
Half the juleps that we gave thee would have floored a Newman Noggs."

With such lavish treatment, oh, why did Dickens become an ingrate! Another frolicsome phrase is "corked." Originally it was applied to wine which tasted of the cork; now it is applied to the man who has excessively tasted of the wine. "Deadheads," ah, deadheads are Americans with a vengeance. If you would know more of deadheads, ask any landlady, any restaurant keeper, tailor, shoemaker, almost anybody in this dead-head stricken vicinity. Alas, and alack-a-day! It may be said of deadheads with equal propriety as of others of our phenomena, that they "beat the Dutch," an expression that grew out of rivalry between the early settlements of other nationalities and the Dutch of New York. In an old Revolutionary ballad, said to have been composed during the siege of Boston, occurs:

"And beside all the mortars, bombs, cannons and shells,
And bullets and guns, as the newspaper tells,
Our cargoes of meat, drink, and clothes beat the Dutch,
Now, who would not tarry and take t'other touch?."

The perfection of the rhythm and metre, and the profound thought embodied in the above, are strongly suggestive of our remarkable Californianism, the poet of the sand-lots, "Steve Maybell." The use of the word "fizzle" for failure is strongly American, the comparison being drawn from the sizzling or fizzling of wet powder when burned. For the truthful use of the creation one must read a newspaper report of an antagonistic political meeting. They are uniformly "fizzles," and aid in fully illustrating to the clever student the force of a popular Americanism. To "go the whole hog" indicates a desire on the part of the ambitious traveler to "cut the big figure," or to do things on a grand scale. A softened edition of this elegant expression is to "go the entire animal," varied with "go through the mill," and "seeing the elephant." Having gone through the mill conveys an idea of innumerable previous cares and troubles. Faded, worn out old women, who have worried themselves into a miserable condition, monopolize this phrase, while it is the men who "see the elephant." The very casual relation of the Celtic sons of the ancient heroes of Greece has earned for them the dubious name of "Greeks." So the noble title is inherited by numerous families of Finnigans and Mullaneys and Murphys, and here let it be mentioned that the Murphys are "very small potatoes." A "kink" is considered to be a sort of Yankee notion:

"Never a Yankee was born or bred
Without that peculiar kink in his head,
By which he could turn the smallest amount
Of whatever he had to the best account."

An uncomplimentary professional reference is the way in which an habitual abuser of the truth is nick-named a "lawyer." Aside from our lawyer who wrestles in the legal arena to such numerous gain of complimentary observations, there is a small bird called the "lawyer," otherwise known as Longshanks. The following dialogue represents the popular idea of our noble "limbs of the law;" it is from a book entitled "Wild Northern Scenes:"

"They were taken in the net, pickerel, white-fish, bass, and pike by the dozen; and, what was a stranger to me, a queer-looking specimen of the piscatory tribe, half bullhead and half eel, with a cross of the lizard.

"'What on earth is that?' said I to the fisherman.

"'That,' said he, 'is a species of the ling, which they call in these parts, a lawyer.'

"'A lawyer,' said I, 'why, pray?'

"'I don't know,' he replied, 'unless it is because he ain't of much use, and the slipp'riest fish that swims.'"

Oliver Wendell Holmes thus deplores that form of Americanism, which contracted pantaloons to "pants:"

"The things named pants in certain documents—
A word not made for gentlemen, but gents."

A Baltimore gang of rowdies who adorned their brain-freighted heads with plug-hats, called themselves the "plug uglies." Can here be traced the ancestry of our plug-hat brigade? Rowdies—ugh! The Americanized "slick" for sleek can be carried directly to Chaucer. In the "Romance of the Rose," he says:

"Her flesh tender as a chick,
Her bent brows smooth and slick."

Less cultured, but full as earnest, was the old boatman who toasted:

"Then here's to women, then to liquor,
There's nothing swimming can be slicker."

Speaking of liquor revives recollection of the polite evasion of "drink," by "leg-stretcher." The custom of stage passengers to dismount at the stopping-places "to stretch their legs," so unfailingly results in their patronage of the ardent, that the subterfuge has been thus denominated. From sacred precincts, though, comes the most conclusive Americanism, the corruption of doxology, the closing of religious services, into "sockdologer," hence applied to all that is or ought to be deemed conclusive. So, let this sentence be a considerate "sockdologer."

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879. BAXTER, B. G.

### Gold in California.

PALACE HOTEL, November 12, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—The "Recollections of a Native," which you have recently been publishing, recall many pleasant incidents of early life in California; and it is gratifying to know that through this medium they will be preserved for later reference, and for the benefit of those who, in future times, will delve among the published memorials of the past. In the "Recollections" published last week, Mr. Greene discusses the question of the first discovery of gold in California, and takes occasion to explode the "fairy stories" that give to Sutter and Marshall the credit of finding the first precious deposits. He says "the existence of gold was known as early as 1836, and when the *Alert* sailed for Boston she took with her a small quantity of gold dust procured from an Indian, but the amount was so small, and the stories of the difficulty in obtaining it so very discouraging, that no attempt was made to search for a further supply." He adds that the first gold excitement was near San Diego, and not at Sutter's Fort. Now I think I can "see" Mr. Greene, and, to use his own language, "go him one better" on this subject of the early discovery of gold in California. I have before me a book, published in London in 1757, called *A Voyage Round the World by the way of the Great South Sea*, made by Captain George Shelrocke in 1718. During this voyage Captain Shelrocke sailed along the coasts of North and South America, and made many landings in both hemispheres. He was some weeks on the coast of California, which is represented on his map as an island, with its southern boundary on the line of the Tropic of Cancer. In a chapter entitled "Description of the Southernmost part of California and its Inhabitants," this early voyager says: "The eastern coast of that part of California which I had a sight of appears to be mountainous, barren, and sandy, and very like some parts of the coast of Peru, but, nevertheless, the soil about Puerto Seguro—and very likely it may be the same in most of the valleys—is a rich black mould, which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust. Some of this glittering soil we endeavored to wash and purify, and separate from the dirt, and the more we attempted it the more what so shone and glittered seemed to be gold, which made us bring away some of it to make some better assay and trial of it with persons of more skill and judgment than ourselves. We did so, but what we brought away was lost in our troubles and confusion afterward in China. However illusive the shining particles in this soil may have been, there can be no great doubt but this country affords metals of the most precious kinds." Captain Shelrocke gives a good deal of space to a description of the Indians he met in California, and has in his book several engravings illustrating their mode of life and occupations. Puerto Seguro he describes as being in the southern part of the island. W. E. B.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Parted.

The sunlight lay on the lone, gray desert,
And steeped the hills in its rosy hue,
And the sweeping range of the bald, bare mountains
Rose in the distance, bathed in blue.

But what care the lovers who stroll together
Over the desert lone and gray,
If it be sunny or cloudy weather—
Their hearts alone make the perfect day.

Strong, true hearts that are brave in loving,
Reading each other with pleased surprise;
Glad is the glow of the early morning,
Soft is the light in a lover's eyes.

Arm in arm in the autumn weather,
Over the prairies, lone and gray,
They wandered slowly away together
Into the heart of the golden day.

She leaned on the breast of her stalwart lover—
Time brings change, and we soon must part;
Life holds no sweeter joy than the present—
Oh, but to die on this loyal heart!

The sunlight lay on the lone, gray desert,
And over the mountains tall and dim—
He only saw her eyes and their smiling;
She looked, and listened, and saw but him.

All in the chill November weather
Lieth the desert, bare and bleak;
Under the sad, cold snow of winter
Riseth the ghost of each purple peak.

He looks alone on the distant ranges,
She sits at her window, far away;
But oh, for the sweep of the lonely desert!
Oh, for the joy of that Perfect Day!

BALDWIN CITY, Kansas, November, 1879. M. L. CLOUGH.

### "Disappointed."

So you've come to see the last of me.
I'm grateful for that, old friend;
There are but few that I care to see,
And its very near the end.
It grieves me; I don't mind telling you
That the game is up, and the stakes are due.

I read in the Bible yesterday
Of the man with talents ten,
I'd work my talent a better way,
If I had the time again.
Its over now, and too late to rue
When the game is lost and the stakes are due.

I did my best, but the luck was bad,
And nothing went as I planned;
'Tis hard to fail, but I know I had
The winning cards in my hand.
But then my story is nowise new—
'Tis the game I lost and the stakes are due.

I'd coin to spare when I first began,
I'd health and courage to spend;
I worked, you'll own I did, like a man,
And strove to the bitter end.
A few weeks longer, I thought would do,
But the game is up and the stakes are due.

What was I aiming at? Do not ask,
Fling all my notes in the flame;
Enough, 'tis now an impossible task,
An irretrievable game.
Had my health but stood, I'd have carried through,
But the game is up and the stakes are due.

Good-bye, old friend, you were kind to come,
Nor call mine a wasted life;
For through the desert I've reached my home,
Gained rest through incessant strife.
The vision fades in the landscape true,
As I pay the stakes that are too long due.

NEW YORK, October, 1879. G. H. JESSOP.

### Possession.

A dainty maiden with childish face,
Large dreamy eyes, and a tender mouth,
Cheeks with the glow of the sunny south,
And brown hair plaited with modest grace.

Wand'ring down by a green hedge-row,
A bunch of white roses she spied in blow,
And reaching upward, she pluckt the blooms
That loaded the air with their soft perfumes,
Caressed them a moment, inhaled each sweet,
Then carelessly dropped them beneath her feet,
"You have had your uses," she said, "I tire,"
And the roses were stained and soiled with mire.

A brown bird sang in the wayside tree,
And she paused, and she listened pleasedly,
Then with softly spoken and whispered word
She lured to her hand the singing bird.
"Why have you not brighter feathers?" said she,
As she closed her fingers carelessly.
"I have listened and wearied of song and trill,"
And the tuneful notes were for ever still,
And the dead bird tumbled from out the grasp
That carelessly opened its careless clasp.

A student lay reading, half-hid in shade,
And she tangled his heart with her brown hair braid,
And she glamoured his soul with her dreamy eyes,
And awakened the love that never dies,
Then, as she witched him, she smiled and thought
How easily came the love she sought,
And, turning away, laughed carelessly
At the strong man's bitter agony.
"Possession is wearisome, change is good,
And each new hour has its altered mood."

DUBLIN, Ireland, October, 1879. HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

In this wild fowl season it may be a charity, considering the horrid concoctions often served up with such birds, to give the excellent recipe for sauce published by Mr. Hayward in his admirable and interesting essay on the "Art of Dining:" One saltspoon of salt, half to two-thirds saltspoon of cayenne, one dessert spoon of lemon juice, one dessert spoon of pounded sugar, two dessert spoons of Harvey and three of port wine. To be well mixed, heated, and poured over the bird, it having been previously sliced in several places, so that the sauce may mix with its own gravy—the bird to be put in the dish without anything.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### The "Dies Iræ."

[We publish this famous mediæval hymn—one of the noblest creations of the human intellect—in the original Latin, together with two translations by our own contributors. The learned, we hope, may find it interesting to note the merits of the English versions, as translations, and the unlearned take pleasure in comparing them with one another. All, we think, will be benefited by filling the mind with the poem's lofty imagery, and the ear with the magnificent music of the Latin lines. The second translation (not a very literal one) aims to give the spirit of the original by words mainly of Saxon origin, whose monosyllabic terseness presents a curious contrast to the sonorous Latin vocables.]

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus!
Cuncta strictè discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cuum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cuum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil ioultum remanebit.

Quod sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patrooum rogaturus,
Cuum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremeodæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, foos pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quæreos me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor oon sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Iogemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Præces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigné
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis.

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favillâ,
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

DAY OF WRATH.

Day of Wrath! that fearful day
Shall sweep the age in flames away;
As David and the Sibyl say.

What a tremor 'twill engeoder,
Wheo the Judge shall come to render
Strict desert to each offeoder.

Trumpet—with its blast appalling,
On sepulcbral regions falling—
All, before the throoe, is calling.

Death will be struck dowo, and Nature,
When to judgment shall each creature
Rise, renewed in form aod feature.

That dread book will theo be cited
Wherein all things are indited
For which earth shall be requited.

Wheo the Judge, his seat asceoding,
Brings concealment to ao ending,
Naught shall escape the wrath impeoding.

What plea shall *I*, wretched, offer?
Whom, as patron, shall *I* proffer,
When scarce fails the just to suffer?

King majestic, who art ever
Of salvation bounteous giver,
Fount of Goodness—me deliver.

Mindful that my great transgression,
Blessed Jesus, caused thy passion,
That day, save me from perdition.

Seeking me, my fate to parry,
Thou for me the cross didst carry;
Let me not thy patience weary.

O, just Judge of reprobation,
Grant thy gift of condonation
Ere that day shall end probation.

Like a guilty culprit sighing,
Shame's red flush my cheek is dyeing;
Spare me, God, for mercy crying.

Thou who Mary, anguish-riven,
And the robber, hast forgiven,
Givest me too hope of heaven.

From my prayers no profit earning,
For Thy grace my soul is yearning,
Lest I suffer endless burning.

'Mongst Thy sheep in safety guided,
Let my place—from goats divided—
To Thy right hand be confided.

While the lost, in consternation,
Midst sharp flames yield expiation,
With the blest make Thou my station.

Suppliant, my vows I tender;
Turns my contrite heart to cinder;
At the end be my defender.

On that dread day of tears and sighs
When from his ashes man shall rise,
Aghast—to awful judgment come—
Spare him, God, avert his doom.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. JOS. W. WINANS.

DAY OF WRATH.

Day of wrath! that dreadful day
Earth itself shall melt away;
Thus David and the Sibyl say.

Oh, the shrinking body then!
The God of souls, to blinded men,
Will stand before the eyes of men.

When the brazen blast is heard,
Quick and dead shall both be stirred,
Listening to the fearful word.

Death will quake, the living throng,
Their guilty, stricken ranks along,
Uplifting high a woeful song.

The Book of endless doom be shown,
Where all the deeds of earth are known,
Yea! every thought is writ alone.

Forgotten wrong, to startled sight,
Like hidden murder of the night,
Will blaze in that unearthly light,

Filled with dread, a shaken band,
The righteous hardly think to stand;
What hope have I for outstretched hand?

King of kings, and Lord on high,
Thou who hear'st the sinners cry,
Hear my groans before I die.

Thou whose wounds were all for me,
Whose limbs were nailed upon the tree,
Thy lightning wrath, oh! must I flee?

The thorns Thy holy head then wore,
The woes Thy soul and body bore,
Shall these be lost for evermore?

Lord of right, on bended knee,
Forgiveness would I ask of Thee
Ere that day of reckoning be.

Bowed in gloom, and weary, weak,
Reddening shame upon my cheek.
Weeping for the love I seek.

Thou did'st lend the thief an ear,
And wipe the fallen Mary's tear;
Give me hope, and take my fear.

Work of mine may nothing earn,
Lest if Thou dost from me turn,
My body, through its sins, to burn.

When the wicked, full of pride,
In the depths of hell abide,
Call me to Thy blessed side,

Bitter sobs, and louder cries
Than ears have heard, will then arise
To lift the curse that never dies.

Sinking soul, without a stay,
Heart to ashes burnt away,
Help me, Lord, upon that day!

BERKELEY, November, 1879. JOHN MURRAY.

### Condensed Wisdom.

When we bid adieu to youth,
Slaves to the specious world's control,
We sigh a long farewell to truth.
The world corrupts the noblest soul.—*Byron.*

There are no better prudes that the women who have some little secret to hide.—*George Sand.*

Humanity is grander than all the creeds or religions.—*Robert Ingersoll.*

Our happiness is but an unhappiness more or less consoled.—*Ducis.*

Better an error that makes us happy than a truth that makes us despair.—*Lamartine.*

Love elevates or debases the soul, according to the object which inspires it.—*Rochepèdre.*

Woman is a perfected devil.—*Victor Hugo.*

Never does time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.—*Moore.*

Hypocrisy is a permanent treason.—*Voltaire.*

Truth will ever be the predominant passion of man; if he loves error, it is because he considers error as truth.—*Chateaubriand.*

We condemn vice and extol virtue, merely through interest.—*La Rochefoucault.*

For a cloak, what is there that can be
So difficult to pierce as gayety?—*L. E. Landon.*

What it has taken a man a year to build up a woman pulls down in a day.—*Demosthenes.*

Life is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—*Shakspeare.*

Women are the greatest enemies of women.—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

Jealousy is the height of egotism, self-love, and the irritation of a false vanity.—*Balzac.*

Nothing is so absurd as indifference upon religion, and no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity.—*Paley.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.—*Thomas Campbell.*

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,
The worst of madness is a saint run mad.—*Pope.*

There is no darkness like the cloud of mind.—*Byron.*

Work furnishes bread for every day, but it is gayety that gives it savor.—*Emile Souvestre.* NETTIE B. SEELEY.

## BOOK-COVER REVIEWS.

From Billings, Harbourne & Co. we receive one of Appleton & Co.'s Literature Primers, which are edited by Mr. Green—"handy" little volumes, containing, on every subject treated, all the information of which everybody having the necessity, or the right, to know anything about it is already possessed. The present volume is *English Composition*, by "John Nicol, M. A., Balliol, Oxon, LL.D., Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow"—quite a dazing array of credentials to append to one's name. We should say that John knows pretty well what he is about, and imparts the rudiments of his art with considerable lucidity. He ought, though, to know better than this:

"Sometimes, however, two subjects are so closely connected as to make but a single notion. 'Hill and dale *doth* boast thy blessing' is admissible." Then it is admissible to say: "The cow and her bell is lost. Surely a cow and her bell are (is?) more closely connected than a hill and a dale. It is proper to use the singular verb only when the two nouns mean the same thing; as, "This officer and gentleman is drunk."

It is a question, by the way, whether the prevalent rage for "handy little books," at prices which place whole libraries within the reach of the penniless, will not eventually do away with books altogether. The Half-hour, the Vest-pocket and the Thumb-nail series, the Seaside, Lakeside, Bedside and Side-of-Bacon Libraries, at ten cents, two cents and nothing a volume, with a chromo thrown in, have already made serious inroads on the profits of the trade in books that are books. This frugal madness has covered the face of the land with tiny trash and flimsy leaflets until every breeze that blows is laden with them, driven like autumn leaves and deposited in vacant lots, along with paper collars, hoop-skirts of the last decade, dead cats, and broken boots. The quality of this trash is execrable; it is not only cheap, it is cheap and nasty. We happen to have before us as we write a tolerably fair sample of the "literature" that is made to order to supply this detestable demand, in a volumette of the paper-covered "Half-Hour Series" of the Harpers—one of their "Literature Primers," written by an inflated duffer named Eugene Lawrence. This book covers what its writer calls the modern period of English literature. Its pages are three inches long, two-and-a-half wide, and the book is a half-inch thick. In this compass the subject is treated. Three poets of this period are exhaustively "done" as follows:

"Thomas Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' has won him endless renown; his comic pieces filled his period with laughter. His 'Comic Almanac' was often the very genius of mirth. Leigh Hunt, a pleasing poet and prose writer, lives by his 'Abou Ben Hassan.' Each of these writers is known chiefly by a single poem. The unknown writer of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' has been equally fortunate."

The brevity of this remarkable judgment is its best quality; had there been more sentences there had been more blunders. Thomas Hood and Leigh Hunt chiefly known by a single poem each, and these poems the "Song of the Shirt" and "Abou Ben Hassan!" Not a word about "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and the "Ode to Rae Wilson!" And Hunt's pretty sonnet called "Abou Ben *Hassan!*" And Hood's "Comic Annual" called an "Almanac!" And the author of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" unknown! Need it be explained that the writer of this ridiculous concatenation of criminal blunders—whom may the devil plague utterly—concludes his booklet by a comparison of American and English literature sharply unfavorable to the latter? But let us not be vindictive. Remembering the kind of "thirst for knowledge" that the Lawrence-person and his coadjutators in bosh and collaborators in sin are hired to assuage, the manner of market they have been begotten to supply, the exigencies of bread-getting which compel them to the daily nausea of putting their brains into their stomachs, let us make an abuse of Christian charity by forgiving them—dang their eyes!

Mr. C. Beach, the well known stationer and bookseller, sends us Richardson's *Ministry of Health, and other Addresses*, originally delivered before various London institutes and associations. The book is full of interesting and instructive matter concerning the precious possession that we least value until it is lost by neglect. The subjects treated are handled in a manner too broad to be technical and too intelligent to be popular. It occupies the middle ground of hard sense. There are a few simple illustrations of entrails and other offal, which are pleasing to the reader from their suggestion that some other fellow has been disemboweled to supply the models.

Mr. Beach has also the volume *Euripides*, of the "Classical Writers" series, published by the Appleton establishment. It is historical, biographical, and critical—contains, in short, all that one wants to know of Euripides, his works only excepted. The author is Prof. Mahaffy, of the University of Dublin. The Professor is learned, acute, and diligent, and knows so much about the Greek drama that one is almost sorry that instead of writing about the plays of Euripides he had not written the plays.

The same gentleman—Mr. Beach, not Euripides—has considerately sent us a volume of *Gems of Thought*, published by the same house. The "gems" are some of them brilliant no end, but of some others the radiance is a little superior to that of a white potato, but not quite as great as that of a red. Many are somewhat worn at the angles by constant use in the editorial columns of the *Alta*. But will Mr. Beach kindly "rise to explain" his meaning in sending gems of thought to *us?* Why, we *make* 'em!

### CV.—Sunday, November 23.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Prawns.
Rabbit Stewed in Claret Wine.
Lima Beans, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
French Artichoke Salad.
Bird's-nest Pudding. Raspberries.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Figs, Peaches, Pears, Plums, and Grapes.

TO MAKE BIRD'S-NEST PUDDING.—Make the foundation of the nest of blanc-mange or calf's foot jelly; rasp the skin of three lemons, and preserve it; then lay it round on the mange like straw; take out the contents of six eggs through a small hole, and fill the shell with hot blanc-mange. When cold break off the shell and lay the mange in the nest. To be eaten with cream.

## ORIZABA.

An Adventure above the Clouds.

Morphy was an Englishman, and a friend of mine. He stood six feet in his sandals, was muscular as a Titan, a crack shot, and withal a most companionable fellow. Moreover, he spoke Spanish like a native, and had a sweetheart in every village on the plateau. We had hunted and fished together, climbed mountains, and explored caves. Among other adventures we had ascended the icy cone of Popocatapetl, and spent two nights in its sulphurous bosom. Poised like birds in the air at this far height, the world seemed at our feet. Just below, the City of Mexico nestled among its lakes, and far as the eye could reach mother earth stretched away in hill and valley, wood and stream. There was but one point on the horizon which refused to become insignificant before us. To the east a rival peak shot skyward, and held its proud head on a level with our aerie. This was Orizaba. The Indians call it Citlaltepetl, which means the star mountain. The name is supposed to have been given on account of the peculiar formation of the peak, causing it to resemble a star in its configuration when seen from certain positions in the east. While this may be true, it is not difficult for the poetic imagination to find a more satisfactory title to the beautiful name Citlaltepetl. Those who know the mountain in its varying moods have seen its pale peak turn crimson in the early dawn and burn like a star. They have seen it catch the last rays of light at sunset, and hold them like a beacon flame against the sky when all the world below was shrouded in darkness. The Indians used to worship it. It is a pity they do not do so still. Orizaba is the most conspicuous mountain on the table-land of Mexico. Although a hundred miles inland, it may be distinctly seen in clear weather from the Gulf, and its white cone is forever in sight to all the surrounding country. The sight of this white, defiant peak, as we stood on the dizzy apex of Popocatapetl, excited the warrior instinct of my friend. "We must conquer him," he said. I was appalled at first, for I had read that the feat was hazardous. Humboldt had made the attempt, and failed, and tradition had it that rocks rolled down its frozen slopes, and that perpendicular walls of ice barred the passage of the adventurer, and shut him out from the enchanted regions above. From the most reliable records which I have been able to obtain, I learn that about a dozen white men only have been able to reach the topmost point of this volcano. In height it is a little above Popocatapetl, both of them being about nineteen thousand feet above the sea; but its sides are steeper, and the difficulties of the ascent are infinitely greater. The Indians around its base, who are splendid fellows—lithe and active as deer—go up occasionally to bring down sulphur from the crater; but even they are loathe to attempt it, and will not accompany the tourist until sorely tempted by silver promises. I shared, however, in my friend's enthusiasm, and we resolved to try it.

It was several months before the project was put into execution. In the meantime an officer of the Government had learned of our design, and, being desirous of obtaining certain scientific data regarding the volcano of Orizaba, requested permission to send with us a trio of young engineers who would be provided with all the necessary apparatus for measuring heights, etc. To this we gladly assented, and the expedition was soon organized and under way. Several days were spent in reaching the base of the mountain and working our way up through the rocky defiles which lead to its naked cone. We were thoroughly equipped for the climb. Our feet were carefully wrapped in woolen cloths, and shod with Indian sandals. We had heavy green glasses and veils to protect our eyes from the glare on the snow, and each man was provided with a strong iron-shod oaken staff. In addition to the members of our party—five in all—we were accompanied by six Indian guides, the most expert mountain climbers in the country, and two inexperienced men, one of whom had accompanied Morphy and me in previous rambles. We were thirteen all told. "Mala suerte" (bad luck), said one of the guides to me as he noticed the mystic number; and to this fact the Indians attributed our subsequent disasters. We needed the number of men in question to carry necessary articles, as we proposed to spend a night on the summit.

It was two o'clock in the morning and dark as Egypt when we left our last camping place and began the abrupt ascent. Few of us realized the work that was before us, but every one knew that once launched on that long icy waste there was no stopping place; he must go through to the top or break down; the matter could not be compromised. I was surprised to notice how much national pride had to do with our feelings. The Mexicans said to themselves, "We must not let these *gringos* beat us on our own soil, particularly as no Mexican other than an Indian has ever yet stood on the summit." Morphy did not say much, but I could see that he felt it was incumbent on him to uphold the supremacy of Her Majesty under the trying circumstances. And as for me, I concluded I would try and stay with the crowd out of honor to the American eagle! So we plodded on in the darkness, calling each other by name in order to keep together, and finding the ascent at each step more difficult and uncomfortable. We had started early in order to do as much as possible before sunrise, the reflection of light from the snow being almost unbearable to the eyes. The surface of the snow begins to melt also when the sun comes out, and is thus made slippery and insecure.

For three hours we plodded on without incident, every step taking us higher and higher into the region of eternal snow. Plovis, one of the young engineers, now began to complain of a prickling sensation in his lungs and a pain in the head. We examined the barometer and found that we were 16,000 feet above the sea. Daylight began to break in the east, but we could not see the world. It was completely cut off by banks of clouds which rolled and tumbled beneath us like the surges of a shoreless sea. We were on an island in the air. The ascent now became steeper; the air was thin and cold, and the guides began to cut notches in the ice to secure our footsteps. All of a sudden there was a cry at the lower end of the line, and turning we saw that Plovis had fallen in a dead swoon. We gave him a little brandy and he soon revived, but was too weak to proceed. A guide was detailed to conduct him back to the camp below, and we proceeded on our way with dampened spirits. Eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and the column was still moving laboriously upward. The sun had now come out clear and strong, and the mists had disappeared from beneath us, revealing a magnificent prospect. We were following a ledge of rocks which protruded through the ice like the dorsal fin of a shark. As the sun rose higher a stone would occasionally detach itself and roll down the mountain. Presently I noticed a commotion among the guides in front of me, and the sharp, startling cry of "*piedra*" (a rock) rang out through the thin air. My heart stopped beating as I looked up and saw an immense bowlder come tearing down the icy slope directly toward us. "*No se muevan porque son muertos*," (do not move or you are dead men) cried the guide in advance, and the words were hardly out of his lips when the rock dashed past us and was gone. If every man had stayed fast in his tracks no harm would have been done; but one of the inexperienced men, to whom I have already referred, sprang aside as the rock came near him, and, losing his foothold, he rolled rapidly down the mountain in the path of the flying bowlder. He made frantic efforts to stop himself, and finally brought up with great violence against a ledge of rocks a quarter of a mile below. We thought it certain that he was killed, and dispatched a man to ascertain his fate. He found the poor fellow badly bruised, but not dead. His left arm was broken and his clothing was nearly torn off. As it was, however, he could walk, and, with the assistance of a guide whom we sent back with him, he reached the camp, where Plovis, who is something of a doctor, set his arm and made him as comfortable as possible.

A consultation was now held as to whether or not we should proceed. The guides said that the snow was unusually heavy, and they had never known the ascent to be more difficult, but they thought we could make the summit by three o'clock, if we had no further accidents. It was a serious question with Vigil, one of the two remaining engineers, as his lungs were affected, and we urged him to go back. He bled profusely at the nose, and coughed in a startling manner. He would not listen to the proposition, however, unless it was decided that the whole party should return. As a majority seemed disinclined to abandon the project, it was finally decided to go on. One of the guides began to complain about this time of his head, and a pain in the chest. He had lost his goggles about an hour before, and we supposed the trouble was due to the reflection which, when the eyes are unprotected, causes a violent headache and a corresponding sickness at the stomach. It proved, however, as will be seen further on, that the matter was much more serious. At twelve o'clock the highest point seemed but a stone's throw from our position. The guides told us it would take three hours, however, to cross the intervening field of ice. It seemed incredible, but it proved true. The last three hundred yards are almost perpendicular. It is a solid wall of ice. A misstep would dash one into eternity. A foothold would be made by the guide in front with an axe, and one by one we would step into his tracks and balance ourselves on one foot until another niche for the weary toe presented itself. This last grand effort calls out all the adventurer's reserve force. It is called the *arrepentimiento* by the natives—the place of repentance—and a more appropriate name could not have been selected. The climber is exhausted before he reaches it. This is the reason so few persons have ever arrived at the summit of the mountain. They cannot scale the last three hundred yards. How we did it I can not tell; but we did it. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the last ledge was reached; and, completely exhausted, we threw ourselves down on a bare rock at the crater's edge. We must have lain thus an hour when one of the guides came back from an exploring trip around the crater, and informed us that the caves from which they were accustomed to extract sulphur, and where we had thought to spend the night, were covered over with snow. It was bad news to us, for it meant that we must spend the night on the bleak peak exposed to a wind which was already cutting to the bone, and threatening to blow us over the precipice. To go down was impossible in our exhausted state, so we set about making ourselves as comfortable as possible. I touched Morphy's arm, and pointed across a great valley of space to the lonely summit of Popocatapetl, where we had stood when the ascension of Orizaba was first suggested. "Ah! but it was possible to keep warm there," he said, "and one need not kill himself to get up."

This we found to be the case. While the crater of Popocatapetl is full of heat, and smoke, and steam, that of Orizaba is cold and silent as the tomb. There must be some heat, however, otherwise its crater would fill up with ice. We found a patch of sand a few yards square, where a little steam issued—sufficient to melt the snow away—and here we prepared to spend the night as best we could. I hope none of us may ever be called upon to pass a more horrible night. About six o'clock the Indian boy, whom I referred to as being affected on the way up, began to complain of an excruciating pain in the lungs, and to spit blood in great quantities. His sufferings were fearful to witness, but we could do nothing for him. Vigil was threatened with a like attack; and Rodriguez, Morphy, and I were almost helpless with fatigue and cold. All night long the groans of the dying Indian sobbed in our ears, and the wind howled past as if gloating over our misery. We could not sleep, nor could we get rid of an insatiable thirst, which neither snow nor ice would satisfy. The morning sun found us more dead than alive, but with the returning light came new hope. We dragged our flag pole to the highest point and planted it firmly in the ice, unfurling to the breeze a blood-red banner fourteen feet long by seven wide. This was the party ensign. All thought was now turned toward getting down as soon as possible. We were too utterly miserable to think of taking measurements, and the dying man in our midst cast a cloud of gloom over the party. We descended by sliding—a most exciting mode of travel. Down over vast distances, which had cost hours of toil to ascend, we shot like sky-rockets, and reached the lower levels in safety. Not so with our sick man, however. The poor fellow died in a terrible fit of coughing and blood-spitting before we could reach the camp, and his companions brought him in a stiffened corpse.

We shall climb no more volcanoes in Mexico. Morphy doubtless expressed the sentiments of the entire party when he exclaimed, as we sat, a few days later, around a comfortable board in the City of Mexico: "A snow mountain is a beautiful thing in the distance, but I shall stay in the valleys hereafter."

CORNELIUS.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1879.

## POUR LES DAMES.

"The Newest, Sweetest Follies of the Sex."

Bridal veils are now in the shape of the Spanish mantilla.

It is now fashionable to border mourning handkerchiefs with black lace.

Feather roses and poppies of dyed goose feathers are pretty and expensive novelties.

The fashion of making collections of *bric-a-brac* brings into use the small ebonized cabinets.

Sealskin will be worn by all ages, from little children of eight to dowagers of eighty, this winter.

The last addition to the list of silver jewelry is an ear-ring representing a ribbon run through a ring.

Real butterflies' wings mounted on chenille bodies are worn in the hair and outside of evening bonnets.

Galloons for dress trimmings are shot with gold and tinsel threads, while others for cloaks are heavily beaded.

Tidies for chairs and sofas are made of pointed bands of silk, alternating with lace insertion and bordered with lace.

Among head dresses for home wear in the morning, silk caps, trimmed with velvet ribbon and lace, enjoy great favor.

The new seal cloaks shown by English furriers are positively immense, and could not be worn without positive discomfort.

The Parisian name for shirring is *coulissé*, while the English term of the same kind of ornamentation is gauged, gathered, or drawn.

Sleeves of bead network are worn with beaded basques. They are as uncomfortable as they are ugly, which is saying a great deal.

The latest freak of fashion in millinery reported from Paris is painting the inside of bonnet brims in flower designs in water colors.

Parisian bonnets come to us with the bandeaux and ribbons studded with wonderfully natural imitation flies, and and ladybug and coccinella beetles.

Very little trains of velvet are added to short dresses by some of the French dressmakers. They are called peacock-tail trains, and lie about two inches on the ground.

Babies' short dresses are covered with lace. There is a simulated blouse front on the waist, and a graduated trimming down the back and lace quillings on the skirt of each one.

Ladies who do not like the unrelieved whiteness of lace in the neck of a dress that has a square opening at the throat, have small bands of the same material as the basque arranged necklacewise.

An Emperor moth or peacock butterfly with a chenille body and real outspread wings resting on a bonnet of cream-colored pearl, or white uncut velvet and satin, makes a superb and brilliant ornament.

The *Military Trade Review* says that "a retail millinery house up town is offering Derby hats at ten cents a piece, to colored persons only, hoping thereby to render this style of hat unpopular with the better classes, as a Derby requires little or no trimming"

New muslin and lace fichus are held by gold rings, like the scarf rings used by gentlemen. Lord Stanley scarfs, and others of wide, flat folds, precisely like those worn by gentlemen, are made of satin or of brocade to match the trimming on ladies' dresses.

The latest novelty in kid gloves for evening or full dress toilet has alternate bands of kid and lace insertion extending from the wrist to the elbow, where the last strip of kid is finished with a scant ruffle of lace; black lace is used for black kid, and white lace for white and pale-colored kid gloves.

The newest buttons are of engraved and enameled metal of plate shape: the quaint silver buttons of the directory the size of a half dollar, the rose pearl inlaid with gold colors, the black pearl with borders of pierced silver, the carved pearl of large size, on which a bee or fly has lighted, and the long shell-shape in jet, pearl, and gold.

A new Japanese book-rack has the side-pieces pieced in gilt lacquer, with a design representing a heron holding a bright green fish writhing in his beak. An inkstand intended to accompany the rack is a block of lacquered wood, on which the picture used on the rack is repeated, and has a cube of cut glass set in the centre.

The Hamlet toque is worn by fair young girls with curly hair. It is of flesh velvet, the crown being a large puff surrounded by a wide plaiting of velvet, which, lined with velvet, serves for a brim. Between the crown and plaited brim is a silver cord with two silver balls, representing a death's head. These trim one side of hat; on the other side is a tuft of black feathers. It is said that Mrs. Langtry first made this hat the fashion.

One of the whims of fashion in favoring stripes is to have the lines perpendicular, as looked at from the front of the figure. When the entire dress is disposed in striped material, a fancy is shown for scarf-like effect, which is produced by placing underneath the pointed basque a plaited width of rich material, one solid tint, which is carried in drapery form over the hips to the basque extension at the back. Sleeves are now made of the main fabric of the costume.

Large square table mats and tidies of silk plush in bronze, green, Pompeiian and pale blue sections are the newest things in fashionable fancy work. They are ornamented along the seams and edges with feather and brier stitching in bright contrasting colors of embroidery silk, and with panels or bands of corn-colored silk canvas worked in [illegible] designs with sampler stitches. The edges have also [illegible] of tassels of embroidery silk matching the colors [illegible] embroideries on the mats.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—XIII.

That forlorn hope of the actor after an unremunerative season, which a too hypercritical press is pleased to term "the benefit nuisance," is generally looked upon as rather a recent innovation. This is a most grievous error, for during the early days of the drama in San Francisco some benefits were given which would absolutely paralyze your contemporary Thespian, so enormous were the net proceeds. I do not of course refer to the "benefit week" trick—the usual means resorted to in a spare week to "pull up business"—but to special benefits tendered by the citizens.

Probably the most successful benefit ever given in San Francisco, or even in this country, with the exception of the celebrated "Adams benefit" in New York, was the farewell to Kate Hayes. The fire boys had charge of the affair, and that fact was almost equivalent to turning it into a gold mine. The seats were sold at auction, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The bidding rose rapidly from $50 to $500, and thence—amid the cheers of an audience almost as large and enthusiastic as that at the benefit itself—to $1,250. With the exception of $1,300 paid by the Sutter Rifles for the first ticket at a concert in Sacramento, this is held to be the highest price ever paid in the annals of concert for a single seat. A Mr. Lobdell offered as high as $1,050, but finding that he was hopelessly contending against a wealthy company he withdrew and paid $1,000 for the second choice. The other seats ranged from $800 down to $50, and scores were sold at the regular price, $5. The advance sale was considerably over $5,000, with plenty of good workers to prepare for the opening night. It is not likely that another such spectacle as the American Theatre presented on the occasion of this benefit will ever occur. The fire companies were present in full force, the Sansomes and Pennsylvanias with their ladies occupying the entire parquette in full uniform. The dress circle was occupied almost entirely by ladies, many gentlemen having vacated their seats for the gratification of the weaker sex. *Mem.:* Ladies stand throughout entire evenings nowadays. Knickerbocker No. 5, Empire No. 1, Columbia No. 11, and Sansome No. 3 were well represented on the stage with flags, banners, torches, regalia, and silverware from the engines. The best good nature prevailed in this dense crowd, and here and there ladies could be seen held upon the shoulders of stalwart fire vamps. A gentlemen who was present has told me that the greatest anxiety prevailed among the boys to afford the ladies an opportunity of catching a farewell glimpse of the favorite, seeming to care less for their own comfort than for that of their lady friends. Miss Hayes sang: "John Anderson my Jo," "Savourneen Deelish," "Farewell to California"—words by W. V. Wells, music by George Loder—"Non e ver," some cavatina or other, and a couple of duets. Of course the house was enthusiastic—benefit crowds almost always are—and, after the inevitable farewell speech, the beneficiary was presented, on behalf of many Irish citizens, with a card case of gold, bearing emblems of California and Ireland. On one side was the harp, surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks, tied with a scroll bearing the words: "Kathleen Mavourneen—Cead Mille Failthe." Over the harp, on a scroll bedecked with flowers, was engraved the music of her favorite ballad, "Savourneen Deelish." On the reverse side was a scene of miners at work, and a shield with the inscription: "To Catharine Hayes, from a few of her countrymen, residents of San Francisco." Around the edges were chased in relief sixteen designs, representing Indians, miners, bears, and cattle. This beautiful specimen of Californian handiwork was designed and made by Barrett & Sherwood. The profit accruing to Miss Hayes from this benefit was over $8,000.

James Stark had several enormous benefits. Among others the receipts of which exceeded any of the benefits given nowadays, were those given to Miss Gwynn, Mrs. Sinclair, the Bateman children, John E. McDonough, and James Anderson. The last named was an enormous favorite, and, as I remember him, an admirable actor. He played a long engagement at the old Lyceum Theatre, at the corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets, built and conducted by John Wilson, the celebrated impressario of horse opera. The place was never very successful, being almost adjoining Maguire's Opera House and the Metropolitan, two well established institutions, and when burned out, after a comparatively brief existence, it was converted into offices. The site now forms a considerable part of Montgomery Avenue, as also do the stages of the two other theatres mentioned. The last performance I remember at the Lyceum was a benefit given one Washington's Birthday for the Mount Vernon Fund. *The Naiad Queen* was the play, with poor Sophie Edwin as "Lurline," Lon. Phelps as "Rudolph," and Fred. Woodhull in the comedy part. On the same day the fund was largely increased by a performance of the San Francisco Minstrels at Maguire's, a concert at the Metropolitan, and a panorama at a small place on Montgomery Street, called, I think, Vernon Hall.

Of all the theatres of the past, that which holds the most cherished corner in my theatrical memory is the old Opera House on Washington Street, and somehow or other, although in his later years he may have made errors, I always looked upon its manager as a very Cæsar in theatrical affairs. He always was called "The Napoleon," but I will undertake to "go one better." The first time I ever stepped up to the box office and bought a ticket was in his theatre, and when Billy Stevenson, the manager, said something about "children in arms not admitted," and old Charley Howard asked me if mother knew I was out, Tom Maguire said: "Bub, you tell him to go to ——, and go in and see the show." I did not extend the suggested invitation, but went in and saw *Oliver Twist*, with J. W. Wallack as "Fagin." I had seen him before as "The Man in the Iron Mask," and adored him. This time I could not look upon him but as a very detestable creature, and one day he told my father he esteemed it a very high compliment that I should refuse to speak to him because of the impression his performance had made upon me. At first I used to pay fifty cents, and sit in the dress circle; but very early in my career as an independent play-goer I made the acquaintance of an insinuating person, who convinced me that it was throwing money away, and if I would buy two gallery tickets and give him one, he'd show me how to have lots of fun. He conquered. I threw myself down from the mountain, and did e'en as he listed. I became one of those villainous nuisances, a gallery boy. Before many matinées I could whistle, throw darts, "spot" bald heads, cry "smash his head" to mothers of crying infants, and crack peanuts with the most promising jail bird in the gallery. Before long my acquaintance introduced two boys to me who, I was assured, were the most wonderful dart throwers in existence. They could make one stick into the curtain every time; how much money did I have? I said only six bits, and that wasn't enough for four. Couldn't I raise another quarter? I pondered. I wanted to see my new acquaintance "make 'em stick every time," but one ticket was lacking. A lucky thought; I gave each of the boys a quarter, ran over to Tiffany's Eagle Hat Store, across the street, and asked Uncle Bob to pass me in. He did so, and I was happy. I learned to pin darts to the curtain, and had passed the initiatory of a deadhead. Every boy in our neighborhood frowned and mockingly asked if I didn't think I was smart 'cos I got into the "theatre" for nothing. In fact, so great was the contempt engendered by my first experience of this money-saving privilege that I became ashamed of myself, and arrived at the conclusion that a deadhead was altogether a very despicable sort of creature. I have been told so since, but it does not affect me now as it did then. Which of the gallery boys of twenty years ago will ever forget the estimation in which that old company was held by them, and the second, and the third? Who can forget such an aggregation of talent as Frank Mayo, Charley Thorne, Dave Anderson, Bill Barry, Harry Courtaine, Walter Leman, Sophie Edwin, Sallie Hinckley, Mrs. Judah, and others of like ability? How we cheered, and stamped, and whistled over Frank Mayo in *The Robbers of the Pyrenees*, *The Idiot of the Mountain*, and *Eustache Baudin!* How we adored Charley Thorne's genteel villains. Of Mrs Judah, Sophie Edwin, Anderson, and the rest, but one thing can be said, and all of you can say it better than I. I used to think that I would rather be Frank Mayo or Charley Thorne than President of the United States. And although my mind may have changed in the matter of preference, the position which both occupy to-day are not altogether unenviable.

There used to be a novel sort of a side-show at the old Opera House—a quiet place to saunter into *entr'actes*, which Tom Maguire had generously provided for his patrons. This—deadfall, I was going to say—innocent place of harmless recreation bore the euphonious title of "The Snug." Looking in from the street next the main entrance to the theatre nothing extraordinary presented itself. It was apparently a well appointed bar-room. Upon entering, however, a door, with people of every hue, manner, and costume going in and coming out, awakened the interest of the visitor. Let us enter. We are in a large room well filled with tobacco smoke, men, females, tables, and every known device for gaming. In the centre of the room is a billiard table, with an imperturbable person at one corner fumbling several ivory balls, and a crowd of earnest people surrounding it. This is Rondo. "Bets made, gentlemen? Roll!" The balls do try to roll to the opposite corner to a line, inside of which so many balls could not possibly go, and the percentage of the players who win anything is discouragingly meagre. "Make your game, gentlemen!" in a sepulchral tone, tempts us to the end of the room, and for a moment we watch the number of deluded idiots amusing themselves by seeing their money deftly raked in by a *rouge-et-noir* dealer. Adjoining this table are a couple of *monte* games, and arranged in indescribable confusion in every part of the room not occupied by the crowd are tables upon which are played—so called by courtesy—faro, roulette, chuck-a-luck, and in fact every game known to the fraternity of gamblers. The scene is a strange one. The gilded walls, the calm, measured tones of the dealers—all in domino and mask—and the laughter and invectives of the visitors in every imaginable garb, make it weird, theatrical, and grotesque. There are realistic pictures of every emotion on all sides. Remorse, pity, envy, despair, joy, and revenge are mirrored on more faces than one has time to contemplate. It is fascinating, it is amusing, it is pitiful, it is disgusting. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." Every relationship is well represented. The husband and wife, the brother, the sister, the cousin, or the aunt of somebody or other is there, and barring an occasional smattering of refinement, the whole crowd is hopelessly and awfully disreputable. The place, however, may have some lessons of a moral tendency about it, for if in the theatre one doubted the realism of *The Six Degrees of Crime*, *The Gamester*, *Rouge-et-noir*, or *Fifteen Years in a Gambler's Life*, one could step in next door and possess himself of the naked truth.

Speaking of the naked truth, I am reminded of the first and really the only entertainment of pure and unadulterated immorality I ever attended, for there is nothing nowadays in the way of a show, which has not some faint tinge of propriety about it. In front of a small hall on Commercial Street was a banner stretched across the street, bearing the legend, "Model Artists," in great, glaring black letters. By way of an apology I will state that at the time I had no idea of the definition of "model artists." We entered the hall, just as the curtain rose, and saw probably ten or a dozen female "models" in various positions upon a revolving stage. These "posers" changed position several times during the short period occupied by the tableau, and the curtain fell amid the most vociferous applause. After two or three *encores* the devotees of art sought their homes to ponder over, possibly, the beauty of the human form, but more likely to wonder at the laxity of the manner in which the laws were administered, and the depravity of which God's creatures are capable. How times and customs change! Mat Morgan's living pictures are interdicted nowadays, and the models are covered from top to toe in woven silk, while the Commercial Street model artists, *in puris naturalibus*, were attended openly by numerous audiences, among whom were numbered many of the dispensers of justice themselves.

We used to have just as long runs at the theatres, with a population of fifty thousand as now, with six times the number. "You had fewer theatres," some doubting Thomas might remark. Nothing of the sort. There were Maguire's, the Metropolitan, Lyceum, American, and Union, twenty years ago, as against the same number to-day. Maybe we were better playgoers then, but, after all, why might not the secret of their success have lain in the fact that reserved seats cost no more than the price of admission; that is, after the very early days of the drama. Of these long runs the most remarkable, and really the first and only protracted run of one play, which occurred during many years, was Dr. Robinson's drama, *The Past, Present, and Future of California*. The Doctor himself played the principal light comedy part, a Yankee, and was ably supported by old Uncle Billy Chapman, always a prodigious favorite in California. The *P., P., and F. of California* ran continuously for a period of over seven weeks, and the Doctor gathered many shekels into his girdle. This old pioneer of San Francisco theatricals has left us a keepsake in the person of a son, who is one of our most talented and gifted artists, and he is the kind of keepsake that one always likes to keep well-preserved and ever near.

John E. McDonough played for seven weeks, and carried away a fortune. This gentleman is still on the stage, in a remarkable state of preservation, and is famous as "Yuba Bill" in *Mliss*, a most excellent performance. Charles Pope played a month, James Anderson eight or ten weeks (two engagements), Mr. and Mrs. Stark four months, the elder Booth three months; and, in fact, almost every star of any notoriety whatever; if they pleased the people they could play with success for a month or six weeks. There was, however, no run of the same play which could compare with that of Dr. Robinson's, until *Arrah-na-Pogue* was produced by Charles Wheatleigh and Mrs. Sedley Brown, at the Metropolitan in 1865, and was played forty-two consecutive times. Then came a wide gap, and the next very long run was under the same gentleman's management. *Round the World in Eighty Days* was played without intermission for nearly eight weeks at the Grand Opera House. One of the most disastrous financial failures ever made in San Francisco, and the shortest run of any actor of repute, was that of Edwin Forrest at Maguire's Opera House. In the first place he disappointed many of our people, and then the prices of admission were doubled. After the first night he never drew a paying house, and being happily relieved by an attack of gout from playing to empty benches, he went to the Geysers, and we had not had time to become acquainted with that great actor, the *Ultimus Romanorum*.

CLAY M. GREENE.

### Wits of Paris.

Advice to bachelors:

Never marry a woman unless she is so rich that you would marry her if she were ugly and so handsome that you would marry her if she were poor.

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Q.—Why are there not so many bad characters in a country town as there are in a large city?

A.—Because it is a smaller place.

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A singer of rare excellence presented himself before the jury once upon a time. His voice was admirable, but not more admirable than his method. Unhappily the young artist was grotesquely, hideously deformed. The artist-jurors glanced at each other, and instantly decided not to award a prize to such a monstrosity.

"Let me break the news to him," said Cherubini, kindly; "I'll let him understand it gently—sugar the pill for him."

So the young artist was sent to Cherubini's room. To him Cherubini:

"My dear friend, what a voice you have! Splendid—magnificent! All the jury say they never heard anything like it in their lives; they're wild with enthusiasm."

The young artist's heart swells with pride.

"Only," says Cherubini, "they can't give you a prize, you understand—they are not running a monkey show!"

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*Waiter* (running after guest)—Hi, there! Sir, I say!

*Guest*—Well, what's the matter? Isn't the bill settled?

*Waiter*—Yes, sir; but you've got the spoons in your pocket.

*Guest*—You are right—here they are. You see (blandly) my little girl, who is sick and has no appetite, told me to be sure and bring her something from the restaurant!

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By the sad sea waves:

*Bather* (thrusting his head despairingly out of his box)—Hi, boy, bo-oy!

*Boy*—Sir?

*Bather*—Where are my pants? I left them here when I went in, and now I can't find any trace of them.

*Boy* (having sought vainly for them on every side)—Quite sure you had 'em on when you came here, sir?

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A Hungarian entered the studio of a portrait painter and said: "I want you to paint a portrait of my late father."

"With pleasure, sir. Have you a photograph of the lamented deceased?"

"No; but you don't want any photograph. Just paint a wild-looking Hungarian, about sixty years old and six feet high, with a big moustache."

Four weeks later the family came round to see the picture.

"Bravo," says the Hungarian, warmly. "It's a speaking likeness, only the old gentleman seems to have changed a good deal since his death."

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A, B, C, and D buy cotton in partnership and store it in a warehouse which is infested with rats. To discourage these vermin they buy a cat, of which each is to own a leg. The cat breaks that one of her legs which is owned by A, who binds it up with cotton soaked in oil. The wrapping takes fire, the cat takes refuge in the midst of the cotton bales, and the whole property is destroyed; whereupon B, C, and D sue A, alleging that it was his leg which caused the conflagration. The court promptly decides against them with costs, and orders them to pay A for his cotton and bear their own losses, on the ground that the cat couldn't walk on the broken leg, so that it was the three sound legs which carried her into the cotton.

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Man with a wig gibes a bald-headed friend.

"I admit," says the other, "that I have no hair, but the hair I haven't got is my own, any way."

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*Caller to Postmaster*—I want to send fifty francs to my son; how much'll it cost?

*Postmaster*—Ten sous.

*Caller*—There you are. (Gives him ten sous.)

*Postmaster*—Hi, there! but where's the fifty francs?

*Caller*—What! have I got to give you the fifty francs, too? I don't see what saving there is in this money-order business.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Celebrates his Engagement to the "Femme Fashionable."

On a Bust, October 30, 1879.

Old Son :—Gi' me yer fist, ol' boy. Shake. I'm on the whoop, Bill, ye bet yer immortal boots. I'm off my nut 'ith joy an' thanksgivin'. I'm screamin' mad 'ith the electric spark o' ragin' love, or words to that effect, ez the poet lariat o' Temescal says in his "Ode to the Moon," printed some time back in the weekly *Call* noosepaper. I'm a tinglin' all over 'ith "the transports o' favored affection," ez the *Alta* man remarks. I feel like a little blue angel on wheels. I've tackled Maudie (Maudie's lovin' fur Maud) on the matrimony racket, an' she cottoned to the proposition like a glue pot to a kitchen shelf. We're goin' to waltz into church some time 'bout Chris'mas, an' hitch up in the harness o' "connubial bliss," ez the sweet singer o' the *Stock Exchange* warbles. So I'm on my ear, Bill. I'm layin' into the best whisky in the market, an' I'm a gittin' tighter'n a cinch strap on a Mexican mule. I'm a shoutin' to glory, an' a fetchin' divine grace at ev'ry clatter. I'm a clappin' halleluyah to the tune o' "Lookin' over Jordan," an' a raisin' the mourners out o' ther boots at ev'ry jump. I could clear a ten-foot hedge fence in a buckeye patch an' never touch a twig. It's better'n bein' sent to a Dimmycratic convention. It's better'n a king full against deuce high. It makes a rooster feel like a drop o' lime water in a bar'l o' Bourbon. It's moonshine an' rainbows a flickerin' through a sweet apple ranch. Ol' son, I feel ez ef I'd called the turn fur twenty million, an' busted the Bank o' Nevada. I'm a lunatic asylum mixed up 'ith a primary election. I'm a grizzly out fur an airin', an' I'm right thar all the time. I've whooped up nigh onto a thousan' American citizens, an' set 'em up in a hundred an' fifty bar-rooms inside o' twenty-four hours. I've smashed ten big lookin' glasses, an' paid fur 'em ev'ry rattle. I've got more bail up in p'lice courts 'n 'd buy Ned Rodgers' pocket mine. I've blacked more eyes 'n 'd make mournin' fur a colony o' Mormon widders. I've tackled more whisky'n 'd float the nash'nal debt. An' fur w'at, Bill? Fur w'at? Fur Maudie, ol' son; fur my Maudie.

Angels? Angels ain't a circumstance. They ain't hoss flies in a barn yard to Maudie, an' ye hear my melodious whisper. Give Maudie a gilt edged harp an' a pair o' schooner rigged wings an' she'd slam over this yer vale o' tears like a rocket through a tar bar'l. I b'lieve ef this yer feelin' o' mine keeps on I'll go clean daft. I'm two-thirds looney a'ready, an' 'twon't take much to fetch the other third. I s'pose I've got to brace up afore Chris'mas so's to assist Maudie to be Mrs. Snaggleby! Mrs. Snaggleby! How's it look, Bill, ol' son? Maud Snaggleby! Thet's the way she'll sign her name, Bill. Mrs. James Snaggleby! Mrs. Jim Snaggleby! Maudie Snaggleby! I could scratch her dear, delicious, sweet, cologne water name all over a thousan' sheets o' writin' paper, an' never miss a lick. Jest think o' me—Jim Snaggleby—a huggin' Maudie to my manly bussum, an' a squeezin' sugar-coated kisses up between her rosebud lips. Jest think of it, Bill, an' hump yerself fur the nearest place whar they sell double-distilled musk water an' call it nectar fur the gods. Oh, yum, yum, yum! I'm jest ez happy ez they make 'em. I wouldn't change places 'ith Kurnel McComb, or Mark Boruck, or the feller thet writes the slashers fur the *Zaminer*, or the rooster thet runs the *Chronicle's* big press, or anybody. I tell ye w'at it is, Bill, you jest ought to see my Maudie, an' hear her chin a few. Her voice is like a south wind a sighin' through a knot hole, an' she sings like a double-headed mockin' bird. Ther' aint no discount on my Maudie, much, an' the man thet 'lows ther' is might as well light out for San José, or some other place thet aint well known in geographies an' sich. W'en I fust made up my mind to ask her I felt all of a quiver. It skeered me to think of it. But she waltzed me 'round so kindly, an' seemed to take such an int'rest in me, thet I braced up an' made the break. I didn't do it all at once, though; I kinder flanked round, an' prodded my way along 'til I was dead sartin she'd make no bones o' being Mrs. Jim Snaggleby. She was awful kind to me afore I asked her. Used ter make me bundle up w'en we went out of evenin's, an' was continualy inquirin' 'bout my health. I hed a cold one day, an' she rushed in a doctor on me to cure me up. She'd make nice big velvet slippers fur my hoofs, an' on my las' birthday she presented me 'ith a filagreed smokin' cap. All sich kinder didos, Bill, ye understan'. Then w'en I see my way clear, I spruces up, an' takes lessons in poppin' the question o' Phil's *valley de sham*—thet *valley de sham* is a keener, you bet; he ken do mos' ev'rythin' in the perlite society line, an' I reckon he's bin some punkins in his own kentry; I'm goin' to hire him fur a hunnred an' fifty dollars a month ez soon's Maudie an' I gits settled. Well, the *valley* gives me the pints, an' las' night I tried 'em on. Fust off I strolls kinder careless like into the conservatory whar they keep all the foreign plants, an' ez I was a pickin' the leaves off a big sunflower, or somethin' o' thet kind, kinder dreamy an' solemn like, ye understan,' in comes Maudie, a sailin' along like a peach blossom on a trout stream. I didn't seem to take no notice, an' she taps me on the shoulder an' says:

"Consultin' the oracles o' love in the language o' flowers, Mr. Snaggleby?"

I didn't sarvey w'at she was drivin' at exactly in her talk, but I tumbled to the touch of her hand. Talk 'bout shivers! Why, Bill, the shiver o' the boy a tastin' his fust glass o' hot whisky ain't nothin' by a jug full to the feelin' thet crawled down into my boots w'en thet starlight o' divinity laid her darling little fist on my shoulder.

"No," says I; "I'm only pickin' flowers."

"Ah," says she, "then you admire flowers?"

"Consid'rable," says I; and then we looked at each other fur a minute or two.

"D'ye think it 'll rain, Mr. Snaggleby?" says she, lookin' out into the garden an' tappin' her foot on the marble walk like she was thinkin' o' somethin' else.

"Shouldn't wonder," says I, hitchin' off to whar it was dark, but purtendin' thet I was huntin' fur another kind o' flower to pick. Maudie follered me, sayin':

"W'at makes ye so gloomy to-night, Mr. Snaggleby? I hope I hevn't disturbed ye."

"Not much," says I; "I'd rather hev ye aroun' than anybody I know of." I thought I'd skeered her, she looked at me so queer, an' I was huntin' back on my tracks tryin' to find out whar I'd made any bad breaks, w'en she laughs kinder low an' sweet like the cluckin' of a spring chicken, and, steppin' close up to me, says:

"Do ye mean that, Mr. Snaggleby?"

"I don't mean nothin' else," says I, smilin' down onto a crook-backed cheer. I'd got hold of a bunch o' stuff thet looked like May weed, an' w'ile I was purtendin' to jerk it out by the roots she was a standin' afore me, 'ith her hands hangin' grabbed in front of her, shiverin' like a new moon against her white dress.

"Sit down," says I. She planted herself along side o' me, an' I hed another attack o' the shivers. They was pleasant shivers, though. The *valley* hed tol' me to lead up to the pint like a prize fighter feelin' fur the other man's nose, so I begins kinder a whisperin' an' gentle like.

"It's a fine ev'nin'," says I.

"Delightful," says she.

"Hev sich we'ther in Europe?"

"Very seldom," says she, smilin' ez ef she was tickled at somethin' an' was too high toned to show it.

"'Tain't good fur the crops, though," says I. Ye see, Bill, I was feelin' my way an' bracin' up. I didn't want to jump her col' soul.

"No, I s'pose not," says she.

"D'ye like ranchin'?" says I.

"Never tried it," says she.

"Wouldn't like to live on a ranch, I s'pose?" says I.

"Don't think I would," says she.

"How 'bout Rooshen Hill?" says I.

"Oh, thet 'd be delightful!" says she.

"S'pose we go an' live up thar?" says I, an' the minute the words was out o' my mouth I see thet I'd made a bad break. She looked at me 'ith thet queer squint agin, an' I s'pose I looked 'bout ez sheepish ez the law allows.

"I don't understand you, sir," says she. I thought then ez I was in fur a colt I'd take my chances on the spot fur a hull mustang, so I blurts out:

"Miss Tarbox" (Tarbox is her name now; it'll be Snaggleby nex' year), "Miss Tarbox," says I, "I've bin a cottonin' to yer loveliness fur two weeks, an' I can't git over it. I'm head over heels in love with ye, an' ef ye'll hev me, say the word an' I'm yer Injun."

I was kneelin' at her feet, ez the *valley* hed tol' me was the proper thing to do, an' w'en I'd spoke my little piece I thought she was goin' to faint, so afore she could keel over I landed onto the cheer agin an' put my arms clean aroun' her dear little waist.

"Take a little o' this," says I, "it'll liven ye up," and I perdooced my pocket pistol, w'ich I'm never 'ithout under the most speery circumstances. She shook her head an' tried to hitch out o' my arms, but I hung on, an' she see it wan't no use, I'd got my grip an' five yoke o' oxen couldn't a drawed her off

"It's rather sudden, Mr. Snaggleby," says she.

"I know it," says I, "but it couldn't be helped. I didn't want to go beatin' round the bush all night, so I turned loose all to once."

"I must have time to think it over," says she.

"I'm willin'," says I; "we'll set right here ez we are, and think it over, ef it takes all night."

"You're persistent," says she.

"Thet's me," says I; "w'en I strike a trail, I'll fetch my game or bust. Do I fetch or do I bust?"

She trembled a little, an' then she clucked like she did afore. Then her back hair scraped the back o' my neck ez her cabeza jammed down onto my shoulder, an' lookin' up into my face she smiled like a white-faced angel, an' said, says she:

"I guess you'll fetch."

Thet settled the bizness, an' ef ther ain't blisters on them lips o' hers by this time, it ain't fur the lack o' kissin'. We kep' the thing up 'til the roosters over in the backyards across the street begun to crow, an' then the meetin' adjourned. The next day I tackled the ol' man on the subjec', and ez he was agreeable, I sot out to hunt up a place to live in arter we're married, an' I've been so drunk ever sence thet I ain't dared to go near her. But w'at's the odds? The thing's fixed now, an' I'm the liveliest man on legs. Lord! how I squeezed her, Bill. It'd a made yer ol' blear eyes water to a seen us a sittin' thar like two turtle doves in a pine tree a pipin' away into each other's ears, the "soft accents o' love an' devotion" ez one of "our own poets" jingled the other day. I'm pitchin' into poetry now, Bill, like a five-inch stream into a bank o' blue gravel, 'specially the lovin' kind o' verses. An', Bill, I want ye to come down an' stan' up 'th me. We're goin' to hev ev'rythin' in style, but thet needn't faze ye, 'cause I'll be thar, ol' son; I'll put ye through all straight. We're goin' to send out invitation keerds 'ith two pigeons tangled up in a true lover's knot, an' a bitin 'emselves' 'ith ther bills, onto 'em. You'll git one Bill, an' all the boys down to Frisbie's—Bill Waters, Frank Gross, Dick Stoker, ol' Patterson, Frank Burr, an all of 'em. This yer letter's gittin' too long, so I'll hev to cut it short and give ye the balance o' the racket w'en I jerk another one to ye, w'ich 'ill be arter I taper off an' see my duckie dearie, my own darling Maudie again. Yer ol' pard, Jim Snaggleby.

To Wm. Belcher, Tuttletown,
Tuolumne County, Cal., *viâ* Copperopolis.

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Noses play an important part in the every day life of man, and it is well, therefore, that they have at last found their apostle. Dr. Jager, a professor of Stuttgart, has, after most patient experiments with his own nose, proved it to be the seat of his soul. It is, it appears, the projecting finger on the dial-face that regulates the motion of the great machinery of the human heart, and records thereon by its silent vibrations and pulsations all the various workings of the intellect. Simply with the nose on his face the learned professor is enabled, eyes shut and ears stopped, to discriminate the character of any stranger he may meet, or even that he has passed in the street. He can, then, by merely putting his nose through a chink, tell what the people on the other side of the wall are doing; and, more than this, what they have just been doing; can assure himself whether they are married or unmarried, and whether they are happy or the reverse. Proceeding upon the knowledge thus acquired by repeatedly successful diagnosis, the professor argued, in a lecture, that if different scents expressed different traits of character, each trait could separately be affected by a particular scent, and his experiments proved him here as right as before.

## LEMONS.

How to Postnone One's Death.

There is good news, says Mr. Alden, in the New York *Times*, for persons who have a prejudice against dying. A German doctor has discovered the elixir of life. It is simply the juice of lemons If we take into our several systems sufficient lemon juice we shall live for ever. The German doctor—let us call him Schneider—has proved this to his perfect satisfaction. Statistics, experiments, the binomial theorem, comparative philology, in short all sorts of scientific tests, have been triumphantly used by him to establish the truth of the proposition that lemon juice is the staff of life, and we may assume, without hesitation, that the length of any man's life varies directly as the number of lemons which he consumes.

There must, of course, be a systematic method of taking lemon juice. According to Dr. Schneider, one must begin the daily use of lemons at the age of twenty. From his twentieth to his thirtieth birthday a man who wishes to live for ever must use one lemon daily, either by eating it as he would an orange, or by drinking the juice in the shape of lemonade. From his thirtieth to his fortieth year he must use two lemons daily. During every additional decade of his life he must double his daily consumption of lemons.

Now, that Dr. Schneider has called our attention to the wonderful preservative effects of lemon juice, we can understand the meaning of phenomena which have hitherto puzzled thinking men. Every one must have noticed the fact that the old women who sell lemonade on the street corners during the hot weather never seem to die or to grow any older. Year after year they appear in their accustomed places and supply successive generations with warm and weak lemonade. We know now that it is lemon juice which sustains these perpetual old women. We have all of us wondered why it is that the train-boy who infests railway trains, and renders traveling a torture to the soul as well as a trial to the body, is never killed by any accident, but is always rescued, even from under the wreck of telescoped cars, with his basket of prize packages and his armful of unreadable novels, uninjured. The train boy deals in lemons, and there is not a particle of doubt that in the seclusion of the baggage car he fairly soaks his interior with the prophylactic lemon-juice. It is, of course, due to a constant consumption of lemon-juice that acidulous maiden ladies of advanced years live on untouched by time, and survive the affectionate relatives that have been anxious for years to heap "floral offerings" upon their coffins.

But, on reflection, it must be conceded that although in theory it is possible to prolong life indefinitely with lemons, there is a practical difficulty in the way of following Dr. Schneider's prescription after one reaches an age beyond a century. A man may be able to eat 128, or even 256, lemons daily, if he rises early and goes to bed late. He may thus live to see his one hundred and twentieth year, but beyond that date life can be prolonged only at a heavy outlay in lemons, and an amount of labor which only the most determined men will venture to undertake. From his one hundred and twentieth to his one hundred and thirtieth year the disciple of Dr. Schneider must manage to use 512 lemons daily, or an average of 38¼ per hour, provided he works at them sixteen hours daily. If he undertakes to live a century and a half, he will find himself face to face with 2,048 lemons every day, and in order to attend the second centennial celebration of his birthday, he must, during his last decade, manage to consume 65,536 daily lemons. In order to get through this terrible task, he must work sixteen hours a day, and consume 910 lemons—and a piece of lemon-peel—every minute. It may be safely affirmed that no man can do this—not even if he has practiced for years the great feat of dining in five minutes at a railway restaurant. In spite of the excellence of Dr. Schneider's theory, we must admit that until the capacity of the human mouth and stomach is greatly improved, even lemons can not prolong life much beyond one hundred fifty years.

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Replying to many letters in indifferent prose, we beg to state that the price we pay for poetry is regulated entirely by the merit of the production, as determined by the gentleman who last week asked to be supplied, if possible, with "The Burial of Moses," and who this week (as elsewhere explained) received seven thousand copies of that rare poem transcribed from as many school books, and from recent numbers of this journal. When Tennyson, Whittier, or any of the free-for-all bards, send in a verse or two, a check for $100 is returned by the next mail. Ordinary poetry, known to the trade as "B1," and which grades a little above the productions of high-school girls, is quoted this week at $3 60@3 65 per column, agate measure, while the general run of lyrics are unsalable. In all cases the poetry editor considers himself at liberty to reconstruct the little gems that come to this office. A fair specimen of his work is as follows:

Sample fall poem:

> The glorious autumn days are come,
> With many a gorgeous dye;
> The woods beyond the meadow brown
> Stand red against the sky.

Same thing reconstructed:

> The glorious autumn days are come,
> And gorgeously they dye
> The red-headed woods beyond the field,
> Like rainbows in the sky.

It will be noticed that the sentiment has been preserved, and the language whopped-up a little so as to give greater effect to the verse. The central idea of the poet is to convey the intelligence that there has been a frost in his neighborhood, and that, as usual upon such occasions, the leaves have changed color. None of this has been lost; the news is all there, but worked up in a rather more sensational and attractive manner—that is all. As long as our present poetry editor (the hero of the "Burial of Moses" incident) wields the amending pen at this office the bards need not fear that their fine fancies will suffer mutilation.

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Never enter into a discussion; you will never convince any one. Opinions are like nails, the more you hammer at them the further in they go.—*Alexandre Dumas*

*PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.*

We are beginning to suspect that a great part of this immigration business is a sham. We are afraid there is just the least bit of selfishness upon the part of immigration agents and land speculators, and at the bottom of the glowing prospectus, colony projects, and marvelous inducements, there is somebody who has a laudable ambition to earn a salary, or promote the sale of lands. We are quite aware of the fact that there is not one single man in California that desires to "encourage" immigration unless he has an axe to grind. We do not mean to be too suspicious, but of every immigrant association, and of every immigration "movement" that we have known, there is at the bottom somebody with a motive. It may be a mixed motive, and that part of it that is selfish may be honest. But why desire any more immigrants at all? Why not keep our domain as an inheritance to our children? The man who owns a farm too large for himself to cultivate does not give away a part of it, but keeps it for those who come after him. We have a broad domain of unoccupied lands, but why import somebody from Germany to occupy it? Our success in importing Germans, Irishmen, Danes, Swedes, and Sclaves is not so encouraging as to justify us in raking Europe with a fine tooth-comb to get citizens for our Republic. The fine tooth-comb is a good simile. We know what it gathers, and so we say we are beginning to suspect that we are making a mistake in encouraging indiscriminate immigration. If we could make our selection of Scotch, English, German, or Irish farmers, who have some capital, to come and till our lands, and become citizens as well as farmers, it might do; but we need no more lager venders or whisky sellers, no more paupers or Democratic politicians, to run our country for us. We suggest, with great modesty, this idea of putting a brake upon foreign immigration. We are afraid somebody won't like it. It is a new and ungracious position to take, because ours is a land of liberty, freedom, the star-spangled banner, and all that sort of thing. Ours is the land for the oppressed, the refuge of the down-trodden, the asylum of tramps. The tyrannous laws of the effete monarchies punish criminals, and compel idlers to work or starve; this blessed land gives to the loudest-mouthed and hardest cheeked rascal an office. Our country is the poor-house over the hills.

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We have seen the prospectus of what is known as the "Easterby Rancho Company," H. K. Masten president, and Theodore Kearney manager, and have perused it with mingled admiration and incredulity. In the county of Fresno there are broad plains. To the observer they seem and are dry, verdureless, and barren. There are years when, by the accident of rain, they produce large crops; there are other and a majority of years when they will not produce enough grass to permit a single family of rabbits to live in comfort upon them. Across this valley there are great rivers, with their waters running waste to the sea. If these waters are taken from their beds and distributed to the plains a magic transformation is wrought; the soil becomes a marvel of productiveness. The land is inexhaustible, is prolific beyond anything we have ever seen elsewhere. Twenty acres with water and industry make a garden home upon which a family may thrive; they become a literal garden for the production of everything. The Nevada Bank, the Bank of California, Friedlander (who is dead), W. S. Chapman (who is insolvent), and one Church (who has very little money), own these lands and waters in an inextricable muddle. Before us is a map, or diagram, of some ten miles square of land, and on it are laid down the Southern Pacific Railroad, the Fresno Canal, King's River, the Eisen Vineyard, the Nevada Colony, the Church Colony, the Central Colony, the Easterby Rancho, county roads, ditches, orchards, vineyards, etc., etc. One side of this great handbill—two feet square—is a gorgeous picture in the highest style of lithographic art. In one corner is the cabin of the wheat farmer, disclosing the interior, where four males and a dog are kenneling—one asleep in his bunk, one frying pork, one smoking his dudeen; all around is bare, desolate, and drear. In another corner is the wine growers' home, an elegant drawing-room; paterfamilias, in a swallow-tailed coat, is drinking wine from a fine-cut glass goblet; his young wife, with hair done by her maid, dress imported from Paris, reads the ARGONAUT, while one group of children play upon a Chickering purchased of Hemme & Long, and another upon an Axminster carpet; mirrors and pictures adorn the walls. Below is a farm house, its fields inundated, cattle drowning, hen-coop floating away; it is a deluge—too much rain. Opposite, a dilapidated farm house, doors unhinged, horses dead, and cattle dying, from the "result of drought." Then between lies the gorgeous picture of the Easterby Rancho—a beautiful gothic home surrounded by shrubbery, before which a fountain plays; the busy industries of the farm are in view, broad miles of vineyards, great orchards; around this charming effort of the engraver's imagination are grouped fair women representing plenty and abundance, fruits, and flowers, and clustering grapes; naked cupids tug at great sacks of grain and roll huge pumpkins about.

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We have visited this plain, and, as far as the eye can strain itself, there is naked, unredeemed desolation, except in the "Central California Colony," where a hundred or more industrious families have made for themselves charming homes, and where they have demonstrated that industry and water applied to the soil will enable twenty acres of land to support a family in comfort, and where now they are eating their hearts in disappointment and despair because banks and speculators' law suits have taken from them the water upon which their very existence depends. Who is right or who is wrong—the dead Friedlander or the living Chapman, the Nevada Bank or the Bank of California—we do not know; but this we do know, that the pioneer colony, known as the "Central California," that has demonstrated the richness of these plains, that has gone out into this wilderness of desolation and made it to blossom as the rose, is left to suffer and to die among these contending speculators and litigants. Mr. Kearney was the manager of the "Central," and is now the manager of the "Easterby," and he offers these naked lands, with a promise of water, for from $30 to $50 per acre, payable in installments. The land has then to be leveled for water, planted to vine or fruit, waited for, say, three years; houses and barns have to be constructed. An immigrant family from western New York would require not much less than $4,000 to make this experiment possible. The experiment will not succeed, and ought not to succeed nor be attempted, till all these rivalries and contentions over water rights and titles are disposed of; and no one will or ought to trust these painted and printed promises till the Central Colony is provided with water and lifted out of its present vexatious position. If there is any one thing that with us is a hobby, it is that industrious people should have happy and independent homes in the country. If families can live, as we have seen them live, upon twenty acres of God's earth in the Fresno Valley, surrounded by plenty and luxury, as they live in the Central California Colony, amid fruits and vines, in groves and orchards, it is the solution of the problem of civilization; it determines the future of California; it demonstrates the problem of industry, and solves the riddle of capital and labor. We encourage every honest attempt to induce honest people to go out into the country and make this experiment, but we do not encourage the greed of capital nor the effort of speculators to make money out of immigrants by deceiving them. We do not say that this "Easterby" experiment is not an honest one, but we do say that the Central California Colony, formed by the same parties, under the same conditions, and through the same promises, is an unfortunate monument of false inducements rather too near to be comfortable. We must not be understood as casting any reflection upon the honest purpose of Mr. Martin, nor yet upon Mr. Kearney, in projecting the enterprise in hand; they assure us, as we read their prospectus, that the title to their land is perfect, that they have secured the water, and that its use runs with the land in perpetuity under guarantee from the Nevada Bank. This of course is all that can be demanded. We commend the enterprise to the careful consideration of those who propose to make the experiment of farm life in California, and advise that they take no first step and pay no first dollar until they are assured of the perfectibility of the title and the legal certainty of their water rights. These being assured, it is no risk to make a home in the proposed location.

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The official term of our Harbor Commissioners is four years. The law governing the Commission contemplates the occurrence of vacancies at regular intervals of one and two years, to the end that a majority of the Board shall at all times be composed of experienced men. On the 28th of February last Captain Burns' term having expired, the Governor appointed Mr. Frank McCoppin to this very responsible office, and from the entire Democratic party he could not have made a better selection. This is not very great praise, because the Democrat who can be safely intrusted with a responsible public duty is an exceedingly rare person. Governor Irwin admitted this fact when he made William F. White Bank Commissioner. We think Mr. McCoppin can be safely charged with any duty that demands integrity and intelligence. This appointment is for four years, subject, however, to confirmation by the Senate, and as a majority of the incoming Senate is Republican, it is hoped by some and feared by others that McCoppin's appointment will not be confirmed. We understand that McCoppin himself is not making, and will not make, any effort whatever in behalf of his own confirmation, having other views which, if carried out, will take him beyond the limits of the State for a term of years. It would, in our judgment, be wise policy for the Republicans to make no caucus upon this confirmation, and allow Mr. McCoppin to perform the duties for the term designated. This is a time when the party can afford to do generous things, and reach out its tentacles to embrace the intelligent part of the Democracy. There are a few, a very few, respectable persons who, because of their foreign birth and early prejudices, still cling to the Democratic wreck. We are in favor of rescuing them, and taking them aboard the Republican ship. The party can do this to Mr. Frank McCoppin, for he has, in spite of his Democracy, upon more than one occasion, risen far above mere partisanship when the interests of this city were involved. We are indebted to Mayor McCoppin for the Golden Gate Park, and to Senator McCoppin for the privilege of riding in the street cars for the moderate and uniform sum of five cents. He is also the author of the One-twelfth Act, and of the act creating a wholly non-partisan Police Commission. So we say we hope he will be confirmed as Harbor Commissioner by a Republican Senate.

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Every act has a motive; and an indignant public has been looking for the motive of Postmaster-General Key in making his recent order relative to the addressing of documents for transmission through the mails. Under this order postmasters throughout the country are supposed to have no more discretion than so many machines for the purpose of forwarding the mails. No matter how sure a postmaster may be of what locality is intended by an address, unless it gives the name of the postoffice, county, and State, his instructions are to send the document to the Dead Letter Office. For example, a letter directed to "Pacheco Valley, Contra Costa County, California," would be returned to the writer *via* the Dead Letter Office, though if it were sent to either Pacheco or Walnut Creek postoffice, both of which are in the valley, the letter would doubtless be delivered. This order makes a postal guide, with a full list of postoffices and their location, a *sine qua non* for merchants, publishers, and others having a correspondence. The Postmaster-General has met this want of a postal guide, as will be seen by the following order, signed by him, a copy of which has been received with circular by the publishers of the guide: "During the fiscal "year ending June 30, 1880, the *United States Official Postal* "*Guide* will be published monthly, under contract with "Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., in pursuance of the Act "of March 3, 1879, and a copy will be furnished to every "postmaster and employé of the Railway Mail Service, as "the only *official organ* of the Postoffice Department." Whether or not the fact that the postal guide referred to in the last order is sent to subscribers for $1.50 per year "in advance," gives the clue to the Postmaster-General's motive in making the order first mentioned, is left to the intelligence of the reader to decide. In the language of Col. Sellers, "there's millions in it."

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The impression has gone abroad that the contest against the Workingmen's candidates has been inaugurated by their political opponents. This is not true. In the Workingmen's nominating convention Mr. James Reynolds, himself a delegate, and formerly a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, was nominated for the office of City and County Attorney. He refused to take the pledge to return any part of his salary to the treasury, because such a pledge was illegal and would invalidate his election. He spoke against the pledge, and cited authorities to sustain his interpretation of the law. Clitus Barbour, another lawyer in the convention, sided with him. But Kearney—presiding—with a pig-headed obstinacy characteristic of ignorance, and with that brutal disregard of decency which always signalizes his conduct, overruled the matter, passed the resolution, and defeated Mr. Reynolds, who is represented as a good lawyer and reputable citizen. Thereupon Mr. Reynolds, in vindication of his position, brings this suit. It is a family quarrel, and is not chargeable to the defeated of other party organizations. The attitude taken by Mr. Auditor Dunn in the contest is creditable to him. He repudiates the idea of taking office by force and in opposition to the courts. Not alone Mr. Dunn, but many others prominent among the Workingmen, avow their determination to reject all counsels that look to a subversion of the law.

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Answering the demand of a universal Republican sentiment, the State Central Committee has asked the removal of Mr. George C. Gorham from the Secretaryship of the National Committee. This is not a petition, respectfully submitted, but it is a demand peremptorily made. We say this to the National Committee: If you retain this traitor in your councils, California will not cast its electoral vote for any Republican Presidential candidate. Just try it!

## AFTERMATH.

If we owned and managed a daily journal we would not say as much about our rivals as do most of the San Francisco editors. If we had an "able and influential journal" of the "largest circulation," we would endeavor to make it as dignified and respectable as broadly distributed. If we had a weekly paper that we thought interesting and valuable, we would not be continually blowing about it, and we would not boast of its excellence in its own columns. If we desired to obtain small advertisements, and should succeed in nearly filling our paper with "dogs lost" and servant girls' demands, we would not occupy the remainder of our space in the vain endeavor to convince our subscribers that this was interesting reading. If some country journal gave us a puff for an exchange, we would not reprint that paid-for puff as an evidence that ours was the best journal in civilization. Quack doctors trumpet their own praises. It is quackery for a newspaper to be ever boasting, and we observe that, as fish peddlers anxious to sell their wares sound their horns loudest when their fish smell loudest, so the meanest and most unprosperous newspapers write most about their own excellencies. When women lose their virtue they gabble most of the value of the priceless gem.

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A man named Haynes has achieved a not inconsiderable local distinction in Corsicana, Texas, by promulgating several novel dogmas. Mr. Haynes holds that (1) he is a second Christ; that (2) he has got the better of death, hell, and the grave; that (3) the devils and his imps are subject to him—Haynes; that (4) he is proof against knives and bullets. We are not hot to engage in a theological discussion of these points *seriatim*, but will put ourselves upon the record as holding different views. We believe that (1) Mr. Haynes is not a second Christ, for that position is pretty generally conceded to Mr. Kalloch, of this city; that (2) death, hell, and the grave are too many for all the sons of men, sons of guns, etc.; that (3) in his intercourse with Mr. Haynes, Mr. Satan pursues his traditional policy—stoops to conquer; that (4) an ordinary Texan sinner could seriously afflict the Haynes person with a revolver and bowie-knife, and in all probability will. LATER.—The worldly Corsicanians have ridden Mr. Haynes on a rail, greatly to his personal discomfort; so, whether or not he is proof against bullets and knives, it is clear that he is not altogether and all over unasssailable, but, like Achilles, has a joint in his armor, so to speak. If, like the mother of that hero, Mr. Haynes's dam dipped him into the Styx to make him invulnerable, she must have held him by the seat of his trousers.

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We write in anticipation of Coll Deane's lecture upon the Comstock mines and stock operations connected therewith. Street rumor says that he is sour upon the Bonanza firm; accusing its members of misrepresentations, by reason of which he has suffered financially, and affirming that, for the purpose of freezing out small operators, this Nevada Bank firm are covering up, hiding, and withdrawing from the market three rich deposits of ore. We always accept the disclosures of reformed gamblers, reformed drunkards, reformed women, escaped nuns, and new converts, with several grains of salt. Mr. Coll Deane has been a stock gambler, has seen the ups and downs of the business; has been successful, and been desperate; has climbed the golden rounds of the golden ladder to the golden clouds, and has plumbed the lower depths of the lowest levels of the deepest disappointment. He has been a bear sitting at the mouth of his den crunching dead men's bones; he has been a bull, and on his horns has tossed in fantastic glee every poor devil who has invaded his domain. He has lost no money in stocks that he did not make in stocks.

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If Mr. Deane has been a member of the Stock Board, and told no lies, he is the only man in the board of that kind, and we congratulate him upon his early escape from so lonely and virtuous a life. In short, we think Mr. Coll Deane is neither better nor worse than his fellows, and in saying this we mean to say that none of them are any better than they should be, and we hope none of them any worse than their pursuit justifies us in suspecting them to be. The whines of the pigs that squeal under the gate—of the poor empty pig that is caught trying to get into the corn-field, and of the fat pig caught coming out—are equally inharmonious, but the shrieking porker that has been in and got fat, then gets out and gets poor, excites no compassion, and touches no tender chord of sympathy in his endeavor to get back. Whenever a man gets rich in stock-gambling, he thinks himself a clever fellow, and thanks nobody; but when he loses he lays his failure to Providence or Flood, and never blames himself. It never occurs to him that he is his own idiot. Lucky men and successful men are always thanking God that they are "self-made." Every stupid jackass who stumbles and blunders, and fails and falls, thinks himself a divine creation, spoiled by accident.

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Coll Deane, meeting Berry one year agn, said to him that Flood had covered up a bonanza in Hale & Norcross. This covering up of bonanzas by the Nevada firm is the soft place in Mr. Coll Deane's head. Berry said, in reply: "Then, Deane, if you know there is a bonanza in Hale & Norcross you have known the fact for two years, for during that time the mine has been flooded." *Deane*—"Yes, I have known it for two years." *Berry*—"Then why did you not purchase this mine when its stock was selling at $1 85 a share?" *Deane*—"I had gone to the Black Hills, and was operating there." *Berry*—"Yes, you preferred to expose your life in the Black Hills, and your head to being scalped by the Indians, when you knew of a Comstock bonanza that you could purchase for less than $2 per share! Rather thin, Mr. Deane!"

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Another suggestion occurs to us. If it is true that Mr. Flood and his associates desired to freeze out the stockholders in order to absorb their hidden deposits of ore, why did not the firm purchase Hale & Norcross, Yellow Jacket, Union Consolidated, or Sierra Nevada, or whatever mine this wealth may lie hidden in, when these stocks were held at merely nominal figures, as they all have been within the last few years? We never gamble in stocks—that is, hardly ever; but we do not believe that any firm, or any banker, or any mining engineer, or any human contrivance, can discover a bonanza, measure its length, breadth, thickness, and value, and then keep it a secret hidden from the knowledge of the men who found it, the miners who developed, and the assayers who tested it. Human nature does not keep such secrets.

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The genius who engineers the poetry department of this journal—and who cannot write prose—begs that we will present his biggest thanks to the seven thousand readers, and one at the breast, who have favored him with seven thousand copies of the poem called "The Burial of Moses." The genius asked for it last week; he had struck a couple of stanzas of it somewhere in his researches, and they tickled his tenderness till he wept at every pore; he sobbed, and snuffled, and slavered like a fat matron over a half-strangled bitch poodle fished out of a swill tub. He wanted more; he wanted enough dead Moses to make him slobber and snottle all the year round. Could anybody supply the rest of the corpse? Anybody could, and everybody did. There is Moses enough in this office to run a graveyard. They dug him up everywhere—out of school-books, out of recent numbers of the ARGONAUT, and out of their memories. It is God's truth that two in three of the copies of this rare poem that we have received have been written out from recollection. In all, there are, we repeat seven thousand copies, with the interior counties and the Eastern States yet to hear from. It's the biggest burying bee ever known; Moses is to hand like a run of salmon, faster than the office-boy can bury him a basketful at a time.

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Our poetry editor may say he is grateful to his obliging readers, but we know a lot better; he wishes them all at the devil. He "smiles and smiles and is a villain," but

> This is the ghastliest grinner
> That ever bucked and swored,
> This is the sickest poet
> That ever sang and soared.
> And never earth's philologer
> Traced through infernal aisles
> Oaths half so strong as this child of song
> Suppresses when he smiles.

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In the name of humanity we must beg a cessation of our readers' favors. Let the dead bury their dead; it is none of our funeral. This office is not a mortuary chapel, nor a morgue, nor the waste-dump of a hospital. We have buried Moses once where we thought no man would know his grave, to kick up his dust about our ears—in the poetry column of this paper. Let him R. I. P. We didn't kill him, and don't want him snailed out and flung in our faces. It was an evil day when our poet-hyena struck the trail of the procession and scratched out the coffin. *O tempora! O Moses!*

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The following are suggestive facts. They may be read in the light of Lord Macaulay's prophecy: We have in San Francisco a political party composed almost exclusively of foreign-born citizens—mostly of raw and uneducated ones. Its leader is a drayman; its rank and file an impecunious mob of persons who respect neither God nor man. This mass met in convention, and nominated John Patrick Dunn, an illiterate, but otherwise respectable Irishman, to be Auditor of the city of San Francisco. Thirty-five days subsequent to this nomination, and twenty-three days prior to his election to the office, he was naturalized as an American citizen. The office of Auditor is the most important one of the City, as it is the check upon all expenditures.

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The Deane meeting at Union Hall was not a success save in one respect. When a single police officer can lead Kearney out of a public assembly by the ear, none protesting and all applauding, it demonstrates that this particular Irish dog has had his day. The assembly was a large one, the hall was filled, but mostly by idlers and curious persons who had no especial interest in stocks, or in any thing else. A few soreheads acted as *claqueurs* to a very disjointed, illogical, badly delivered harangue—a speech inspired by an unworthy motive, and indicating most execrable taste on the part of a person who admits to having acquired a fortune under the same advice as he lost it; who gained his money by no more honorable means than in the same stock gambling transaction in which he parted with it. His assertion that three bonanzas are known to exist, and are covered up by Mr. Flood and his associates, in Hale & Norcross, Sierra Nevada, Mexican, Union, Ophir, and Yellow Jacket are unworthy of notice; they are suspected of being prompted by a disposition to bull these particular stocks. The statement is accompanied by no facts, no proof, and his attempted description of cross cuts, shafts, etc., indicate an utter ignorance of the Comstock mines, an utter ignorance of mining, and only illustrates what a wide difference there is between the gambling stockbroker who spreads his net to catch speculative flies in Pine Street and the real miner who spends his brain and treasure to develop mineral ores. The charge that members of the bonanza firm have deceived him to his loss may involve social and moral questions between Mr. Coll Deane and the gentlemen whom he so publicly and so bitterly denounced, but they are questions with which the community is in no wise concerned.

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A curious episode in the very inartististic and disjointed harangue was that in which the orator undertook, in imitation of his more successful countryman, to get a showing of hands as to whether James C. Flood was an "honest, public-spirited, and patriotic citizen." The first vote was in the affirmative—by sound. Deane thought his audience misunderstood the question, and put it again, with a similar result; and then, at the instigation of some sorehead in the gallery, it was loudly and distinctly propounded, receiving a final resounding affirmation of the fact that in the opinion of a majority of that assembly Mr. Flood was honest, public-spirited, and patriotic. With some very ill-timed and altogether inappropriate eulogies upon Mr. Ralston, asking, with shocking bad taste, that three cheers be given for that dead gentleman, Mr. Coll Deane rescued himself from the floor and successfully subsided. After him a sore-throated gentleman read, in a very bad way, some soreheaded resolutions, and after him another bursted broker, from the Little Board, aired *his* grievance, told the audience that he had lost money in stocks (he did not say whose money), and read other sorehead resolutions. This adopted patriot is now provided for, having kindly consented to serve the American people in the position of notary public.

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And thus ended a meeting that ought never to have been called. Mr. Coll Deane, who is very kindly spoken of by his friends as a generous and impulsive man, has redeemed a gratuitous promise to the Bullion Club of New York which he ought never to have made. He has shown bad temper in giving a public airing to a private grievance. He has made assaults against prominent men, affecting their reputations, that rest on his own unsupported assertions; he has forgotten that he has lost no money by stock gambling that he did not make by stock gambling, and that in the opinion of the public, notwithstanding all his assertions of personal integrity, he is no better than the business in which he is engaged, no more honest than those who are his associates in the same line of occupation.

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A story which has a scientific and commercial, as well as a sentimental, value comes from Cadiz, Kentucky. It is of a young man who is gifted or afflicted—that depends—with a physical organization so susceptible and sympathetic that when employed in a drug store he was affected by the medicines which he put up, precisely as they were likely to affect the patient. If he filled a prescription containing undue quantities of calomel he was salivated; the touch of too much quinine set his head spinning like a top, but did him a deal of good if he weighed it out in moderation. In the act of selling a bottle of depilatory he would lose his hair, and get it back in handing out a "restorative." The person purchasing of this young man an emetic had the advantage of ocular proof that it was fresh and powerful. Nevertheless it was deemed expedient to discharge the youth, though a considerate endeavor was made to avoid the necessity by persuading him to put up a paper of ratsbane, or fill the prescription of an advertising quack. He was most of the time seriously ill, and there were large classes of medicines—drugs of prompt effect—which, even when he enjoyed his usual health and spirits, had to be sold by another boy. Business did not justify relays of salesmen, and the youth of broader usefulness eventually supplanted the young man of more delicate sensibility. After an unsuccessful essay at bar-keeping, the latter is now a waiter in a restaurant, costing nothing for his keep, but growing fat by the mere submergence of his thumb in lifting plates of soup.

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Three years ago the Legislature passed a law authorizing the appointment by the Board of Supervisors of an Inspector of Boilers. All other large cities find such an officer indispensable. Steam boilers are hidden all over our city, under sidewalks, in cellars, near to thronged highways, and in basements over which people live. Our city should have such an inspector. He should be a competent engineer, sober, honest, and attentive to his duties. We commend this matter to our Board of Supervisors, and, in connection with the office, suggest the name of Capt. Martin Bulger.

## THE DÉBUT OF A PRIMA DONNA.

From the French of A. de Portmartin.

During the month of February, 1832, Paris was insupportable. Every night an uprising was announced for the day following, and every day the cholera for the ensuing week. I was in mourning, and to escape these public and private misfortunes I left for Italy, and on the 17th of January arrived in Rome. Don't be alarmed, for from a descriptive point of view, it was the same as though I had arrived at Castelnaudary.

One of my first visits was paid to the Apollo Theatre. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was offered on that night for the début of a singer of whom the play-bills gave only the baptismal name of Giulia. At our Théâtre Italien I had heard *Don Juan* and *Otello*, but not *Il Barbiere*. And I knew that the Romans, ashamed of having in 1816 hissed the *chef d'œuvre* of Rossini, never let an opportunity slip of offering him an accumulated, if belated, enthusiasm.

I was therefore somewhat surprised to notice the signs of coolness, and even hostility, which became manifest as we listened to the very first measures of that charming serenade, "Ecco ridente il cielo!" I asked the reason of this from the person who sat beside me, and was informed that Lent was drawing near; that the theatrical season was coming to an end, and that the people were much dissatisfied with the director who had fulfilled none of his promises to them. In place of Tamburini, of Donzelli, and of Madame Ungher, they had had only second-rate singers, and finally, to crown the deceptions of which they had been the recipients, the delicious part of Rosina was about to be sung by a young girl who was handsome enough, it was said, but whose musical education was still incomplete. "And we like finished work," proudly added the descendant of the Fabricii and the Pauli-Emilii.

I must acknowledge that as a whole it was not worthy of the Capitol and Trajan's Column. Almaviva was less elegant than Mario. "Figaro" lacked gayety, and "Bartolo" sang through his nose. The first airs, moderately well sung, were received coolly, but without any expressed dissatisfaction. The scene soon changed, and "Rosina" entered. I thought to myself that a more beautiful creature had never appeared on any stage. Her head offered all the perfections of antique statuary. Praxiteles and Phidias could not have dreamed of a finer model. The wonderful regularity of her features was relieved and animated by the lustre of her large eyes, and the rich reflections from her black hair. Her rather large neck was attached to shoulders and arms which seemed carved from the marble of Paros. Her basque showed the lines of a figure which the most seductive Sevillana would have envied; and with all this, there was an air of goodness, simplicity, and honesty, which should have disarmed any cabal—yes, even a tiger.

She sang the celebrated cavatina of "Una voce poco fà." Her voice was clear, sympathetic, flexible, and of good compass. One could only have reproached her with inexperience, made more apparent by emotions easily accounted for. The song was most faultlessly rendered. But in that fine duet "Dunque sono," the poor child became more and more agitated, and failing in one of her effects, lost countenance. Immediately afterward, I was sorry to hear applause ironically given, together with hisses, which caused an unfortunate *rencontre*. Two spectators in the *balcon* exchanged high words, and as these were accentuated by gestures even more expressive, they were surrounded and separated. The representation only became more cold and disagreeable. A few hisses, a deep silence, some murmurs, and then a repetition of the hisses. Such was the bulletin of the evening.

The next morning as I was on the point of going out, some one knocked at my door. I opened it, and found myself face to face with a young man, perhaps three or four years older than myself, whose face was charming, the true type of a hero of romance, such as we dream of after reading the first works of Balzac and Eugene Sue.

"Sir," said he to me, "forgive the apparent indiscretion of my visit, and the trouble which I may give you. You are a Frenchman, I believe, and you were at the College of Saint Louis with my brother, Louis de Verceil."

"Certainly, and a gay fellow, but excellent friend, he was."

"Well, that bond, light as it may be, encourages me to ask you to render me a great service. I am going to fight to-morrow morning. I know no one in Rome; but seeing your name on the hotel-book, I have come to ask you to be my second."

"You are going to fight?" said I, starting. "Then I am sure that it was you who took sides last night with that adorable 'Rosina!'"

"You were there, then? Yes, it was I. I could not contain myself when I heard them hiss that marvelous beauty. I was wrong. I should not have forgotten that—"

"What?"

"That I was at Rome with my *fiancée* and my mother-in-law, the Marquise de Flassan. Last evening the Marquise had a headache, and her daughter remained at the hotel with her; but as the ladies insisted that her indisposition ought not to lose me my dear *Barbiere*, I gave up to them, and—I have done a foolish thing."

"Is there no way of avoiding this duel?"

"No, it is not possible. There was not exactly a blow, but offensive words and threatening gestures passed between us. My adversary, Count Belperani, belongs to the Roman aristocracy. Great God! what would they say on the Faubourg Saint Germain if they heard that Gaston de Verceil had not sustained the honor of France? It is not the duel which troubles me, but Henriette—my well beloved Henriette! It makes me insane to think of it. If she hears that I have been fighting for an actress, and such an actress! A Venus de Milo with arms—and such arms!"

I interrupted him with a singular question: "Is your future mother-in-law a sensible woman?"

"She is kindness itself. For ten years a widow, she has only her daughter to think of, and she knows that my dear Henriette would be very unhappy if—if—if—"

"If she were not to marry you—I understand. Well, my dear Gaston, here is my plan. The Marquise had a headache last evening; she must continue to have it to-day. About two o'clock you will try to lead off Mlle. Henriette."

"With her instructress, Miss Bowers. Nothing easier."

Ah, there is an instructress? Then the most rigid prude can have nothing to say about that. On going out you will announce the visit of a young French legitimist, charged with a message for her. The rest regards myself. It is ten o'clock. I have time to go and have an understanding with Count Belperani's second. Without doubt you know his name and address?"

"Yes; Prince Paravizzi, Doria Palace."

"Bother! A prince, a count, a palace! This duel may compromise, but it will not vulgarize us!"

An hour after I was received by the Prince, a handsome and extremely polite young man of about thirty. He blamed his friend for having hissed, and mine for getting excited; and he hoped that the duel would not have a tragic ending.

"They will fight with the sword," said he. "I will take Dr. Badiali, the best surgeon in Rome, with me. At the first scratch we will declare their honor satisfied."

"And we will be still more so," thought I.

Afterward I went to the Marquise's, whom I found alone. At the first word of a duel the good lady cried aloud and shed some tears. I succeeded, however, in calming her. "There is no animosity existing between the combatants," said I. "It will be a tournament rather than a duel, and a great-great-grandchild of the Crusaders should have no dislike to these passages at arms. It is necessary that your daughter—"

"She would die, sir; she would die from it; she loves him so much!"

"I do no doubt it. It is essential that she should be ignorant of everything, or almost everything. If it is absolutely necessary that she should know that Gaston has fought, here is the story: After the opera he went into a *café* to take an ice. There he heard words which were disrespectful to our King, Charles X.; from whence came on insult, rendezvous, *rencontre*, and all that would naturally follow. In any case, Mme. la Marquise, I am of the opinion that your doctor should order the climate of Naples for you, and that you shall leave as soon as possible with your future son-in-law. So your daughter may always be ignorant that he had drawn his sword for a pair of beautiful eyes which were not hers.

For a wonder everything passed off exactly as I had hoped and foreseen it would. Gaston and Count Belperani met in the Roman Campagna. The duel took place between two antique tombs, which seemed to offer, in contrast to the fugitive passions of life, the peaceful immobility of death. The adversaries behaved well. The Count received a slight wound in the hip. Gaston got off with a scratch on his left arm. We separated them. They shook hands. The following Monday Mme. de Flassan, with her daughter and Gaston, left for Naples, saying they would come back to Rome in time to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week. The marriage was set for 1st May.

Two days after their departure one of the servants of the Minerva Hotel came to me with a queer look, to say that a young woman, heavily veiled, ask to speak with me.

She came in and raised her veil. It was the beautiful "Rosina" of the Apollo Theatre. "Sir," said she, "I leave to-morrow for Milan, my native city. I have not succeeded in Rome, and I have given up the thought of attempting a second trial. Besides, the season is over. It was you, was it not, who acted as second to—to the Viscomte Gaston de Verceil?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"I may appear bold to you after my failure of that night; but I have a tall sister who has more talent than I, and who has been engaged for the coming season at the Théâtre Italien, of Paris. Madame Malibran will not be there any more, and—how shall I dare to say so!—my sister Judith has obtained an engagement for me—"

I bowed and she continued.

"We have eight months before us. I shall work with courage, with ardor. Marliani, the composer, has promised to give me lessons. I shall still be only a scholar, but if the Parisian public receives me with indulgence it will become my master."

"Oh, mademoiselle, if my presentiments do not deceive me, you will become its idol!"

"Now, added she, "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you be in Paris at the end of October?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"The day when you see my name on the bills I beg that you will go to the theatre. They will give you tickets for a box of four seats, for you, for the Marquise de Flassan, and for—"

"Her daughter and son-in-law," said I, rather too quickly.

"Yes, that is it; that is what I was going to say," continued she, blushing, and with a somewhat trembling voice. "I should be happy if M. Gaston de Verceil—if my progress—if I do not seem to him too unworthy of his chivalrous devotion, which I never can forget."

Involuntarily came to mind that admirable scene in which the romance of *Ivanhoe* terminates. The young singer was Rebecca, and I—I was playing the part of Lady Rowena.

"Yes, mademoiselle, I promise you to be exact, and I dare promise a great success," stammered I, at the moment in which she cordially extended her hand, as though saying *adieu*. "But, let me think—your name on the bills! I do not yet know your name."

"Ah, that is true," said she, smiling; "my name is Giulia Grisi."

JAMES C. WARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

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Divorce or no divorce is the social question convulsing France to-day. A father writes to a Paris journal: "Sir, you ask if it is just to reëstablish divorce. Can the question be seriously put? I have three daughters. It was my duty to marry off all three. This was not done without much trouble, but at last it was done. I am told that divorces will be granted by the Chambers. If this be so, my daughters, who are unhappy in their homes, will get divorces, that is certain; and when they are divorced they will wish to marry again. Behold me compelled to furnish them with three new husbands."

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An Englishman, to signify that he is extremely wet, says that he is "wet to the skin." A Frenchman goes further, and asserts that he is *Mouille jusq'aux os*," (wet to the bones), but a Spaniard beats them hollow, and announces that he finds himself "*Mojado haita los tuetanos*" (wet to the very marrow).

## THE OTHER POETS.

### False.

Her human heart was given,
  False heart for a ruby true;
Her eyes were made of heaven,
  And sold for the sapphire's blue.

False opal is on the finger
  Where loving lips have kissed;
Where loving eyes did linger,
  Collar of amethyst.

The old jewel-monger chuckles
  At the gift of my lord the earl,
And he bows to the diamond buckles
  And the Gargantua pearl.

But her place the poet passes
  With a sigh for love astray,
And he turns from her opera-glasses
  To the farce that the players play. —*J. S.*

### Some Day.

You smooth the tangles from my hair,
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say:
"You'll think of this again some day!"
  Some day!

I do not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime;
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among those heavy locks of mine.
Ah, laugh as gayly as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
  Some day!

Some day I shall not feel, as now,
Your soft hands move about my brow;
I shall not wait for light commands,
And draw your tresses through my hands;
But you will see no touch of gray,
And you—you will not laugh some day—
  Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy bands,
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of their thick masses, long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray,
Adorn their shining locks some day—
  Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silentness,
Remembering that I used to say
"You'll think of this again some day"—
  Some day!

### Ballad of Past Delight.

Where are the dreams of the days gone by,
  The hopes of honor, the glancing play
Of fine new fancies that filled our sky;
  The songs we sang in the middle May,
  Carol and ballad and roundelay?
Where are the garlands our young hands twined?
  Life's but a memory, well-a-way!
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

Where are the ladies, fair and high—
  Marie, and Alice, and Maud, and May,
And merry Madge with the laughing eye—
  And all the gallants of yesterday
  That found us merry and held us gay?
Under the mould we must look to find
  Some, and the others are worn and gray;
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

I know of nothing that lasts, not I,
  Save a heart that is true to its love alway—
A love that is won with tear and sigh
  And never changes or fades away,
  In a breast that is oftener sad than gay;
A tender look and constant mind—
  These are the only things that stay;
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

ENVOI.

Prince, I counsel you, never sigh
  For the hopes that the years have left behind.
Look you have love when you come to die;
  All else flits past on the wings of the wind.
—*London Society.*

### Irish Love Song.

Ah! swan of tenderness, dove of tenderness,
  Jewel of joys, arise!
The little red lark, like a rosy spark
  Of song, to his sunburst flies;
But till you are risen, earth is a prison
  Full of my captive sighs,
Then wake and discover to your fond lover
  The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me; hark, oh! hark to me,
  Pulse of my heart, I pray,
And gently gliding out of thy hiding,
  Dazzle me with thy day.
And oh! I'll fly to thee, singing, and sigh to thee
  Passion so sweet and gay,
The lark shall listen and dew-drops glisten,
  Laughing on every spray.
—*Alfred Percival Graves.*

### On the Heights.

O'erreaching depth of pure transparency,
  Flooded with summer warmth and noon-day light—
  I, standing on this crag-uplifted height,
Gaze down the wooded vales, the fruitful lea,
The rock-bound shores, the softly-murmuring sea,
  To find in everything that greets my sight
  Some saddened memories of past delight—
And hence I turn my longing eyes to thee.
Say, circling realm of ether limitless!
  Hold'st thou the treasures of our baffled love
Exhaled from earth into thy vast caress;
  Or do thy mingling myriad lights, that move
Like living spirits through the unfathomed space,
  Foregleam the radiant hosts of heaven above?
—*Herbert New.*

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Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world. And that is Reform.

## "MICKEY FREE."

### A Scrap of Unpublished History.

Early in 1849 an organization called the "Hounds" existed in both San Francisco and Stockton, supposed to have originated in the latter place. It is doubtful, however, if any regular formal organization ever took place; it was rather a compact of all the elements of vice and crime, leagued together by a sort of mutual understanding, for concert of action, protection, and immunity from punishment. They were composed of all the lawless, vicious characters in the community; their decalogue was the criminal calendar. Murder, robbery, burglary, theft, and deadly street encounters were of daily and nightly occurrence. There were at the same time identified, or thought to be in sympathy with them, many not really bad men at heart, but young men of loose, reckless dispositions, wild and untamed, with no fixed principles, thoughtless, careless, and fearless, easy to be led into crime and become outcasts, but just as likely to become useful members of society; they were purely creatures of fortuity. They defied and derided the authorities, who seemed to be powerless to check or suppress them. Their acts became so outrageous and audacious in Stockton that the better elements of the community finally combined against them, determined to make a terrible example of the first upon whom they could fasten guilt by the forms of law, no matter how trivial the offense might prove to be. The first victim to this seemingly harsh but just determination was a poor, ignorant, half-witted fellow, known as "Mickey Free." He was arrested in July, 1849, for being an accomplice in a larceny of $208, was arraigned before George W. Belt, the Alcalde, and pleaded "not guilty." At that time there were no lawyers in practice in Stockton, and Alcalde Belt appointed W. F. Swasey to defend him. Swasey made no pretense of being versed in law, and knowing the intense bitterness pervading the community, and believing that in the minds of the incensed people the accused had already been fore-judged and foredoomed, most strenuously declined to act; but Judge Belt insisted. A jury was sworn in, of which Dr. Streeter—afterward a resident of Santa Barbara—was foreman. Swasey had called to his aid a well known desperate character, known as "Judge Jones," at that time a faro dealer in Stockton and afterward in San Francisco, who was said to have had some experience in the rough practice of law in Texas. The trial took place on an old brig lying in the slough. The people generally from the surrounding country had gathered in, armed and impatient; and the trial was hurried, the only witness being called by the accused being a woman, whose testimony did more to prove the alleged offense than any other adduced. Swasey then advised and urged his client to withdraw his plea of not guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the court, the jury, and the people, before the case proceeded any farther, telling him it was his only chance for life. He refused, saying that he didn't care a damn; that they were bound to hang somebody anyhow, and it might as well be he as any one else.

The jury were out but a few minutes, returning with a verdict of "guilty as charged;" when the Judge immediately jumped to his feet to pass sentence, but was interrupted by the prisoner's counsel, who demanded and obtained permission to put a question to the jury individually. The question was, "If you had known that the result of the verdict you have found would be the inevitable death of the accused, would you have rendered the same unqualified verdict?" The unhesitating answer of each individual juryman was, "I would." The Judge then, in severe, brief language, sentenced the prisoner to be hanged the next afternoon.

That night a few generous spirits, impressed with the horror of sacrificing the life of a human being for such a petty offense, met to devise some means of saving him. Malachi Fallon, now residing in Oakland, then on his way to San Francisco to accept the position of Chief of Police of that place, promptly volunteered to forfeit his position, forego all his prospects in California, and give bonds to take the prisoner out of the country. His proposition was declined. Commodore Jones, of the United States navy, then in Stockton, was appealed to to intervene, and claim the prisoner as a deserter. The Commodore consented to go and see him, and accordingly went to the prison brig upon which he was confined; but "Mickey," who had been furnished liberally with liquor, was so blasphemous and obscene that the Commodore emphatically declined to interfere. Other steps were taken, but without avail, and "Mickey" was soon informed that every possible effort to save his life had been made in vain, and that he must be prepared to die. He received the announcement with callous indifference, but with a look of incredulity, denoting that he still nursed in his heart a hope that he would yet be enabled, by some means—possibly by rescue—to escape the auful penalty for his crime. He was firmly and kindly warned not to nourish any such illusive hopes, that there was neither probability or possibility that any human intervention could, for a single hour, abridge or avert his doom.

The next morning the people assembled armed for the purpose of carrying out the sentence, and after considerable exciting discussion and speeches, proceeded to select by lot his executioner. The names of the citizens, on single slips of paper, were placed in a hat, from which a person, blindfolded, was to draw a single name that would designate the person selected. The lot fell upon Peck Cutrell, a gentleman who was a Lieutenant in Stevenson's regiment, who hired an unknown substitute for four ounces to take the task off his hands. "Mickey," followed by the whole populace, was placed in a wagon and driven about a mile out of town, a noose put about his neck, the end of the rope thrown over the limb of a tree, the wagon driven from under him, a poor, ignorant, simple-minded "Mickey Free" was dead.

The principal criminal in this larceny for which poor "Mickey" had suffered was a man of the name of Davis—called "Red Davis"—who had thus far escaped arrest. He was a bad man, and known to have committed many crimes, including murder and highway robbery. He had formerly been a member of "Fremont's Battalion," and will be remembered by many of the survivors of that force. He was a shrewd, designing malefactor, unscrupulous, cruel by nature, and "Mickey" was but a simple tool in his hands. Immediately after "Mickey's" execution compunction and remorse so preyed upon the mind of Judge Belt, for his hasty agency in the matter, that he made a sulemn vow that he would rest neither night nor day until he accomplished the arrest and punishment of Davis. Accordingly he immediately armed himself, mounted his horse, and left Stockton. He succeeded in arresting Davis, single handed, near Santa Clara. The writer of this, in company with Charles M. Weber, of Stockton, while on their way to San José a few days after, met Belt at Livermore Pass, returning to Stockton with his prisoner, where Davis underwent a trial similar to that of "Micky," and was hung about two days after his arrival.

These executions effectually repressed and demoralized the "Hounds" in Stockton, but they afterward, in '50–'51, cropped out in San Francisco in a more virulent form, and composed of even worse elements; but they were promptly suppressed by the Vigilance Committee.

The writer is under the impression that these were the first white men hung in the Territory of California under the forms of law, and the only two executed under the law making larceny a capital offense.

A PIONEER OF 1845.

### Mr. Slawson's Cockatoo.

Mr. Slawson, of this city, is the possessor of a cockatoo which is more remarkable for the noise it makes than for anything else. Its voice is not exactly like a fog horn or a tugboat whistle; it is worse. Everybody in the neighborhood is threatening to file legal papers for its immediate destruction. This is alarming Mr. Slawson very much, as he has owned the bird a long while, having made its acquaintance several years anterior to meeting his wife. Consequently, he regards the bird with a sort of sentimental veneration, and even pretends to regard its vocal lucubrations with critical satisfaction.

He was warned by a lawyer for the seventh time that the bird would have to be brought to an end unless his voice could be modified. This, of course, would be a difficult thing to do, as the voice was full of diabolical weirdness, especially when directed against a stone wall on a clear, cold day. Mr. Slawson is of the opinion that if that cockatoo's voice could only be materialized it would certainly revolutionize the rat-tail file market. About a week ago Mr. Slawson thought he would experiment with the cockatoo and ascertain if its saw edge couldn't be abated in some way. At first he was at a loss what to do, but found his way out of the dilemma by surrounding the cage by Æolian harps. As soon as the harps were fixed and the cockatoo let off a broadside, Mr. Slawson was of the opinion that Paradise was loose on the premises.

But the cockatoo dropped and felt sore at not hearing its voice reverberate on the soul of the average mortal with its customary weirdness; consequently, it reached out with its bill and bit off strings enough to make an aperture sufficiently large for its head to protrude through, and let out a shriek that broke a pane of glass and cut in twain a geranium that was reposing on the window sill.

The Æolian harps proving a failure, Mr. Slawson next put the cockatoo into the huge furnace in the cellar and locked the door, thinking perhaps the darkness might have the same effect; but it did no good. In the middle of the night, when the Slawsons were wrapped in happy dreams, the cockatoo set up a long, unearthly yell, which passed up the pipes and filled all the rooms with a discord that awakened all hands and led them to believe the house had been entered by burglars. The cause of the noise being ascertained, the registers were immediately turned off and the cockatoo's notes went out of the chimney in such volume that the neighbors were all out with guns to quell the supposed riot.

On the following day the bird was taken from the stove and replaced in his cage, his head being inserted into a tin pipe forty feet long and running along the side of the house, it being supposed, as the other end of the pipe was closed, that the din would exhaust itself without making its influence felt on the community; but the cockatoo blew the end out with a preliminary yell, and sent succeeding ones through the pipe with such force that Mr. Slawson, in walking before it, had his hat taken off.

Then the cage was rapped with a poker, and the solemn occupant threatened with all sorts of disaster, such as being drowned, shot, and taken to church; but nothing seemed to produce the desired effect. One day last week one of the girls by accident repeated a line from one of Hector Stuart's poems and the bird turned singularly pale. This happy discovery caused them to hang *Ben Nebo*, where the bird could see it to penetrate him with proper awe. On the following day he died.

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The earliest people of whom we have any record regarded everything ancient as venerable and sacred. When a Greek or Roman wished to say that anything was dear to him, he said: "That is ancient for me." We read, also, that the ancient cities clung strongly to their past, because they found in the past all the motives as well as all the rules of their religion. "A city did not believe it had the right to allow anything to be forgotten, for everything in its history was connected with its worship." So, in founding a city, religious ceremonies of a marked character were observed. First, a sacrifice was offered, then a fire of brushwood was lighted, and, as an act of purification, the companions of the chief each leaped through the flames. Next, in a small trench of a circular form, each person deposited a little earth, brought from the country whence he had come, and in which he believed the souls of his ancestors were inclosed. On this spot an altar was set up and a fire was lighted upon it. This was the holy fire of the city, the bounds of which were next marked by furrows made with a copper plowshare, the plow being held by the founder in priestly robes and veiled head, chanting prayers, while his companions followed him, observing a religious silence.

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The waiter brings a dish of mushrooms to two diners in whom the sentiment of State pride is well developed.

"Call these mushrooms?" says one, contemptuously. "You ought to see the mushrooms that grow where I come from—the great fellows as big as dinner-plates, that grow at the feet of the trees."

"In my country," says his companion, proudly, "the trees grow at the feet of the mushrooms."

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

### The Clowns of Two Continents Rise to Explain.

A dead Indian is the noblest work of the frontiersman.

Good doctors are liable to be rapped up in their business.

Talking of Mme. X., coquettish and spiteful: "How old is she?" "As old as she says others are!"

The man who has been brought up on hog and hominy is the man who wants quail on toast when he strikes a hotel.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" but he that slideth four aces up his sleeve getteth to himself riches.

Talking of American girls flirting: "They are coquettes of Pisa," said a connoisseur; "they are always leaning over, but never fall."

Baldheaded persons are recommended by one who knows how it is himself to have a spider painted on the top of their heads in fly-time.

A newspaper reporter who died recently left a large sum of money behind him. In fact he left all the money there was in the world.

The naughty boy that sticks pins in his family pew must feel that there is a painful necessity for a religious uprising among his relatives.

No American is ever guilty of meeting another without asking: "Well, how's business?" And it doesn't matter if one of them is a hangman.

"Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down," is the latest moonshine song, and he kisses them down, and up, and crosswise, and then settles on her lips as a steady thing.

Martin F. Tupper asks: "Where are the pure, the noble, and the meek?" Don't know where they are in England; but in this country they are running for office.

*First Drunkard*—"Come along home—you've drunk enough." *Second Drunkard*—"No, I haven't. I may have drunk too much sometimes, but I've never drunk enough."

Pupil—"I know how many days there are in a year—three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth. Parent—"Is that so? Where does the fourth come in?" Pupil—"Fourth of July."

The new mince pie of 1879–80 opens the season with a new ingredient that hasn't been analyzed yet. It looks like leather parings, but tastes more like tobacco stems. It promises to become very popular.

When you see evidences of hair on the lappel of a young man's coat, and the concave side of his sleeve worn-thread bare, it is tolerably safe to conclude that he has been hugging something more than a delusion.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said, "We fight with our heads at this college." The young man reflected a moment and then replied, "Ah, I see; you butted all the hair off."

"Feller spoke disrespectful of my sister; said he'd bet she was cross-eyed, and I sailed in." "Is your sister cross-eyed?" the reporter inquired. "Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing what I got licked for."

An unlucky Irishman is imprisoned for an infraction of the law. His faithful wife visits him and finds him greatly cast down. With the intention of cheering him up, she says: "Arrah, be aisy, Paddy; shure ye'll have an upright jedge to thry ye, any way." "Ah, Biddy!" he groans, "the divil an upright jedge I want; 'tis wan that'll lane a little."

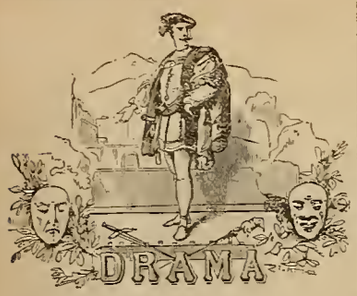
"Well, my son," said a good-natured father to an eight-year-old son, the other night, "What have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?" "Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful. "Ah, ah! that was a charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?" "I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my dinner basket!"

A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman to accompany her to a painter's studio, where, having whispered a few words to the artist, she left him with a promise of presently coming back. The gentleman asked the artist what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew, sir," replied the painter, "that I'm taking that lady's portrait in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and that she wishes you to be good enough to sit for the tempter."

G., who is very rich and still more stingy, is in the habit of wearing his clothes to the last thread. One of his friends, meeting him on the boulevard, exclaimed, "*Mon Dieu!* they told me that you had a new hat, and I'll be hanged if you haven't!" "Oh, yes!" said the miser, looking as if he were a trifle ashamed of himself. "You see my wife kept telling me that the old one was a good deal worn out—somewhat fatigued as it were. Well, yesterday was my wife's birthday, and I got myself a new hat for her birthday present."

Some of the newspapers publish a "useful domestic recipe" every day. The other day, in place of a recipe, one of the papers published the following notice: "We sincerely trust that our readers will forgive us. Yesterday, in giving a recipe for chilblains, we inadvertently stated that the remedy was to be taken internally. It was, on the contrary, for external application. We hope that Providence has restrained the hands of our beloved subscribers, for every one who drank of this compound is dead by this time. We present in advance our condolence to the bereaved families."

A party of poor fellows were shipwrecked, and after tossing about on a raft several days, racked with all the tortures of hunger, that fatal and inevitable time arrived when, by common consent, lots are drawn to decide on a victim, and the poor wretch saw half a dozen knives gleaming before him ready to pierce his breast. Pale, but firm, he cried: "I am willing to die, but you are unnerved, and your hands shake. Give me a pistol, and I'll blow out my own brains." "That will never do," vehemently protested one of his more fortunate comrades. "Blow out your brains, in [illegible] that's the very part I like best."




San Francisco, November 21, 1879.

Is it Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade who keeps a scrap-book of newspaper tragedies, and refers the reviewer to them when he is accused of inventing the impossible? Wilkie Collins surely, for Charles Reade's fiction is sometimes a little stranger than truth, but the truth which Wilkie Collins borrows out of a newspaper paragraph is always stranger than fiction. Do you not often come across one of these stories which fix themselves in the mind, and will not pass away? Such a one is that which furnished the foundation for the story of *Van, the Virginian*. It has been followed quite literally as far as it went. The soldier, returning from Confederate prisons, stops at a forge to have his horse shod. He tells to the sympathizing smith the story of his wanderings, and of the wife who waits him at home. He is urged to hurry on his way, and the glass of water which he asks for is brought by the blacksmith's wife. Dramatic denouement! She is the traveler's wife, too! The newspaper goes no further; the dramatist is obliged to work the problem out in his own way. A perplexing one it is, too, and Bartley Campbell, who has lately made much reputation and some money, has never sent anything, to California at least, which so justifies his success as *Van, the Virginian*. I am inclined to think Mr. Frank Mayo one of the few who can read a manuscript and assay its qualities. *Van* is unlike any other drama—does not even suggest Enoch Arden in its playing, though it is another case of the dead come to life. But then Enoch Arden had not a patent right to that sort of thing. Other men have died and come to life besides the wandering sailor, and what with California and the wars such stories are neither uncommon nor improbable. They do say that the thought frequently crosses the most rational mind to cut loose from all daily surroundings, to plunge into the unknown, to be swallowed up in a mystery, and disappear from the ken of all familiars; in short, to be born again, though not according to the Evangelist. But as "Oheneizer" says, "the world is so small that one keeps continually running against the same people," so that mysterious disappearances are daily becoming more inconvenient, and there will fast grow up a race even of honest bank-clerks. History repeats itself now and then, you know. As for the soldier who "fit into the war" of the rebellion in *Van*, dramatic necessity makes him a very disagreeable fellow, if not a pronounced scamp. It is necessary that it should be so in order to throw the sympathy to the hero, who certainly seems the better entitled to the wife, since he has a child of three years playing on his hearthstone; and yet Bartley Campbell has displayed singular judgment in turning the tide to "Calvert" for a little time. You don't want to sympathize with him one bit; you grudge him the little tiny tear that you feel swelling up in the top of your nose. It does tremble on your eyelash; yet when he pictures himself to you a gaunt and famished man, straining his eye over his prison walls to the North where a wife awaits him, the tear commences action. If a man wants his wife, and he sometimes does, it is rather hard to find her appropriated by another, even though the other fondly fancies him to be dead. A dead man always finds very little satisfaction in coming back. His niche is so soon and so easily filled. "Are we then so soon forgotten," cries poor old "Rip Van Winkle," and it is the most pathetic line in the play. However, the story is not the best part of *Van*. It is one of the few well written, well constructed American plays. There is not the usual excessive amplitude of any kind. There are no protean specialties. There is nothing meretricious. A little clap-trap sentiment, if you will; but that is necessary. It is simply a life-story framed in a homely setting. There is nothing of the deep, unrelieved misery of the ordinary American emotional drama. Indeed, *Van* is almost French in its crisp, quick action, its pointed dialogue, and, more than all, in the introduction of the few characters, which are quite irrelevant to the main story, but which are interesting enough in themselves and lend lighter shades to the picture. It is true the stage manager made a comedian of John Wilson and a comedienne of Miss Georgia Woodthorpe. It is a little odd to see the heavy villain and the double-distilled agony essence in this sort of thing, but they were as cheery and chipper as a pair of swallows; and as for Miss Bella Chapman, surely she has borrowed a leaf from the book of the microscopic cousin down street. She was alive, she was awake! She is one of a pair of excessively young lovers—there is such a thing as being excessively young when it comes to being lovers—and their quarrels and reconciliations are quite the delight of the gallery and dress circle. As for "Van" himself, the hills give out that he is a Virginian. Mr. Mayo's dialect belongs farther south and farther west, and is quite unlike the soft, insidious accent of the Virginian. But it really does not matter much where "Van" comes from. His trouble is of a kind not confined to localities. They have made a blacksmith of him, partly, I suppose, because of the original, partly because of the horse-shoing episode which introduces the returned husband appropriately, and partly because Frank Mayo excels in the portrayal of the gentler feelings of rough manhood. He certainly plays "Van" very sympathetically. What if there be a trace of "Davy Crocket," as the grumblers mumbled under their breath? A man has not seventeen ways of expressing one emotion; and if he expresses the emotion in the right way at the right moment, it is enough. Edwid Booth is not a bad actor, and he has clapped his head till it rang again in every play in his repertoire. Frank Mayo does drawl too much, and if he plays an "eating part," as the hungry minstrel called it, he is entirely too realistic; but he did give a scene or two from *Van* most touchingly. As for the eating scene, he ate like an honest blacksmith as he was, but he was sitting opposite Rose Osborne, the genius of his hearthstone, and the lady was arrayed in a most elaborate *peignoir* of white, set off with cascades of white satin ribbon, and looked as little fit for the grimy shops next door as a fairy in a Christmas pantomime. Blacksmiths' wives have as much right as any one else to dress in white, but they don't do it; and the consequence was, Rose Osborne looked as much like a Sardou heroine as anything else. But she, too, played admirably, though she overdressed all through, while her husbands, "bofe of them," floated around in rough top-boots and were very queer about the shirt-collars. They had a most delightful little child to play the baby—a mere dot of a creature, with the most rational ideas of inflection and modulation of voice, and a child-like guilelessness in submitting posers for her papa's consideration. *Van* has nothing of *Davy Crockett's* scenic attractions, nothing of the poetry of that improbable story of the backwoods, nothing whatever of the strong local flavor, nothing to make it so characteristic a play as its companion; but its interest is absorbing, its construction is elegant, and it is written with taste.

At the pretty Bush Street Theatre they have laid the *Magic Slipper* on the shelf. I can not think of any other place which it would so aptly adorn. As for *Oxygen*, its successor, an idea runs through it, which is more than can always be said for burlesque, and as the idea is Jules Verne's, it is a fancy run riot. A staid old town—Keekendon by name, and German by nation—where the men smoke ceaselessly and the women knit ever; the heroine a meek-faced young woman, who looks as if she were trying to be "Rosière" if she lived in the other country; the hero, a breeze of life and vigor from the outer world. Miss Emé Roseau is very naturally the Prince. The bills, and even better authority, announced it to be the first time that she had played a page part. Truth to tell, it does not sit well upon her. Her costumes were irreproachable, but she wore them in an unaccustomed way. Besides, Miss Roseau is not all at home in burlesque. She has not caught the faintest breath of its spirit. Her fun is clumsy, her mirth heavy. She really belongs in a higher field. She knows nothing of what one of the dailies calls the *technique* of burlesque, a technique which Ella Chapman has at her fingers' points and toes' points, and even in the carriage of her head. I wonder is the high head voice, which they all assume, a component part of this technique? Did you ever hear a woman play a burlesque part in a natural tone of voice? I have a fancy that Miss Roseau has a rich, mellow organ, when she uses it in ordinary speech; but as elevated to burlesque pitch, it only contributes to her general heaviness. She really sings well, but was unfortunate enough to provoke invidious comment this week by introducing Patti's laughing song, which we shall shortly hear from the original herself, and which recently was so delightfully sung by Miss Emelie Melville, that the mere memory of it made Miss Roseau's reception but a cold one. As for the remainder of the company, they blossomed out rather more hopefully—that is, the comedians promise better. Roland Reed is really clever. How funny would he be without that nose with the abnormal hook, and that mouth, with the abnormal elastic properties? With them, he is quite comfortably absurd, more especially in the farce of the *Lost Child*, and is really a good burlesquer. Graham is not finished, likes to prolong a point, if he makes one, till he almost loses it again, but has an appreciation of the humorous. As "Dr. Ox" his make-up was quite good, a make-up to which his exceeding length of limb contributed not a little. Like all the other comedians of the company, when he commences to sing the effect is dire. There are four of them, and not a note among them. A chorus by the comedian quartet is like a tattoo on a set of bursted drums. Reed varies it occasionally by a hoarse screech, but Maflin's hollowness out-hollows every other voice, and the effect is the same in the end. Maflin, poor fellow, whose specialty is gymnastics, and who is indeed a good tumbler, has a remarkable faculty for predisposing the audience against him, so that people were almost indignant when little Chapman came out in her clogs to dance with him. But she reconciled them with her tiny banjo. It is very unsatisfactory to take a fancy to one who can do nothing in particular. There is Miss Ada Lee, who, so neat, so trim, so pretty to look at, can only stand around, while her companion in arms, Miss Everleigh, has the sunniest of faces, sings, dances, and seems to enjoy herself with a will. Then there is the herald, handsome enough to take your breath away, but what can she do? However, it is all right. They fulfill a mission, even when they only look well, and any one would rather look at the Colville Folly Company a month than at the Italian chorus a minute. We are to have the *Babes in the Wood* next week. It was the big hit of the Surprise Party, and that circumstance alone will draw big houses, for people love to draw comparisons. Besides, we have Ella Chapman, who could hardly be replaced in this burlesque, and Roland Reed is better than he promised.

At Baldwin's, *Saratoga* resurrected has been drawing fair houses. Miss Jeffreys-Lewis and Mr. O'Neill have both been playing comedy parts in the most approved manner. They seem to like it, too. *Saratoga* was put on only to fill a spare week, but it chances to fit the company like a glove. I hope they are as well adapted to *Forget-me-not*, whose fame crossed the water some time ago. It is to be produced on Monday evening, *positively*, the bills say, and Miss Lewis will have a fine part. New plays! new plays! It is the constant cry. Here is a new one. Let us hope it is a good one.

Betsy B.

## HEBE'S LETTER.

Palace Hotel, Friday, Nov. 21, 1879.

Since we have broken bread at the Sharon and Crocker mansions—since we have eaten salt with the most distinguished man of our day—long may it preserve us!—since those grand, gala, gushing times are passed, when the erection of *gelees* and *pates* were only second in architectural design to the mansions that contained them, our society has been obliged to fall back on the ordinary social reunions, for a time obscured during the Grant carnival. For a week or two after the departure of the General, society reminded me of the feeling one experiences of a dark night upon the final splutter or going out of some majestic pyrotechnic creation. It is all quiet and unpleasant and unnatural, until some little star in the corner of some lesser piece attracts your attention, and from an insignificant flicker, at first, develops into a dazzling display. Last week society recovered from the incomparable quiet it had experienced upon the departure of Grant, and flickered; but, during the present week, there have been weddings and receptions and *soirees dansantes*, during which more than one hopeful maiden has embarked upon that precarious ocean known as matrimony, while others have dropped out of the whirl permanently—dying of too many ices and too little clothing.

To tell you the truth, your correspondent has not dared to sally out since the Crocker reception, until last Wednesday, when she spent a delightful evening at John Parrott's. To proceed with more truths—and oh! how solemn they are—an inspection of my wardrobe convinced me—and especially as I held some Union—that I must make my toilette with Hobsonian choice; or, in other words, that I must arrange, repair, and equip with conscientious painstaking, and rely, for this occasion, entirely upon the mysteries of my own "chiffonier," resisting invitations of that elegant spider-web known as Davidson's. You know John Gilpin's spouse had her vehicle stopped "three doors away," lest her neighbors should think her proud; in order not to incur the displeasure of my lady friends, my carriage was stopped three *squares* away—I believe that is the distance from the Palace to Folsom Street.

Among the guests at the Palace is ex-Senator and ex-Governor of New York, Reuben E. Fenton. President Andy Johnson told me that he thought Fenton the smoothest man he ever met; and, next to him, ex-Governor Joe Brown, of Georgia. Fenton was solid with Grant, and secured all, or nearly all, of the offices; Fenton was adroit, and possibly crafty—he is foxy looking—but never unscrupulous; he very probably never repelled a person in his life; he will surrender more valuable time to a bore than any man now living, except Hannibal Hamlin. I have heard many New Yorkers declare that they would rather be refused a favor by Fenton than to be made the recipient of one by Conkling; yet no one questions the ability or the integrity of the latter. Fenton was for several terms Congressman, then Governor of, then Senator from, New York. He has been successful in all ways, is rich, and has an avalanche of friends. His family, during his Senatorial career, was a most positive addition to Washington society. Josephine, in doing the honors of the Governor's mansion, at Albany, lost the ingenuous grace which characterized her as a school-girl, and merged into an elegant, stately, self-conscious lady of society. Minny Fenton, her sister, when last I saw her, just ten years ago, was a beauty—the most perfect Hebe I ever saw.

Another distinguished guest is the Earl of Grosvenor, the son of the Duke of Westminster, who is believed to be the richest nobleman in England. Earl Grosvenor is seemingly a *real* English gentleman—I make this statement with emphasis, for reasons that will be most cordially supported by most Americans. The distinguished gentleman, in company with the artist Bradford, left San Francisco for the Yosemite last evening.

Governor Pacheco is on his way to Washington, having departed early the present week. Mrs. Pacheco will be an acquisition to society at the National Capital. Frank Page and family left for Washington yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. P. takes an additional Page with them to Washington—a little girl about four weeks old. Col. Houghton, of the British army, and Mrs. Houghton, are at the Lick House. Ex-Congressman D. C. McRuer and Mrs. McRuer arrived home from the East on Wednesday evening last. Among other "Britishers" in San Francisco at present is a son of John Bright, who is here *en route* to Australia. Mrs. J. G. Fair has returned to the Palace. The artists' second annual ball comes off on January 8th, the next anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. The Spauldings give a fancy-dress ball at their house on Monday evening next. Mrs. Charles McLaughlin has taken up quarters for the winter at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill, who have been at the Grand for many months, returned to their residence this week. The loss to the Grand of Miss Mamie Coghill, the prettiest young lady of that house, is pronounced irreparable.

Mrs. Charles Crocker's Tuesday evening reception will be a society feature for some time. At the Graves party a few nights ago the Misses Low, Cole, Sharon, Sedgwick, and Crocker, and Messrs. Fred and George Crocker, Cole, Redington, and others assisted. Senator Jones has been presented with a—I forget the sex. I announced, a few weeks ago, the engagement of Miss Maria Wood, of this city, daughter of the late Col. W. S. Wood, and Capt. Bailey, U. S. A. The ceremony of marriage was performed by Bishop Kip, at the residence of Hon. John F. Swift, on Thursday evening last. Miss Chapman, daughter of W. S. Chapman, has gone to the Sandwich Islands. Gov. Stanford's health and the health of Mrs. Stanford have greatly improved since their arrival in the East; the Governor will leave for San Francisco in a few days. D. O. Mills has purchased a half-a-million dollar house in the most fashionable part of New York. Charles F. Palfrey and Lieut. A. L. Mills, U. S. A., and E. S. Bogert and W. B. Dunning, U. S. N., are at the Palace. F. A. Whitney and R. H. Galt, U. S. N., and P. H. Ray, U. S. A., are at the Baldwin. Dr. C. H. Hall and J. H. Gibbon, U. S. N., and P. J. Brown and E. S. Farrow, U. S. A., are at the Occidental. It is the present intention of Senator Sharon to leave for Washington during the first week in December.

San Mateo was the scene of more than its usual pomp and circumstance on Wednesday afternoon last, the event being the wedding of Miss Emma Hayward, only child living of Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, and Mr. Andrew Rose, a young lawyer of New York. About ninety invitations were sent out, more than half of which were responded to. Most of the ladies, although from this city, were elaborately attired in evening dresses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Brewer, of the Episcopal Church. Mr. and Mrs. Rose left San Mateo by the 2 P. M. train for this city, and left Sacramento for New York yesterday. The reception at Mr. Parrott's on Wednesday evening was a very agreeable affair; there were about forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen present.

Hebe.

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The marriage of Miss Maria Wood with Lieutenant Bailey gave occasion for an elegant reception at the home of her brother-in-law, the Hon. John F. Swift, on Thursday evening. Miss Wood and the lieutenant have been safely launched upon the sea of matrimony through a series of brilliant social entertainments, beginning with the solemn ceremony by Bishop Kip, embracing a reception on the Rue de Hoff by Mrs. Shillaber, extending to the Boulevard Vallejo, where a military and social reunion was given by General and Mrs. Coots, and ending by the very brilliant and elegant affair of Thursday evening. Perhaps, in view of the fact that Lieutenant Bailey does not belong to the navy but to the army, we should not have said "launched upon the sea of matrimony," but "gone to the front, in the line of battle of married life." We claim the especial privilege of wishing this young wife a long life and a happy one.

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### The New Magazine—The Californian.

The publishers of the new monthly magazine, *The Californian*, will put the first number on the market about the 5th of December. There is considerable curiosity regarding the new publication, as to what it will look and be like, its plans and promises for the future, its contributors, etc. All these points can be determined when the first number is in hand. For sale by all newsdealers. The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company. By mail, $3.00 per year; 25 cents a single number; postage prepaid.

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The air is full of notes of praise of the native *prima donna*, Miss de Grant, who is to make her *début* as "Lucrezia Borgia," at Miss Loewenthal's benefit. If the lady's voice is but half as clear and loud as the chants of her many admirers, she must be great indeed. But then she looks very much like Marie Roze, and is nearly related to the Vallejo and Alvarado families, which may partly explain the loud and tuneful chorus of her friends.

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To all lovers of good music we commend the concert of Señor M. Y. Ferrer, at Dashaway Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, November 25, 1879. It will be a rich musical treat.

### The Argonaut—Holiday Number.

On or about the 17th of December THE ARGONAUT will issue a special Holiday number of *thirty-two pages*, surpassing in every respect the one of last year, which gave such universal satisfaction that the first edition of 10,000 was exhausted in less than four hours after its publication. There will be twelve pages of illustrations of San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda scenes, about the bay, along the water front, the Chinese quarter, etc.—drawn by Rix, Strong & Robinson; a story, written specially for THE ARGONAUT by Edgar Fawcett; Christmas poems and stories innumerable, and novel features that will make the number very desirable and valuable as a souveneir. Advertisers will please send in their favors as soon as possible, as the edition of 20,000 copies goes to press early in the month. This special number can be ordered through any newsdealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the price—twenty-five cents.

THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING CO.,
522 California Street.

Dimbled scheeks mit eyes of plue,
Mout' like it vas moisd mit dew,
Und leetle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly hed, and full of glee,
Trousers all oudt at der knee—
He vos peen blayin horse, you see—
Dot's leedle Otto.

Von hundord-seexty in der shade
Der oder day ven she vas veighed—
She beets me soon I vas avraid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, und pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
Fond of his beer und *sauer kraut*—
Dot's me himself.

Of Prince Bismarck in his youth a very pretty and romantic story is told. In a ramble through the Tyrol he met a lovely young peasant maiden, with whom he fell deeply in love, and for whose hand he shortly proposed. Her father, a wealthy peasant and a strong Catholic, refused to marry his daughter to a Protestant, and the young man Bismarck, sorely grieved, tore himself away. A few years after, the fair Tyrolese, having meanwhile married a Catholic, died at Salzburg. She left a daughter, in whom the great Chancellor has always taken a kindly interest. She was lately married, and the Prince has sent her his good wishes and a beautiful wedding gift,

Leo XIII. speaks very little English, and converses generally in either French or Italian. He listens attentively to every introduction, makes a stately courtesy, and then offers his hand, on which gleams the pontifical ring. The visitor, who at the time is reverently kneeling, gently takes the Pope's hand and carries the ring to his lips, the Pope gently sways his body back, disclosing his foot, and a kiss is likewise imprinted on his instep, where a cross resplendently shines.

The lamented Cham was a hater of braggadocio in every shape and form. One day he was visited by a Marseillais, who proceeded at once to discourse on the grandeur of his ancestral château. "The salon," said the man from the South, "is so lofty that you can not see the ceiling." "Ah," said Cham, "my father once had a château in the same neighborhood. But his saloo was so low that no food could be served there except soles."

Miss Dudu Fletcher, the clever and pretty author of *Kismet* and other novels, has disgusted, it is said, all the match-making mammas in Rome by becoming engaged to a great matrimonial prize, Lord Wentworth. As Lady Wentworth this brilliant and sparkling young woman will doubtless grow only more charming, and it is to be hoped will not give up the literary work in which she has shown so much promise.

HIGH AUTHORITY.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for any use, except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters. GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

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M. A. KENNEDY.............................MANAGER.

This (Saturday) evening, Nov. 22, and every evening (except Sunday) until further notice. Matinee to-day at 2 P. M. Seventh week of the popular

OWENS' COMEDY SEASON!

Will be produced for the first time in San Francisco, after careful preparation, with New Scenery, Elegant Stage Appointments, and Great Star Cast, the Five-Act Comedy from the German "Dr. Klaus," entitled

DR. CLYDE!
DR. CLYDE!

MR. JOHN E. OWENS

As "Higgins," the alleged Factotum of "Dr. Clyde," "as it were."

Special Engagement of

MR. GEORGE D. CHAPLIN,

Who will appear in his original character of "Dr. Clyde."

N. B.—No extra charge for reserved seats.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE........PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

Continued Success of the Famous

COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY,

Saturday Matinee. Saturday and Sunday evenings, Nov. 22d and 23d, last times (for the present) of the great double bill, the burlesque of OXYGEN, and roaring farce of the LOST CHILD AT NORTH BEACH, with medley overture

Monday, Nov. 24th, and every night till further notice, a special Thanksgiving Matinee, Thursday, Nov. 27th, and Saturday Matinee, will be presented the charming burlesque extravaganza of

BABES IN THE WOOD,

Or WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN, supported by every member of the mammoth organization. New scenery, new music, dazzling costumes.

This piece, as well as all the others in the repertoire of the company, is the exclusive property of the manager, and any previous productions here of pieces bearing the same titles should be entirely different, otherwise they were fraudulently obtained. In active preparation,

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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*FINE ETCHINGS, SUITABLY* framed, make very acceptable presents. They are the original works of famous European painters, and proofs cost from $2 to $4 each. W. K. Vickery has a large collection of rare Etchings and rare Engravings, and will be glad to have visitors call and inspect them at Room 8, Thurlow Block (126 Kearny Street), San Francisco. Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and evenings.

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Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Heart.

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**Have just received a splendid assortment of all the newest styles in**

PAINTED VASES,

**Surpassing in beauty and decoration all their previous importations in this line. As paintings they are real gems of art.**

CALL AND EXAMINE.

# ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

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*$5 to $20 PER DAY AT HOME.* Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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**Fine and Fancy Stationery, Illuminated Christmas Cards, Silk Bannerets, Panels, Etc.**

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With the New Store is established the Agency of Messrs. D. APPLETON & CO., New York, under the direction of JAMES T. WHITE & CO., who carry in stock a full line of their publications.

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*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from.........$20
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Equal to the Turkish or Persian, at one-fourth the cost. Elegant designs, unexcelled for durability. Kept by the leading Carpet Dealers, and W. KEFIELD [illegible] COMPANY, 38 Geary Street.

ROBT. COU[illegible]

## CHIROMANCY.

The conical-fingered hand is, of all the seven types, the least practical. It is the hand of the poet, of the artist—the intuitional, inspirational hand, which has marvelous insight, dreams vividly, and has more perceptions than executive ability in every day affairs. It has little sense of order, leaving the prosaic work of arrangement and exact details to the square and spatulated fingers. In art the pointed fingers belong to the domain of the imagination, as Raphael and Correggio. Albert Durer had the square fingers, and Rubens and Rembrandt, whose men and women are "earthy of the earth," had the spatulated fingers. This hand takes kindly to the picturesque. It loves novelty, is quickly attracted, working with dash and enthusiasm rather than with cool skill and force. It is the impulsive hand—a hand of moods and tenses, passing quickly from exaltation to despair. It is not fit to command, and does not know how to obey.

The artistic hand appears in war, and the generals who possess it care more for glory than success. They are the white-plumed knights, the men who lead forlorn hopes, and whose inspirations are often translated into victories. To this same conical type belong the hands of the lyrical poets and the sentimental novelists, as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand, Chateaubriand. Byron had the very pointed fingers, and was proud of the delicacy of his hand, sharing the popular opinion that it was a mark of aristocratic birth. To the chiromant, however, the hand is commended by strength and harmony rather than extreme delicacy.

Rarest and most beautiful of all the types is the psychical hand. It is delicate in proportion to the person; has a medium palm, the fingers without knots or only moderately knotted, the outer phalange long and philberted, the thumb small and elegant. It does not belong exclusively to the titled and presumably cultured classes. Rare as it is, it is, like the art instinct, universal, and is sometimes found among the most primitive classes. The psychical hands do not, by choice, concern themselves greatly with the material interests of the world; but, in certain great crises, when the square and spatulated fingers, with all their administrative ability, have wrought confusion, the swift psychical hands have come to the rescue and ransomed art, civilization, and religion. Milton, Schiller, Goethe, Swedenborg had the psychical hand.

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It was with some curiosity (says a traveler) that we first entered a Japanese bath-house. We entered a low porch, first putting aside a hanging screen of matting, and passed into a spacious room divided into three compartments. On the right was a dark division, with benches around for resting or smoking upon. A youth sat upon a small table with a cash-box before him, for the receipt of the bath money, the price for each being five copper cash. On the left the apartment retired far back, the floor gradually inclining downward for about six feet, and again ascending toward a screen, behind which some good people were enjoying the luxury of a warm bath, a channel passed through the room to carry off the water. Near the screened apartment, but exposed to public view, was a broad and shallow path of cold water in the angle of the double inclined floor. Here men, women, and children squatted down, on issuing from the baths, and splashed the cold water over their bodies—they use it unsparingly. They were perfectly naked, but not at all ashamed by the presence of strangers. On leaving the bath they scrub themselves with dry, coarse towels, and dress, and leave the establishment, or retire to a small room, where they can be provided with a refreshing cup of tea.

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A story is told of a great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was traveling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay drivers and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them one by one into the creditor's hands, keping his eye fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterward found that in pursuring this method he had not overpaid for anything.

---

A brilliant Paris hotel keeper, after having tried everything to draw people his way, has just opened a large eating establishment, and his signboard outside informs the public that "from the dining-room of this place the firing of the artillery cadets can be heard."


# HILLSIDE HOME.

*A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG* Ladies. Parents desiring a New England home for their daughters, where, free from the excitements of a large school, they may still receive thorough instruction in the English branches, in the Languages, and in Music, are invited to correspond with MISS ADELE BREWER, Stockbridge, Mass.

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TAUGHT BY

## PROF. LOUIS ARMAND,

*MASTER OF ARTS, GRADUATE* of the University of France, Faculte des Lettres de Paris, ex-Professor of French at the State University of California. Apply to the ARGONAUT office. Terms, $2 per lesson. Special arrangements for pupils or classes by the month.

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# SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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## ETCHINGS AND RARE ENGRAVINGS.

*W. K. VICKERY HAS RETURNED* to this city, and has taken an office, ROOM NO. 8, THURLOW BLOCK (first floor), corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, where he has now ready for inspection a new collection of Artists' Etchings and Rare Engravings.

All interested in Art are invited to inspect collection. Hours, 1 to 5 o'clock.

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## METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Nov. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 49) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, November 20, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

## HOLCOMB BROS. & CO.

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

# CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

**Phaetons,**

HARNESS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.

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MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT,

135 Montgomery, near Bush.

Spectacles, their adaptation to the various condition of sight, my specialty thirty years. Established, S. F., 1863.


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*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 9) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 11th day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 31st day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

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*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-ninth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirtieth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 8) of fifty cents (50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room No. 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of November, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eleventh day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

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*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 60) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fourth (24th) day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

# ASSESSMENT

—OF—

## LANDS BENEFITED

—BY—

## WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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# TAXES, TAXES,

## 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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# MONTGOMERY AVENUE

## ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.


## EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.

*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

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# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

**8.00** *A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

**10.00** *A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY),* Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

**4.30** *P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

**5.00** *P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | R*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | P. M. | | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | 3.00 | | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | | | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | 3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | R*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. E. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

# NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

**8.20** A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

**9.30** A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

**10.40** A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

**3.30** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations

☞ On SATURDAYS only commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at PAJARO for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 3d, the run of this train will be extended to Salinas—connecting with the M. and S. V. R. R. for Monterey. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

**3.30** P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

**4.25** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

**5.00** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

**6.30** P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00

On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

# SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz; also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

# SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

**8.15** *A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

PACIFIC Business College, 320 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

# OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

— FOR —

## JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | January | 17 |
| February | 28 | April | 10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

# PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

# PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, NO. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

BOUND VOLUMES .....OF..... "THE ARGONAUT."

*Vols. I, II, III and IV.*

ANY ONE CAN BE ACCOMMODATED with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, 522 California Street.

THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital paid up*..... $3,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.
Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.
This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD..... President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS — New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY,

*Corner Brannan and Eighth Sts.*

**Office, - - - 215 Front Street.**

This company manufactures all grades of

HARD AND SOFT SUGARS,

And a superior Quality of Syrup known as

DIAMOND S SYRUP!!

SUPPLIES ONLY EXPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

MILLER & RICHARD'S EXTRA-HARD METAL SCOTCH TYPE

Is used upon the ARGONAUT exclusively.

Address No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET. And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

The Type used upon this paper has had over THREE MILLION IMPRESSIONS taken from it.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MERCHANT St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, incolvency and all cases attended to. Rents, etc., collected.

RUBBER GOODS.

THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MF'G CO. SAN FRANCISCO

TRADE MARK, Maltese Cross.

Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.

FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF RUBBER GOODS.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER, 501 Market Street, San Francisco.

JOHN DANIEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Italian and Scotch Granite MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Granite on hand and made to order at the lowest rates.

Warerooms, No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

J. W. EVANS,
No. 29 POST STREET (MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING).

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Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
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HOME INDUSTRY
THE MUSIC
FIRST CLASS HEMME & LONG PRICES LOW
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DUPONT ST., S.F.

CHICKERING
PIANOS AT COST.

KNABE PIANOS.

*WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A* large invoice of the celebrated KNABE PIANOS, making our fine assortment of these instruments again complete. Call and see these magnificent instruments.
A. L. BANCROFT & CO., No. 721 Market Street.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

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*10.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this trai (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

*4.30* P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

☞ The extra Sunday trains to San Jose and Way Stations have been discontinued for the winter season.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.
Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00
Oo Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4 00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted)

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold oo Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold oo Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.
COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.
☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (352 miles east from Yuma).

*$72 A WEEK. $12 A DAY AT* home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ROSS BROS.'

WATCHES AND CHAINS.

A full assortment of AMERICAN and other WATCHES always on hand. Also, a large assortment of the DICKENS Platinum and Gold Chains at low prices. Watches repaired at reduced rates.

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*M. J. PALLIARD & CO., 31 Post Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Importers. A. E. JUILLERAT, Exclusive Agent. Musical Boxes repaired.*

NICOLL, THE TAILOR
(BRANCH OF NEW YORK.)
No. 727 Market Street, San Francisco.

The quickest, best, and cheapest Tailor in the world. Pants to order in six hours, and Suits in one day, if required.

TO ORDER:
Pants, from - - $5
Suits, from - - $20
Overcoats, 15 to 50
Ulsters, - 15 to 35
Dress Coats, 20 to 40
Genuine 6 X

TO ORDER:
Black Doeskin Pants, from - $8
White Vests, $3 to 5
Fancy Vests, 6 to 15
Beaver Suits, $55.

Finest stock of woolens in the world. The only house in the city that receives fresh patterns and New York and Paris fashions weekly. Samples, with instructions for self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with cloth and trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

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IMPORTERS OF
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Rich Neckwear, Elegant Handkerch'fs, Choice Hosiery, French Kid Gloves, Eng. Driving Gloves, Fine Suspenders, Durable Underwear, Newest Collars, etc.
ALSO, THEIR FAMOUS CUSTOM SHIRTS TO ORDER.

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BOYS'
SCHOOL SUITS

An elegant assortment of carefully selected fabrics, well made, and at very Low Prices. Parents need do no shopping this season Come right to

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No. 726 Market Street.

ROYAL, NORWICH UNION, AND LANCASHIRE
*FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES,*
430 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Combined Capital - - $22,750,000.
Combined Assets - - - 28,000,000.

FALKNER, BELL & CO.,
General Agents.

*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of Nov., 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twelfth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.*

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 17th day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 20) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirteenth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,
*DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126* Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

MILLINERY EMPORIUM.

SILVERWARE AND CLOCKS.

WE CALL ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR LARGE STOCK OF ELEGANT SILVERWARE, WHICH WE OFFER AT LOWER PRICES THAN ANY HOUSE IN THIS CITY. ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH CLOCKS.

Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

BRAVERMAN & LEVY,
119 Montgomery Street.

NEW!

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.'S
Manufacture of
AMERICAN
BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS

Appear in a New shade of RAVEN BLACK, that now places them in the front rank of Black Gros Grain Silks in Style, Purity, or Beauty of Finish.

Before purchasing see that our name is printed in Gold Letters on the end of the piece.

We warrant them not to Cut or wear Shiny.

Buyers of silks are invited to call upon Col. A. C. Reid, at the Palace Hotel, and examine our samples.

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.

THE HERRMANN HATTER
336 KEARNY, ST.
& 910 MARKET ST. S.F.
FALL STYLES
ALL IN NOW!
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

S. W. RAVELEY,
STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER
And Printer of the Argonaut,
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UNDER THE
BALDWIN.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 22. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 29, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

It is not often that we undertake to speculate upon the political, material, or social condition of Great Britain. We are *not* sufficiently informed to write instructively upon this subject, and we *are* well enough up in the knowledge of British affairs to realize what an ass the average American newspaper makes of itself in speculating upon British politics and British policy. There is no political discussion, except that of our own nation, so seductive to the American newspaper writer as that which concerns Europe. It is most amusing to peruse our San Francisco journals, *Post*, *Call*, and *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, and *Alta*, and note the profound reflections and observe the wise suggestions they make concerning European affairs. In diplomacy and finance, and in all matters of governmental control, our journals stand ever ready with their advice. They prophesy wars, and plan the details of battle; they advise to the avoidance and suggest the modes of settling great international differences. Those complicated questions of dynasty, boundary, and balance of power, that vex the minds of Europe's profoundest statesmen, are clearly understood in the San Francisco editorial room. Financial problems, that challenge the ablest minds, that interest the Rothschilds and agitate the bourses of London, Paris, Frankfort, and Amsterdam, are but a, b, c, to the financial editors of our daily papers. Commercial questions, questions of food supply, industrial problems, the conflicts between labor and capital, between landlord and tenant, are easily resolved by our press writers. It seems almost a pity that Europe should allow itself to be in such deep water; that it should be compelled to maintain a diplomatic service and great standing armies, and that Bismarck, and Beaconsfield, and Rothschild and the bourses, Parnell and the police, should all be in such constant trouble and anxiety over vexed problems of government, when, if they would only ask the advice of our San Francisco editors, it would be so cheerfully given. We hear of international congresses that never come to anything; of treaties solemnly ratified, but always violated; of church councils and theological controversies that are never settled, of class conflicts that are never adjusted, of labor strikes that never end, of social discontents that are never quieted; and we reflect that here, away on this distant shore of the Pacific, is a learned body of good men who fully understand these questions, and who would be more than willing to act as umpires and mediators for the speedy and peaceful adjustment of them all. Could such an arbitration be had, the world would at once be in repose—the nations of the world would settle down to peaceful pursuits, and earth's discordant millions would move in harmonious unison on and on to the glorious millennium of a universal peace. We suggest, therefore, the summoning of a grand international court, to be convened at the world's great centre of Paris. It might be a grander idea, to have the Coliseum at Rome restored to its ancient beauty of marble and fresco, and there enthroned let the San Francisco editors sit *in banco* to determine all the controversies that now disturb the universe. Let us call the roll of this august tribunal. It is not our fault, nor yet the fault of the "live journal," nor of the "largest journal," nor of the journal of "small advertisements," nor of the "most respectable" family journal, nor of the late Workingman's "organ," nor of the "only Democratic," nor of the "only Catholic" newspaper, nor of the *Spirit of the Times*, nor of the *Resources of California*, that these great and good and learned men have never been heard of, and are never likely to be. We thus pronounce their illustrious names: Col. Jackson, Dennis Lyon, George Pen Johnson, Philip Roach, J. M. Bassett, Dominic J. Verdenal, George Kenyon Fitch, Samuel Williams, Frederick MacCrellish, John McComb, Marcus D. Boruck, Charles de Young, Samuel Seabough, John P. H. Wentworth, Loring Pickering, James F. Bowman.

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To this great sanhedrim of wisdom should be submitted all the controversies of earth, and each in a brief time disposed of and settled for ever. Before it should come all the leading men of all the leading creeds, from the ancient Chaldean down through soothsayers, augurs, and prophets, idol, fire, and serpent-worshipers, Buddhists, polytheists, believers of Brahmanism; the leading men of all the churches, the present Pope and his cardinals, with all the sacred writings of the early fathers, all the theological traditions now extant; all the writings upon papyrus rescued from buried cities, all the rescripts of emperors, and all the sacred writings from the cuneiform inscriptions on broken pottery, down to the brazen tablets found by Jo Smith, the Mormon prophet; all the records of evangelical councils, from that of Jerusalem, presided over by St. James, down to the one that declared the infallibility of Pius IX. All should be examined, discussed, and for ever definitely disposed of. The tribunal should sit *in banco*, with Dennis Lyon, of the *Monitor*, as chief justice. It should at once and for all time definitely and for ever decide religious controversies, declare the dogmas which we should all believe, and fix penalties under which we might escape the torments of hell, providing the court should first find, as a preliminary fact, that such an institution does really exist. There should be no more war. Gen. John McComb, called to preside, should summon before him Beaconsfield, Bismarck, Gambetta, and Gortchakoff; all the ambitious emperors, kings, and princes; all the intriguing diplomatists and conspiring politicians; all out-of-office aspirants for thrones; all the Bonapartists and Bourbons. The council should lay down the boundaries of kingdoms and empires, define the privilege of princes, mark the leading principles of international law so that never again should these questions disturb the world. The house of Rothschild, with its ponderous ledgers, financiers from Threadneedle Street, the debt-makers of Turkey and Egypt, operators from all the bourses, the balance-sheets of all the world should be marshaled, and an editor of the *Country Grocer*, whose name has not yet reached far enough up town to be known at the ARGONAUT office, would "fix up" and adjust all these mixed money questions that are now such prolific sources of annoyance. The Irish controversy in reference to the landlord and tenant question, involving questions of immigration to America, might be well referred to a committee composed of the Hon. Philip Roach, Upton, and John Hale Wentworth. The condition of modern Italy, and its restoration to the glories of the ancient Roman splendor, we would intrust to the discretion of Samuel Seabough. Scientific problems, involving directions to God for the proper conduct of the universe, we would refer to James F. Bowman. Special providences, how to direct human affairs, the laws of gravitation, attraction and cohesion, centrifugal and centripetal forces, and such lesser detail of how to govern the heavenly bodies and keep them in their orbits, we would devolve upon Fitch and Pickering conjointly. Moral questions we would refer to Charles de Young, Bassett, and Frederick MacCrellish. There should be a Committee of Unfinished Business, a sort of permanent advisory body, to whom all future questions should be referred, with power to adjust; and upon this we would take the liberty of naming George Pen Johnson, Samuel Williams, and M. D. Bouck. Then all the world would be at peace—armies be disbanded, forts dismantled, and navies bristling with great guns ride at peaceful anchor in quiet harbors. Ambitious priests and controversial laymen would no longer wrangle over vexatious theological dogmas; labor and capital, debtor and creditor, tenant and landlord, would all lie down together. There would then be only one important question remaining unsolved to disturb the quiet and harmony of the universe, and that would be, "Which one of the San Francisco newspapers has the largest circulation?"

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Conscious of our inability to do the subject of British politics anything like justice, desirous of keeping our readers informed of political events in that country, not feeling at liberty to copy any of the very able and exhaustive editorials of our wiser contemporaries, we have done the next best thing. We have reprinted extracts from the able speech—we use the word relatively—of John Bright, delivered at Manchester, October 25th. As we understand, it presents all the broad questions of British politics from the standpoint of the Liberal party, or the party led by Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington, in opposition to the Ministry or Government party, led by the Earl of Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury:

Last year the Government was brought within an inch of war with Russia. This year you have had two wars—one in Africa and one in Asia. You recollect the strain that was put upon the Government here to furnish troops to put down a savage chief in South Africa. The king of the Zulus had few or no rifles; he had no artillery; he had no horses, and, therefore, no cavalry, and yet to put down this king, to disperse his troops, to take him prisoner, put a strain upon our military resources here of which complaint and acknowledgment were made in the very highest quarters. Well, but what do you think of a Government that had this difficulty with King Cetywayo?—what do you think of this Government only eighteen months ago being within a hair's breadth of going into a sanguinary and destructive war with the Emperor of a country that could call under his banners at one time not less than 700,000 or 800,000 men? And yet, sir, there were criminals at headquarters, and there were fools and imbeciles among the people, and there was baseness enough among the proprietors and the writers of some newspapers—there was all this to give, for a time, a semblance of popularity to a madness and to a guilt such as I have described. If the Zulu war had been brought before the House of Commons; if the Afghan war, with its fraud and its slaughter, and its chaos over that region, had been brought before the House of Commons; if it had been submitted to the House of Commons that we should go to war with Russia upon this single question—for that was the whole question at last—whether Bulgaria should all be free, or whether a part of it should be free and a portion less free—does any man, whatever he may think of the Tory party and the mechanical majority in the House, does any man here believe that the Tory party themselves would have, by distinct vote in the House of Commons, plunged the country into any one of these wars? No, I believe it to be absolutely impossible. But Lord Salisbury, in his speeches, defends all this, and, as far as I learn, he tells you that in all probability, similar circumstances arising, you will have plenty more of it. If Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party had remained in office, there would have been no danger of a war with Russia, and I believe there would have been no war between Russia and Turkey. There would have been no Zulu war, and there would have been no war against the Ameer of Afghanistan. The finances of India would not have been thus disordered and our friends of the Chamber of Commerce and their constituents might without doubt, now in all probability, or immediately, have had the cotton duties of which they complain so much entirely abolished. And with regard to English finance, there would have been no juggling; there would have been no deception, no thimble-rigging; everything connected with your finance would have been sound and above board. The income-tax would long since have been repealed, and the depression in trade, if it had come—and some of it must have come, from the state of things in the United States particularly, and the state of our own harvest. But the depression of trade, if it had come, would not have been aggravated by a policy restless and wicked in three-quarters of the globe. Now, I put to you one or two things, and I shall not ask your attention for more than a few minutes. If I come to any conclusion as to the opinions of this meeting, and of those thousands and hundreds of thousands whom you represent out of doors, it is that we want worthier and wiser men at the helm of affairs. If the merchants, the manufacturers, the traders, and the workingmen of Lancashire prefer the men who lament the policy which untaxed their food and unchained their industry, who have wrought mischief through half the world, and have used a great Parliamentary majority mainly to sanction and cover their own crimes; if these men are to be your political leaders and guides, I advise such of you as have children to seek a home for them in the colonies of the North American continent, or in the new nations that are growing great in the South Pacific. We have heard lately a great deal of "Imperial policy" and of a "great empire." These are phrases which catch the ignorant and unwary. Since this Government came into office your great empire—upon the map—has grown much greater. They have annexed the islands of Fiji; they have annexed also the country of the Transvaal in South Africa, which is said to be as large as France. They have practically annexed the land of the Zulus, also in South Africa, and they have practically annexed—for it is now utterly disorganized and they seem to be left alone to repair, if it is possible, the mischief they have made—they have practically annexed Afghanistan. They have added also to your dominions the Island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, and they have incurred enormous, incalculable responsibilities in Egypt and in Asia Minor. All these add to the burdens, not of the empire—just listen to this—they add to the burdens, not of the empire in Canada or Australia—all these colonies have nothing to do as a rule with these things—they add to the burdens, not of the empire, but of the 34,000,000 people who inhabit Great Britain and Ireland. We make the burden and we pay the charge. This policy may lend a seeming glory to the British Crown, and may give scope for patronage and promotion and pay and pensions to a limited and favored class; but to you, the people, it brings expenditure of blood and treasure, increased debt and taxes, and added risks of war in every quarter of the globe. Look on our position for one moment. You have to meet the competition of other countries; your own race on the American continent are your foremost rivals. Nobody denies that, I believe. They are 50,000,000 now, and happily for them they have not yet bred a Beaconsfield or a Salisbury to misdirect their policy and to waste their resources. If at some distant period, it may be centuries remote, an Englishman—one of that great English nation which is now so rapidly peopling the American continent—if such an Englishman should visit and explore the sources of his race and the decayed and ruined home of his fathers, he may exclaim: "How are the mighty fallen! Whence comes this great ruin?" and the answer will be that in the councils of the England of the past—I pray that it may not be said in the days of a virtuous Queen—wisdom and justice were scorned, and ignorance and passion and vain-glory directed her policy and wielded her power.

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Our quotation of last week from the speech of Bishop Strossmayer before the Ecumenical Council has certainly proved interesting to many of our readers. We have received numerous letters concerning it. From one—that of an intelligent Episcopalian clergyman—we quote in answer to the letter of Walter H. Ellison, as to its authenticity:

The inquiry made at the time of the first publication of Bishop Strossmayer's very remarkable speech disclosed these facts: When the council was convened, there was a stormy and boldly expressed opposition to the doctrine of Papal infallibility, and very many of the most prominent Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church prepared exhaustive and learned arguments against the doctrine. Upon the first roll-call, if I may be allowed the expression, out of a register of 451 names, 152 voted against the doctrine. The vote being "*placet*," "*non-placet*," and "*placet juxta modum*," 88 voting "not content," 62 voting "content with only a part," and this after every part had been warmly discussed. On the final vote, 534 prelates being present, only two voted "*non placet*," and 65 were absent. Thus a controversy running through centuries of church history was disposed of with only two dissenting votes—a controversy forming a parallel and continuous record in the Church, from the anti-Nicene period down to the time when the conflict of jurisdiction between the hierarchies of Rome and Constantinople ended in the disruption of Christendom; down through the centuries of Jesuits and Jansenists, Gallicans, and Ultramontanes; down to the period of the French Revolution; down to the time of Dr. Döllinger of Munich; down to the era of the meeting of the Council itself. The fact is that those Bishops who had determined to oppose this doctrine were outweighted and overawed. Speeches prepared by learned men in their closets were left undelivered; manuscripts that contained arguments against this doctrine of Papal infallibility were never unrolled, through fear of ecclesiastical authority. This speech of the Bishop of Bosnia was one of them. It may have never been read, but it was undoubtedly written, and its utterance suppressed. Whether it was ever delivered by Bishop Strossmayer, under the circumstances narrated, or delivered by any body, is of no great consequence. It is the argument itself that makes the speech so wonderful.

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In reply to the inquiry of one who subscribes himself "Civis," asking the record of Senator Bayard during the war, we answer: He was loyal to the Union. He was, during the continuance of the struggle, known as a "war Democrat." Senator Bayard possesses the qualifications necessary to a proper discharge of the duties of the Presidential office. He is a gentleman, born of a family of gentlemen, and we think none the worse of him for that; he is a man of broad and generous views, high culture, and an education in the direction of statesmanship. His patriotism and integrity have never been questioned by anybody under any circumstances. He is the representative of a small State, and it is better that he should be if he is to become President. He would have no double empire to control, and the interests of his State would be less likely to come between him and his duty to the whole country. Senator Bayard is sound upon the currency question; he is in favor of honest money; he is a conservative, prudent, and, to use an expressive Americanism, "level headed," safe man. It would not be a national calamity that he should become the candidate of the Democratic party for President.

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Some of the least respectable of our German saloon-keeping beer-slingers have organized themselves into a society to prevent the increase of their license taxes, and to prevent a decrease of the license taxes of the grocers. This, translated from German into English, means a determination on the part of beer and whisky venders to keep down their expenses at the cost of those who sell bread.

## LOVE'S DASHING HORSEMANSHIP.

### Senorita Dolores de Cordoban's Wild Ride to Guaymas.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

They were wild times in Mexico, those which immediately preceded and followed the overthrow of Maximilian. Let historians say what they will, the unsubstantial spectre of imperialism which had been evoked from Europe was always a bugbear to the rank and file of the republic. It was political clap-trap which called in the imperial pretender, but it was the deep expression of popular sentiment which decided that he was an anachronism, unsuitable to the age and genius of the country. The great northern states of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Durango, never had been, nor ever would have been, favorable to the new condition of things. Personally, Maximilian had no enemies. It was not the man, but the idea which he represented, that was distasteful to the public. The withdrawal of the French forces, whose arrogant and overbearing demeanor, as well as their lawless and licentious conduct, had rendered them extremely obnoxious to the native population, was the signal for revolt against the Emperor, which culminated on the fourteenth of March, 1866, at Queretero. There the Liberals, under Escobedo, defeated Maximilian and took him prisoner; a disaster which, from what he considered a sense of honor, resulted in his death.

Early in February of the same year I landed at Vera Cruz, and after a short stay in the capital, where my introductions all threw me among the Imperialists, I accepted the invitation of a prominent *hidalgo* to spend a week, a month, in fact as long a time as I liked, at his country residence in Sonora, whither he was shortly going to superintend the operations on his *rancho*. Having time at my disposal, and being desirous of acquainting myself with the manners of the country, I felt that this was too good an opportunity to be lost; and so, in place of staying longer in the capital, as I had originally intended, I determined to accompany Don Miguel Cordoban—for so I shall call him—upon his homeward journey. Leaving our baggage to follow us by slow freight, we left the city on horseback and struck across the country to Manzanillo, reaching that port after an easy progress, for my friend was more than fifty years old, and, with the true predilection of his race, proportionately fond of ease. From Manzanillo we took the steamer to Guaymas, which we reached in four days; and here again taking to horseback—for we had brought Don Miguel's horses, of excellent Arab stock—we rode inland, toward Hermosillo, near which city was situated one of the *haciendas* of my host, in the fertile valley of the Sonora River. His principal industry here was, as he informed me, the cultivation of sugar, though he owned likewise a silver mine in the mountains, and a stock ranch in the northern part of the State.

Probably the strongest reason which had induced Señor Cordoban to identify himself with the unpopular party of the Imperialists was the feeling that life and property were safer under their dominance than under that of the Liberal party. Already, however, the *pronunciados* were a power in the land, and no where more so than in the State of Sonora, which was sufficiently remote from the seat of government to indulge its own views at discretion. Hermosillo was in a ferment of popular excitement, and Don Miguel, though one of the richest and most influential of the neighboring landowners, thought it wiser to pass directly through the city to his *hacienda*, which lay several miles beyond. Hermosillo, though yielding the palm to Ures in the matter of political importance, as capital of the State, is yet a much more beautiful as well as populous city. Its natural advantages in respect of situation and scenery render it the fashionable resort of the more wealthy Sonoreños. All who have been there will remember the beauty of the little valley, some ten miles long by four in width, in which the city nestles like another Cashmere, beneath the shadow of that marvelous conical hill—the Cerro de la Campana—whose glistening crystalline masses emit, when struck, a bell-like sound, causing it to be called the "Mountain of the Bell;" and its *alameda* or *boulevard*, shady with palm and cedar, the fresh green of whose fronds, just at this period of early spring, lent a peculiar charm to it as a park or promenade. All this I noticed as I passed through with Don Miguel, little dreaming that my visit to his hospitable *hacienda* was going to be of such short duration as subsequent events occasioned, or that the innocent and peaceful *alameda* was so soon to be the scene of a drama in which he was peculiarly interested, and in which I, too, was destined to take a part.

An hour's ride brought us to the *hacienda*, which was a large, low structure of adobe, forming three sides of a quadrangle, whitewashed, with verandahs running round both sides, and stables, yards, and outhouses in the rear—in fact, a typical Mexican residence, such as can be seen thousands of times over those thousands of miles of Spanish-American territory lying between Valparaiso and San Francisco. There was one feature, however, about the residence of this *hidalgo* which was not so common as the construction of his house, and that was the profusion of vegetation and bowery wealth of trees which surrounded it on all sides. Especially pleasing was the dark orange grove through which we approached the door, and the tasteful and well-kept flower gardens in front, which were certain evidences of a woman's superintendence.

Dismounting from our horses we were met at the door by a young lady of surpassing loveliness, in that queenlike and haughty type of beauty which is the distinguishing characteristic and inalienable inheritance of the Castilian race. She was, however, in both form and feature, of a more voluptuous type than is usual. Her figure, though graceful and girlish—she was not more than twenty years old—recalled rather the swelling lines of a Cleopatra than the more rigorous contour of a mediæval saint. Her eyes were of a dark violet, deep, brilliant, now languid, now full of passion. Her nose was delicately formed as that of a Grecian statue; her mouth full and red, with an equal aptitude for a bewitching pout or the most ineffable, aristocratic sneer; her chin more round and receding than physiognomists usually associate with strength of will or steadiness of purpose. She was, in fine, one of those women whom a man of hot blood would love to extremities and at all risks, but rather with the short and fiery heat of passion than with calm and constant ardor; and one, too, who would prefer, and feel herself more adapted for, the former than the latter species of regard. Such, at least, was the impression which this regal beauty made upon me as my eyes first fell upon her as she stood upon the verandah; and the sequel must show whether or not it was justified by events. She acknowledged with courteous but haughty condescension the customary formalities with which I greeted her as Don Miguel introduced her as his daughter; but it was to another figure who now approached from a side door that her meaning smiles and tender *espièglerie* were especially directed. This was a young man of some five and twenty, strikingly handsome in face and person, though swarthy even for a Mexican, and with a frank and easy bearing, who cordially recognized the introduction with which Don Miguel favored me. As Don Felipe Nuñez took his position at the side of the señorita, and became the ravished recipient of the *tendresse* which she lavished upon him, I could not help envying him the favors of so adorable a creature; but I could readily guess their relative positions toward each other, even without the whispered intimation of Don Miguel that they were *novios*.

Leaving the betrothed couple to enjoy each other's society upon the verandah, I followed my host into the interior of the *hacienda* and partook of the refreshment that he offered while we rested after our morning's ride. The appointments of the interior did not differ from those of ordinary Mexican houses, even of the wealthier class; that is to say, there was a marked absence, not only of ornament and those little nameless embellishments which are commonly the accessories of wealth and refinement, but even of what is generally considered necessary furniture. Bare whitewashed walls inclosed a sanded adobe floor, on which stood a table and a number of very ordinary rawhide-seated chairs. I suppose I must have been impolite enough to allow my face to mirror my impressions, for, being comparatively a stranger in a country where my experience had been only with the lavish, profuse, and somewhat gaudy display of the houses in the capital, where wealth illustrated itself in ostentation, I was unprepared for the simplicity, not to say the poverty, of the surroundings of the country home of Don Miguel. He must have noticed something of my surprise, and I trust referred it to its proper source, for he apologized for the common appointments of the house by saying that it had been so many times converted into a barrack by companies of soldiers on the march that it was useless to attempt to furnish it in a costly manner, as he could never tell at what moment to expect another visit of the military. At that time I accepted this excuse in good faith, though I afterward learned to attribute this absence of ornament to the inherent disposition of the people themselves, whose mode of life and general habits and ideas are foreign to progress in art culture and modern refinement.

After retiring to my room to perform some necessary personal offices, upon my return to the sitting room already described, I found the family party assembled, and Don Miguel asked me whether I should like to be present at a *fandango*, which was to be held in Hermosillo that evening; that Señorita Dolores, who was going to be married to Don Felipe next week was going in his escort, and that if I was not too fatigued to accompany them it would give them much pleasure to introduce me to the *belles* of Hermosillo. My excuse that my baggage had not yet arrived was overruled, and after supper we set out for the city which was four miles distant; Don Felipe and myself on horseback, while Señorita Dolores occupied the *calesa*, for Don Miguel, in spite of the paucity of his house furniture, was yet the possessor of a very handsome brougham for her use. A Mexican usually considers any other than horseback locomotion undignified, and so Don Felipe rode, somewhat in the *rôle* of guard of honor, and I followed his example.

Señor Tapia had then, and probably has still, the reputation of possessing the largest and handsomest house in Hermosillo. The ball was attended, as it is to be hoped that the Jenkins of the Hermosillo *Cronica* of that week remarked, "by the beauty and fashion of the city and surrounding country, as also by the *caballeros* of the fourth company of the Sonoranian Guard, at present quartered in this place, whose band discoursed sweet music to the dancers far into the 'wee, sma' hours.'" Not being endowed with either the penetrating discrimination nor the narrative talents of a Jenkins, I will simply say that the whole entertainment, possessing as it did the charm of novelty, filled me with excitement and pleasurable feelings. The gay and gaudy dresses of the señoritas, their elegant figures, their trim ankles, and the quick glances that shot from their dark eyes beneath outlandish and many hued head-gear, was thrown into stronger relief by the diversified raiment of the *caballeros* who, though all aiming to be fashionable and fully conscious of being so, in their own way, exhibited many grades and varieties of raiment from the orthodox conventionalism of *de rigueur* black, to the picturesque leather leggings of the saddle. Among such a company it may well be imagined that my traveling morning dress escaped notice. After joining in several waltzes I at length unconsciously relapsed into a silent spectator of the scene. There was flirting, there was drinking, there was quarreling, there were pistol shots outside, though without visible result; in fact, there were all the features of a well-regulated *fandango*. One figure was there, however, which especially attracted my attention through some nameless distinction of dress or manner or bearing.

This was a man of apparently some eight-and-twenty years, with light hair and moustache, who seemed to occupy the same position as myself—that of a stranger. I was interested, and at the same time puzzled by his appearance. He was richly and fashionably dressed in dark material, but without ostentation or vulgar display. His bearing was quiet and unobtrusive, and offered a strong contrast to the swaggering deportment of the *caballeros*. His face was frank and pleasing, though tanned somewhat with exposure, and it was only when he turned his profile toward me that I detected evidences of character which did not strike me as desirable. The prominent characteristics of a face, which, though pleasant, was in no respect handsome, were, when viewed in this manner, indicative in my opinion of a combination of sensuality and strength of will. I could not make up my mind as to his nationality. He might, I thought, be a Mexican, for I have seen many Mexicans even lighter haired than was this stranger; or he might be French, or even American or English, as some peculiarity of manner became apparent, which could be referred to any one of these nationalities. In short, I felt piqued at not being able to identify his race, the more so as I had traveled a good deal, and considered myself tolerably *au fait* in this respect. He seemed, however, to have the faculty of making himself very attractive to the señoritas, judging from a *coterie* which he was evidently keeping interested or amused.

At length I saw him enter into conversation with Don Felipe Nuñez, and saw that they were both looking in the direction of Señorita Dolores, who was then taking part in a quadrille. The stranger seemed to be regarding her with evident admiration and interest, and by their frequent glances I judged that they were talking about her. Presently Don Felipe came over to my side of the room, and I took occasion to question him regarding the stranger.

"I don't know who he is," said Don Felipe, "nor can I even tell you his nationality. He speaks Spanish fluently, and even more correctly than I do myself, without the least foreign accent, yet he is neither Spanish nor Mexican. This I can judge from some other peculiarities and from some remarks he let fall. He came here only to-day, and is staying at the Paño de Oro. Come with me, and I will introduce you to him."

On looking up, however, he had disappeared, and I was obliged to forego an opportunity which my curiosity desired. It had been agreed that our party should remain in the city all night, so Señorita Dolores stayed at the house of Señor Tapia, while Don Felipe and myself sought the hospitable shelter of the Paño de Oro. The *fandango*, from which we had retired about four A. M., broke up at daybreak in a row, as we learned on the following morning, which had resulted in the death of one *pronunciado* and the wounding of three others at the hands of Imperialist gallants. Consequently, as the population was composed of *pronunciados* in the ratio of twenty to one, popular feeling ran high, and many were the threats and dire the vengeance vowed on all sides against the Imperialists.

At breakfast I again saw my *inconnu* of the previous night, but was again prevented from making his acquaintance owing to the fact that Don Felipe had left the room just a minute before his entrance, after saying that he would meet me at Señor Tapia's later in the day, and that we should then return with Señora Dolores to the *hacienda* of her father.

About ten o'clock I strolled out to view the town, which I found comparatively quiet, in spite of the late *emeute*, though the little knots of *caballeros* conversing at street corners might have betokened to an experienced eye that the fires of animosity were not quenched, but smouldering. Noon found me at the *alameda*, where a goodly assemblage of the townsfolk had gathered to promenade beneath the trees, or to sit upon the rustic seats, and listen to the band of the fourth company of the guards, which played there every day. The throng was numerous, gaily dressed, and animated, as is always the case during times of civil excitement.

At one point of the *alameda*, in the neighborhood of the band, some attraction more than common seemed to have drawn together little knots of spectators, and thither I bent my steps. On arriving at the spot I found the object of attraction to be the figure of a lady, who was lying stretched at full length upon one of the seats, fast asleep. I immediately recognized Señorita Dolores de Cordoban, who had doubtless fallen asleep under the combined effects of last night's fatigue and the soothing influence of the music.

There was nothing very wonderful in this, and such an incident was decidedly not *de trop* in Mexico of all places, and it did not take me a moment to comprehend what was very evident, namely, that it was the singular loveliness and grace of the Señorita—features, *pose*, dress, and everything included—which was exciting the homage and admiration of that attentive throng. The swelling outlines of her tall, graceful, and rounded form appeared to their best advantage as she reclined upon the bench. The perfect rosebud lips were parted just enough to give an unsurpassable expression of tenderness. The long, black eyelashes drooped gracefully over the pupils which they adorned while they concealed. It was a picture of perfect purity and repose, though one felt that the pulses which throbbed beneath that peaceful exterior were those of a warm, sentient, passionate human goddess, and no pallid, cold, Lucretia-like nymph.

I, like the others, stood gazing with mingled sentiments upon this enchanting picture, when a sound proceeding from the busier parts of the city caught our ears, and we listened for a moment in silent expectation. "*Los pronunciados!*" was echoed from side to side; still the people, with customary *laissez faire*, preserved a *nonchalant* attitude, as if an ebulition of the *pronunciados* were the commonest and most natural thing in the world.

At this moment a gentleman, whom I instantly recognized as my *inconnu* of last night, stepped from the throng, walked up to the beach on which the sleeping beauty was lying, tapped her lightly on the shoulder so as to awaken her, bent down his face close to hers, and whispered something in her ear. She looked up into his face without discovering any sign of surprise, rose from the beach, took the proffered arm which the stranger extended toward her with conventional inclination of the body, and the pair leisurely walked off to where the carriage was standing waiting upon the walk beneath the trees. I recognized the carriage as that of Don Miguel, and, though somewhat surprised at the action of the stranger, I did not actually attribute any other meaning to the incident than that Don Felipe had commissioned this gentleman to escort the señorita in her own carriage to the house of Señor Tapia. The whole affair had been done so leisurely, so naturally, on the part of the gentleman, and had been responded to so easily and so freely on the part of the lady, that I thought nothing of it, but proceeded to bend my steps also in the direction of Señor Tapia's, so as not to keep the party waiting. On my arrival at the house I inquired for Don Felipe, and was informed that he had been called some miles into the country on business, and would probably not return for an hour or two. Inquiring further regarding the Señorita Dolores, and mentioning the incident of the *alameda*, I found that she, too, had not yet arrived, and, indeed, had probably gone home to her father's *hacienda* in the carriage. There was certainly nothing extraordinary in the occurrence, and on the arrival of Don Miguel we both proceeded homeward on horseback. On the way he told me that there must have been some mistake in the message by which he had been summoned to the house of a brother-in-law, for when he got there he found

that no such message had been sent, and was at a loss to account for the circumstance.

Reaching the *hacienda*, we found that the carriage had not yet arrived. I was questioned closely upon all points of the affair, and though Don Felipe expressed astonishment at the action of the stranger, it was attributed to his desire to protect the lady from what he might have considered a dangerous civil broil; and Don Miguel thought that she must certainly have stopped at the house of some friend on the way home, though we had seen or heard nothing of her.

At half-past three o'clock Juan, the coachman, made his appearance, drunk; and on being questioned could tell nothing about the carriage or the señorita. He had, he said, at an early hour of the morning, been seduced from the paths of rectitude by a couple of *amigos*, who exhibited an unwonted abundance of coin, and under the inspiriting influence of copious draughts of *mescal* had gone to sleep and forgotten all about the señorita and the carriage. When he awoke and went in quest of the latter he found that it was gone, and as he presumed that another and more sober Jehu had been installed in his place, he had returned home on foot.

This was most unaccountable. Don Felipe began to get nervous, as what young lover within a week from his marriage with a most bewitching and charming señorita would not? Our horses were saddled instantly. We galloped to town in hot haste, and commenced making inquiries respecting the route taken by the carriage. This was a matter of some uncertainty, as a Mexican is peculiarly careless and unobservant, and so trifling a matter as the direction taken by a carriage was not of sufficient moment to be particularly noted. After riding about for a considerable time we at length ascertained that the carriage had been seen to take the direction of Señor Cordoban's *hacienda*, lying to the north of the town which it left about noon. Inquiring at the various houses along the road failed to elicit any fresh information. As it had never reached the *hacienda*, it was evident that it must have either stopped on the way, or gone off in some other direction. But what direction? There were many cross roads and lanes sparsely settled with houses upon this side of the city, and to go over them all *seriatim* was a matter of time. Night came on us still in quest of traces, while it was painful to witness Don Felipe's agitation and excitement.

We at length learned that the carriage had been seen on a lane outside of the town, going east; and following up this clew we reached a *posada* on the Guaymas road, about three miles south of the city, in the court yard of which we actually found the long-sought carriage. It was now quite dark, being about seven in the evening, and, with a lover's impatience, Don Felipe sprang from the saddle and dashed into the *posada*, calling "Dolores, Dolores!"—I following close behind him. At this moment the landlord appeared and politely asked us what we wanted.

"Carramba!" shouted Don Felipe; "we want the lady who came in that carriage," pointing to the courtyard.

"The lady is gone, please your honor," replied the dark-skinned Boniface.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE LEGEND OF LIMACHE.

An Unpublished Incident in the Early History of Chile.

In the Republic of Chilé, thirty-two miles south-easterly from the seaport city of Valparaiso, is the beautiful valley of Limache. This valley is surrounded by high hills, like the walls of an amphitheatre, the entrances on the south-easterly side being cut by the two forks of a river, which, uniting, flow through the valley, cutting an exit through the north-easterly wall of hills on its way to the sea. In summer this stream is scarcely larger than a good sized brook, and murmurs languidly over its shifting bed of cobbles and gravel; but in the winter time the river sometimes rises suddenly, and its descent is rapid, in time of flood cutting off communication and traffic for days at a time. Standing at the junction of the two streams, facing easterly, we behold the famous Bell Mountain (so called from its fancied resemblance to a church bell), which is seen many miles at sea.

The present town of Limache contains about nine thousand inhabitants, and is built upon each side of the river. The town is noted for being one of the most healthy places in the country, picturesque in scenery, of even temperature, and a place of great resort for invalids.

The incidents of the following romantic legend were gathered from a gray-headed patriarch—Antonio Tobares, the oldest inhabitant of Limache—who has already numbered more than a century of years, but whose memory is still as acute and unclouded as when scarce two score years had added their summers and winters to his life:

At an early period of the settlement of Spaniards in Chilé, the Jesuits took possession of a thousand acres of land along the banks of the river, at a convenient ford, in the valley of Limache, on the easterly side of the river. The hills in close proximity were covered with the quillai, maiten, baldo, and other useful trees and plants, while the river banks were adorned with the native willow. The plains were covered with a rich verdure of grass, and here and there were scattered the espino. There was not then a habitation of any kind. A large tribe of Indians—the "Olmues"—held ownership of the valley, but their town was ten miles away. The Indians were peaceable when left alone, but fierce and warlike under provocation; and they clung to their ancient habits and customs with an unyielding tenacity, which cost the Spanish Government much time, patience, and money, as well as loss of life, to subdue them.

The Jesuit Brothers labored with their accustomed zeal to build up their Mission; and the conversion of the Indians to the true faith was a means to the end of gaining that control over them by which they hoped to transfer the possession of the rich lands of the valley to themselves, and make the Indians subservient to their will, servants to do their bidding, hewers of their wood and drawers of their water. To accomplish this, they worked upon the superstitious natures of the Indians, individually and collectively; they tempted them with presents of tinsel trinkets and gayly colored cloths and clothing; and by these means gradually gained their confidence and good will and undermined the influence of their chiefs. For a mere trifle they employed the poor Indians to do their work, to make and press into shape the mud bricks, or adobe, for the erection of their church and other edifices; and thus by degrees, unconsciously, the natives assumed the yoke of their superiors in craft and intellect.

The church was built of a size to meet not only the present wants, but the probable future necessities; it was of the Roman style of architecture, with a square tower to serve as a belfry, and when completed, it was quite an imposing edifice. The church bells were procured from Spain, and it was not long ere their chimes were heard upon the morning and evening breezes, up and down the valley, and over the hills, adding to the awe in which the Indians held their masters. Then came the pompous ceremonies of the church, which the half-clad natives were induced to attend by rewards, persuasion, and threats; and the oftener they attended, the greater was the awe inspired; and thus, link by link, were the fetters forged by these priestly authorities for the minds and limbs of the unsuspecting natives.

They built their monastery in the form of a hollow square, the red tiled roofs pitching outward, and the outside walls without openings, save one, which served for entrance and exit. Upon the inside, all around the building, they built a balcony, and along this balcony, at regular intervals, were the door and windows of the apartments of the Jesuit Fathers. Within the square was a garden, where flourished the grape, the fig, fruit, and ornamental trees. A small stream of water was conducted through the garden, giving life and luxuriance to the growing vegetation. At the south side of the building was a large gateway, with square towers, and upon the face of the archway was a Latin inscription, the words of which have been obliterated by the elements, and lost to memory as well. In niches in the towers were placed, on the right hand the Saviour on the cross, and on the left the Virgin Mary. The gate fronted on the road leading to the river ford. Lower down, and nearer the river, in front of the church, five acres of land had been surrounded by thick, mud walls, in imitation of a fortress, and in the walls loopholes were cut at regular intervals. On each of the four-corners of the wall was mounted a small field-piece; and in one corner stood a strong, stone building, with one window on each side, guarded by iron gratings, which served as a prison for the transgressors of the law, whether of church or State.

Major Panzé was in command of the soldiers stationed at the Mission; but Father Brione governed church and State, and made the laws.

Capt. Joaquin Cerda was the second officer in command. He was of noble family, rich, proud, handsome, and commanding in appearance, but amiable and pleasant in his intercourse with all. He was the admiration of his soldiers, and a favorite with the Holy Fathers; but, unfortunately, he was hated by his commanding officer, and that hatred grew more bitter as the handsome Captain's popularity increased, and the dislike to himself became more and more apparent.

Five years passed away, and the Mission grew and flourished. Intercourse had become common with the natives, and the men of the "Olmues" were frequent visitors at the Mission, imbibing the priestly wine, while the maidens danced to the music of the Spanish guitar, and the jolly friars looked on in happy contentment, offering no obstacles to the amusement.

At times Urqua, the daughter of the chief, would visit the Mission. She was a beautiful maiden, young, lively, with queenly form and bearing, in whose veins flowed the blood of a long line of chiefs. Dressed in the Indian costume—her fancy-colored skirt, low enough in the neck to disclose a bust of perfect model, and ending at the knees, showed a well turned limb and dainty foot. Her dark tresses hung in two long braids to her hips; a low, wide forehead; large, brilliant, and expressive eyes; small, blooded ears, from which hung rudely constructed golden ornaments; hands of delicate shape and taper fingers. She was the admiration of the whole Mission. Descended from a kingly line of chiefs, she had sufficient of haughtiness to prevent familiarity, while she attracted the beholder with her gentleness and amiability. She was charmed with the attractive service of the Church, and with her maidens frequently attended mass, where she was the centre of attraction, and divided the worship of many a good Catholic with the image of the Virgin Mary, and many a stout heart was set on fire by the charms of the beautiful Indian princess.

Capt. Cerda had paid due deference to Urqua's charms in more than one gentle word and way, and she had learned to appreciate, and even love him. He had been gradually drawn into the circle of her magnetic influence, and in time, unable to control his love, he threw aside all prudence, and forgetting for the moment position, wealth, and station, he woed and won the beautiful maid. But in order to secure his prize, he was forced to conform to the customs of her tribe, and go through their peculiar ceremonies, so that in the eyes of the natives he owed allegiance to her, as his wife, and became responsible to her people for his conduct toward her.

Captain Cerda, after his rash act, often pondered over it in doubt and uneasiness; but his love had increased rather than diminished with time, and he determined to be faithful to her who had so faithfully trusted him. His mind often canvassed the future, when he might publicly claim her as his wife, and prepare her for a new home in a distant clime. When he talked to Urqua of his speculations, her eyes would fill with tears at the thought of leaving her people; but she would at length brighten up, and smile her approval of his plans.

A few weeks after Capt. Cerda had taken Urqua to wife, an edict was proclaimed by the church prohibiting good Catholics from marrying natives, unless through the ceremonies of the church; and extreme penalties were provided against any woman who should marry a Spaniard without first being baptized into the church.

Urqua had never been baptized, nor even showed more than a natural attraction to the pomp of the Catholic worship, and was considered as a pagan Jezebel by the Holy Fathers. When, therefore, she gave birth to her child, its features betrayed its Spanish origin, and caused many inquiries as to the paternity of the boy. The Fathers for a time were silent upon the subject, but too soon gave token of their intentions; for, upon the first opportunity which offered, the wily priests decoyed her to the monastery, and, once she was in their power, they seized upon her person and put her in prison. A court was called together, composed of the church and military, and Urqua was convicted of breaking the law. In vain did Capt. Cerda protest and plead for his wife; in vain he pleaded that his Indian marriage was prior to the edict under which she had been convicted; in vain he plead that the solemnities of the church rites might be performed and his marriage legalized by the Spanish laws and church canons. The court condemned her to be burnt alive; but, in consideration of her youth, the sentence was mitigated so far as to allow of her being shot before being burned at the stake.

A close watch was ordered to be kept upon Capt. Cerda, who was nearly mad with sorrow and rage. He was even denied an interview with his wife before her execution. The night before the day set for the execution he contrived to evade the vigilance of his spies, and prevailed upon the guard to admit him to the prison where his wife was confined. Hastily assuring her of his safety, he exchanged clothing with her, and directed her how to make her escape over the wall, when she would be safe from all pursuit should the ruse be discovered.

Returning to her cell, he remained partially in view of the guard to remove any suspicion from his mind that his prisoner had escaped.

The morning and the hour of execution came; and, just as daylight began to brighten the eastern skies, the sentinels filed into the passage-way, the cell door was thrown back, and Major Panzé entered. Capt. Cerda stepped forward and said: "Your prisoner has escaped you, sir!"

The Major started, and a gleam of malicious spite flashed from his eyes. But he merely replied; "How did you contrive it?"

Cerda kept his own counsel, and merely remarked: "I am responsible to a court-martial for my acts."

Retiring, Major Panzé called to his side four of his trusted and most brutal soldiers, and gave them whispered instructions. Entering the cell, the soldiers suddenly seized upon Capt. Cerda, and, before he could resist, pinioned his arms, gagged him, covered his head partially with a *manto*, and marched him out helpless to the place of execution, where the provost guard was drawn up in file. The priests were upon the ground beforehand, and, with scarcely a glance at the prisoner, they hastily recited their ceremonies. The prisoner was tied to the stake, unable to make the least effort to save himself. The command was given, the muskets leveled, a few flashes of light, a rattling report, and the leaden messengers did their work of death; the head dropped forward, and Capt. Cerda's spirit passed to the other shore.

The torch was applied to the pile of combustibles, and, as the flames shot upward, illuminating the scene, the piercing screams of a woman broke the awful stillness. The next moment an arrow flew through the air and entered the body and heart of Major Panzé. In an instant after, a second arrow struck the breast of Father Brione, the head of the Mission, and he fell dead at the feet of the Brothers.

None were mourned as sincerely as was the fated Capt. Cerda, when the truth was known; and the name of his destroyer was sent back to his native land, covered with infamy and disgrace. The body of Father Brione was laid in state in the Mission Church, and afterward buried with all the pomp of the Romish faith. Poor Urqua lived many years after, her mind destroyed; and her continued, ceaseless, mournful search for her husband drew tears from the eyes of all who saw her. Capt. Cerda's boy, who bore his name, grew up, and was one of the first of his tribe to take up arms in behalf of Chilean independence; and eventually won renown and high honors in the republican government. On the conclusion of the war, the Jesuits were banished from the country, and Limache again fell into the hands of its original owners, the "Olmues." The Catholic Church was destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1822; and little remains to mark the spot of the old mission of Jesuit days. Piece by piece the old edifices have crumbled away with time and neglect, and the old scraps of iron only show where once stood the armory of the Spanish troops. The tribe of Indians, once so powerful, has so intermingled with other races that their identity has disappeared. Urqua's resting-place is often pointed out to the passer-by, and few, if any, who have heard her history, fail to express their sorrow for her fate.

MATTHEW BRAMBLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

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The feud between the Catholic clergy and the State, on the subject of the public schools, which is raging in France and Belgium, has broken out in Massachusetts in a very malignant form. A certain Father Scully, at Cambridgeport, has begun to refuse the sacraments, as his Belgian brethren are doing, to parents who send their children to the public schools, or fail to send them to the parochial schools. An appeal of his parishioners to Archbishop Williams has been met with cordial approval of his course. The objections to the parochial schools are that the teaching is bad, and a tuition fee has to be paid for it, but the priest puts against this the danger of eternal damnation. We do not know that it is to be regretted that the Catholic clergy are taking this bold stand. It is not to our minds nearly so objectionable as the practice of giving ecclesiastical toleration to things in one country for which the church in another consigns people to hell or purgatory, which in a teacher of such pretensions is very repulsive. It is in all ways desirable that the church should show itself everywhere and always under the same colors. Another priest in Massachusetts has been cast in heavy damages for keeping people, by threats of ecclesiastical censure, from employing a livery-stable keeper who had offended him. In Belgium the State schools are carrying the day, very few teachers giving way under the threats of the clergy, and very few parents withdrawing their children. Nevertheless the fight is one which the priests can not be blamed for making.—*N. Y. Nation.*

This begins to look like a little fight in the skirmish line of the great ecclesiastical conflict that has been long prophesied and long waited for. Massachusetts is a very good place for Catholic priests to send people to hell from, because they will send their children to more secular schools and hire horses from more secular livery stables.

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*Figaro* has made the obelisk the theme of a domestic drama. At the end of act 2 the gallant American commander throws himself on his knees before the inexorable creditors and cries, "*Non! vous n'y toucherez pas. C'est l'obélisque de ma mère.*"

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 26, 1879.

DEAR KATE:—I know this will be a welcome letter if there is a trace of the old Kate left, for I am going to write to you of the delightful afternoon all "us girls" passed together last Saturday, summoned as follows:

MRS. CHAS. WEBB HOWARD
Requests the pleasure of your presence on Saturday, November 22d, from one to five P. M., to meet
MR. GEORGE W. MINNS.
1206 Alice Street, corner Fourteenth, Oakland.

At first I wondered who Mrs. Chas. Webb Howard could be, when it "dawned upon my mental vision" (as we used to write in our compositions) that she was Emma Shafter in the High School days. Now I realized the object in view—a reunion of the original High School pupils. Of course I was going, under the impulse of crowding memories of old school days. Then came the reaction. Would they know me? Had they all been treated as severely by Time as I had? I looked at the "crow's-feet" and gray hairs, but a "nameless longing and a vague unrest" filled me, and I decided to go. Arriving there—such a gabble! reminding me of that date poor Mrs. Clapp so emphatically required us to remember—"1728, B. C., confusion of tongues." Mr. Minns stood near the door of one of the rooms, in his calmer moments, I felt assured, as he had on only *one* pair of "specs.," and they in place on his nose. Don't you remember how he would get two pair shoved upon his forehead and then frantically search every book on his desk for them, look under it, and then go quickly into that room, sacredly his own, and emerge quietly, with one pair in proper position, as if he had never missed them? You know some of the girls suggested "spirits" in there, judging from the grinning skull of that "gone-before" Digger Indian, the dried and stuffed animals he so carefully brought out as illustrations, etc. I remember one day his coming in with a bundle which he proceeded to uncover as carefully as if it were a baby, delightedly explaining how he got the treasure from Australia; that it was a fine specimen of a web-footed rat, or something of that sort. But to return to the *girls*

They did, really, with few exceptions, look like old times. Alice Baker, Lizzie Easton, Annie Hucks, Alice Marshal, Lizzie Overend, Annice Van Reynegom, hadn't changed "a bit." And—wasn't it funny?—Mr. Minns hadn't forgotten a face, or a name to fit it, as far as I could hear, and he invariably asked for the stupid ones first. Said fact probably accounted for his recognizing me so easily. I didn't see Mary Coffin near him, or I am sure, from force of habit, he would have asked for the "prevailing direction of the wind in the temperate region." There were many inquiries for Kate Dennis. Eleanor Shaw was there, smoothing her hair with her little hand in the old time fashion. She is just a trifle more mature looking, and her smile is as sweet as ever. Eliza's baby was sick and she couldn't come. Just imagine jolly Eliza, the talented authoress of "Ripe Peaches," as the mother of a family!

I am going to whisper to you, Kate: The fact struck me forcibly that the ugliest girls married first. For there was pretty Katy Childs, as fresh and youthful as ever, just the same height, and it was an easy matter to remember her in her dainty dresses, slipping into her seat as demure as in days past. Katy Atkinson hasn't changed either. Kate Herrick, they said, was in Guatemala teaching. Jane Harley was gorgeous in an elegant black satin suit. She is principal of Spring Valley, and a splendid, energetic teacher she is, too. Sarah Palmer was such a large and imposing looking girl that Miss Parks, who was a delicate little body, sometimes asked her to settle difficulties with an indignant washwoman in the rear of the school yard. Well, Sarah hasn't grown any more, and is now not much stouter than the writer—and you know I never weighed more than a hundred and thirty. Emily Wright did look lovely. Mr. Minns said: "There is a girl hasn't changed at all; looks just as she did the day she left school." And indeed, with those beautiful curls, not one shade darker, she looked as young as ever. Annie Chalmers looks the same old Annie, with that merry twinkle in those beautiful brown eyes. I heard her say she had been in China. Agnes couldn't come on account of illness. By the way, Annie had a reunion at her sister's (Mrs. Blethen) last Thursday evening, but it wasn't the genuine article, for they brought their husbands and their wives, and their "sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts." Pinafore quotations are allowable this time, as we are writing of pinafore days.

I don't intend to refer to the "boys," as pen and memory fail to do justice to the bald-heads, gray hair, heavy beards, etc. I will only mention Ned Burr as being doubly associated in our mind, both past and present, with little Annie Barnard, as also Fred. Harnden and Belle Doane. I didn't see either of them. I should think it would be very trying and monotonous to marry a schoolmate; can't expatiate on the "dead past," without a living reminder always on hand to jog your memory. As for me, you know I paired off with a Boston High School boy, so he can't tell tales out of *my* school; and when he boasts of his Franklin medal, I poke my certificate at him, never telling each other how near we came to losing them. I must not forget to remind you of Mr. Holmes's presence, and how he *put on glasses* to call the roll. Just think of Father Time daring to dim those eagle eyes that so piercingly discovered unsolved a copied problem. Now, that I could disinterestedly contemplate Mr. Holmes, I found he was not nearly so tall, or awful looking, as I had thought, and now think if he had worn glasses, I could have done better in "math," although, Kate, I must confess he had very poor material to build with in my case; and he really appreciated a quite talented girl like Clara Pierson, for instance. Fanny Bird is just as tiny and lovable as ever. Anna Rand, the personification of dignity and elegance, although I really think her hair is grayer than mine. Lily Hitchcock, they said, was in New York, but Filena Sawyer was present, as outspoken and frank as ever. I can remember where she lived out near the Presidio, and she told us her name was Filena Cymenta Sawyer.

Goodness me! I can yet hear every one asking, "Who are you, now?" "You haven't changed a bit." "What is your name?" "How many children?" And from the number of "fives and sevens," I heard, the High School will not be abolished for lack of pupils. Harriet Isham has a daughter in the High School in Jessie Smith's class. Maggie Wade is as erect as ever, minus the curls though—she used to write such splendid compositions; is now teaching in the High School. But the greatest change is in Mary Goldsmith. She was an active, angular girl, and now she is a splendid looking woman, also teaching in the High School. Some scraps of conversation drifted to me in this style: "Poor Ned Peckham! You remember how Mr. Hansen used to say, 'Go on, up-stairs, Master Peckham,' and he has gone up-stairs. "Yes," is the reply, "Mr. Hansen, where is he?" "Gone to Sweden, and from there straight to heaven." I wonder if he will blow a blast in heaven on that red silk handkerchief as musically as he used to in old times on our entrance to his class-room, and salute us with "How goes it?" Don't suppose I will ever get there to see, after such a sacrilegious suggestion. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were present, and he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. I think he always gave promise of a heavy-weight, don't you? I know I always thought he was splendid at examinations. His eyes used to twinkle so merrily, and he had such an appreciative laugh.

Talking of laugh, I missed Swett's loud haw, haw, haw, after we had finished our class laugh, at anything amusing—thus giving us two causes for laughter, one for the joke and one for Swett. I must not forget the poetess, Helen Satterlee, with her pretty teeth and dimples. I don't think you would see any change in her, and *her* laugh is as musical as ever. I thought Mary Solomon much changed; I hear she has been an invalid. Leah, without the curls, looks no older than when she so admirably recited "I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine." Lizzie Davies looks very natural; and Hannah Dam, that little body, has changed her name twice since leaving school. I wonder if she was reporting; she was ostentatiously using pencil and paper. John Swett was there as the present "Boss of the Girls' High School," real gray and good-natured looking.

I have been so busy telling of the girls, and how they have the advantage in hiding "Time's ravages" with frizzes, new bonnets, etc., I haven't said a word about the delightful manner in which Mrs. Howard entertained the girls. She has a beautiful home in Oakland, and it was due to her pleasant husband, delightful surroundings, and winning manner, that we so thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. And Emma, appreciating a *school girl's* insatiable appetite, had provided an elegant and bountiful luncheon. I hope their carriage springs didn't give way beneath such loads of the *girls* as they conveyed to the cars. Now my paper is covered, and I feel conscious of not naming them all, though most of them must have been there, and happy for that afternoon at least. Write soon, and let me know if I have given you even the faintest idea of the pleasure the occasion furnished.

With love, SARAH.

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It is the desire of certain Democrats in the Workingmen's party to turn over that organization to the Democracy. This is the conspiracy which we exposed in our last issue. Mr. Congressman Berry now confirms the matter and authorizes us to add his name to the list of cowardly and unprincipled politicians who think more of party and party plunder than of the welfare of the community in which they live. But there are enough of Republicans in the organization to defeat the project. There are two elements in the Workingmen's party. For the one we have great respect, for the other great contempt. Those who are honestly endeavoring to reform political abuses by legal and honest effort command our best wishes; for those demagogues and political loafers who look to this organization as a chance to steal a living we have little regard.

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Mr. Shiskin, the Russian Minister at Washington, writes a letter to a New York journal prescribing benzoate of soda for diphtheria. It is clear that diplomatists begin to feel uneasy under the witicisms to which their professional existence has lately been subjected, and want to do something to justify salaries and allowances. But we don't think the best thing for them to do—certainly not the best thing for us—is to practice medicine upon the nations to whom they are accredited. The time has not arrived when a medical diploma should form a necessary part of an ambassador's credentials.

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We are informed, and upon something more reliable than street rumor, that the Police Commissioners will appoint Crowley, the old Chief of Police, to again perform the duties of that office. We hope this is true. His past record justifies us in believing and in saying that he is better fitted for this position than any other man in San Francisco.

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More importance, we think, than the incident deserves is attached to the fact that Mr. Tilden has called Secretary Sherman a rascal. If he is a rascal, Mr. Tilden's saying so will not absolve him.

### Obscure Intimations.

R. C. M.—Can not find the catalogue of books.

L. N. M.—Yes, if it amuses you. Thanks. They should be from your own reading.

G. OM.—He is a great genius who can write verses to a child acceptably. Why, by the way, have you abandoned the work in which you excel to take up the sentimental sort? Return, O restless spirit, to thy first and best body, lest thine unguided transmigrations land thee in the skin of an ass.

LUNEY.—We have so often pointed out the same thing—the entire fitness of foreigners to misgovern America—that it seems useless to say anything more in elucidation of a principal generally recognized and adopted.

ST. J.—You say: "There was a time when the editor was esteemed by all classes." It was before *our* time; therefore it must have been before yours. So how do you know? Seriously, the press to-day is better morally and intellectually than ever before. It is, as a rule, better than it can well afford to be. Reform your public.

ONE OF THE FOOLS.—Your postal card puffing a dull book called *A Fool's Errand* came to this office on one.

GRAPES.—Your article is unauthenticated with your name and address. Its chance of being examined would have been better in the days of miracles than it is now.

There has been an earthquake at this office and our MSS. have been somewhat tumbled about out of their proper order. Contributors who find that we are an unconscionably long time deciding are invited to write us about it. We do not wish to punish patience by neglect.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### A Song.

A flow'r thou art, my mistress deare,
Soe cleare and fragile white,
That for thy life ye cold I feare,
And winter's deadley blight.

Ye story goes that other buds
Have kept their beauty fair,
By being pluck'd and press'd away
In some old volume rare.

Soe, lest thy sweetnesse should be lost,
And to preserve thy charms,
I offer to thee, deare, a book
Whose leaves shall be, my arms!

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. SIGNA.

### The Sleeping Beauty.

Close where the stream that southward steals
From vales of vine and rose,
And, casting off its reedy robes,
Into San Pablo flows,
With feet just touched by rippling waves
The sleeping beauty lies,
O'ershadowed by the dusky wings
Of purple Tamalpais.

All day, with dreamful, shadowy eyes,
She looks across the bay,
And notes the white sail fall and rise
And with the sunlight play,
Till swiftly through the eastern straits
It darts like startled fawn,
And far within the purple haze
It glimmers—and is gone.

When eve steals down the wooded hills
And shadows veil the bay,
She loves to watch the lighthouse gleams
Shine o'er the drifting spray,
Till, gazing long, she droops to rest,
Lulled by the dreamy tide,
While faint, pale gleams of moonlight creep
Far down the mountain side.

PETALUMA, November, 1879. CLARENCE T. URMY.

### His Will Be Done.

When Spring was young and fresh and fair,
Two birds beneath the arbor sung;
They sung of love, and built with care
A dainty nest, where roses hung.

When Autumn touched with magic breath
The dying leaves, their birds had flown;
One builder lay in silent death—
One chirped and watched alone.

When Spring was sweet and budding new,
Two loving hearts in joyous life
Together sung—love made them true,
Youth made them strong, for peace or strife.

When Autumn came, with clouded brow,
Their tender birdlings, too, would go.
One sleeps under the willow now—
One waits alone in tears and woe.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. RICHARD RULE.

### In the Deepest Shadow.

FROM THE GERMAN OF VON EICHENDORF.

There, in the deepest shadow,
In quiet rest you sleep,
With green mats God you covered;
I am alone and weep.

O'er your low couch they bow down,
The willows that stand nigh;
Birdies sing in the branches
A sweet, soft lullaby.

And, like a golden dreaming,
Goes a zephyr, low and mild,
Through all the trees and flowers:
"Good night, my darling child.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. C. MARCHAND.

### Horace Ode III., 9.

HOR.

As long as I was dear to you,
And none more loved presumed to fling
His arms around your neck of snow,
I envied not the Persian king.

LYDIA.

And whilst you claimed no other love,
Nor Lydia after Chloe came,
I never envied, in my bliss,
The Roman Ilia's splendid fame.

HOR.

The Thracian Chloe rules me now,
Skilled in the lyre and dulcet strains,
For whom I would not fear to die
While, by fate's kindness, she remains.

LYDIA.

Calais, son of Oruytus,
Inspires me with love's mutual joy;
And I would dare a double death
So fate but spare my precious boy.

HOR.

But if beneath its brazen yoke
Our former love unite once more,
If fair-haired Chloe be cast out,
If slighted Lydia ope the door?

LYDIA.

Though he is fairer than a star,
And thou art fickle as the sea,
To live with thee would be my choice,
My wish would be to die with thee.

NEW YORK, October, 1879. G. H. JESSOP.

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Women's tastes vary, but there is one and the same spirit of restless curiosity. In the East collections of artistic and comical advertising cards are the order of the day, and in a Western city a lady has amused herself by arranging a collection of the tooth-brushes which have been left behind in her house.

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A traveler on four continents says that the prettiest city in the world is Oakland, California.—*N. Y. Herald.*

## LETTER FROM M. THEO. KEARNEY.

San Francisco, November 27, 1879.

Editor Argonaut—Dear Sir:—An editorial appeared in the Argonaut of last Saturday reflecting on an enterprise known as the Subdivision of the Easterby Rancho, of which I am manager. I do not believe you would intentionally do an injustice to any person or any enterprise, and I therefore desire, with your permission, to correct some of the inaccuracies contained in that article. It was apparently intended to be severe on me, but I must confess that I experienced more pleasure than pain in being chastised by so graceful a pen, more particularly when knowing there was no just cause for censure, and that you would withdraw it when shown that fact. With the exception of many of the assumed facts, I have no fault to find with the article. The reference to earning a salary, making a profit, having an ax to grind, or other selfish motives in colonizing schemes, is hardly logical when it is remembered that the purchase of large tracts of desert land, its transformation into blossoming, productive fields by the expenditure of large sums of money in the construction of irrigating canals, and the sale of such improved land in small tracts, is a legitimate business enterprise, benefiting alike the seller, the buyer, and the State at large. If it were claimed that these enterprises were being carried on from purely philanthropic motives, and it was found that profit only was the object, they would be fairly open to criticism on that point; but such is not the case in this instance. At the same time it affords me, among others, much greater satisfaction to be engaged in business undertakings which benefit largely our fellow-men than in many other callings that might be mentioned.

In your graphic description of our modest circular you fall into error in saying: "Then lies between, the gorgeous picture of the Easterby Rancho," as the following note, printed directly under the picture, fully shows:

Note.—The above sketch is intended to illustrate the value of irrigated land in comparison with land subject to drought or excessive rain, also the profit of wine growing over wheat and stock raising; but it is *not* intended to represent the present appearance of the Easterby Rancho. It would do very well, however, for a view of the Eisen Vineyard which adjoins this property.

I hold myself responsible for the truth of the ideas conveyed by that picture, and appeal to those familiar with the agriculture of our State to verify it. In your article, as I understand it, you have no fault to find with the Fresno country when properly irrigated, for you speak from personal observation as follows:

If these waters are taken from their beds and distributed to the plains a magic transformation is wrought; the soil becomes a marvel of productiveness. The land is inexhaustible, is prolific beyond anything we have ever seen elsewhere. Twenty acres with water and industry make a garden home upon which a family may thrive; they become a literal garden for the production of everything.

Again you say:

If there is any one thing that with us is a hobby, it is that industrious people should have happy and independent homes in the country. If families can live, as we have seen them live, upon twenty acres of God's earth in the Fresno Valley, surrounded by plenty and luxury, as they live in the Central California Colony, amid fruits and vines, in groves and orchards, it is the solution of the problem of civilization; it determines the future of California; it demonstrates the problem of industry, and solves the riddle of capital and labor.

Your objections, therefore, must centre in the title to the water, and you refer to the experience of the Central California Colony, of which I was for a time manager, as an example, stating that this Easterby Rancho enterprise is gotten up by the same parties, and under the same conditions. A word of explanation here is necessary. Mr. Bernhard Marks, formerly principal of the Lincoln Grammar School, and Mr. Wm. H. Martin, of the Immigrant Union, originated the C. C. Colony. They made a contract with Mr. Wm. S. Chapman for the purchase of 4,000 acres of land and the necessary water rights in Fresno County. They placed the property on the market, and sold some of the farms, but after working a year at it, the sales of land ceased. Mr. Martin relinquished his interest in it, and Mr. Chapman requested me to take charge of it. I did so. I believed firmly in the great value of that land, with water, and its adaptability to small farming, and the results of the past three years are ample proof that I was right. Upon taking charge of the enterprise I satisfied myself that the title to the land was perfect. I was shown the contract with the Canal Company for the water rights for the land, with receipts for three-quarters of the contract price. I was satisfied. I advertised the property freely, and within twelve months sold off all the farms. During that time, Mr. Chapman, who was really carrying on the enterprise, purchased, with Mr. Friedlander, all the stock of the Canal Company, and therefore controlled the supply of water, and gave the colonists an abundance. About the time my connection with the colony ceased, Mr. Friedlander's failure occurred; the canal passed to the ownership of the Nevada Bank, and by the bank it was sold to a Mr. Church. Mr. Chapman neglected to have certain entries of his payments made in the books of the Canal Company, but issued water rights direct to the colony.

Mr. Church, the new owner, had a grievance against Mr. Chapman; Mr. Chapman had one against Mr. Church. They engaged in law suits; the water was shut off from the colony occasionally; the colonists became frightened, and formed a water association among themselves; made an arrangement with the Canal Company that if Mr. Chapman was defeated in these suits they would pay the Canal Company for new water rights, and under that arrangement they are now and have been for months past supplied with water. One of the results is the shipment to this city of hundreds of boxes of the finest raisins that have ever been received here. Nearly all of the colonists owe Mr. Chapman installments on their farms, and as they refuse to pay until this matter is settled, they protect themselves amply in case they have to pay for the water. These, in short, are the facts in the case. Those who have been industrious, and have used the water when it could be had, have done well, but, of course, not so well as if there had been no trouble about the water. Those who sat down and waited to "see how things were going," and the shiftless, have not succeeded, and it is usually from that class the greatest complaint comes. I do not pretend to defend the management of the enterprise during the past year, for I believe if a more conciliatory spirit had been shown, the water trouble might have been settled long ago, and, instead of requiring explanation or defense, the Central California Colony would stand out to-day the brightest example of agricultural success on this coast.

In all this business I do not feel that I am censurable in the least. The now well known character of the country justified me in speaking in high terms of it; all the time I was engaged in selling the property the title to the water was perfect. I was simply to manage the business and sell the land, and it can hardly be called fair to hold me responsible for the subsequent action of my employer after I had ceased to be connected with the enterprise.

You say our present enterprise should not succeed until the C. C. Colony troubles are settled. You would have all enterprise cease, and the development of a whole county stand still, because two obstinate men, having interests in that county, see fit to engage in law suits. Upon consideration I think you will admit that is going too far. No other parties in Fresno County have trouble about their water rights, and there are many thousands of acres under irrigation; and even the C. C. Colony, under this new arrangement, is being bountifully supplied with water.

One or two corrections more and I will finish. It is *not* claimed in our prospectus that the Nevada Bank guarantees the water rights. The land and water rights have simply been purchased from the bank, under the assurance of its president that the title to the land and the water is perfect. Again, this enterprise is *not* formed by the same parties (myself excepted), nor under the same conditions. Messrs. Marks, Martin, and Chapman have nothing to do with it. Mr. N. K. Masten and myself, knowing the great value of the property for the purpose, have bought it, are having it improved by means of irrigating canals, etc., and are offering it for sale in tracts to suit at very low prices, considering its value. The title to the land is based upon a U. S. patent, is perfect, and the abstract of title is at our office, ready for examination by those interested. The title to the water is also perfect. Knowing the trouble the C. C. Colony people have had, I have taken extraordinary precautions about this title. The water rights *have been issued* (no contract for water) and are on record in Fresno County. In addition to that, I have had a preamble and resolution drawn up by Messrs. McAllister & Bergin, attorneys of the Nevada Bank, the gist of which is in the following clause:

"Therefore, It is hereby resolved and declared that this company has sold, conveyed, and been paid for, all of said water rights; and that this company has not any right, title, or interest in, or claim upon, any of said water rights; and it does hereby disclaim any right thereto, interest therein, or claim upon any of said water rights."

That resolution binds the Canal Company, under any and all circumstances, to deliver the proper quantity of water to the Easterby Rancho. To be sure that there should be no mistake about the passage of the resolution, I went to Fresno, attended the meeting of the Canal Company, witnessed its passage, and have a certified copy under seal in my office. I also have the original of the following:

*To whom it may concern:*

Be it known that the water rights issued to Herman Muller, and located upon Sections 5, 6, 7, and 8, in Township 14 south, Range 21 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian (Easterby Rancho), are recognized by the Fresno Canal and Irrigation Company as legal, valid, and binding.

Office of Said Company, Fresno Co., Cal., Nov. 17, 1869.
O. A. Munn, Secretary. M. J. Church, President.

I trust I have shown to your satisfaction, and to that of those of your readers who are interested in the subject, that the subdivision of the Easterby Rancho is an honest and worthy enterprise, and that, being so, it should receive the support of the press, and not be written down in company with land schemes which deserve that fate.

Apologizing for the length of this letter, I remain,

Very truly yours, M. Theo. Kearney.

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The subject of dining can scarcely be said to occupy in literature the place which it deserves. The late Mr. Mortimer Collins seldom missed an opportunity of making the personages in his novels sit down to dinner, and other writers of our day, notably Mr. Sala, can invest the dinner-table with a strong literary interest. But a great work on dining, one worthy of the subject, has still to be written. Such a work would necessarily cover almost the entire social history under consideration. The vastness of the subject is forcibly suggested by some remarks of a writer in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, who, *à propos* of the extension of the hours of certain Paris theatres to 12.30, so as to permit of the performances being begun after instead of during the present fashionable dinner-hour, points out as a curious fact that the dinner-hour in France is becoming an hour later every twenty or thirty years. What is true of the French in this respect is equally true of England and America. A century and a half ago, dinner, by which is to be understood the principal meal of the day, was in England, and, indeed, in most European countries, a mid-day meal. Since that time, however, it has gradually become later and later, until at length the customary hour for serving it in London, and to a great extent in New York, is 7 or 7:30 in the evening. How far we may go in our present direction it is impossible to foretell. The dinner-hour of society has been for some time past steadily encroaching upon the time devoted by the theatres to their ordinary performances, and the interests of the drama have been suffering accordingly. Parisian managers, finding it impossible to sweep back the tide of fashion, have yielded to it by delaying the commencement of their plays. Probably, London, New York, and San Francisco managers will, in course of time, be compelled to do likewise.

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One of the most elegant novelties of the hour in Paris is phosphorescent flowers. These flowers are rendered luminous by coating the petals with transparent size and then dusting them with a phosphorescent substance. When so treated flowers will glow in the dark, revealing their natural tints. This looks very much as though refined gold may be made better by the gilding, and does away with the old notion that it's no use to paint the lily.

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The *Hawkeye* says: "All that the American navy needs is some boats. It has plenty of water."

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Old sledge is still the favorite game with most blacksmiths.

## OUR SISTERS AND OUR COUSINS.

### And Our Aunts.

Back yards—the trains of the ladies' dresses.

The horrid zone—the latest fashion in ladies' belts.

Fashionable young ladies of London are studying the classics and philosophy, but play lawn tennis all the same.

"She flitted by like a vision." She wouldn't have been in such a hurry only she had on that "hateful old dress" with the overskirt two seasons behind the style.

A young man who sneers at a girl's false teeth hasn't a well-balanced head. Let him marry a girl who has toothache and he will see where he was lame.

A Boston woman cut her dress from a pattern in a magazine dated 1873 before she discovered that it wasn't 1879, and it took three doctors to tide her over the long, lonely night.

Boston was probably the first city in the world where women engaged in the study of medicine, and at the Medical University there they now have a lady demonstrator in anatomy.

It is said that when Mrs. Siddons left her husband she gave him money enough to drink himself to death in a year. She had perfect confidence in his honest application of it to that purpose.

Jane Gilbert, who is now living at No. 26 Vine Street, Baltimore, was born in Dorchester county, Md., on March 11, 1776, and is 103 years old. She is in good health, and able to declare that she is only 102.

The Western lady who read in a newspaper that baking powder was a good thing, thought she'd bake some, and her old man, on arriving at where the cabin had stood, said he wouldn't mind the affair so much if she'd let the dog out.

Mrs. Lucy Stone is quoted as saying that Chief Justice Chase once said to her: "I see no end to the good to come from woman suffrage, both on the elections and the elected, and the women themselves." Don't believe he said it, Lu.

Some day a woman of noble impulses and strong right arm will be granted to the earth, and then the man who is in the habit of looking back over his shoulder at the ladies he has passed on the street will try it once more and then quit.

The dyspeptic spinster, with cork-screw curls,
Her goose-quill now with avidity hurls,
With Christmastide grimness afflicting her nose,
Evolving her tale to its bitter close,
For the *Children's Magazine.*

Miss Yocum, a school teacher of Kittilas Valley, Oregon, has taken up a land claim, fenced it, built a house upon it, and this year raised 612 bushels of grain, besides attending to her duties as teacher. She has abundantly demonstrated her ability to support a husband.

A little girl in Maine was impaled on a pitchfork. She fell from the stable to the first floor, where the pitchfork was sticking perpendicularly between the boards, and one prong of it went through the calf of her leg, holding her up thereby till her father released her. The girl still lives. Moreover, the pitchfork is as good as ever.

It should be remembered that the name of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland is Maria Louisa Victoria Carolina Amelia Alexandra Augusta Frederica. It would be wrong to confuse her with her cousin, Frederica Augusta Alexandra Amelia Carolina Victoria Louisa; or her second cousin, Augusta Frederica Amelia Alexandra Carolina Louisa Victoria.

Mrs. George Martin, living near Huntsville, Ala., has been speechless from paralysis for more than a year. A few days ago, while brushing a table, she struck a loaded revolver lying thereon. The weapon was at once discharged, the ball taking effect above the left knee of her paralyzed leg. An ugly, though not dangerous, wound was produced, but melancholy to relate, Mrs. Martin at once began to talk, and has continued to do so ever since the accident.

A sister's love is charming,
As everybody knows;
And a handsome cousin's love is nice
(At least, I should suppose);
And the love of a true lover
Is the love that can not pall;
But the love of a new bonnet
Is the dearest love of all.

Two young women were to travel, without a male escort, from Aurelius, N. Y., to San Francisco. Fearful of annoyance, they thought it would be a safeguard if one had her hair cropped and wore men's clothes. This plan was carried out, and all went well until they came to Chicago. But at Chicago the one with the cropped hair and the trousers had the indiscretion to throw a stone at a dog. She was arrested in a minute, and was about to be searched, when she confessed.

Mrs. Carlisle, wife of a jelly manufacturer in Pittsburg, met with a very singular mishap. She was standing near a piece of machinery, when somehow her hair, which was hanging down her back, was caught between the cog wheels. Several revolutions had been made before her husband heard her cry of alarm and went to her rescue. It being impossible to stop the machinery quick enough by the usual method, he seized a block of wood near at hand and jammed it down between the cog wheels with all his force. Alas, it was too late; the lady was already walking composedly away toward the nearest hair store.

Impulsive princesses can not be too reserved with beggar maids. Princess Labkovitz, while taking her usual walk from Kirmie Castle, Bohemia, three weeks ago, was accosted by two gypsy women, who asked for alms. The princess took her portemonnaie from her pocket and handed them a few small silver coins. But they were not satisfied with the amount, and while one of them snatched the portemonnaie out of her hand, the other made away with a large gold medallion which she had round her neck. The princess was so surprised by their audacity that some time elapsed before she recovered herself and called for help. The beggars were by that time in the thickest of the woods.

## UP THE COAST.

A Show Trip from San Bernardino to San Francisco.

I had too much money. That was what was the matter with me. It's an affliction that doesn't prevail to any serious extent in California nowadays, and has never raged epidemically since "the fall of '49 or spring of '50." But I had it, and I had it bad. Dr. Adam Charleton treated me for it, and he cured me most effectually. Adam Charleton—I call him by this name, although it isn't his—was a "retired" showman. He had been known on the bills as a "brilliant protean actor." I had only seen him on the bills. I found out, after a sad experience, that he had never been known anywhere else as a protean actor. In the dives and "snide" minstrel shows, where his talent had been diffused, he was known among his familiars as a Dutch song and dance man, and a fifth-rate nigger singer. This retired showman had gone to "merchandizing," so he wrote me, when he took it upon himself to cure me of my attack of pecuniosity. I learned afterward that he was in the green-grocery business in a county town in Southern California. He had also aspired to create a corner in eggs. The cellar under his green-grocery was packed full of them. They stayed there so long that he got afraid to go down into it, and some of his neighbors say that those ancient eggs were the moving cause in turning him back toward the show business. He was afraid of a general explosion, and if there had been one he would have been an entire show in himself, and people, for miles and miles around, would have been led to believe that new sulphur springs had broken out all over that region of country. I think that, after he left, some well-meaning citizens hired a "fire-bug" to burn the house down, as far as it could burn, and make one huge and questionable omelet of Mr. Charleton's corner in eggs and corner of the street. At any rate, Mr. Charleton knew that I had some money and a shameful predilection to be an actor. So, he wrote me that he had a great scheme in the show line, and wouldn't I go in with him? Of course I would, and I did.

I took a shot bag full of coin, everything I had in the world, except a numerous family, and telegraphed the money to Mr. Charleton. Therewith the enterprising showman and his pals proceeded to buy a red wagon and a fine pair of horses. Beautiful three-colored bills, with my "stage name" on them in looming and unblushing characters, were provided also, and all the paraphernalia of the "Multum-in-Parvo Dramatic Company" were shortly in working order, and ready for the road. A play had been written for the talented aggregation, at my expense, which was to bring out the specialties of each member, and soon I was notified to join the galaxy of stars. This I proceeded to do at an additional and serious expense. The company did me the honor to bring my own team down to the depot to meet me. The company was disappointed. It's members had spent much cash in the purchase of plug-hats and other killing apparel, and I didn't look a bit like a distinguished actor, nor yet a capitalist, and my baggage was unostentatious to a paralyzing degree. But they drove me gallantly and proudly into San Bernardino, and a few nights after we gave, at Jackson's Theatre, our initial performance. But for these chronicles, I could wish it had been the terminal performance.

The *élite* of the village turned out, and it will always be a profound mystery to me that the audience didn't turn us out. I have credited it to broad-handed Charity. Not an individual of the cast knew his or her part, except some children in one scene, who had only to get up and shout and run off the stage, helter-skelter, any way to get off. The scene was intended to represent a school taking a recess, and, though they were all school children, they didn't do the thing very well. I shall not complain, however, as they certainly did better than any of the rest of us.

We left town next morning for our tour up the Coast, and I shall always feel grateful to the people along the route for not doing us any bodily injury. In many places they were very kind to us, especially where we played two nights, for on the second night those who came not only paid their money at the door, but stripped their vegetable gardens to do us honor. Mr. Charleton, who had done us the distinguished credit of appointing himself manager, treasurer, and general high-mucky-muck of the outfit, failed to exhibit his usual financial acumen in not preserving those vegetables and doing something with them in the market, but I suppose that he acted on the principle that as he had cut himself loose from the green-grocery line, he intended to eschew altogether any such sordid means of gain. For my part, I thought the vegetables might have been handed to us in a much more respectful manner. This thing of cutting off the "leading man's" most heroic speech with a four-pound cabbage, square in his mouth, has a tendency to mar effect; and to upset the "first old man" with a turnip as big as a tea-pot, is not altogether the correct thing.

When we left San Bernardino it was with the idea of describing a semi-circle south of Los Angeles, so as to be well up in our business before we drove in and astonished the natives of that second metropolis of California; so we went on astonishing the natives in the villages and hamlets and cross-roads settlements on the line of the semi-circle. On the first day we drove by Cucamongo and the smiling vineyards and grinning greasers, and at noon pulled up at Pomona. I don't know why the place is called so, unless because there isn't a fruit-tree in sight, and apples cost more in that vicinity per dozen than they do in San Francisco per bushel. The place has a few small and irregular vertical plank houses, one saloon, a general store kept by a versatile Hebrew, a pile of ashes and some rusty iron scraps showing where the hotel used to be, and an empty shanty that has been used by turns for a church, a hurdy-gurdy house, a gin-mill, and a Good Templars' Hall. In this we played, dressing under a shed in the rear. Our exits and entrances were all made by the back door, and as we didn't like to appear above our audience, we performed without a stage, on the common level of the floor. Of course we didn't give our drama, but the manager apologized for that very neatly with a lie about some accident to our scenery, of which we really had none, except a window on canvas that had been torn from a ruined flat in the San Bernarnino theatre, so we gave a variety show.

The only approach to a musician in the party was Prof. Carlos Linn, who was also "first old man." He played a B.-f. cornet in a style that would have made a calliope ashamed of itself; and he did it on this occasion outside the back door, while the star, Mr. Charleton, did his Dutch song and dance and his Irish and Chinese dialect business. He also whistled a sort of jig, and accompanied it with a bad-voiced guitar, while the "leading lady" danced a Highland fling. He also pulled on a broken-winded accordeon to ease the "infant prodigy" of the company through an exceedingly infantile song, but "let up" when she came back, on a faint suspicion of an encore, to recite the woeful ballad, "The Death of a Doll." My turn came next, and as I was to do a funny old darky, and knew that I could never be funny with that kind of music behind me, I excused the musician and hid my blushes and disgust behind the burnt-cork and prepared chalk of my old darky make-up, while I made the hit of the evening. I am a modest man, and yet this is a confession. It ain't saying much, either, in my own behalf. Let me say farther that I have two diplomas, which I have fooled two sets of college professors out of—one from a school of letters and the other from a school of law. I have been nineteen years a journalist, and have been rubbed up against the hard side of the world, in a Bohemian way, ever since the date of my nativity. I have also a poetic temperament, and profess to have derived from all these sources some æsthetic taste. This show didn't gratify it. So, from that time on, I kept along with the *outré* outrage in order to see the country and get my money back. In the first I succeeded; in the latter I failed.

A drive between the mountains and through fertile valleys, thirty miles southwest, brought us to El Rincon. We put up at a farm house, feasted on green corn and chickens, and played at night in a school-house on a hill a mile from anywhere. We drew a curtain across one end of the school-house and played in the end next to the black-board. Here we gave the drama, having secured for an orchestra a one-eyed Spaniard who could "pick" a guitar, and a lame negro who could saw on a fiddle. This gave the "first old man" freedom from his cornet and accordeon; and while the play proceeded, in lieu of scenery, I wrote what each scene was supposed to be in huge characters upon the black-board, as they came. I thought this was an original idea, and declared my intention to copyright the happy discovery, but when I arrived in San Francisco, months afterward, and mentioned the "original idea," I was informed that the Chinese have been doing this same thing since the year 17,973 B. C. Still there are people who insist that the Chinese are not in the way in this country.

Our Baby Elephant, in the last act, just excruciated the Rinconites, and they allowed us to escape. Thirty miles more, through a delightful country, teeming with orange orchards, water-melon patches, and half-grown, half-naked half-breeds, brought us to Santa Aña. Here we saw the Rule that worked both ways, and blacked the eye of Denis Kearney. Santa Aña is not much of a "show town," and although it is several miles from the coast, we found a light house here, right in the centre of the place—so very light-indeed, that we didn't play. No one could blame us, because there was no audience. To make a bull, the only person who came didn't get there. He was a man with a free ticket, whom we met as we were on our way back to the hotel. He was disappointed; but not nearly so much as he would have been had the performance gone on. This last remark is for his special consolation. It was when we reached Santa Aña that Mr. Charleton informed the Company that he must have one-half of the net receipts so long as the Company did business, the other half to be divided between the remainder of the party. He claimed this, very modestly, because he was the star; and then his reputation as a protean actor was great—he said. I was somewhat recalcitrant on the point until I saw "the house" that night; then I very magnanimously gave in. I would have been perfectly willing for him to take all the receipts if the "business" had continued to be of that kind.

Driving from Santa Aña to Anaheim, about twelve miles, on a day which was warm enough to satisfy the highest aspirations of the longest thermometer you ever saw, and the road heavy with sand, it was then I found that our horses were too valuable. We had to walk the greater part of the day. We were all "walking gentlemen" from that time forward, for I can safely say that we walked over half the way from that point to San Francisco, during the two months that followed. This was to save the horses. Talent was nowhere alongside of a five-hundred dollar pair of horses, in which all had some interest. The show was common property; and while one of the party had only furnished the baby elephant make-up and an empty champagne basket, he was part owner in the horses, and I held an equal share in the elephant make-up and the champagne basket.

We arrived at Anaheim and got out the band. This was was a bass drum, a pair of cymbals, the B-f. cornet, and a tenor horn that had suffered from service in a number of excursion drunks with a country musical corps. Prof. Linn played the cornet in his wild and weird way; Mr. Charleton, who knew no more about the instrumment than a Piute does about belles-lettres, essayed the tenor horn—"vamped" his parts, as it were—while I was cast for the bass drum, and Pete, the property-man and "first low comedian," did the cymbals. I mildly remonstrated against the band, knowing that this was a German settlement and that the people were posted on music, but Mr. Charleton said it would make the populace think we were "rustlers," whatever that is, and then he informed the crowd that had gathered around that our leader was down with the mumps, and that several of our instruments had been accidentallly run over and ruined. This lie paralyzed me to such an extent that further remonstrance was impossible, and I beat that drum vigorously. In fact I tried to create the impression that I was doing a bass drum solo. The others did their duty, however, and the crowd yelled as we drove through the streets, and invited us to "let go," and "let up," and "take a tumble," etc.; but we played on and played out. There can be no doubt but that band settled us in Anaheim. Three people came to the hall that night, who doubtless thought we were "rustlers," but we didn't show. Again I felt willing for Mr. Charleton to take all the receipts.

The next morning early, and it was Sunday, we drove twenty miles to Downey City. The country through which we passed has a soil as fertile as the far-famed valley of the Nile. The fields were then groaning under heavy crops of Indian corn, wheat, and barley, and the orchards and vineyards were luxuriant in their green fruit, which hung promising and prolific upon branch and vine. At Downey we played two nights in the dining-room of the hotel, and made money and enemies. Thence we drove to Wilmington, the *entrépôt* to Los Angeles; thence to Santa Monica, a delightful resort, the scenery of which is like a poet's dream—some of their dreams. At both places our business was good, so far as the audiences were concerned. From Santa Monica we drove through the mountains eighty miles, via San Fernando Pass, to Hueneme. We passed within eight miles of Los Angeles, which place we could see in the distance, lying spread out in the valley like a view of a phantom city seen in a mirage. From Hueneme we walked through the sandy loam nearly to San Buenaventura, while our horses did us the kindness to pull the almost empty wagon. Within a few miles of the last-named place we resumed our seats and rode triumphantly into the town. San Buenaventura is the most delightful spot in all California. The little town reaches from a mountain range on the east to the ocean beach on the west; and while on one side it has clambered part of the way up the mountain side, the feet of its streets on the other side are laved by the waters of the blue Pacific. The place is as neat as a new pin. Its yards and gardens are invariably well kept, and it has altogether an air of quiet refinement and retired ease that is comfortable and refreshing. On the main street stands an old Spanish mission, built of adobe, one hundred and five years ago, by the early padres, which is still preserved. Its inner walls are almost covered with ancient paintings, done by the accomplished monks of those and even earlier days; pictures of numerous saints and of scenes in the life of the Saviour, and all the interior decorations are old and interesting. The people of San Buenaventura are whole-souled and hospitable, and from the bottom of my heart I wish that every one who visits California, and who has a taste for beautiful scenery, a climate that is faultless, and a delightful place to rest, would go and see this sweet little village by the sea.

For fear that this article will be too lengthy, I shall skip along up the coast at a lively rate and leave untold and unmentioned hundreds of incidents and attractive spots that came to pass and were passed in our eventful trip.

From San Buenaventura we drove along the beach the greater part of the way to Santa Barbara. Sometimes the flush of the breakers would run along up the sands under the wheels of our vehicle, and splash among the feet of our horses. When we left the beach and ascended a hill that looked down on Carpenteria, the scene below filled me with most exquisite delight. That view is worthy the brush of the greatest landscape painter that ever bought colors done up in tin-foil, or had them given to him. How I wished that deft-handed Tavernier had been there to go into ecstacies with me over the enchanting prospect. As it was I found found sympathy with the company. The professor declared that it was "great;" the first low comedian who had observed a jackass rabbit bouncing down the hillside, desired that we should "stag his royal;" Mr. Charleton remarked that "them gawks around here are well fixed, ain't they, cully?" the leading lady insisted that we should "shinny along;" while the infant prodigy bemoaned a mishap to "his nibs," her favorite dog, of which class of pets, it may not be out of place to mention here, she had four, ranging in size from a nine days' old cat to a Saratoga trunk. The business of these animals was only to engage in joint discussions when they could get a bone to discuss.

Carpenteria is a delightful settlement—cool, cosy, quiet, and covered, for the most part, with grapevines. From there it is a drive of four or five miles, through an amazingly fertile region, to Santa Barbara—a city full of roses and other beautiful flowers, and lying on the main land opposite to the islands.

From Santa Barbara we drove over a big mountain thirty miles to Lompoc, a temperance colony, where there are no saloons, and the chief staple is beans. Thence we went to Gonzales, Golden City, Arroyo Grande, through San Luis Obispo up to Cambria, a place where, in midsummer, we found overcoats a luxury, or rather a necessity. Cambria is the centre of a great lumber region, and in early days was a noted mining town. From there we came back by way of Cayucas to San Luis again, where we played two nights, and lost all the money we had made everywhere else and several dollars more. Again I became willing for Mr. Charleton to take all of the net receipts.

Speaking of Cambria reminds me of the Professor's talent—which, by the way, was the only talent he had—for calling every place we passed by a wrong name. Alluding to Cambria he would, during the same conversation, speak of the place as Cambric, Camel, Carbine, and Camphor. Cayucos he called Kiotis, San Luis was San Lewis; Jolon was christened Joe Lone's, until some one told him that the Spanish J was pronounced H., and then he called the place Hello.

Coming from Cayucos to San Luis we passed in sight of Morro Rock, a stone mountain which stands out in the sea about half a mile from the main land, and to which an enterprising individual once carried a few loads of soil in which he planted some corn in order to take possession of the island under the preëmption laws.

From San Luis we went over another big and long mountain, and coming down on the north side were on the Rancho San Margarita, the little farm of Señor Don Patricio Murphy, ex-Senator from San Luis Obispo County. This farm is only forty miles long and fifteen miles wide, and isn't nearly as large, metaphorically speaking, as the heart and hospitality of its Hispano-Celtic-Americano owner. During the day we arrived at Paso Robles Springs, and the aroma with which the air was impregnated seemed to make Mr. Charleton uneasy; he was doubtless reminded of his corner in eggs. The waters are sulphurously sulphuric, and the weather was so hot that the combination of caloric and brimstone was calculated to make us think of the orthodox home to which the wicked are said to be drifting, down a broad and inviting road. Thank heaven, the road isn't as unpleasant as the road to Paso Robles Springs. People must be sick indeed who can be persuaded to go there for their health.

From the Pass of Oaks, which is the English of it, we drove through the San Miguel, which is the location of a ruined Mission—said to be the oldest and largest one on this Coast—on by Plisto, a noted stage station in a beautiful spot, to Jolon, where we camped. All along our route we had seen flocks of numberless quail, but here at Jolon they were so thick that we killed them with stones, and the broiled bird became

to us an every day and every meal affair. At this place we gave an out-of-door entertainment, at night, using the portico of the hotel for a stage, and so honest was the audience that every person came up after the show and paid his or her admission fee. It is not necessary to add that shows are marvelously infrequent at Jolon.

It was during our encampment here that the "first heavy villain" of the company carried his penchant for gambling too far. He was not happy at any time unless he was betting on something. He would challenge anybody he met, if he had three minutes' time, to play draw poker, always producing with the word a pack of greasy marked cards; he would play "heads or points" with pins and the infant prodigy; he never took a glass at a saloon that he didn't invite the barkeeper to set out the "bones," and he would draw straws with anybody upon the slightest provocation, to settle a point. But at Jolon, having lost a game of mumble-the-peg with the "soubrette," he broke off a false tooth while digging at the peg with his chin and nose, and thus became unable to speak his heavy lines with any degree of power. A lisping villain would be an unheard of atrocity that even the "Multum-in-Parvo Dramatic Company" couldn't abide, so the first heavy villain's distinguishhd services had to be dispensed with, until we could get to a town big enough to afford an entire dentist, and get his jaw filled up again. After leaving Jolon we drove to Soledad, the terminus of the Southern Pacific Coast Railroad. The little town stands near the head of the funnel-shaped Salinas valley, and its streets are kept cleanly swept by the besom of the wind. Go to that place and you'll think you never felt the wind blow before—that is, continuously. It just comes up from the sea through that valley as if it were going after the doctor. I much feared that we would all be rendered unfit for duty by getting our heads blown off; but failing in that, Old Boreas just sat back on his hind legs and howled. Court adjourned to give us a chance to show, and yet we didn't have a "big house." Señor Don Patricio Murphy was there, however, and we felt proud.

Business seemed to grow as soon as we struck the railroad, and with little or no event other than the occasional theft of a cake of soap from a hotel, or something of that sort, we passed through and played at Salinas City, Monterey, Castroville, Watsonville, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Spanishtown, at which-last named place we enjoyed a good square fight, between two of the leading people of the company—a "star engagement."

Having by this time been fully cured of my moneyed affliction, and all desire to be any longer part proprietor of a dramatic outfit, or yet to be an actor, I hired a horse—which threw me, by the way—eschewed stages of all kinds, and and came to San José, where I took the cars for the city by the Golden Gate, and have written these truthful chronicles for the double purpose of warning others and obtaining money enough to pay for the gas consumed during their inditement. W. L. VISSCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

### Letters.

"Blessed be letters," says Ik Marvel, in the quiet of his bachelor home; and his words echo the thought of many a heart. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" as never to have thrilled at sight of the small white token from friend, or home, or lover? There certainly does not breathe such a woman; but women are much greater lovers of letters than men, and can find in the written sheet such an amount of comfort or happiness, misery or disappointment, as a man would never dream of. Letters should be, and for the most are, a better and truer expression of the mind than spoken words. How much easier to tell a disagreeable or painful thing with pen than with tongue. How much pleasanter to intrust your inmost thoughts to the white sheet for transfer to your friend, than to tell them with his eye upon you, his changing face expressing surprise, doubt, and perhaps condemnation. How infinitely sweeter to whisper to the tinted page, "O fly to her and tell her, tell her," than to stand in the awful presence of the mistress of your heart and try to tell her yourself. But, you may say, in writing you miss all those charms of the voice dear to you in every varying tone, all that magnetism of the eye that says as much to your heart as the words themselves; in short, that letters are cold, formal, to be tolerated only when they, as bright carrier-doves, are the only living things able to cross the waves of distance and bring the flower of hope to waiting hearts. Ah, but they need not be cold; they can be full of warmest friendship; they can breathe in every line the tenderest feeling; there can be shut within that small envelope such words, such promises, such hopes, as will send you upon your knees in thankfulness for life and love. Who would not bless such letters, written with truth and read with faith? And if Truth hold the pen the letter can never grow old; it is the same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever; it will bear preserving, and will speak to us through the dust of years with as sweet a voice as when it came fresh from the true heart that sent it.

But there is another letter, one that strikes a wound into the tenderest feelings of our natures—a wound that even time can not wholly cure. How it hurts one to open the little packet of expected joy and comfort, and find only words, words; no feeling, no reality, no answering tenderness to the warmth of your own heart, but instead coldest formality, put in a guise of friendship that only betrays the treacherous errand on which it is sent, and the faithlessness of the heart from which it sprang. Ah, friends, do not write such letters; there is not enough of happiness in this world for any soul to dare deprive another of so much of his little portion. Blessed would it be if all such hurts could have the happy healing described by the poet in his "Letters:" "Like torrents from a mountain source we rushed into each other's arms," and the much to be desired ending: "There comes a sound of wedding-bells." DOMARA.

JACKSON, Cal., November, 1879.

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A wealthy gentleman happened to remark, in the hearing of a waiter, that he would like to have some coffee such as he used to have at home, in the years long ago. He was presently served with a cup of his much beloved beverage, and he exclaimed, "There is coffee!" The waiter had ordered the browning of some rye and beans, which, with a little chiccory and a dash of milk, made the drinker happy.

## THE TRIALS OF AN EGOIST.

### A Friendly Reflex.

I like so many people, including myself, and so many abstractions, including whist, that I seldom allow myself the luxury of undiluted dislike. But there are certain misdirected qualities of human nature—certain amiabilities, asperities, and neutral nothings—which command at least my qualified disapproval; and such is the fatal depravity of the literary habit that it is in some sense a pleasant duty to place those qualities in the pillory of immortal ridicule. Better the frankness of friendship than the reticence of suppressed disgust. I have my friend Primrose in mind at this moment. He is five feet ten, good-looking, companionable, and generous; a gentleman by birth, and a salesman through accident. He is a good salesman and a good fellow, but in the eyes of my exacting egoism he has one fault. I dined with him last night. He gave me a good dinner, and for the most part his table talk was as excellent of its kind as that of Southey or Leigh Hunt. But after dinner, in the collar and elbow privacy of his neat hall bedroom, my friend Primrose chanced to elevate his feet a trifle higher than his head. Now, my friend's feet are neither small nor shapely. Close criticism reveals in them that condition of chronic pinchedness in which both tight boots and teratology delight. I saw my friend's feet as I saw a dozen other objects in the room, but I did not notice them, as I did not notice the other dozen objects. But Primrose thought I was thinking about his big feet, and so into our pleasant chit-chat he interjected a pointless pleasantry in apology for the size and condition of that for which I cared not a button. What I *was* thinking about was my friend—"the ego of him," the intangible, invisible, spiritual Primrose—so jolly, so spontaneous, and so thoroughly friendly; and he had to spoil it all by an inane vulgarity. At his best my friend is charming, but no man may make a savory dish of stupidity and coarseness. I know that my friend "meant well." I fully understand that he did violence to his own good taste in order to defend his own modesty. But had he a right to offend my good taste or insult my judgment? I like my friend Primrose, but I wish he had less morbid modesty, greater self-repression or more symmetrical feet.

My friend Doris is fascinating to the tips of her rosy fingers. No one else is so continuously pretty, so uniformly gracious, so thoroughly responsive. I saw her the other day on Kearny Street, braving the first November drizzle. Ulster-clad and weather-defiant, she moved amidst the sullen maelstrom of gloomy umbrellas, the one brave sunbeam beneath the curtained sky. Surely no other woman was ever half so swan-like. Last night I met Doris, casually, in the parlors of a mutual acquaintance. "We don't meet often," I said. "Not very often," she replied; "but I am becoming used to neglect from my friends. I have learned to blame myself for not being so vividly attractive as other women. You have been twice within a week to call upon Judith." What could I say? I could not protest that I did not care half as much for Judith as I did for her. She would not have believed me. Now, I love to walk the perilously narrow wall between egoism and egotism, but I never—I *mean* never—fell over into the nether courtyard. So I do not flatter myself that Doris cares particularly whether I call often or stay away for ever and a day. But I protest against the mental tendency which causes her to condemn herself for the lack of what she possesses in the fullest measure. There is nothing in girlish modesty which justifies self-depreciation. But the dispraise of self has nothing in common with that lovely humility which refrains from ulterior judgment. I wish Doris were less otherwise delicious or else less distrustful.

My friend Lamb is a writer—a journalist—a poet. In some respects he is the brightest fellow I know, and he has recently done me real service. I have a dozen reasons for admiring him, and a dozen others for overwhelming him with gratitude. But now and then he obtrudes his brilliant personality upon my most cherished beliefs. I contend that I am never afraid of truth. I cry out against no man who assails me with facts. But my friend Lamb buffets me with the stuffed club of dogmatism until my physical fists long to punch his head. Now, my friend Lamb is young. He has lived less than a third of man's scripturally allotted and scientifically measured years. Yet he talks as if there were no twisted riddles within the meshes of human inexperience—as if the unspeakable had been already spoken, and the unknowable were already known—as if ultimate good were a delusion and perfect love a lie. I wish he were a little less dogmatic or a trifle less likeable.

My friend Portia is *sui generis;* yet no woman of my acquaintance is more thoroughly feminine. She is, restrictedly, a writer and a poet—like my friend Lamb. She is also a social satirist, one of the keenest since Thackeray; but though she is a satirist, she is no traducer. Socially she is likeable, even lovable; all her moods are delightful. Every outgiving of her presence compels my instant admiration; but within the lute-like sweetness of her nature there is a rift which sometimes makes me wish I had never known her. She is abominably lazy. She has talents which might make her famous—as fame goes, and rich—as scribbling pays, but she prefers to live in easy-circumstanced idleness. I wish she were less otherwise admirable or else less indolent.

The evil of downright wickedness is a crippled stripling; the evil of mere weakness is a titan. Because I am an egoist, strong in the strength of my self trust, I hate the weakness of my friends. I foresee the dangers into which it must sometime lead them; I fear its devilish prowess when it shall put on the armor of habit and enter the lists against them.

Of my friends I have pilloried four only. I have in all a baker's dozen. Of these there are but two who are absolutely without flaw; they are the editors who read my copy and mark my proof for the check-book of the business manager. ALFRED HARDIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

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Whenever the Indians and soldiers have a brush, the soldiers are very apt to furnish the hair.

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Uneasy lies the man who has already been caught at it once or twice.

## A NEW FAVORITE.

[The following lines from Mr. Edwin Arnold's epic, "The Light of Asia," are a pretty fair sample of the work, so far as regards style and the purely poetic qualities. Unlike many English men of letters, Mr. Arnold (who is, or recently was, the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*,) is far less familiarly known in this country than in his own.]

BUDDHA AND THE WOMAN.

When they came unto the river's side,
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with fearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord, thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, while he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison;' and another, 'He will die;'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small,
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hurt him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo! now he passeth in his yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples may be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand,
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea, little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who need physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died;
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"
The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea, I spake thus,
Dear Kisagotami! But didst thou find
The seed?"
"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe grown colder, asking at each hut
Here in the jungle and toward the town:
'I pray you give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola, black;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said,
'O sister! what is this you ask? The dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good-man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—beneath the wild vines by the stream
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister, thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds, that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yestesday; to-day
Thou knowest the whole wide world weeps thy woe;
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er fields and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven, men their lords.
I seek that secret; bury thou thy child!"

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### A Home for Gentlewomen.

SACRAMENTO, November 17, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir:—I think it fairly demonstrated that Olla Podrida's Eagle automatic pencil writes good articles. As I have not that kind of pencil, and wish to express my gratitude to the ARGONAUT for the kind suggestions respecting a home for women, I write, with a common steel pen, to say that for some years the women of Sacramento have been trying to build a home for the class of women that you bought the patent pencil of; also, girls that are seeking employment. We have more than $12,000, which have been given mostly by a few noble-hearted women of California, for a women's home; also a lot worth $4,000. The women of this State have paid taxes for years to support hospitals for men and orphan asylums and other institutions, and now we solicit aid from the wealthy, and those burdened with the care of wealth that is as intolerable to bear as the wants of the poor. We hope they will help us in this very important enterprise. We wish to build an institution that will be an honor to the State; and if, in the fluctuation of human affairs, their mothers, wives, or daughters should be reduced to want, they may not be reduced to the necessity of selling patent pencils in saloons. I like your idea of having land sufficient to grow fruit and flowers, so that the inmates could work out of doors. It would contribute to their health and happiness, and at the same time help to make it a self-sustaining institution, which our association hope to do. Our President is Mrs. E. B. Crocker, now in the Eastern States. We intend building as soon as we have sufficient means, and can decide where to build. We are much encouraged in our efforts to help those that need help, and by your kind words.

MRS. L. G. WATERHOUSE.

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This is a rather better thing than *Punch* commonly achieves in these degenerate days: "What are you puzzling over, Ponsonby?" "I'm trying to answer a note from the 'Dear Duchess,' as you call her. She's done me the honor to write and ask if that St. Bernard pup I gave her should be fed on meat or biscuits." "Well, biscuits, shouldn't it?" "Of course; but she spells biscuit with a k, you see, and I don't like to spell it properly for fear of hurting her grace's feelings; and yet I don't want it to get about that I spell bis[illegible] k." "Say meat, then." "But she spells meat w[illegible]"

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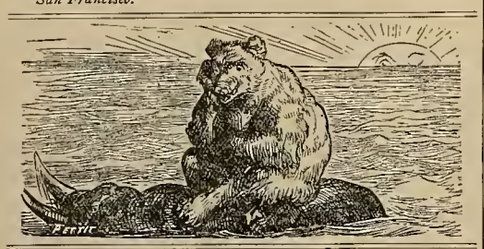

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.*

We are quite prepared to admit that California is not as prosperous as many other of our newer States—not as prosperous as it ought to be; that San Francisco is dull and slow, that the times are hard, and that the immediate outlook is not altogether pleasant. It seems to us that if we had a home in any of the Eastern States, where we were living in comfort and making both ends meet, we would not break up that home for anything that California offers, nor for any inducement that the State now presents for immigration. We admit that San Francisco is not in an over-prosperous condition, and that an undue proportion of our citizens are bankrupt, out of business, unprosperous, and despondent. Real estate values are not what they were, rents have certainly declined, labor is not as abundant nor does it command as good prices as it did some years ago. Our city is growing but slowly in wealth and increasing but slowly in population—we see but little improvement going on about us. We hear and read of all sorts of speculations as to the cause of this stagnation and depression. Some tell us that it is the Chinese, some that all our misfortunes arise from stock speculations, and some that we may attribute our troubles to the labor agitations. Others again say that it is climate that leads to idleness; others that land monopoly is the curse of the country. The railroads and politicians come in for their share of the blame. We are quite convinced that the Chinese deplete the country of vast sums of money, and are both a positive and negative injury—positive by sending their earnings away from us, and negative by preventing other industrious people from living among us. We are impressed with the disastrous consequences of stock-gambling among our middle and working classes, and note with alarm and apprehension the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. The unrestrained threats of our lawless and criminal classes have worked a great injury to both State and city. Land monopoly is an evil; railroads have not been generous, and our office-holders have not been economical in the administration of our city government. And yet we do not by any means despair of our State, nor our city; nor do we think the future of either doubtful. We are sorry to see so much of despondency on the part of old citizens, and note the marked contrast between the buoyant, hopeful, resolute spirit of the olden time and the half-hearted, despondent feeling of the present. There was a time when reverses were met with strong hearts; fires and floods did not daunt our courage nor business reverses dampen our ardor. The coming census will probably demonstrate the fact that we are moving slowly, but surely, steadily, healthfully forward. We are undoubtedly increasing in population somewhat, and increasing in the aggregate of wealth. There are two causes why immigration does not come to us more speedily. The first is in the splendid lands and really attractive inducements to settle in those States that lie between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains; the other is that our best lands are monopolized and our immigration efforts have been directed by selfish men for personal and speculative gains. We are not of the class that is anxious to encourage any immigration but the very best, and would not spend one dollar, nor send a pamphlet beyond our own country, for foreign immigrants. In our judgment, German, Irish, Scandinavian, Portuguese, and, indeed, immigrants from all European countries are coming quite fast enough—quite as fast as we can assimilate them, and faster than we can teach them to become good citizens. We would send home about half our newly arrived European immigrants if we could, and all our Asian. We would not represent our State, its climate, its productions, its soil, or its capacities other than they are. We would not romance about our climate, nor lie about our resources. The fact is that our State in all these respects is so entirely different from our other and Eastern States that our own people are likely to deceive themselves, and to come to erroneous conclusions with reference to us. They come here to meet disappointment, and return thinking themselves the dupes of deliberate deception and victims of organized false inducements. Every county in America has some returned Californian who has made the experiment of a trip to this State and made a failure. It is our idea that immigration societies are doing us no good; we are quite willing that the two we now have should disincorporate, and we should be quite willing that no new one should incorporate in their place.

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We understand that a new organization is being formed, to be called the "California Immigrant Association." We see connected with it the names of Messrs. Columbus Bartlett, McAfee, Saywood, Arnold, McCall, Gansby, Wade, Blake, and others. Most of these are names of unknown and unimportant citizens; we recognize but one as a leading citizen, and all that we know of the number are real estate agents and middlemen, operating to put lands or lots upon the market. The *Bulletin* thinks we need an efficient immigration society. We do not think so. An *efficient* society means a band of interested gentlemen who are to employ themselves in sending abroad highly colored romances descriptive of our climate, and exaggerated accounts of the profitable results of the cultivation of our lands. California is just now beginning to recover from the feverish and unhealthy conditions arising from its early settlement. Our people came here originally under the spur of an unnatural excitement, in search of gold; and from that time to this have kept the pot boiling with new fuel. One sensation has succeeded another. We have kept ourselves up to the highest tension, have fed ourselves upon our own imaginations. Thousands of the old forty-niners have broken down and died under this nervous strain, and those of us who are not dead, are tired, worn out, and weary of this continued and never relaxing excitement; and somehow it seems good that the fever is abating, and that under the influence of hard times we are getting down to the sober realization of life. Ours is getting to be an old country, and must be content, like all old countries, to go slow. The time has passed when anybody ought to endeavor, or expect, to make a fortune in a day; and those who begin to realize this fact, stop gambling, settle down to legitimate employment, content to let well enough alone, and who think the year not wasted if they have enjoyed health, maintained their family, and made both ends meet, will begin to enjoy life.

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We see, or think we see, for both our city and our State a hopeful and prosperous future. Our geographical location must make of San Francisco a great commercial emporium, and our future would seem to be guaranteed in this respect from the fact that we confront the great populations and the great wealth of Asia, and that in a coast line of more than twelve thousand miles ours is the most important and central harbor. New lines of travel, new channels of trade, and new courses of business are not suddenly created; and when we contemplate our condition to-day as compared with that of thirty years ago, in respect of the commerce of Asia, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves. We look to our Eastern communications, and in progress of railroad construction we have the same cause for congratulation. It was not within the dream of the most sanguine of our young men of '49 that the generation would give us a trans-continental railroad, and yet we have to-day a rail communication with the East that is giving us an efficient service. We grumble at its exactions, we find fault that its new machinery works with some degree of friction, but we have the railroad as an accomplished fact, and another in process of construction, almost ready to strike hands across the continent by way of Arizona; another to the northward, and still another endeavoring to reach us from the frontier of Missouri. San Francisco is the port of this oriental and Pacific trade, and it is the point to which all these trans-continental roads must converge. Ours is now a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, and must, by natural causes, increase. Our climate, which is an element in our estimate of increasing population, is becoming better known, and will always continue to be an inducement for the immigration to our coast of a class of leisure-loving people, who can afford to indulge themselves in the comforts peculiar to our climatic conditions. In our specialty of precious metals we have no reason to apprehend any great diminution in their production; on the contrary, it is a rational presumption that we have not yet fairly commenced the prospecting of our most valuable ore deposits.

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Nevada belongs to California. It is not interesting in point of residence; it is not attractive in its climate, nor picturesque in its valleys and mountains. It is not the place to spend the money that is acquired in it. The men who get rich in Nevada or in Arizona are likely to make their homes in California. San Francisco is under greater obligations to-day, for its expensive and elegant commercial blocks and for its commodious and beautiful private residences, to Nevada than to California. This will be true in the future as it was in the past and is in the present. The great fortunes that will every year be acquired in Arizona and Nevada will find in California the place for their expenditure and display. The great commercial enterprises that shall in time connect themselves with our Pacific commerce and the development of our coast and island trade, will contribute to the wealth and adornment of San Francisco. Our Chinese population is not on the increase; it is on the decrease; and an intelligent national public opinion is so informed upon the necessity of limiting Asiatic immigration that we may regard this peril as past, and may reasonably expect such national legislation upon this subject as will for ever put away from us this danger. Our farmers are understanding better how to do their work; enlarged experience of soils and seasons, together with the now large and rapidly increasing area of irrigated and reclaimed lands, gives to us, and in the future promises us, an agricultural progress that our early ignorance and inexperience made us think was far distant. A great portion of our soil is yet virgin, and we may reasonably hope that our grain and wool crop will for many years increase. We observe all over our State improvement in farming details: better fences, better cultivation, more acres under tillage, better barns and orchards, more trees and vines, more home comforts and content, more of the look of staying. The villages, and churches, and school houses are all improving. We are getting a great many local railroads. The wealth of the interior is on the increase, and the tendency of population to press to the city is diminished. We observe, and with pleasure, a disposition on the part of many city people to get into the country. Our grape crop gives better promise than ever; the cultivation of vines, yet in its infancy, begins to give indication of being the leading industry of our State; indeed, it is within the possibilities that it will become one of the leading industries of the nation. Raisin-curing is also a most promising business. And if, as it now seems probable, we can compete with Germany and France in their wines and brandies, and with Spain in raisins, and with Italy and Portugal in oils, and with Central and South America in nuts, and with all the world in temperate and semi-tropical dried fruits, then we are upon the threshold of a very brilliant career. There is no place on earth where the comforts of life are greater, and where both luxuries and necessities are more easily attainable. There is perhaps no place where the markets make the display they do in San Francisco. Intelligent people will discern these things soon enough. Commerce finds its arteries and trade its highways. Money has an instinct for profitable investment; capital needs no romantic pamphlets to induce it to find employment, and the only people that an immigrant society induces to come to any country are those that depend upon their daily labor for their daily bread, and of this kind we have just now an excess. If our State were one broad alluvial plain, like Kansas, wanting but unskilled strength to plow and plant, to grow corn and wheat, hogs and horses, we might, in order to stimulate our one industry, send to Europe for its brainless muscle. But California is different—so different in all its conditions that we are led to question the desirableness of any organization that brings to our coast the kind of immigrants that immigrant societies mostly deal in. We should hail with great pleasure an industrious, intelligent, law abiding, and well capitalized immigration from our Eastern States or from Europe; but except in aid of an immigration of this kind, we would let things take their course.

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An article considering the future of California and San Francisco, would be incomplete that did not embrace within its scope Oregon and Washington Territory. Here, at the north of us, as near as New England is to New York, and occupying to us the relation the agricultural West does to the port of New York, lies a great empire with a broad and fertile domain literally abounding in every element of national wealth. This great, broad, rich land, opulent in mines, forests, quarries, and fisheries, and having an inexhaustible fertility of soil, must contribute largely to the prosperity of our city. Into it is now pouring a splendid native-born American population. Railroads are reaching out to it. Eastern Oregon and California will soon be connected by rail. The ocean furnishes a highway along our western borders that can never be monopolized. We are neighbors, friends, allies; no diverse interests can grow up between us, and no jealousies ought to disturb the harmony of our commercial and business relations.

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So, content in the present, assured of the future, let us be patient. Let us learn to labor and to wait. Let us hold our new municipal government to its promises of retrenchment, economy, and reform. Let us look to Governor Perkins for the same kind of State administration. Let our Legislators be conservative, moderate, and generous in their interpretation of the new Constitution, and let us cure ourselves of all these forms of speculative excitement, this mania for stock-gambling, this undue haste to be rich, and our Coast will work out for itself a splendid and glorious future.

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We call our Republican stalwarts' attention to the fact that we have had no negro killed at the South for some weeks. The cause languishes. Reappoint Black-and-Tan to be secretary of the National Committee, and let the lying commence.

## AFTERMATH.

The Territorial *Enterprise* is emphatically a "stalwart" Republican newspaper. It takes Senator Bayard to task for saying that "a man who hates one part of the country is not fit to be President over all of it." Now this expression strikes us as embodying a healthy sentiment. He would not make a good President who bears hatred in his heart against any class of society or any section of the country. The *Enterprise* says, and truly, that the South might remove all the unkind feeling manifested against it by the people of the North if it would change its feelings and its conduct toward Northern men. "There would be no trouble," says the *Enterprise*, "if the Democracy of the South were able to say "what the men of Nevada can truthfully say to-day: 'Come "here; express whatever political opinions you may please "to; support whatever political party you may desire to; es-"pouse whatever cause suits you; pursue whatever business "you like, and no questions will be asked; no restraint will "be put upon you; no taunt will be hurled at you that you "are a carpet-bagger, and you will be accepted for just what "your brain and heart and financial condition will entitle you "to claim.'" This is seemingly very fair and honorable talk; but the generous Northern mind must consider the Southern condition; it must make allowance; it must remember the past. It must not forget that slavery existed there for two hundred years; that the Southern people thought it a divine and a legal institution; that in its existence were involved their interests and their whole social and political condition; that slavery has been abolished and by war; that the negroes have been enfranchised, made electors, and clothed with authority—taken, in many instances, from ignorance and servitude to become legislators and magistrates over them; that they—the white Southern people—have, as a rule, been ruined in their fortunes, divested of their properties; that they have lost their loved ones on battle fields; that the community is divided into two classes, distinct in race, in color, in character, in past condition, and future prospects.

To Nevada might be permitted the utmost freedom of expression to any extremist, its people the most radical utterance might not move to anger; nothing short of an illegal act might produce resentment. But let the people of Nevada be not unmindful of the conditions of the two sections, and of the history of the people who compose the two communities Let those who write for the *Enterprise* recognize the fact that all communities take their impressions from their surroundings. If the writer of the article from which we quote had been born in South Carolina he would have been a rebel; he would have fought against the Union, and he would to-day be a rebel brigadier-general in Congress from a Southern State. The men of the South are not different from the men of the North; the men of the North are not better than the men of the South. Had California been a slave State it would have been a disloyal State. If California had within its borders a majority of emancipated blacks to-day, its white population would devise some way for their practical disfranchisement. All this "I am better than thou" business is a sham and a hypocritical pretense. The man, or writer, or paper, or party, that thanks God he or it is not a sinner like others is a pharisaical humbug.

We are involved in a mental and moral tangle; we are endeavoring to solve a most perplexing conundrum. A rich man of established financial position has persistently lied to us for ten years; deliberately, intentionally lied, to our injury and to his advantage. We meet him daily upon friendly terms in business and social circles; he never meets us that he does not shake hands, looking cheerful, smile and lie. We have a widely circulated, and, we hope, respectable journal. It is taken and read by all our friends. We are questioning whether it is not our duty to mention his name, in order that we may put others on their guard against the villain that smiles, and lies when he smiles. We are restrained, perhaps, by over-sensitiveness upon the question of using our influential and widely circulated and most respectable paper to punish a personal enemy. If we were a wasp or a hornet we would sting him. If we were a skunk we would perfume his wardrobe. If we were a devil-fish we would strangle him in our tentacles. If we were a falcon, or a vulture, we would rend him with our beak, and tear him with our claws. If we were a bull, or a bear, or an ass, we would put our horns into him, or hug him, or kick him. If we were a serpent we would crawl into his Eden, and persuade him to eat a bushel of the sourest of crab-apples, and then we would hiss at him in his drunkenness, and sting him in his helplessness. But as we are neither bird, beast, fish, fowl, or crawling thing, we must be content to let him lie and smile. Being human and endeavoring to be respectable has disadvantages after all.

All who revere age and the peculiar virtues which it enforces will be sorry to hear of the death in Lombardy of the patriarch Gasperone, who peacefully departed this life at the age of ninety years, his faculties unimpaired, his manner as engaging as ever, and his reputation without a stain. This good old man had been a notable in his day. Throughout Calabria, the Campagna, and Tuscany, he was known and respected as the "Prince of Brigands," and "King of the Mountains." It is related that during his later years of honorable retirement he was accustomed to narrate with charming frankness the exploits of his younger days, and tenderly to deplore the reprehensible obstinacy of some of the gentlemen and ladies with whom he did business, whose stubborness and disobliging disposition in the matter of ransom had compelled him to treat them with a severity foreign to his nature, and as distressing to him as it was to them, though not as fatal. When a good man dies, ripe with years and full of honors, it is fitting that some reference be made to the lesson of his life and death, to the end that his shining example may not fail of its effect on the mind of youth. Fortunately, we are able in this instance to point the lesson by contrast: not one, we believe, of Signor Gasperone's mulish and miserly clients attained the age of ninety, or achieved the honorable distinction of a free notice in these columns.

And so Denis and Clitus are going to transfer their field of agitation from California to Ireland. This will be a happy relief to this side of the continent, but it will be a heavy blow to England. Denis makes a great many threats, and promises brave deeds that never result in action. But he will never carry out his intention of going to Ireland; he will never do so desperate an act as to exile himself to the only country on God's earth where the wild, ignorant Irish have no political influence or social position, and where they are punished as they deserve.

Why should we *not* have a bicycle exhibition in San Francisco? If the East will supply us with, say, half a dozen stalwart and strong-legged vagabonds, male or female, we will provide audiences at a half dollar admission. There are idiots enough in this city to fill the Mechanics' Pavilion, and give some worthless manager money enough to promote a horse race, or a rat bait, or to get up a fight between two pugilistic bruisers. We have had nothing disgraceful now in the way of a public exhibition since the sawdust contest by sham pedestrians.

A man in this city appears to have a grievance which—granting the truth of his statements—it were idle to belittle. He applied, the other day, to the proper officials, requesting that his daughter, a young woman of thirteen, be sent to the Industrial School, explaining that she had been corrupted by a newspaper vendor. He added that an older daughter was now leading a dissolute life through the influence of the same gentleman, who, he had observed, had also eloped with the girls' mother. These are serious accusations to make against one whose business brings him into immediate and wholesome relations with the press, and we venture the prediction that inquiry will disclose a mistake somewhere. It is highly improbable that a man who has always before his eyes the moral precepts and pious homilies published daily by Deacon Fitch, the venerable Mr. Pickering, the excellent Mr. Roach, the puritanical Mr. MacCrellish, and the rabbinical Mr. de Young, should so far forget himself as to give pain to a possible patron by a series of incursions into the neutral ground between good and evil, and so perilously close to the boundaries of the latter. If he has really been so little amenable to the influence of the press we despair of his conversion, and it is, we suppose, hardly worth while to suggest that when he shall have tired of the ladies he restore them to the owner in good condition.

The old Board of Supervisors goes out and the new one comes in. The old goes out with a bad name; the new comes in with promises of reform. The press gives the outgoers a parting imprecation and the incomers a blessing. This has been going on for twenty years without change or variation. We recall no one of our local legislative bodies that has had the approval of the newspapers after its work was done. While in office, granting franchises, doing favors, making appointments, and distributing advertising and other patronage, it is in a measure sustained; but when the end comes there are none to do it reverence. It is buried as a town pauper, its grave the potter's field, and there are no mourners for the dead Board. We are disposed to give the outgoing Supervisors the credit of average integrity, and not at all disposed to butter the new ones with laudatory fat until we see of what manner of men they are.

The action of the Board in reference to the Presidio Railroad was, in our opinion, a piece of very questionable legislation. The north end of the town has submitted, and for thirty years must submit, to a special tax for opening Montgomery Avenue, which Peter Donahue, Mr. Skelly, and other very worthy citizens use, to the extent of three blocks, for a street railroad. Forty-three miles of street frontage, and thirty-five hundred property-owners are assessed annually $110,800 to pay interest upon this investment, the principal to be provided for from next year by an additional assessment for a sinking fund. Fifty thousand people would be accommodated if the Presidio Railroad Company could use the avenue. Twelve thousand people west of Russian Hill have no practical way to reach the city by rail—all pay special Montgomery Avenue taxes. And yet this Board refused permission to build a railroad on the avenue except on first obtaining the permission of Peter Donahue, Mr. Skelly, and others. Two members of the new Board, Mr. Litchfield and Mr. Traylor, voted for the amendment.

It is curious legislation. Personally, the writer contributes to this tax; daily he walks fourteen blocks, up and down Fillmore Street Hill, to reach this office and return. And, in common with his twelve thousand neighbors and the thirty-five hundred taxpayers, sees no very good reason why he and they should not have a right of way over Montgomery Avenue without asking Peter Donahue, Mr. Skelly, and the other very excellent citizens who own the Omnibus Railroad. P. S.—We have no interest in the Presidio Railroad Company.

To be a French count is bad enough in itself; if it adds any poignancy to the sting of being arrested on the charge of having robbed a safe the title is indeed a barren honor. In San Antonio, Texas, the other day, the Count de Karemar pulled off his hat to salute a lady in the French manner, and as that head piece described its habitual system of sweeping curves a roll of greenbacks was flung out. Naturally and promptly he was arrested as the man who had robbed a safe at Centre Point, but fortunately was acquitted on making proof that he was related to the French Consul at New Orleans, that no safe at Centre Point had been robbed, and that he had a habit of carrying money in the lining of his hat. Texan justice being appeased, another man was hanged in his stead, and the incident is chiefly interesting as offering a possible explanation of a hitherto mysterious phenomenon. If it turn out that the habit of carrying money in the hat lining is not an individual whim appertaining to the Count Karemar, nor a class custom of French counts in general, but a nearly universal precaution of the hatted races of mankind, the desperate, blind and brutal avidity of the man who pursues his wafted tile through the crowded streets on a windy day will cease to puzzle the heads not as yet unroofed. But it will, at the same time, throw an undeserved suspicion on the motive of the bystander who, with a sustained effort of active civility, commonly joins in the chase.

We are always delighted to receive complimentary tickets for theatres, concerts, base ball games, and other entertainments. We commend this complimentary business to the tradesmen, shopkeepers, and merchants. "Complimentary to the editor of the ARGONAUT for one shirt, not transferable," or ditto for boots, gloves, etc., etc.; or "Your company respectfully solicited at Collins's saloon, corner of California and Montgomery—good for the season;" or "The Palace Hotel Restaurant solicits the pleasure of your company at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Matinee from 12 to 5;" or "Bullock & Jones present their compliments, and beg your acceptance of a suit of their unparalleled clothes, warranted to fit and no bill sent." If our tradesmen and merchants possessed the enterprise of our theatrical, musical, and entertainment people we should take pride in being the best dressed, best fed, and best tippled gentlemen of the town. It would have a tendency to make the newspaper business a very agreeable one.

There has been great and perhaps just complaint that under our prison contract system convict labor is brought into competition with free labor, to the injury of honest men. Our new Constitution deals with this subject, and inhibits contract labor. We cannot afford to maintain convicts in idleness. Then what shall we do with 1,500 able-bodied men and women in our prison at San Quentin? We answer, and suggest the remedy to Gov. Perkins. Jute is raised in India, sent to Scotland, manufactured into grain sacks and prepared for other uses at Glasgow, and shipped to the United States. Establish a jute factory at Point San Quentin and make sacks and bags to supply our farmers by convict labor. This will encourage growing jute in this State, will supply a great demand, and will not interfere with any manufacturing enterprise now established on this coast. We commend this project to the consideration of the members of the Workingmen's Party in the Legislature.

The New York *Nation*, calling attention to the fact that the President, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, says, "Our hearts have been made glad by the general prevalence of domestic tranquillity," and the other fact that Mr. Secretary Sherman, has been stumping the North reciting the disturbed condition of the South, remarks that "one of those gentlemen has been saying things which are highly offensive to God, and are well calculated to draw down a curse instead of a blessing."

Wealthy old Oaklander lies a-dying. "John," he gasped to a rather wild young medical student in whom he took an interest, and for whom he had sent in that solemn hour. "John, I have summoned you here for your good. Did you ever see a Christian die?" "Yes, sir," replied John, reflectively, "quite a number, I believe, but"—with [illegible] mation—"none, I think, of Bright's disease of [illegible]"

## CLIMBING PARNASSUS.

The Trials and Triumphs of a Fiddletown Social Circle.

The idea originated with Cicero Jehu during the great political campaign so memorable to the citizens of Fiddletown as resulting in the election of Tobias Gardiner, the Republican candidate for District Attorney of Calaveras County—memorable because Gardiner was the only successful candidate on the Republican ticket, memorable on account of the bitter acrimony of the canvass, memorable for the reason that it was considered by the upright members of the churches as a satanic carnival, instituted by the father of evil to offset the influences exerted by the godly at the great Balsam Flat camp meeting. Never, since the Fiddletown Literary, Historical, and Scientific Society, of which Dr. Dionysius Snell, M.D., LL.D., Associate of the Smithsonian Society and Graduate of Yale College, class of 1828, was the leading spirit, had the Athens of Calaveras possessed anything resembling a cultured nucleus of ardent seekers after knowledge. The Pierian spring had been allowed to gush unheeded, the majority of the citizens preferring to water their intellectual stimulant with grosser liquids. The death of Dr. Snell had been the death of the Literary, Historical, and Scientific Society, the members thereafter devoting the time set apart for the discussion of such subjects as the rise and fall of the Mound Builders, the habits and customs of the Megatherium, and the origin of the Sanscrit verb, to such speculative sciences as draw poker and seven-up, and debates on the relative virtues of Monongahelaas compared with Kentucky Bourbon.

The consequence of this hiatus in the intellectual progress of Fiddletown had yearly become more apparent in the ignorance displayed by comparatively well educated people on the commonest literary and scientific subjects. One young lady had been heard to remark that she "just doted on Tom Moore's 'Bridge of Sighs;'" and another, with a flagrant disregard of the unities, contended that Roger Bacon was a relative of Hogg, the contemporary of Wilson, who, she asserted, had compiled such "delightful reading books for the public schools." One old lady—Sister Grimes, in fact—had openly declared, and, in her aggressively obstinate manner, publicly maintained, that "any man or woman who believed that human beings were descended from apes and protoplasms (whatever sich folderol is), when the Bible plainly says that Adam and Eve was our first parents, ought to be confined in a lunatic asylum on bread and water until the gospel and common sense could be beat into 'em." Tom Hickey's disbelief in the generally accepted theory that the Indians of North America were lineally descended from the ancient Hebrews had subjected him to a very deserved contempt among the more intelligent members of the community who knew the facts in the case; but Hickey's ignorance was simply a glaring example of the degeneracy of Fiddletown as a literary, scientific, and historical nebula. The inception of the Fiddletown Literary and Social Circle, as conceived by Cicero Jehu, was a grand idea; but certain unprogressive ignoramuses, prominent among whom were Simon Doolittle and Thomas Hickey, vulgarly designated the organization as a "political ring," and the effort of the public-spirited Jehu "a campaign job." These animadversions, however, coming as they did from political opponents, did not deter the projector from persevering in his good work; and the fact that Doolittle was defeated in his contest for the office of County Clerk, and Jehu elected to the responsible position, only confirmed the more intellectual portion of the Calaveras Democracy in the opinion that Simon Doolittle was an enemy to civilization and a stumbling block to the onward strides of modern science. As for Hickey, a man who scoffed at the idea of the Jewish origin of the Piutes and Diggers, it was useless to pay any attention whatever to his strictures or sneers; and, before election day arrived, most of the young Democracy and a few liberal Republican voters had joined the society and rendered the neighborhood hideous with their high-voiced debates on the living issues of the age.

During the infancy of the society the membership consisted entirely of voters, and questions of political economy and history were discussed, the principal debaters being Major Michael McCarthy, candidate for Sheriff, Zebulon Barnes, candidate for Constable, and Bob Hawkins, the editor of the *Palladium of Liberty*. Jehu was, in a measure, debarred from active participation in the wrangles on account of the strict parliamentary rules enforced by the members. Election being over, it was resolved to enlarge the field of action and admit to active membership any ladies who might wish to join in the search for knowledge. Among the first to take advantage of the privilege was Miss Deborah Littlejohn, a strong minded maiden on the shady side of thirty, who had, a few weeks before, plunged headlong into the vortex of scientific knowledge by wedding herself to comparative anatomy (in default, perhaps, of not having succeeded in wedding herself to a sample of masculine anatomy), her ultimate intention being to practice surgery. By a concatenation of circumstances, brought about by that villainous young reprobate, Selim Dods, the question for debate on the first evening of Miss Littlejohn's presence in the Circle was, "*Resolved*, That woman's sphere is at the cradle and the wash-tub;" and, to make matters worse, no other lady was present except the fair initiate, a circumstance which, notwithstanding her strong minded proclivities, rather nonplussed the feminine surgical student, especially after hearing Jehu announce the subject for discussion. It also happened that Dods had the opening argument for the affirmative, and it must be confessed that he handled the subject with remarkable ability. He depicted with delicate rhetoric the mother bending over her infant child whom she had just lulled to slumber, her bright face irradiated with a loving smile and her gentle hands softly caressing the elfin locks from the innocent's brow; he pictured the stalwart housewife bending over the saponaceous wash-tub, and asked the President whether that position and that occupation is not a thousand times more honorable and fitting than cavorting over the country delivering lectures on the down trodden condition of the female sex.

"Woman is the weaker vessel," Mr. President, he exclaimed; "she is the vine that clings to the storm-defying oak. We look up to her and revere her as a being a little lower than the angels. Then why, Mr. President, should she seek to unsex herself and degrade her semi-angelic character by participating in such miserable political campaigns as the one through which we have just passed? How would you, Mr. President, like to see a sister, a mother, or a wife at the polls electioneering for the paltry office of constable?"

Here Zebulon Barnes sprang to his feet, and demanded what "the honorable gentleman" meant by calling the office of constable paltry, but before Dods could reply the official elect was rapped down by the President.

"It is a disgrace to modern civilization, Mr. President, a burning shame upon our boasted institutions," the speaker continued, "that certain members of the female sex should endeavor to usurp the prerogatives of the lords of creation."

Miss Littlejohn could restrain herself no longer, but sprang to her feet in a paroxysm of indignation.

"Lords of creation!" she sneered.

"Mr. Dods has the floor, Miss Littlejohn," shouted the President.

"I don't care if he has twenty floors," retorted the anatomist. "I claim the right to be heard in defense of my slandered sex.

"The negative will have ample opportunity to reply when the affirmative has presented its case," Jehu explained.

"I don't care for the negative either," answered the lady, swinging her arms up and down like a pair of pump handles. "I *won't* sit here and listen to base slurs upon my fellow women. I—"

"*Will* you sit down, Miss Littlejohn?" And the President brought his gavel down with a ringing crash.

"No I *won't* sit down," answered the angry woman, "and what is more, no man in this room can compel me to sit down when I stand up to vindicate the honor and superior importance of my sex. The cradle! The wash-tub! Who but base, low-minded *men* would think of chaining a high-souled, progressive woman to a cradle? Who but such creatures as the *thing* that has just revealed his mean, crawling instincts would condemn a proud-spirited woman to labor at the wash-tub like a galley slave, who has committed heinous crimes against society? Lords of creation! Egotists! Vain-glorious tramplers upon the God-given rights of their superiors! Woman's sphere the cradle and the wash-tub! Bah! If your squalling brats must be attended to and reared into woman haters and tyrants, hire Chinamen to do the menial work. If your foul linen must be cleaned, do it yourselves—woman's destiny is above the wretched employment of rocking cradles; and when woman succeeds in emancipating herself from the thralldom of the tyrant *man*, the wash-tub will take its place among the implements of the lost arts. Women, like myself, are but the pioneers in the great work, and, mark what I tell you, the time will come when the shackles of menial servitude will be struck from your slavish victims, woman's declaration of independence will be acknowledged and indorsed by the world, and a newer and a better era will dawn upon upon us. You talk about freedom! Why, only just this moment, you, Mr. Jehu, attempted to fetter free speech and free thought by paltry parliamentary rules. You talk about liberty! But I am not going to remain where my sex is insulted by such creatures as *Mister* Selim Dods; whether you like it or not, I shall resign all connection with an organization that possesses no more gentlemanly ideas of what constitutes courtesy to a lone woman who has no means of defending herself against the insults of a blackguard. I think you're just contemptible, there now!" and amidst the profoundest silence the indignant amazon rustled from the room. As soon as she had disappeared, Dods arose, and with mock solemnity moved "that the resignation of the honorable lady be accepted."

The motion was carried without a dissenting voice.

The experience of Miss Littlejohn, however, did not prevent a large influx of other ladies into the circle; and about two months after that high-souled female's secession upward of twenty, young and old, had consented to grace the weekly gatherings by their presence. The debates had progressed with all the vigor the combined intellect of Fiddletown could infuse into them, but they invariably lacked that spice of sarcastic invective which they might have possessed had Miss Littlejohn continued an active member, and an active member she certainly would have been had she not been driven off by the sneers of Dods and the arbitrary rulings of the Chair.

The nearest approach to "a lively time" was when the question, "*Resolved*, That the liberty of the press should be curtailed by law," was under discussion. The fact that literature, science, and the social amenites had become the ruling passion in Fiddletown had induced both Robert Hawkins, the editor of the *Palladium of Liberty*, and Josiah Hubble, of the *Bugle of Freedom*, in their several interests, chief among which was the fattening of their subscription lists, to join the Circle. It was principally on account of this brace of able and distinguished journalists that the subject of the liberty of the press was chosen for debate. Judge Raspawl opened for the affirmative, and advocated the appointment of a censor by the Legislature, whose duty it should be to decide all questions pertaining to libelous publications, and, if necessary, have the power to suppress any and all journals or printed matter considered by him obnoxious. This expression of opinion by the learned gentleman had the effect of convulsing the faces of both Hubble and Hawkins in a contemptuous sneer—it was the first time that the two editors had agreed upon any sentiment or subject. Col. Clancey thought that the liberty of the press had degenerated into gross license, and was in favor of utterly annihilating any publication that uttered a libel against even the humblest citizen. Zebulon Barnes, reveling in gross ignorance as regards the subject under discussion, thought that libel should be made a capital offense, and the perpetrators should be denied the right of trial by jury. The effect of this opinion on the two journalists was again similar—they both burst into a contemptuous "haw! haw!" and then winked half fraternally at each other. Just think of it, Bob Hawkins and Josiah Hubble, attacked by a common enemy, actually winking at each other! Surely, the millennium was at hand.

Most of the male members of the Circle having vented their spleen upon the press generally, and the "libelous" press particularly, the Chair called for the negative, it being the custom to hear the affirmative arguments first and then the negative, the former having the right to a rebuttal, and the debate closing with a grand melee of argument, pro and con, by the first debaters who could "get the floor." As soon as the arguments for the affirmative had been concluded, the two editors sprang to their feet simultaneously, and in a single voice yelled: "*Mister* Speaker!" Hubble was recognized by the Chair, and in a slow and deliberate manner began an apology for the "libelous press." As a general proposition a libel was perpetrated by the pirates of journalism, misguided men, perhaps, who lacked judgment, and who were swayed by their passions. He contended that the truth was sufficient justification of the so-called libel, and that if the publisher could sustain his charges the libeler (so called) should not only he acquitted of all blame, but should receive the encomiums of every honest citizen who had the best interest of society at heart. He was compelled to admit, however, that there were, in the profession of journalism, certain slimy reptiles, who thought no more of traducing private character, and belying honest, upright men, than they did of polluting by their presence the pure air of the community which they might happen at the moment to be disgracing. At this point the journalistic puritan could not refrain from casting a significant glance at his professional rival. That glance was like iron to the soul of the belligerent Hawkins, and he leaped to his feet with the fierce inquiry:

"Do you mean me, sir?"

"If the shoe fits, you may wear it, sir," answered Hubble, returning the small-cap scowl of his antagonist.

"Order, gentlemen, order!" commanded the Chair. "Mr. Hubble has the floor, Mr. Hawkins."

"I'd like to know who the shoe fits better than it does the editor of that mass of concentrated lye, the *Whangdoodle of Fleadom!*" shouted, Hawkins, disregarding the President entirely.

"You'd like to know, eh? Well, I'll enlighten your benighted intellect, sir. I consider that, large and ungainly as it is, it would even adorn, to say nothing of fitting, the club hoof of Sangaree Bob, the notorious villifier of the *Scabalien of Gibbety*, since you are so fond of bestowing nicknames."

"*Order!* gentlemen, ORDER!" shrieked the President, hammering the table with his gravel. "This is not a barroom."

"I beg your pardon sir," retorted Hubble with a low bow, "but when I observed that low fellow over there (pointing the finger of scorn, otherwise of Hubble, at Hawkins) in the room, I so far forgot myself as to imagine for an instant that I had accidentally entered a gin-mill."

"And no wonder," hissed Hawkins, "in view of the fact that your chief occupation is frequenting places of that description. How could it be otherwise?"

"Gentlemen, I *must* have order. Mr. Hawkins, *will* you sit down?" The Chair was standing up and beating a bass drum solo on the table with his gavel.

"Not until that vile emanation evaporates," sneered Hawkins.

"If you wait until that 'vile emanation evaporates,'" returned Hubble, "your own sewer-gas corporosity will have ceased to offend the nostrils of a community disgusted by your hideous presence."

"You're a liar, sir," yelled Hawkins, unable longer to contain himself.

"WHAT!" thundered Hubble.

"I repeat it, sir, you are a most infamous, consummate, and degraded liar. LIAR, sir; I said LIAR! Is your ignorance of the English language so palpable that you don't know what liar means?"

The ink-bottle which Hubble snatched from the Secretary's table and flung at the editor of the *Palladium of Liberty* narrowly missed its mark and burst like a hand-grenade against the opposite wall. The argument used by Hawkins was a chair, and the target at which it was dashed only saved itself from serious injury by a lightning-like evasion to the left. This opening of active hostilities on the part of the rival editors cleared the room of the ladies, who retreated shrieking and panic-striken. Before further operations could be resumed by the enraged journalists, the male members of the Circle had closed in and put an end to the strife by dragging the gladiators from the arena through separate doors. The affair did not result, as many supposed it would, in another personal assault, or even a duel; but on the following Saturday the two papers literally boiled over with scathing vituperation, amusingly personal in its character as reviewed by the community, and eminently safe as regarded the editors themselves—the editorial columns of their newspapers were simply the safety-valves of their wrath.

This little episode had a somewhat depressing effect upon the Circle for some time subsequent, but the thirst for literature finally overcame all other considerations, and at the time it was proposed to give a public exhibition at the town hall the society was again flourishing like a green bay tree. Great preparations were made, and every effort put forth to render the exhibition an event in the annals of Fiddletown. It was resolved to devote the proceeds of the affair, over and above the necessary expenses, to some charitable object, and the various deserving charities sustained by the community were passed in review. The alms-house, the county hospital, the churches, the San Andreas Benevolent Society, and the individual poor were all proposed and rejected. The members were verging on despair at their inability to agree upon a suitable object, until a bright idea struck Selim Dods—an idea that was received by the members with acclamatory unanimity.

E. H. CLOUGH.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Vell, dot night, me und mine vife, ve had a little talk about sometings, und the next day I says to Brown: "Look here, vonst. My vife she makes sausages und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter, she vorks in the shtore und makes headsheeze; und your vife was goin out riding all de time mid de horse-car und a patent tied-back cardinal-striped stockings. Now your vife must go vork in the shtore und cut beefsteaks und make sauerkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits." Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his vife about dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und had misunderstanding about sometings, in vich efrybody took a part, including my little dog Kaiser. Pooty soon comes a boliceman und arrests for breeches of bromise to keep the pieces und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm Bender & Brown vas broke up.

A pretty girl can not vote, but she has the right to bare arms.

## TWO GALLED JADES.

A Lively Skirmish Between Maud and the Widow.

OAKLAND, October 30, 1879.

MRS. JONES—Dear Madame:—Considering that your kind favor of the 27th inst. deserves more attention than I generally vouchsafe to my ordinary correspondence, I hasten to acknowledge its receipt. That I should have offended you by making inquiries in regard to Mr. Snaggleby pains me most grievously, but that my innocent attempt to ascertain the true character of the man who will probably be my husband shortly should have aroused your indignation against the unconscious subject of my inquiry cut me to the heart. I fear that your earnest regard (entirely unprejudiced by any other feeling, of course) for Mr. Snaggleby has acted as a spur to your naturally impulsive nature, and, added to the fact that you are wholly unacquainted with my humble self, has caused you to exaggerate poor, dear Mr. Snaggleby's minor faults and genial follies, and forget to mention his shining virtues. Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Jones, if I fall into the same error as regards yourself, and, in my own impulsive desire to shield Mr. Snaggleby from your somewhat biased opinion of what you are pleased to intimate are his intellectual delinquencies, overlook the fact that isolation from the world is very apt to contract the more generous qualities of the human heart. We may not always be able to look beyond a narrow sphere of life, out upon the expansive plains of thought, lighted by the sunshine of culture and generous impulse. The owl of your delightful mountain caves can not gaze upon the glorious light of a bright summer's day without blinking, you know, and the human soul is as liable to become, from association and methods of feeling, as owlish as the bird of Minerva. Hoping that you will deem my apology sufficient to condone any fault of which you may have deemed me guilty, and at the same time thanking you for your candid advice as regards the object of our mutual admiration, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your grateful friend, MAUD TARBOX.

To MRS. PRISCILLA JONES, Tuttletown,
Tuolumne County, California, *via* Copperopolis.

The Widow to Maud.

TUTTLETOWN, November 3, 1879.

MISS TARBOX:—There wasn't any need of your apologizing for wanting to know whether that brainless old fool, Jim Snaggleby, would make an *amiable* husband or not, and as for owls *blinking* in the sunlight of *culture*, I'm of the opinion that an owl is fully as respectable as a cracker eating, blear-eyed parrot of society. One lives in a *mountain cave*, and the other squawks from a pewter perch in a gilded cage, so perhaps it's six of one and half a dozen of the other, with a spare in favor of the owl. As for offending me, please don't alarm yourself about that. I'm just as *amiable* as old Jim Snaggleby himself, and although I may not *be able to look beyond a narrow sphere, out upon the expansive plains of thought, lighted by the sunlight of culture and generous impulse*, I can appreciate the high-toned and cultured reasons that caused you to ask me whether it was better to sell yourself to a fat bank account or chew the cud of disappointment at not being able to bring down a hawk-nosed Italian Count, after the Bank of California had knocked all the *love* he had for you out of his calculations. As for Snaggleby, I'm a woman and I understand just exactly what kind of a game is being played on poor Jim. Of course, you really believe that the terrific *respect* you have for him now will become red-hot love before you've been married a week, and, of course, you are not playing to elevate yourself in *good society* on his sacks of coin; of course not, but as they say up here in our *narrow sphere*, it don't take a magnifying glass to see the color in thousand-dollar rock. As I've been *exaggerating poor, dear* Mr. Snaggleby's *minor faults*, and forgotten to mention his *shining virtues*, I will try and square accounts, by hoping that you will learn to love him as much as he deserves. I hope that you will both be happy together, and that his bank account and your Italian Count won't have anything to do with making the love that is to grow up out of your respect any the less after it has come to its full growth. I wish you both joy *from the bottom of my heart.*

PRISCILLA JONES.

To Miss MAUD TARBOX, Oakland, Cal.

Maud to the Widow.

OAKLAND, November, 7, 1879.

MADAME:—I can no longer disguise the fact that I have in some way incurred your animosity. Your insinuations and innuendoes are palpable to the most careless observer; and while I am sincerely grieved at the fact, I cannot help smiling at your apparent earnestness in the matter. I say "apparent earnestness in the matter," for I am unable to conceive of but one real motive for your rage at the thought of Mr. Snaggleby's marriage to myself. Had you no other sentiment in your heart as regards Mr. Snaggleby than that of mere friendship you would not be so deeply affected as is indicated in your letters to me. I have seduously endeavored to avoid anything that would hurt your feelings, never dreaming, in my girlish innocence, that Mr. Snaggleby was anything more to you than any other dear friend. Mr. Snaggleby has never intimated to me that either of you had expressed the slightest regard for the other beyond friendship. Your last letter has opened my eyes to the fact that, as regards your own feelings, there is a more affectionate feeling for our mutual friend agitating your breast than you were willing to admit in your first letter to me. I cannot say that you have admitted it in this instance exactly, but to use the classical apothegm quoted by yourself, "it don't take a magnifying glass to see the color in thousand-dollar rock." Perhaps if I had thoroughly understood your true sentiments in regard to Mr. Snaggleby before that gentleman and myself were engaged, I should have mentioned your case to him and allowed him to choose between us. As it is, I am not certain but that I shall lay the matter before him now, and if he wishes a release give it to him. You perceive that I bear you no ill will whatever, and am willing to accord you every opportunity for securing the object of your heart's desires. By informing me of your wishes in this particular you will confer a lasting favor upon

Yours as ever, MAUD TARBOX.

To MISS PRISCILLA JONES, Tuttletown, Cal.

The Widow to Maud.

TUTTLETOWN, November 11, 1879.

MISS TARBOX:—Your association with old Jim Snaggleby seems to have had one good effect upon you, at least. It has made you his equal in brainlessness. If it wasn't for your Dutch boarding-school style of writing I'd a thought the old ignoramus had written the letter himself, only he can't spell straight. And I want you to understand, if you can, that if I had wanted the old fool *you wouldn't have had a ghost of a show.* I wouldn't have him if he was the only man in the world, and I've got my opinion of anybody that would. I did think that *educated* people was refined, that society women, who are eternally thinking of dress and such, and what their neighbors can afford to wear that is better than they have themselves, was *cultured*, but I've missed my guess, and I can thank the future Mrs. Snaggleby for *opening my eyes* that much. You are welcome to the old fool, and you needn't trouble yourself to *lay the case before him.* When you get through with him he'll probably have had enough sense driven into him to keep out of the clutches of *fashionable women* afterwards. PRISCILLA JONES.

To MAUD TARBOX, Oakland, Cal.

Maud to the Widow.

OAKLAND, November 15, 1879.

DEAR MADAME:—Notwithstanding the fact that this correspondence is affording me a vast amount of amusement, I must insist upon closing it forthwith, as I have many and important duties to perform in preparing for my approaching wedding. If I thought that there was any prospect of seeing you present on that happy occasion I should take great pleasure in forwarding an invitation; you may depend upon receiving our cards. Yours to command,

MAUD TARBOX.

P. S.—When Mr. Snaggleby returns from San José I will mention the advisability of urging you to join us on our bridal tour. M. T.

To MRS. PRISCILLA JONES, Tuttletown, Cal.

The Widow to Maud.

TUTTLETOWN, November 21, 1879.

MISS TARBOX:—You needn't send any of your brazen *invitations* or impudent *cards* to me, because I wouldn't accept them if you did. It's enough to have to read your *refined* letters, without having to set eyes on your magnificent face. Take good care of old Snaggleby's *coin.* It isn't of any use to him now, and it'll be of less use when you fall heir to it.

PRISCILLA JONES.

To MISS MAUD TARBOX, Oakland Cal.

Maud to the Widow.

OAKLAND, November 24, 1879.

MRS. JONES:—Accept my regrets at your refusal to be present at our wedding, and pray endeavor to assuage your sorrow at the thought that your old friend is making a terrible sacrifice in marrying poor me instead of the amiable Widow Jones, of Tuttletown. MAUD TARBOX.

To MRS. PRISCILLA JONES, Tuttletown, Cal.

The Widow to Maud.

TUTTLETOWN, November 27, 1879.

MISS TARBOX:—When I want any of your advice I'll ask for it. Jim Snaggleby is a low, contemptible wretch, and I can't see that you are much better. You'll both make a good match, and I wish you much joy of it.

PRISCILLA JONES.

To MAUD TARBOX, Oakland, Cal.

Condensed Wisdom.

Men can not make, but may ennoble, fate, by nobly bearing it.—*Owen Meredith.*

If thou wouldst please the ladies, thou must endeavor to make them pleased with themselves.—*Fuller.*

Experience, like a pale musician,
Holds a dulcimer of patience in his hands.—*Browning.*

Men, like planets, have a visible and an invisible history.—*George Eliot.*

A man rarely speaks of himself without loss. His accusations of himself are always believed—his praises never.—*Montaigne.*

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith, and Love; and thou shalt find—
Strength, when Life's surges rudest roll,
Sight, when all else is blind.—*Schiller.*

The great lesson of life is to accept the inevitable; neither to struggle against it, nor murmur at it—simply to bear it.—*Miss Muloch.*

There comes for ever something between us
And what we deem our happiness.—*Byron.*

Content is ignorance. The tree of knowledge may have its roots in wisdom and its branches in action, but its fruit is for ever unrest.—*Ouida.*

Conscience is the voice of the soul; passion is the voice of the body.—*Jean Jacques Rosseau.*

A sin sold well is half forgiven.—*Ouida.*

An amusing anecdote, of which Prince Bismarck and Lord Odo Russell are the heroes, is published in the Vienna *Newe Freie Presse.* One day when the British Ambassador was calling on the Chancellor the conversation happened to turn on the numerous and annoying visits the latter had to undergo owing to his high position. "How do you manage to get out of them?" asked Lord Odo. "Oh! I have several little dodges," replied the Chancellor, with a smile. "For instance, I have arranged with my wife to enter the room and request my presence elsewhere on some pretext or another, whereupon, of course, my visitor has to leave." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Princess Bismark opened the door, and told her husband not to forget that the hour for taking his medicine had arrived. The effect of this announcement on the Prince and his visitor may be imagined, but Lord Odo took the incident in good part, and, after exchanging a laugh and a cordial shake of the hand with the Chancellor, took the hint and his departure.

## BEFORE THE CAMERA.

Certain Persons who Sat for their Pictures without their Own Consent.

FLORENCE, October 10, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—SIR:—I am at present visiting a friend of mine who has adopted this city for her home, and who has now been living here for a number of years. A few days ago, in connection with "Ouida's" last novel, *Friendship*, she told me a curious story, which I send to your paper as a small return for the pleasure which the latter has afforded me while abroad. The main incidents of the story, I was surprised to learn, came as near to the truth as fiction ever does to reality, and most of the characters, which are drawn from life, are personally known to my friend, Miss Henderson. The lady Janet—or Joan, as she is known in the romance—I have met once or twice formally. She is a tall, black-browed Scotch woman, and looks as if she might be subject occasionally to the "cantrips" with which "Ouida" credits her. She is really a Perth-Douglas, and, if one may believe reports, her biographer has not erred in insinuating that there is some mystery in her past life which would not stand an airing. Also, her husband's business is a little bit shady, and although he talks largely of his speculations in the Orient, he is supposed to carry on a more lucrative traffic of another description, and which does not come under the scrutiny of his aristocratic friends. Prince Staffa—the Jovis of the tale—is said to be a very charming young gentleman, who, unfortunately for himself, is no such fool as he is portrayed, and so has earned for himself an unenviable immortality. For—if any one can imagine it—the beautiful, innocent, angelic heroine, Etoile, is no other than Mlle. "Ouida" as she would doubtless like to be. The true story is this:

Some years ago, in an unlucky hour, Prince Staffa met and fell in love with our fair authoress, and continued her devoted slave for some time. Unfortunately for the heroine, however, the passion on his part proved evanescent, and after a year or so of bondage he transferred his affections to the Lady Joan of the book. Neither prayers nor protestations nor threats on the part of his deserted love could induce him to return to his allegiance, and upon Lady Janet he still bestows his Platonic affections until another shall claim him for her own. That other has not yet appeared, nor is "Ouida's" grief assuaged; and, finding all other means of no avail, about three years ago she wrote her last book, *Friendship.* In it her recreant knight is represented as that most despicable of objects, a man tied to the apron-strings of a woman for whom he no longer cares; and she has held it over his head ever since, threatening publication unless he should be willing once more to acknowledge her perfections. But the Prince was obdurate, and not long ago, while he was absent on businesss in the Orient, "Ouida" published the book. The day after his return he entered a certain lady's drawing-room, and after the customary greetings threw a note upon the table, exclaiming as he did so: "Here is an invitation from Janet to go to her house tonight." The little scene was so exactly a reproduction of many portrayed in the book that the lady in question could not refrain from laughing in his face. Upon his rather astonished inquiry as to what amused her, she asked him if he had read "Ouida's" last book. On his answering in the negative she advised him to obtain a copy, as he would doubtless find it interesting, being the hero thereof. He left immediately and must have been highly edified at the conception of his character as it is presented to the public.

Of course every one in Florence and Rome recognized the portraits and incidents immediately, but of course make due allowance for the vindictiveness of a jealous woman. The saintly character to which "Ouida" has helped herself would be rather difficult to identify with that lady did not every one know what she was up to. However, we may safely say that M. le Prince will steer clearer than ever of Mlle. de la Ramée, and will doubtless eschew the society of fascinating authors from this time forth, for ever.

As to the other characters in the book, the lovely, slandered friend of Etoile, Dorotea Coronis, is no less a personage than Patti, and the noble, self-sacrificing lover, who so obligingly betakes himself to the Caucasus at her request, and courts dissolution at the point of the sword, is Nicolini, of course. Alas! that things can not be as we would, not as they are. Perhaps, however, it is as well as it is, for, beyond a doubt, the fair singer prefers a sound Nicolini above ground to an interesting Fédor who finds his grave upon the frozen steppes of Russia, dying in the belief that the object of his affection is as ice to his fire.

The Scrope-Clair sisters, whom "Ouida" so unmercifully satirizes, are three old maids who live in Rome, and who were very kind to "Ouida" during one of her visits to that city. So much for the gratitude of human nature; but I believe that writers acknowledge no tie of love or honor when an effective point may be gained. Mrs. Henry V. Clams, whose real name is Mrs. Van S., is a well drawn picture of the vulgar American woman abroad. In certain passages of that lady's history "Ouida," for a wonder, has confined herself to the truth. She entertains and converses in much the same style as her portrait—Mrs. Clams. Her mythical husband remains in the background and attends to the supplies for the delectation of his spouse and her major-domo adviser, or, as "Ouida" styles him, her Mr. Henry V. Clams—but, in other words, the convenient marquis who corrects her grammar and orders her dinner.

Hoping that "Ouida's" admirers and disciples may find entertainment in the above facts, I am, yours sincerely,

FAG, M. P.

Pleasant situation: After an absence of some months to return and ask a friend, "Anything new?" and when he replies, "Well, no, nothing particular, only I've been and gone and got married," to say, "I congratulate you, old fel, on having had the pluck to break off your relations with that old Clementine, who was as false as Cressid, as we all of us knew," and subsequently learn that it was Clementine whom he had married.

A broker was saying the other day that he knew all his partner's secrets, and therefore could risk a quarrel. "But he knows yours, too," remarked a friend. "Ay," [illegible] the broker, "but he is a gentleman; he is incapable o[illegible] my confidence."

Baldwin's was fairly full on Wednesday. There is a great deal that is fresh and bright and strong in *Forget-me-not*. The dialogue is unusually good, and the leading two characters carry the attention of an audience through three not very well constructed acts. There are but two parts in it practically, and they are a man and a woman at war with wits, a condition always effective. The whole plot consists in "Stephanie," the widow of a gambling-hell keeper in Paris, forcing herself on "Alice Verney," whose sister has made an illegal marriage with her son. The illegality of the marriage is the secret which she holds over the Verney sisters, and the interest of the three acts lies in the efforts of "Sir Horace Welby" to turn her out of the house without a disclosure. I can not but think that Grove and Merivale wrote it on a suggestion from *Diplomacy*. It may be because I saw Miss Jeffreys-Lewis in the part, and in my opinion she is the best exponent of it on the continent; but "Countess Zicka" was with me through every movement of "Stephanie." The dialogue, which, especially in the first act, sparkles with point, is something between *Diplomacy* and *Our Boys*—heavier than Byron, and less brilliant than Sardou. The situations in *some* instances are clearly based on the French play, as witness the scene in the last act where "Sir Horace" tells her the story of her husband's murder. And this is perhaps as good an example as any of the faults of the play. I do not remember how many times reference is made to that little accident; but everybody knows so well about it that after "Sir Horace" has told the story it does not seem at all necessary for him to say to "Stephanie:" "Marquise de Mohrivart, it is of you I speak." It is so like that scene where "Henry Beauclerc" asks "Countess Zicka:" "Countess Zicka, are you the guilty woman?" And yet, beyond these suggestions, there is nothing of *Diplomacy* about it. The main fault is that the subject is not enough for three acts without padding, and the padding is very bad. "Alice Verney" is a tame and colorless girl, whose business all through the play is to be quite miserable. "Mrs. Foley" is a chaperone, introduced to quiet the inquiring minds of the audience as to the reason why two girls should be living in Rome without guardians of some kind. "The Prince" is an attempt at comedy—in conjunction to some extent with the old woman—badly mismanaged. The authors must have been very hard up for some ending to the plot when they created a wild Corsican, the fear of whose poniard is the only power that can break "Stephanie's" determination to force herself into society on "Miss Verney's" secret. But it is not often that we hear such clever dialogue, even if there is a little too much of it; and the situations are unnaturally strained to allow of a good deal that does not repay the trouble of listening. One almost gets tired of "Stephanie" and "Horace" asking one another every five minutes afresh, "What do you mean to do?"—especially when the gentleman plainly has no idea what to do. And it destroys the character of "Stephanie," who braves everything and defies everybody, to have her break into abject fear when the Corsican—who loved her so much that he murdered her husband—appears, especially as Mr. Morrison looks as if he had neither the strength nor the will to injure anybody. It was suggestive of a local hit at some of our beggars when he came in insisting on "Sir Horace" hearing his story, and muttering about the yellow Tiber and suicide when he would not listen. Mr. Bradley looked like an English butcher on a "tower" in "Hitaly," but he was called "Prince Malleotti" on the bills; and I do not think Miss Walters knew what kind of a woman "Mrs. Foley" was supposed to be. Mr. O'Neil and Miss Jeffreys-Lewis—more especially the last—carried the play admirably, and I dare say "Forget-me-not" will be another "Zicka" to the lady. The piece showed lack of rehearsal, and I believe, but for that, it would have been a very decided hit on the first night. As it is, it should be a "go" for two weeks, at least.

*Dr. Clyde* is not destined to be a great popular play. Four acts of good advice can not be expected to be always attractive. The first impression I had of it was that it was one of the most sensible, wholesome, domestic dramas I had ever seen, and, I think, there its good qualities end. It may be very judicious, but it is very absurd for a Doctor to dress up his wife and daughter in gloves which remind one of the average low comedian playing a plebeian in good society, and, to enable "Totbury Sims" to make a little comic business, insist on his daughter wearing his rubbers. There is always a laugh, but it seems to me it is against the Doctor, and nullifies the moral of his later business in the story. *Dr. Clyde* is guiltless of dramatic art. It is the simple transfer of domestic scenes to the stage, and those scenes of a very common-place character. It is well-written, and there is the saving element. The dialogue is sufficiently removed from the colloquial, and yet not too grandiloquent, and so *Dr. Clyde* is a play unexciting, but not uninteresting. I wonder why Mr. Owens ever took it into his head to play "Higgins." He is not *the* part of the piece, although the artistic comedian is funnier to me in the "alleged factotum" than in anything he has done here. That is, perhaps, easily explained. Mr. Owens is the greatest artist in his line we have; an actor so finished in detail, so thorough in his appreciation of point, situation, and business, that he forgets sometimes the difference between broad and light effects. He has done his old *repertoire* over so often that his elaboration becomes tedious, and he never knows when to let his support go on with the play. But in "Higgins" he has a new part, and his acquaintance with it is not full enough to allow him to overdo it. And therein lies his success in "Higgins." He is intensely funny in it, and I do not remember any other actor whose portrayal of the uneasy imposter looking for the "damned dead countryman" could be so naturally ludicrous. But if Mr. Owens is willing to play such parts as "Higgins," he need never want for a fresh play while French's books are in print. The most valuable *soubrette* we have had in San Francisco for a long time is Miss Granville, who plays the daughter. Her few appearances at the Grand Opera House three years ago gave only a glimpse of what she can do, and her playing in this piece shows that *soubrette* is not her only line. In these days of poor *soubrettes*, I am surprised some of the Eastern theatres have not taken her up. Miss Stanhope grows into popular favor, and if she can only get a rally in a good part, which will give her a chance to show herself at her best, she will leave us with a reputation that few of our immigrants have taken away with them. She is a quiet, sensible actress, although a lady without affectation or extravagance; and she does everything conscientiously—a rare merit, especially in actresses.

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The Colville Company, at the Bush Street Theatre, are proving my statement, and I would rather have an interest in that than any theatrical venture I know of. In all towns, large and small, there are always found people ready to go to a burlesque when the heavier drama is not attractive; and the Bush Street shows that there is a very large class of that description here. The Colville Company is not great—not as strong as the Rice Surprise Party was. But a little Eastern experience opened the eyes of that company to their value; and I doubt if Rice will ever get as many good people together as he had at the Standard. But the Colville Combination is generally good, about evenly weighted, without any particular star; and it is composed of people who have had good training in burlesque business, and whose intelligent development of new parts shows their possibilities in the future. I look upon Graham and Reed as coming men. Graham is to some extent handicapped here, though not by any means new on the stage, by the recollection that not long ago he played second comedy in the Oates Troupe. He made a name, however, and his performances lately are evidence of a talent for comedy and burlesque of considerable value nowadays. Reed is young, but he is a natural burlesque actor, and if he does not shriek his voice away he will stand out beside Willie Edouin and Nat Goodwin. Indeed, I credit him with greater comic scope than the latter, whose peculiarities, I fear, exhaust themselves in *Hobbies*. As for the ladies, Miss Roseau is an admirable centrepiece, and that is always a necessary thing in a burlesque. We must have a prince who makes himself prominent physically, if not otherwise. There is not, I think, a more graceful or clever little actress on the stage than Miss Ella Chapman. She is such a little handful of attraction, with her little figure and her little voice, that I doubt if the audience miss the lacking qualities which would be so valuable to her in her business. She can do anything and everything, and must be particularly useful in any company. The others are all pretty, and evidently trained and educated so thoroughly in burlesque that they are not only attra[illegible] as figures on the stage, but reliable through[illegible]

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*The B[illegible] in the Wood* is not as well given in the present instance as it was by the Rice Party. Reed is likely by and by to be as good as Willie Edouin in that very funny school scene. But Mr. Colville should have put Miss Chapman in as "Sallie." She made such a hit in it before that I cannot accept Miss McHenry while she is there. The music is not quite as taking, either. In the stage setting and the general arrangement of the play, the present company have the advantage; and if, as I suppose, the credit of the "get up" is due to the stage manager, Mr. Forrester deserves special mention. The first performance of each burlesque has shown thorough attention and rehearsal, a fact noticeably inadmissible about most of our previous experiences.

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I am afraid that even General Barton's sanguine nature must begin to doubt the extent of Frank Mayo's popularity. Even *Van* was not sufficiently attractive to remunerate, although the success of *My Partner* in New York had made Bartley Campbell's a name to conjure with. I think managers overestimate the interest taken by the public in playwrights. They are apt to confuse the popularity of plays with the popularity of authors. Now Bartley Campbell as a writer is not well enough known to us yet to make *any* play of his go down. I have no doubt that if *My Partners* were played successfully here it might help any other emanation from his pen; but to our public Bartly Campbell is still an unknown quantity. I am inclined to think, in any case, that *Davy Crockett* passed away with the dime novel. When the only novels we could get for ten cents were Beadle's, we bought them, read them, and liked them. But now that we can get George Elliot and William Black we leave Beadle to the special taste that longs for the excitement of impossible adventures. Mr. Mayo is always popular with the gallery, and that part of the house has been well patronized to the well worn backwoodsman. I am free to confess I think his "Davy" is a very fine piece of acting; and I could perhaps endure it again if he had not got his voice down to a slow and thrilling monotone, which will in time begin to wear his boots out. His pathos is altogether too much for him. You can see the emotion agitating his manly frame when he first appears on the stage, and his pathetic thrill is visible two or three scenes before it meets with its cue. There are many parts open to him; but he will have to admit into his pieces some other interest than himself, and surround himself with actors and actresses who shall have something else to do than merely play up to him. *The Streets of New York* will, I suppose, make money, and I hope it may. MOURZOUK.

## HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, Nov. 28, 1879.

Society events have been chasing each other with such delightful rapidity since my last that it is hardly possible for one to elaborate or discriminate; and to the regular party-goer, it seems to me, the impression left by any one in particular must be positively evanescent. At Mrs. Shillaber's, on Friday afternoon last, the first of a series of what the ambitious entertainer designates as *Matinees Francaises* took place. It being the first one, the invitations were not numerously responded to. The affair was delightful in the extreme, however, and quite a number of society people, and especially young ladies, were present. Among those present who speak French as fluently as those "native and to the manner born," were Miss McDowell, who, as well as the General, her father, speaks the language; Miss Nopie McDougal, the sparkling demi-blonde of South Park, who was educated in Europe, and speaks French and German and Italian fluently; Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss Lake, Miss Donahue, the Misses Chamberlain, and others, who not only speak French, but who have—most of them—been among French people. On the Saturday following, a company of ladies and gentlemen sat down with Capt. Ridley, of the *Gaelic*, to a repast on board his vessel.

The event of the week, in many respects, was the fancy dress party given by Doctor and Mrs. Spaulding at their residence on Pine Street. There was not the crush that had been expected, and there was a noticeable absence of army and navy people; but the very decided sprinkling of fashionables was a well-deserved recognition of the good qualities of the Doctor and the grace and accomplishments of his estimable wife. The *habitue* of the Carnival could not fail to recognize relics of that magnificent *osculum caritatis*, although over other limbs and over other forms than those pretended Egyptians and Moors and Arabians of that *ne plus ultra* of charitable frolics, was suspended some of the exquisite drapery of that occasion. Among the young ladies present whose dresses were new and pretty were Flora Sharon, Effie Brown, Cora Bronson, Susie Coffee, Mamie Coghill, Emma Crockett, and others. Miss Hattie Crocker dressed the Spanish lady perfectly; Miss Edith Blanding the Grecian: Miss Susie Russell, of Sacramento, guest of Miss Crocker, a Turkish lady; Miss Bancroft a French lady; Miss Sterling a French peasant; Miss Giffin a shepherdess; Miss Peters a Spanish lady; Miss Dubrow a Hungarian; the Misses Emma Cole and Dora Pierson, Egyptians; Miss Fitch as Morning, and Miss Requa as Night; Miss Crittenden and Miss Follansbee as flower girls; Mrs. Fisher Ames as morning glory, Mrs. Hastings as Cinderella, and Mrs. Allen as an Indian princess, attracted attention. Mrs. James Burling, the beautiful Marie Antoinette of the "Little Trianon," was transformed into a Quakeress minus the proverbial severity. Mrs. Spaulding, the hostess, looked every inch the high-bred Castilian lady, such as we read of in florid books of travel. The male characters were all attractive, but the butterfly of the evening was Mr. Fred Crocker, attired in a full dress suit made of pink flannel with satin trimmings.

On Tuesday evening, a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Crocker mansion, and there was dancing to the music of Ballenberg's band. I can conceive of no pleasanter place to go; you are put at ease the moment you cross the threshold; and, beside Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, there are Miss Crocker and Fred and George, who see to it that no one is unattended to. Besides the pretty young ladies present on Tuesday evening, there were several married ladies conspicuously beautiful, notably Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Wright. During the evening supper was provided. These receptions this season are destined to become, if they are not already so regarded, indeed, the most fashionable and by far the most pleasant held in this city. Governor Fenton is being made the recipient of many hospitalities in a quiet way. Cards are out for a reception at the residence of Mrs. John McMullin, No. 1414 California Street, on Thursday evening next—the occasion being the society début of Miss Rebecca McMullin.

A brilliant wedding took place in Richmond on the 13th inst., the happy couple being Lieut. John A. Nickels, of the *Adams*, and Miss Nellie Parker, niece of Capt. John Henry Parker, formerly of the United States Navy, but later of the Confederate Army. The bride is one of the most wealthy and beautiful of Virginia's fair daughters. Lieut. J. Dix Bowles, U. S. N., acted as best man for the groom. There were a large number of army and navy officers present, all in uniform; also, a sprinkling of ex-Confederates. Lieut. C. S. Bartlett, U. S. N., was married at Annapolis on Tuesday last, the 25th inst., to a daughter of Judge McWilliams, of Worcester, Mass. Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Stevens is named as the successor of Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Patterson, commanding Asiatic Station. Commodore and Mrs. Phelps have taken permanent quarters at the Palace Hotel; also their daughters, Mrs. Lieut. Mason and Mrs. Lieut. Adams. Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, besides having two daughters who married naval officers, have a son who is also an officer in the navy. Mrs. Phelps is regarded as one of the brightest and most lovable ladies in the navy. It is generally believed that Commodore Phelps will be the next commandant at Mare Island, although Admiral Rodgers and Commodore Spotts would like the place, *vice* Commander E. R. Calhoun, whose term expires in a month or two.

There is a movement on foot in Washington among navy people to have a place set apart in P street, in that city, for the erection of a monument to Admirals Dupont and Foot. The gunboat *Ranger*, Commander Boyd, will soon arrive from the Asiatic station. Mrs. Boyd arrived here from China two weeks ago, and is now at Mare Island. This lady is noted for her social qualities, and is the lady who entertained General and Mrs. Grant so handsomely on board the *Ranger* in China waters. Mrs. Coghlan, wife of the Lieutenant Commander of the *Monongahela*, which arrived here a few days ago, have departed for the East. Mrs. Boyd is a sister of the charming Mrs. Major Hebb, of the Marine Corps. Lieut. S. F. Clarkson takes the place of Lieut. Lilley at the Brooklyn navy-yard; the latter takes command of the *Nipsic*, which sails for Europe in a few days. Miss Lillie Price, daughter of Commodore Price, was married on the 12th inst. to Mr. Louis C. Hamersley, of Troy, N. Y. Miss Voorhes, daughter of the late Commodore Voorhes, was married on the 13th inst. to Dr. F. H. Rankin, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Captain and Mrs. Costar left for the East on Saturday morning last; he has sent in his resignation, so it is said. Lieut. Jacob Bloom, Fourth Artillery, left for Washington on Thursday; he has sent in his resignation to take effect on the first of the year. General W. H. French, now in Washington on temporary duty, will return to Angel Island next month. Mr. C. Brooks, of Oregon, has been appointed a second lieutenant in the army on the recommendation of General Grant.

HEBE.

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The Argonaut—Holiday Number.

On or about the 17th of December THE ARGONAUT will issue a special Holiday number of *thirty-two pages*, surpassing in every respect the one of last year, which gave such universal satisfaction that the first edition of 10,000 was exhausted in less than four hours after its publication. There will be twelve pages of illustrations of San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda scenes, about the bay, along the water front, the Chinese quarter, etc.—drawn by Rix, Strong & Robinson; a story, written specially for THE ARGONAUT by Edgar Fawcett; Christmas poems and stories innumerable, and novel features that will make the number very desirable and valuable as a souvenir. Advertisers will please send in their favors as soon as possible, as the edition of 20,000 copies goes to press early in the month. This special number can be ordered through any news-dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the price—twenty-five cents.

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A. L. Bancroft & Co., of this city, have received a large and varied invoice of the neatest and daintiest things we have ever seen in the way of programme, invitation, and menu cards. These are of all shapes and sizes—note-sheet, plain, rectangular, fan-form, etc. Each bears a delicately designed and superbly executed steel engraving in the best style of decorative art; some of these designs—notably those of Japanese inspiration—being admirable beyond the possibility of exaggeration. They are "in blank"—spaces, scrolls, and broad pages being left for the purposes of the purchaser, who can have them filled by the printer or engraver at his own sweet will, according to his own wayward fancy or immutable taste. We repeat that we know nothing better than these dainty devices, in which we recognize the latest and ripest fruit of that popular art culture from whose small beginnings we hoped so little and are getting so much.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Baby's Dream.

What is't that makes the baby weep?
What is't that visits him in sleep,
And prints the semblance of a smile
Upon his lips, that doth beguile
The women folks—queer, foolish things—
And makes them talk of angel wings,
Of cherubim and seraphim—
Those creatures of that old wife's whim,
The angels whisper it meanwhiles?
What makes that baby from his dream
Awake with calliopic scream?
What makes that precious baby wake?
Good friends, it is the stomach ache.

### The Belle.

Her hair is as banged as a tough beefsteak,
And just the color of tow;
Her smile is one of the newest make,
Her cheek is as rosy as dough.

Her teeth are white as a yellow dog,
Her mouth as a new moon small;
Her waist as slim as a first-prize hog,
Her voice like a northeast squall.

Her fingers taper like a paste-pot swab,
Back straight like an angry cat;
Her nose is as Greek as a burnished knob,
Feet arched like a bedstead slat.

She is dressed in the seven cardinal hues,
And in seven shades of each;
Her eyes hold totally different views,
And the color of an unripe peach.

'Twas thus that my nightmare fancy moved
Me to point, in the night's "dead waste,"
The charmer that Don Quixote loved,
His Dulcinea chaste.

### Listening.

I hear her when the merry birds
Salute the coming dawn;
I hear her when the twilight shadows
Gather on the lawn.

I hear the sound of household words
Make music in the room,
The while she combs her husband
With the bald end of the broom.

### Memory.

Oh! those memories all flow inward
On my tired heart to-day,
And I almost smell the clover,
While I list the robin's lay
—*Lilla N. Cushman.*

Sweet the summer breezes gently
Sweep along the cottage thatch,
And I almost smell the clover,
While I list the robins hatch
—*Steubenville Herald.*

### A Poem with a Point.

Only a pin; yet it calmly lay
On the tufted floor in the light of day;
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a pin; yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin.
He stooped for a while with a look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair; but on its seat
A well bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when fizz, bang, pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell; though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy and man, and pin and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

### Nora's Vow.

"Old Gaffer's son I will not wed,
And don't forget it!" loud she said.
"Should every living creature die
And none be left but Jim and I,
I would not wed old Gaffer's son—
The bow-legged, wall-eyed son of a gun!"

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the ground-hog's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
The good priest yell! May I be durn!
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed old Gaffer's son—
The knock-kneed, lop-eared son of a gun!"

Still where the bull-frog lays her eggs
The swan still laves her purple legs;
Still downward flows the Awe's fierce river,
And will, no doubt, flow thus for ever;
But Nora's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to old Gaffer's son,
The ring-boned, spavined son of a gun.

### Mutual Admiration.

Johnson is one of the poets sublime
That this age of activity owns;
A work that is certain to last for all time
Is the poem in honor of Jones.

Jones is a speaker of marvelous power,
Of widely extended renown;
We all sat entranced the best part of an hour
By his thrilling oration on Brown.

Brown is a writer of elegant grace,
His works full of insight and pith;
The *Atlantic* last month gave a large share of space
To his sketch of the eminent Smith.

Smith has a lecture on "Modern Great Men,"
By lyceums in constant request;
And his world-renowned heroes of forum and pen
Are Johnson, Jones, Brown, and the rest.

### Charles Augustus.

He was young, he was fair,
And he parted his hair,
Like the average beau, in the middle;

He was proud, he was bold,
But the truth must be told—
He played like a fiend on the fiddle.


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### The New Magazine—The Californian.

The publishers of the new monthly magazine, *The Californian*, will put the first number on the market about the 5th of December. There is considerable curiosity regarding the new publication, as to what it will look and be like, its plans and promises for the future, its contributors, etc. All these points can be determined when the first number is in hand. For sale by all newsdealers. The trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company. By mail, $3.00 per year; 25 cents a single number; postage prepaid.

"Well, my man," said a military doctor to a patient who had been on "low diet" for a long time, "how are you?" "Much better, sir." "Could you eat a small chicken to-day?" "That I could, sir." "What would you like it stuffed with?" "Please, your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

The man who saw Grant's vessel first, and was first to propose three cheers, has already filed his claim for a postoffice.

During the watermelon season a man can be likened unto a mushroom when he springs up in the night.

For giving comfort, quiet, rest, strength, and the most robust and blooming health, Hop Bitters have no equal. Ask those who have tested them and prove it.

Gentlemen can be accommodated with dress coats for special occasions at the tailoring establishment of J. Cooper, No. 24 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel. *For sale or hire.*

A fine line Gent's Furnishing Goods at J. M. Litchfield & Co.'s, No. 415 Montgomery Street.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

An elegant assortment of Gold Watches and Chains at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.


# GRAND CLEARANCE SALE.

# H. SIERING & CO.,

**19 Montgomery Street and 109 Sutter Street,**

**Will offer their fine stock of Fancy Goods during the holiday season at cost price.**

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

Carnival of fun, music, and mirth by the famous

COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY,

The most complete organization for the representation of light musical entertainment in the world.

BABES IN THE WOOD,

An unqualified success, will be presented Monday evening, Dec. 1st, and every evening until further notice.

SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2 P. M.

☞ Seats may be secured six days in advance.

*STANDARD THEATRE.*

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

M. A. KENNEDY.....MANAGER.

Monday evening, Dec. 1st, first production on any stage of

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CATTARAUGUS.

MR. JOHN E. OWENS

In a great part.

Reserved seats can be secured six days in advance at the box office without extra charge.

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**Bookseller and Stationer,**

Has resumed business with an elegant line of

**New Christmas, Miscellaneous, and Juvenile Books.**

**Fine and Fancy Stationery, Illuminated Christmas Cards, Silk Bannerets, Panels, Etc.**

**Arms, Crests, and Monograms Artistically Engraved. Visiting and Wedding Cards.**

With the New Store is established the Agency of Messrs. D. APPLETON & CO., New York, under the direction of JAMES T. WHITE & CO., who carry in stock a full line of their publications.

# BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.

Invite the attention of the public to their elegant assortment of Illustrated and Presentation

# BOOKS

**Juvenile and Toy-Books, Foreign and Domestic Stationery.**

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**BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,**
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**OF TOILET LUXURIES WILL APPRECIATE COLGATE & CO.'S NEW SPECIALTIES, CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET WATER, HELIOTROPE WATER, WEDDING MARCH BOUQUET, AMBROSIAL WATER, RINCK BOUCH.**

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**OF PERFUMES JUST THE THING FOR A PRESENT. ELEGANT AND RICH. NOTHING CAN BE MORE ACCEPTABLE TO A LADY.**

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327 to 331 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

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*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

# JOE POHEIM

*The Tailor,*

203 Montgomery St., under the Russ House, near Bush Street, and 103 Third Street, has just received a large assortment of the latest style goods.
Suits to order from.....$20
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☞ The leading question is where the best goods can be found at the lowest prices. The answer is, at

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Samples and Rules for Self-measurement sent free to any address. Fit guaranteed.

# KURRACHEE RUGS.

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Equal to the Turkish or Persian, at one-fourth the cost. Elegant designs, unexcelled for durability. Kept by the leading Carpet Dealers, and WAKEFIELD RATTAN COMPANY, 38 Geary Street.

ROBT. COULTER A

## THE GREAT PYRAMID.

### Some Extraordinary Notions of What It Is For.

Egypt has recently become the most interesting country in existence to another class of scientific enthusiasts, and the great pyramid the most interesting structure on the face of the earth. Prof. Smyth, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, is numbered among those who, by the minute measurement of the chambers and galleries and angles of this mammoth mass of stone, have arrived at the conclusion that it is a divinely-inspired revelation to man, and that its earthly and heavenly squares not only indicate all the grand events of history, but foreshadow the fate of the world in the near future. Its strange, singular, and mysterious symbolisms are therefore being zealously questioned by a band of romantic scientists. In the recent translation of the Bible, together with the marginal readings, a passage in the Book of Job is believed to refer to the great pyramid: "Where wast thou when I founded the earth? Declare if thou hast understanding. Who fixed its measures, for thou knowest, or who sunken?" (not fastened). "Where was its sockets made to sink?" (as in the case of the sockets at each corner of the pyramid) "or who laid its corner-stone," etc.? One eloquent enthusiast writes of the great pyramid thus:

"The great pyramid, which is shown to be a depositary of advanced science, contains also among its many wonders, a phonograph which is vastly superior to the newly-invented one of Edison. The speaking aparatus of this structure was built into its organism, at the time of its manufacture, as one faculty only of its marvelous mechanism."

The first crucial test employed by Professor Smyth and his followers to-day, to prove that the avenues in this structure symbolized chronological periods, was made in applying his measuring scale—an inch to a year—to the date of its erection. To their astonishment, and, no doubt, gratification, it "matched" exactly. It "dented" right in as 2,170 inches north of the beginning of the grand gallery. And right there, within an inch of that measurement, were perpendicular lines cut in both walls as if to attract attention to that spot. These "erect" lines mark the date of erection, and were "placed there before written words had been invented." It is claimed that this "erection," or act of building occurred 628 years before the exodus of the Jews. Exodus signifies departure; and precisely at the 628-inch mark, south of the established sign-post, labeled "erection," the first departure or bend in the gallery occurs. The road now proceeds upward. Climbing takes the place of sliding; but the passage-way is still narrow and inconvenient. After continuing 1,542 inches there is a great and sudden expansion in the road, indicative of the advent of Christ upon earth. It is no broader than before, but it is seven times higher than before, and it is walled in with seven courses of overlapping stones on each side. In proceeding onward the next "sign" is in the form of a "step." The grand gallery ends abruptly directly under the apex of the pyramid at an impending wall. The distance from the beginning of the grand gallery to the ending of it is 1,881½ inches, if measured on a straight line. This 1,881½ inch mark, it is claimed, denotes "an impending event"—the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ in the air.

If it be asked what reason can be assigned for using one inch to a year, rather than ten or a hundred, in pyramid measurements, the answer is: "First, because it fits; secondly, it is the measure which we have shown was used before on this level. The distance around the pyramid on this fiftieth course of masonry is 25,827 inches; the circle described by using the vertical height from this point as a radius is exactly 25,827 inches;" and, what is very extraordinary, this is the number of years that the pyramid's governing star, Alcyone, will be in performing its grand cycle on the ecliptic!

"Now, here is a structure," says Professor James French, "situated among idolaters, and built by idolaters. Their old monuments are covered all over with their idolatrous form worship. But this great pyramid contains no allusion to any religion except Judaism and Christianity! Herodotus obtained from Egyptian priests a tradition that King Cheops closed the idol temples, suspended idol worship, and forbade the offering of sacrifices to idol gods during the erection of his pyramid, and now not a sign of anything heathenish can be found either on it or in it."

It may be asked if the Scriptures refer to anything impending which accords in time with the 1881½-inch mark of the pyramid. To which it may be replied that Daniel's prophecy is so explicit as to form a key to that portion of the pyramidical revelation which has already become history. Daniel's prophecies concerning the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, and Roman kingdoms followed each other in regular succession, as history records. The same is true of his prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem in seventy weeks. 70×7=490 years after the command of Artaxerxes to restore and build Jerusalem. The vision was to end in 2,300 days (years). See Daniel viii., verse 14. Now, if 490 years end with the destruction of Jerusalem about A. D. 71 (plus), it leaves 1,810 more, which added to 71 (plus) inches, makes 1,881 (plus). Again, Jerusalem was to be trodden under foot for 42 months—1,262 days (years). The Mahommedans are the people who are fulfilling this prophecy. They date their hegira or epoch A. D. 622, or 621 (plus) after Christ. Add to 621 (plus) 1,260, and again 1,881 (plus) is the resultant sum!

"If it be asked," writes Prof. French, "what will occur when these times have been fulfilled, we respond: 'Search the Scriptures.' So much as has been said by visionary people with regard to prophetic dates which proved untrue, that it has tended to make people skeptical in all prophetic dates. The cry of 'Wolf! wolf' as in the fable, seems likely to have its counterpart in the prophetic warnings of the Bible."


# FRENCH LANGUAGE

TAUGHT BY

## PROF. LOUIS ARMAND,

*MASTER OF ARTS, GRADUATE* of the University of France, Faculte des Lettres de Paris, ex-Professor of French at the State University of California. Apply to the ARGONAUT office. Terms, $2 per lesson. Special arrangements for pupils or classes by the month.

REFERENCES:

JOHN LE CONTE, President State University; HON. JOHN W. DWINELLE, HON. JOHN S. HAGER.

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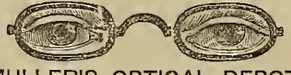

MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT,

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Spectacles, their adaptation to the various condition of sight, my specialty thirty years. Established, S. F., 1863.

*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of Nov., 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twelfth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 17th day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 20) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirteenth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 9) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 11th day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 31st day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-ninth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 22d day of September, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twentieth day of November, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 60) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fourth (24th) day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.* Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited

# ASSESSMENT

—OF—

## LANDS BENEFITED

—BY—

## WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON.

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

# TAXES, TAXES,

## 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

# MONTGOMERY AVENUE

## ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. ☞ None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

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# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of trak. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento, to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

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| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

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NORTHERN DIVISION — SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*10.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. A SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train fo Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

*4.30* P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

☞ The extra Sunday trains to San Jose and Way Stations have been discontinued for the winter season.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00
On Freight Trains only, leaving San Francisco at 4.00 A. M., San Jose at 8.30 P. M. (daily, Sundays excepted).

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office — Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office — No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

*SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz; also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

*SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commenciog Sunday, Nov. 16, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, (Washington Street Wharf) as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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# ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

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*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Nov. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 49) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, November 20, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

---

*OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL*

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | January | 17 |
| February | 28 | April | 10 |

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For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

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*PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.*

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

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*PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.*

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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# THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

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OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevor

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COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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*FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES,*

430 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

**Combined Capital - - $22,750,000.**
**Combined Assets - - - 28,000,000.**

FALKNER, BELL & CO., General Agents.

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*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

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WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

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PIANOS AT COST.

PIANOS

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TO ORDER:

Pants, from - - $5
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TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin Pants, from - $8
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UNDER THE BALDWIN.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 23. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 6, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

We do not understand how it has become the custom and fashion for people in good society to go to social gatherings so late in the evening. The writer had the honor, on one occasion, to be invited by his majesty King Leopold, of Belgium, to come over to the palace and spend an evening with him. The card read at 7:30 o'clock; and precisely at that hour the nobility and gentry, the foreign ministers and the writer, crowded to the entrance, and very soon after eight o'clock the doors of the royal palace were closed, and those who came later were denied admission. We are strongly suspicious that this late-hour custom comes from the shopkeeper grade of society. Business people, who work during the day, can not afford to go early; but the "genuine aristocracy" of Europe, "the real thing"—that is, those who do nothing, and whose parents before them did nothing—are presumed to be able to attend parties at a reasonable hour. At all events, it seems very absurd, when we are invited to spend an evening socially, that we can not go as soon after dinner as possible, and not be expected to delay till ten or eleven o'clock at night before we "put in an appearance."

Speaking of "best people," we often hear a discussion as to what are the proper definitions of the words "gentleman" and "lady." We Americans have a definition of our own that does not agree with that of our English or other European cousins. The best definition we know for a gentleman is: "One who behaves like a gentleman;" and for lady, "One who acts like a lady." It is a curious fact that every adult male in America considers himself, and speaks of himself, as a gentleman; and every female considers herself a lady. The veriest hoodlum would be indignant if denounced as "no gentleman," and the Biddy can not say of her employing mistress a more cutting thing than by asserting that she is "no lady," and contrasting her conduct with that of herself, whose title to be regarded as a lady no mistress dare question. A "gentleman" in England, as we understand it, is a person of fortune, who lives upon inherited property, and whose ancestors for two generations have done no work. The "best gentlemen" of England are those who can trace an ancestry back farthest and have inherited land. A person who distinguishes himself in arts or arms may be made a gentleman by letters patent. A distinguished lawyer may be created a baronet. So may a man of letters like Macaulay, or a man of beer like Bass. But this lasts only for two generations, when the "gentleman" runs out. Commoners often regard themselves as superior to titled persons. An ancient family, holding from father to son an estate in lands, is prouder of its lineage than it would be of a title, and instances are not unfrequent where they have refused to add a title to their honored name. It is an affectation among Americans to sneer at birth, and to affect contempt of an ancestral name. This tendency is strongly developed in the base born, and is most conspicuous in those who have no family of which they have a right to be proud. There is such a maxim as "*noblesse oblige*," and there are those who, proud of their family and the respectability of their ancestors, are restrained from conduct that would tarnish the good name of the family they bear. There are those who are ever boasting of the obscurity of their birth, of the low condition from which they spring, and of the lowly occupation in which they have been engaged. The biography of such people always begins with: "Born of poor but honest parents." This is our class of self-made men. Perhaps the best way for both classes is to say as little as possible about their birth, family, or ancestral name. Our definition of "gentleman" holds good: A man is a gentleman who behaves himself as such, and he is no gentleman who does not act like a gentleman.

To what tremendous extremes are our ladies carrying this business of dressing. We are not now referring alone to the absurd length of trains, but to the costly and extravagant expenditure that good society, and the custom of polite association, seem to demand. General and Mrs. Grant observed that neither at Washington, nor in the courts of kings, nor in any social circle to which they had ever visited, did they see such expensive and elegant toilets as were displayed by the ladies of San Francisco. This may be very complimentary, and undoubtedly is acceptable and agreeable to the vanity of our society ladies. It looks very "stunning" to see one of our beautiful women come swooping down a grand staircase, and sailing into a drawing-room, with all her canvas of velvets and laces, all her streamers of ribbons and feathers, flashing in jewels, and swelling in the conscious pride of expensive loveliness. If Olla-Podrida had a few millions or so, and his wife was a stunner, he would undoubtedly delight in seeing her do just this kind of thing, and be exceedingly proud to convoy her into action, with her heavy guns of solitaire diamonds, armor-clad in sparkling jewels. But how about a poor devil that spars for a living, works for a salary, has hard work to make both ends meet, and is in chronic financial crisis? How about a fellow that knows his wife is the prettiest, sweetest, best woman that ever did live, and yet can only afford to buy her one frock in a year? Who knows how smart and genial and brilliant she would be if it were not for the consciousness that her gown was not new, that it had been turned and dyed and made over, and retrimmed, and compelled to do duty in all sorts of disguises? And women are so devilish, so smart, so conscienceless, and have such memories for all the details of other women's dresses! They never miss a plait nor forget a tuck; no possible device of domestic mantua-making can fool them. They would recognize the stuff of a last year's "get-up" after it had passed the dye-tub and the sewing woman brought it into the family, and stamp it as a palpable forgery and imitation of the genuine thing purchased of Samuels or at the White House. They would fathom a sea of overdress, and penetrate billows of lace to recognize the old frock that forms the foundation and sub-base of a superstructure of ingenious top-hawser. No fooling a woman about anything in the dress line; they are sharper than pawnbrokers in their knowledge of diamonds; sealing wax won't pass for coral, nor colored glass for rare gems.

But, after all, it doesn't pay; we do not mean in the money sense, but it doesn't pay in any way we look at it. This tremendous pace that we are going will very soon result in driving all the nice poor people out of society. We know many of the best, the very best, people, the most gifted, the most cultivated, the best born, and the best bred, who are now exiles from social life because they can not afford to come into competition with the wealthy in this race of jewels and clothing—this vulgar contest of display of shops' contents and tradesmen's baubles. We know of young ladies, just as lovely as youth, beauty, education, good manners, and accomplishments can make them, entitled by their social positions to enter society, denying themselves an indulgence of their natural tastes because they cannot honestly rival their more wealthy associates, and because they are too proud to appear in harness not gilded and silver-plated with monogram and crest stamped by fashionable society. We think, and all gentlemen think, that a young girl looks prettier in a lawn, in a simple white cambric, with peach-down and a blush, hair natural, than one in train and flounce, with hair chemically dyed and face painted in French cosmetics. But women dress for women, not for men, and there is only one way of reforming this abuse, and that is a strike on the part of all the pretty and sensible girls against this unreasonable social tyranny. Let them not decline to attend parties, but rally in force with plain, cheap, and simple dresses, and with their other charms give battle to the rich ones, armor-clad in clothes of expensive material and fashionable make. All the gentlemen will be on the side of the young and pretty ones, and we will drive these dressy old maids, wives, and dowagers to the wall. Expensive entertainments and costly dressing are an evil in San Francisco society. There are hundreds of pleasant houses that never entertain because they cannot rival the more elegant affairs given by millionaires. This has a tendency to discourage social gatherings of the more unpretentions kind. An association of the kind we suggest would bring to it nearly all of the young, most beautiful, and most accomplished girls of society; all the young married ladies who, being wives of poor men, do not desire to impose upon them the burdens of extravagant dressing, and all the rich girls who have sense enough to know that youth and beauty are overmatches in attractiveness to the display of dress and jewels. From this class the wives would be chosen. All girls hope to be married—all young gentlemen expect to marry; it is the natural relation. But he is a brave young man who will take upon himself the responsibilities of married life. She is a courageous girl who will yoke herself in life's harness to a husband. It is a rare couple who, not being rich, shall say to each other: "We will harness for the chances and toils of life's journey; we will content ourselves to be excluded from social life because we cannot afford the costly expenditures it entails; we will work out for ourselves a life-course along that lower plane to which we are confined for want of money." It demands a high moral courage for a young couple to withdraw themselves from the association of friends, and attempt to carve out for themselves an independent career; to live within their means when their "means" is confined to the earnings of the young husband. All along the shore of social life in California we see scattered wrecks of domestic life. Who that lives here cannot count up by the score the ruined homes? Who that notes the current of events does not recognize the hazard of marriage? Look at the divorce record of to-day in comparison with that of a half century ago.

The writer rallied a young lady friend some time ago and chaffed her upon being an "old maid." She replied: "I am past thirty. I have a good home. I think you know I have had abundant opportunities to marry. I have been bridesmaid a score of times. I ask myself, with which one of the beautiful girls that I have seen take the marriage vow would I exchange to-day? Not one. Some are living apart from their husbands; some are divorced; some are the wives of drunken men; some are hanging upon the ragged edge of society, endeavoring to keep up appearances; some are toiling to support and educate their children, and these are the least miserable; some tread the narrow line beyond the boundary of which lies the mysterious land, and some have gone out into its darkness and unknown horrors, and some are dead. A few there are who are loved and honored wives, mothers, with happy homes; but, alas, only a very few!"

A wealthy and very successful business man, a lawyer with a lucrative practice, the father of young gentlemen and ladies, asked the writer the other day why more of our young men did not marry. The answer was, "They can not afford it." We meet in society young gentlemen of good habits and good attainments—lawyers, bank clerks, young business men, with good prospects, sons of well to do fathers, who will give them a start in life. They are living at home, or earning for themselves a good support; they dress well, dance well, are fond of society. In society they meet young ladies, are attracted by them; but what honorable young gentleman, knowing how these girls have been reared, knowing their luxurious tastes, their expensive habits, knowing the cost of a White House dress, of laces, of jewels, of six-button gloves and French-laced boots, of opera cloaks and Parisian bonnets, knowing the cost or rental of a house like the one in which her father lives, the rental of the pew in which she worships, the wages of servants and the hire of carriages, shall dare to name marriage, and at the same time to frankly state his financial condition? And how many are there of our girls who would say as their mothers said to their fathers in their young days: "I will unite my fortunes with yours. I will live with you in a plain way, in a small house; I will do my own work; I will make my own dresses; I will nurse and tend my own children; I will toil with you and for you as my mother toiled for my father." It would not be honest to assume that the fault lies with "our girls;" it is the fault of the time; it is the fashion of the age. It is the crime of parental example. It is a fatal drifting away from the innocent, simple republican days. Nor would it be just to claim that our young gentlemen are altogether innocent victims. They drink and smoke, play cards and billiards, have clubs, and do worse; spend money in extravagance, luxury, and crime. They spend money in recklessness. Crime and folly yokes itself together, and the end is too often a sad one.

And while we are moralizing—in fact, grumbling—let us just say a word about our fashionable weddings. Of what the *Call* invariably terms "marriages in high life, Olla-Podrida has attended a hundred in San Francisco, and they are all alike; a description of one is a description of all. He is a well to do young man; he has a business, or a salary, or expectations; and she is "just too lovely for anything," "just as sweet as she can be;" she is accomplished, plays the piano, waltzes, perhaps sings and paints. The church altar is decorated with flowers; the reception is a "swell" affair; the bride's dress and laces are "stunning;" the entertainment is gorgeous; champagne flows like water; the bride's presents are magnificent. Wedding tour to Europe or Milpitas, as the case may be. When all is over the "happy pair" take rooms at the Palace, then furnish a house, then drop down to a genteel boarding house, then, and then, and then drift right out of sight. A quiet wedding in the bow window of her mother's front parlor, dressed in muslin, with family friends; and out from this into a modest home, on the installment plan—the cost of the swell wedding, the satin train, the bridal veil, the wedding tour, the six months at the Palace, all turned into the first payment of the homestead; then, with industry, economy, sobriety, and thrift, the young girl and young lover grow into man and matron, get babies, and drift down the stream of life, growing rich as they grow old, always independent, always honest, always content, and always enough in love with each other not to be ashamed to toss a smile or biscuit to their fellow-voyagers down the same stream.

We have no right to thrust our advice upon Mr. George C. Perkins, Governor elect, nor suggest to him a line of policy that he should pursue. The writer of this paragraph was driven from the party some years ago by the incursion of a horde of political barbarians, who seized and occupied the land as the Goths did in Rome, the Moors in Spain, the Normans in England, the Conness Democrats in California. He has never quite acquiesced, and has never miscegenated with the victors, and hence is not entitled to have his advice sought or followed. But if the lightning should ever strike him, and he should become Governor, and the people were divided into two very needy equal parts, one moiety voting for him and one against; and if his own party was again divided into active workers and indifferent voters; and of the active workers some were his friends and some were sullen, and selfish, and jealous, when he came to distribute the patronage, the honors, the emoluments, the offices, and the other trifling "wee things" that may lie about the decks of the ship, he would give these honors, offices, and such like to his party friends, so long as his party friends hold out. He would not endeavor to strengthen his political position, by swapping off two friends for one enemy. He would not go into the enemy-conciliating business. He would take advice of party leaders. He would not be caught with the snivel of being Governor, and independent, if that meant to kick the ladder down upon which he had climbed to office. He would remember that he got his place as a Republican, and only because he was a Republican, and that if it had not been for the Republican party, he would not have been Governor, and he would not give from his basket a single loaf nor a single fish to anybody but a Republican. Democrats never do it, and from a Democrat no Republican asks or expects office. The Republican who disperses patronage to a Democrat is an idiot giving alms to a knave.

## LOVE'S DASHING HORSEMANSHIP.

Senorita Dolores de Cordoban's Wild Ride to Guaymas.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

"Gone!" roared Don Felipe; "gone! When?—how?"

"They left here on hour ago," replied the landlord.

"*They!*" exclaimed Don Felipe, frantic with excitement. "*They!* Who?"

"Why, the señorita and the señor," answered the landlord, opening his eyes wide with astonishment. "The señorita and the señor came here in the carriage about one o'clock, and the Señor told me the *pronunciados* had risen in the city, and were going to kill Don Miguel Cordoban, and that he had brought the señorita out of the town so as to keep her in safety. Then he said that the only sure way to do this was to take her to Guaymas, and he said he would give me two hundred gold dollars if I would supply them with two swift horses. So I sent out my boy José to Señor Valdez's *rancho*, to see if he could get the horses of the señor; and while he was gone the señor and the señorita stayed in my private room, for the señor said that the *pronunciados* might come here any moment, and that it was best to keep the señorita concealed as much as possible, and that he would stay with her to guard her. Then about three o'clock he became very impatient, and asked when José would get back with the horses, and told me to bring them dinner and some wine. When I went in with the dinner I saw that the señorita had been weeping, so then I knew that she was grieving for her father."

"What more?" thundered Don Felipe with a tremendous oath; "go on."

"At five o'clock," continued the landlord," I went in to tell the señor that José had brought the horses, and when I saw that the señorita was now gay and laughing, I thought she had very soon forgotten her poor father; but the señor jumped up and whispered something to the señorita, and then came out with me to see the horses properly cinched and saddled, and paid me two hundred dollars for them, as he had promised, and fifty more for my accommodations, and the shelter that I had given the señorita from the *pronunciados*. Then he brought out the señorita and lifted her into the saddle, and they took the road to Guaymas at a brisk canter."

"How were they mounted?" asked Don Felipe with a furious gesture.

"Two finer horses you can't find in Hermosillo," replied the landlord. "As they rode off," he continued, "the señor said that there were two hot and wicked *pronunciados* who would be sure to make desperate search for the señorita, whom they wanted to kill, and that the worst of the two was called Don Felipe Nuñez."

With an oath of dark and terrible meaning Don Felipe dashed through the door, bounded on horseback, and by the sharp and sudden spring with which the animal started I could imagine the fierce energy with which the great Mexican spurs had pierced the flanks, as he struck off at a hard gallop on the Guaymas road.

He was already two hundred yards in advance by the time that I had mounted and got my horse well under way. I hailed him repeatedly, but he paid no attention, if indeed he heard me, which it is quite probable he did not, considering his deep mental preoccupation. Ten minutes were spent in this manner, following his clattering hoofs through the darkness. The road was here good, being well-traveled, and my own ignorance of the country was amply compensated by the intelligence of the horse. At length, through a vigorous effort on the part of the animal and a judicious application of the spurs, I decreased the distance from Don Felipe, and finally came up with him.

"What do you propose doing?" said I.

"Riding to Guaymas," replied he, still keeping his horse at a smart gallop; "that is, if we do not overtake them before getting there."

I could not see his face, but his language and method of expression were calmer than they had been in the *posada*, and I inferred that the physical excitement of the quick ride had, upon homœopathic principles, relieved the agitation of his mind.

"How far do you call it?" I asked.

"Thirty-four leagues," replied he.

"What!" said I, "a hundred and twelve miles! Why, our horses will never stand it."

"They are good horses," replied he, "and very fresh. Had it not been for our four-hours' ride this afternoon I would have backed them to see Guaymas by sunrise. There is no class of horses in the world possessed of so much endurance as our mustangs. It is no uncommon thing for one of us to take a *bronco*, that has never known bit or saddle, from the pasture, and ride him a hundred miles at a stretch, and then turn him loose. To be sure, in nine cases out of ten the beast is ruined, but he has served his purpose. You would scarcely believe it of these little horses, but they are wiry, spirited, and vigorous; unfit for heavy work, but never shirking a long run."

I was glad to see that he could talk so rationally, but forbore to press him further for the present. The road was good—so good that I was scarcely aware that we had been riding up a very gradual incline, and now as we reached the summit I descried beneath us the lights of El Pozo, which I remembered passing the day before, on my journey with Don Miguel. Ten minutes afterwards we reined up our frothing and panting animals before the door of the *venta*.

Without dismounting, Don Felipe called to the landlord, who came out leisurely and with true Mexican *nonchalance*.

"Did a lady and gentleman pass here on horseback this evening?"

"Si, señor," replied the man, "a *caballero* and a *señorita* passed here about two hours ago."

"Were they riding fast?"

"Si, señor; their horses were on the gallop."

"Did they stop here any time?"

"No, señor; they rode straight through without stopping."

"Did their horses look fresh?"

"Si, señor; quite fresh."

So ended the colloquy, for Don Felipe, without another word, struck the rowels into his horse's flanks, and, following his example, we both dashed on into the darkness.

While Don Felipe had been talking I took the opportunity of looking at my watch, which registered a quarter past eight; and as it was twenty minutes past seven when we left the *posada*, three miles from Hermosillo, we had made the remaining seventeen miles (for El Pozo is twenty miles from Hermosillo) in fifty-five minutes, which was fair traveling, though it did not satisfy Don Felipe.

"We must make better time," said he, "or we can not hope to overtake them. They are evidently well mounted, and their horses, though not equal to ours—for I know Valdez's stock—are at all events fresher. They must be already across the desert," continued he, with an oath; and, grinding his teeth audibly, he urged on the panting animal that bore him. But equine endurance has its limits. Our first seventeen miles had been made at a pace that we could not expect to keep up, and it would have been madness on our part to attempt it. I remembered that we were just entering upon a waste and waterless desert, which extended for rather more than thirty miles until we reached the station of El Pozito. This barren tract, whose only vegetation consisted of chaparral, manzanita, tuna, and cactus, had been leisurely crossed by Don Miguel and myself on our way to Hermosillo, in the cool of the morning, in about six hours. True, the present time of night was favorable for our journey, still it was necessary to husband the strength of our horses. The horses seemed to know this, and to be aware of the nature and extent of the work they had to do, for they dropped into a steady "lope" of about eight miles an hour. Silently we urged them across this barren region, from whose sterile, sandy soil sprang the hardy scrub-growth of the desert, while the tall, gaunt forms of the cactus, faintly distinguished through the deep gloom, looked like serried ranks of skeletons stretching out hideous and angular arms to bar our progress.

Four hours passed in this dismal ride, broken only by muttered oaths and ejaculations from Don Felipe, or words of encouragement and sympathy from myself. At length the lights of El Pozito glimmer in the distance across the waste, and about midnight our tired horses draw up before the *posada*. The horses drink greedily after their fifty-mile ride, while Don Felipe puts the same questions to the landlord as he did at El Pozo. We find that the fugitives passed only one hour before us. Don Felipe calls for *mezcal*, of which he takes a copious drught, and in less than five minutes from our arrival we are again on the road to Guaymas.

"We have gained on them," said Don Felipe, as we loped on; "their horses are not so strong as ours, and have been more used up by the heavy sand. In two hours we shall be at Cieniguita, where I purpose taking fresh horses, so we need not spare these."

After a while he went on:

"If we can only overtake them, so as to get even within hailing distance of Dolores, before they get to Guaymas! The villain has imposed on her beyond credence—worked on her fears, or her feelings, in some inexplicable manner, to make her undertake this terrible ride. Oh, if I had him near me for only one second to avenge this enormous outrage!" and he ground his teeth and dug the spurs into the sides of his exhausted horse.

By half past two o'clock we reached Cieniguita, and spent five minutes in rousing the people in the *posada*, Don Felipe meanwhile furious at the delay.

"We want fresh horses," he shouted; "our own are used up, and we must leave them here."

"We haven't got any, señor," replied the man, "and can't get any inside of an hour. The *menada* is five miles off on the other side of the *cienega*. We had two here belonging to Juan Ortega, but a *caballero*, who passed here with a lady half an hour ago, bought them, leaving his own and a hundred dollars to boot."

There was no time for parley, and we should have wasted much more had we waited till fresh horses could have been caught from the *menada*; so there was nothing for it but to mount our jaded animals and pursue the journey as best we could.

"Only half an hour behind them!" exclaimed Don Felipe, with bitterness. "But now, with their fresh horses, they will forge ahead again."

At five in the morning the moon rose across the plains to our left in a tiny crescent as we rode into Noche Buena, twenty-two miles from our last stopping place, and twenty-three from Guaymas. Here, as luck would have it, we procured fresh horses from a friend of Don Felipe who happened to be camping there with a band; and, leaving our own beasts—which, though badly used up with their continuous eighty-mile ride, could still have carried us further—we spurred on, determined to reach Guaymas as closely behind the fugitives as possible, if we did not overtake them on the way, for they had not, it appeared, increased their lead of half an hour at Noche Buena.

Dawn broke upon us as the masts of the shipping in the port of Guaymas became visible against the southern horizon, though still some eight miles away. It also revealed something else. Moving over the plain, about two miles in front of us, we perceived the figures of two persons on horseback, on a brisk canter like ourselves, one of whom, by her dress, we recognized as a woman.

"There they are!" shouted Don Felipe, excitedly; "now let us spur, and we shall catch them."

So saying, our fresh horses broke into a fresh gallop. But we had evidently been seen, for the fugitives also quickened their paces, and though we gained on them we gained but little. So we continued for about a quarter of an hour longer, during which time we covered some five miles of country, and were fast approaching the outskirts of Guaymas, when a new episode arrested our attention. The fugitives had ridden within perhaps a mile of the city, when we saw their progress stopped by a band of horsemen who had met them.

"The soldiers! the soldiers!" shouted Don Felipe, triumphantly. "God be praised! Now we have them." And we urged our horses to redoubled efforts.

The riders in front were evidently holding a parley with the troop of horsemen they had encountered, and while this was in progress we were rapidly covering the intermediate ground. Six or seven minutes from the time we had first sighted them would serve to bring us up with the party. For five minutes we galloped forward without saying a word, Don Felipe, with set teeth and a hard, vindictive expression of features, as I saw him reach around to his hip and feel for his pistols. Still the parley on the road in front of us went on, till, just when we were within three hundred yards of the party, we suddenly saw the fugitives separate from the soldiers and continue their course into Guaymas.

"Dolores! Dolores!" shouted Don Filipe, excitedly and at the height of his voice, as he saw the being whom he loved best on earth again fleeing from him, apparently unconscious of his presence. The flying figures, however, made no sign of having heard the call.

"It is impossible that they have not seen us! She must have seen me for the last five minutes, and recognized my riding," exclaimed he, distractedly, and the next minute he came up with the soldiers.

I had just time to notice that they numbered about twenty men, headed by an officer, when the order "Halt!" was given, as they deployed across the road to bar our progress.

"I place you under arrest," said the officer; "you must accompany me into Guaymas."

"Do not seek to stop us, Señor Estrade," exclaimed Don Felipe, excitedly; "it is the party in front of us that is in the wrong, not us. That lady is my betrothed—Señorita Dolores de Cordoban—and the vile scoundrel with her has induced her, by false representations of danger, to accompany him from Hermosillo. They must be stopped at all hazards; you will therefore see the imperative necessity for my going on without delay."

"I can not help it," answered the officer calmly, and with a peculiar smile; "you are represented as rank *pronunciados*, disturbers of the public peace, and unsafe to be at large."

"Who dares to say so?" exclaimed Don Felipe.

"The señor who has just left us with the lady, for one," said the officer, smiling imperturbably.

"He lies, and you know it, Don Pedro," exclaimed Don Felipe, furiously and biting his lip with rage; "you are using your official position to satisfy an ancient grudge, but, by God!"— He did not finish his sentence, but drawing his pistol with the speed of lightning, and discharging it at the trooper in front of him, he clapped spurs to his horse and dashed down the road to Guaymas. Suspecting something of the sort, from the tone of the colloquy and my knowledge of Don Felipe's temperament, I was determined that, come what might, I would back him up to the finish, as I had done so far; and so, as soon as we broke the cordon, I found myself again by his side, riding at a break-neck pace, with twenty Mexican troopers, in full veiw, hallooing behind us.

The suddenness of our dash had given us twenty yards of start, and the pistol bullets that were fired after us sang harmlessly past our ears. It was no time for reflection on the utter madness of our course. All our energies were taxed in keeping ahead of our pursuers, though all the time we were rushing madly into the lion's jaws. What end could there be to all this, but, as we approached the city, we should be met by a still stronger force of troopers, who had heard the firing and the galloping? To oppose, single-handed, a troop of fifty men, with twenty more in your rear, scarcely deserves the name of courage so much as lunacy. Even Don Felipe's distraction did not lead him so far as this; and, riding up to the commanding officer, he surrendered himself, in which act I joined him. Ten minutes afterward we found ourselves in the guard-room, in none of the cheerfulest of moods.

Our plight was decidedly bad. I, a stranger in the country, perfectly innocent of any design against the government, and not caring a rush for either side, found myself in the anomalous position of a *pronunciado*—a revolutionist caught red-handed in the act! Poor Don Felipe added to those woes, with which I was afflicted in common with him, that of losing his betrothed *señorita*, of whose condition he was utterly ignorant, and to whom it was impossible for him to procure access! It was quite upon the cards that we would be brought before a court-martial that very day, tried, of course convicted, and most probable shot before sunset.

It was but seven o'clock when we were ushered into the guard-room, and were informed that the commandant would not be ready to inquire into our case until ten. For three hours, therefore, Don Felipe fumed while I had to console myself with cigaritas. As my watch indicated ten, a gun echoed from the direction of the harbor, and, upon asking Don Felipe its meaning, I was told that it proclaimed the departure of the steamer which had brought down Don Miguel and myself four days previously; at the same time we were summoned into the presence of the commandant. That functionary seemed to have already been made aware of the nature and circumstances of our case, and having censured us strongly for our action in resisting the soldiers, said that he took into consideration the extreme provocation and mental excitement under which Don Felipe was laboring, and in consideration that no blood had been spilt, felt that he must look leniently upon the matter, and dismissed the charge. I was thunderstruck at the free and easy manner in which the whole affair was treated, an affair which in other countries would have been considered of the gravest magnitude, but the solution of the problem was not far distant.

Just as we were preparing to leave the commandant's quarters, we were met by Don Miguel, who entered puffing and blowing with excitement, and exhibiting an amount of fluster totally foreign to the ordinary equanimity of his Mexican temperament.

"Where is Dolores? Where is the Duc de L—?" cried he.

"Dolores entered Guaymas on horseback a few minutes ahead of us, with a confounded rascal, who was present at that *fandango* of Tapia's, and who somehow induced her to accompany him," exclaimed Don Felipe. "But I am going immediately to find them and he shall pay for it with his life."

"You may spare yourself the trouble, Don Felipe," interrupted a young officer, coming forward, whom I recognized as our arrester of the morning. "Your Dolores and that *confounded* rascal are at present steaming down the gulf on board the steamer *Puebla*, and you have no means of reaching Mexico till they are on their way to France. I was aware of his intention to carry the señorita off, and, as a brother-in-arms, could not refuse him my assistance. It was I who caused your arrest, and took good care that you should not leave the guard-room until the steamer had departed. It is simply a little return for the part you played in my affair with the Señora Garcia, and I am ready to answer it when and where you please?"

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the commandant, who had over-

heard the conversation, coming forward, "if I hear of any challenge passing here, I shall have you both put under arrest; and, if you fight anywhere within four leagues of Guaymas, if I catch you, I shall have you shot. And now," turning to Don Miguel, and shaking him cordially by the hand, "what has my old friend, Señor Cordoban, to say about this matter?"

Don Miguel, thus appealed to, explained that he had heard of the whereabouts of his carriage soon after our departure, and had in his possession two letters which bore upon the circumstances of the past day. The first one had been accidentally left in the house of Señor Tapia, and had been written to Dolores by the Duc de L—, who was the stranger at the *fandango*, and the subsequent abductor of the lady. It was, so far as I remember, somewhat as follows:

"ADORABLE DOLORES:—I am about to depart for my native country, and before I go desire to have a final interview with the only woman who has ever made an impression on my feelings. I do not ask for your love; I only ask for an interview. If you will grant me this, meet me to-morrow at noon in the *Alameda*. Remember the Guards' Ball in Mexico. Yours until death, L——."

The second letter was found in the *posada*, where the carriage had been left, and was written by the señorita to her father somewhat in this style:

"MY ALWAYS DEAR FATHER:—Forgive my present action. The Duc de L—, whom you will remember as a visitor at your house, when we were staying in the capital last year has persuaded me to accompany him to France. He is the only man I ever really loved. Poor Don Felipe! Will he ever forgive me? Ever your affectionate daughter, "DOLORES."

Don Miguel, upon finding these letters, had, in spite of his age, came on to Guaymas without hesitation, proving his horsemanship equal to ours, when his Castilian blood was stirred.

It afterward transpired that the Duc de L— had come up to Guaymas in the same steamer as ourselves; but, fearful that recognition would ruin the success of his intended plan, had during the trip kept his stateroom. The *coup*, by which he made the coachman drunk, changed the direction of the carriage, and finally persuaded the señorita to accompany him on their dashing ride to Guaymas, was worthy of his Gallic extraction.

There was little more to be done; pursuit was useless; and with true Mexican *sang-froid* Don Miguel accepted the situation. As for Don Felipe, in spite of the commandant's threats, he met Don Pedro next morning, and I acted as his second. He was unfortunate in the result of the encounter, and was laid up for six months with a bullet-hole in his side. This gave him time for reflection. He rose from his bed cured of both his physical and mental wounds, and I heard afterward consoled himself with another dark-eyed, and, let us hope, more faithful and not less beautiful, señorita.

I happened to be present, three years afterward, at one of those brilliant court balls, which dazzled the Tuileries during the last flicker of the Napoleonic empire. The Duchesse de L— was then the reigning beauty of Paris, but I forbore to remind her of the unavailing efforts which I made for her capture on the wild ride to Guaymas.

## Literature.

Harper & Brothers will republish, in covers, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's papers entitled "Art in America." These, it will be remembered, appeared in the *Magazine*. It will be remembered, also, that they were pretty bad papers.

*The Lives and Portraits of the One Hundred Greatest Men in History* will be published soon by Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. The writer of this 'ere can only blush his thanks. But who are the other fifty?

Three English translations of Molière have been published in this country during the past two years, but we can not agree with a not very well informed contemporary that "M. Molière will probably come to America to receive his well merited honors." We think he is receiving them elsewhere.

The writer of the paper in the December *Atlantic*, "The Man who Was to Have Assassinated Napoleon," should himself be assassinated, or at least badly wounded. His article is full of blunders.

Miss Colenso, the daughter of the distinguished prelate, is writing a work on the Zulus. Her father, the Bishop of Natal, has always borne the native races of Africa the tenderest affection, and hated the orthodox Christian religion.

The portrait of Bret Harte in a recent number of the Leipzig *Illustrite Zeitung* shows him without his whiskers, which, however, did not amount to much at any time. Harte used to affect a little tuft of hair on his nose, but whether it was in any way related to his literary talent we do not know. Thought we'd mention it.

M. le Comte de Paris will finish his sixth and last volume of his great work on the American civil war during the next year, beating Mr. Kinglake, whose account of the Crimean unpleasantness drags along unconscionably.

*Scribner's Monthly* sells more than one hundred thousand copies.

Joseph Krazenski, still in the flesh with the muscles of his right arm unimpaired, has written five hundred books of criticism, geography, history, poetry, and romance, and has written them well, too. He lives at Cracow, is fifty-seven, and fat.

Gustave Doré is engaged on an illustrated edition of Shakspeare, which he intends to make the crowning glory of his life. It is not likely that he will do better than he did with Dante, nor worse than with Tennyson.

The *Journal des Démentis* is the publication that is just now the peculiar glory of Paris. The editor clips the spiciest articles from other papers, prefaces them with an invariable introduction, "*Il n'est pas vrai que*," and then prints them whole.

## HARK, FROM THE TOMB.

### Some Unusual Epitaphs, Collated from the World's Headstones.

Epitaphs as a general thing have nowadays very wisely gone out of fashion. They were for the most part fulsome, quaint, silly, or ridiculous. Here is one, however, in an old English churchyard over the grave of an infant, that is not bad:

Just to her lips the cup of life she pressed;
Found the taste bitter and refused the rest;
She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sighed her little soul away.

It is evidently an "elegant" version by some gent of letters to whom the simple homeliness of this original was offensive:

She tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink her portion up;
But turned her little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.

The sentiment of the following is hackneyed enough, but it is neatish in form:

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it flourish there.

On the tomb of Archbishop Parker, in Lambeth chapel, is:

Matthew Parker lived sober and wise,
Learned by study and continued practice,
Loving, true, of life uncontrolled,
The court did foster him, both young and old.
Orderly he dealt, the right he did defend,
He lived to God, to God he made his end.

If the foregoing one has no other merit it at least gives us the former pronunciation of the word "practice;" but whether the general one, or that affected by this particular poet, it is impossible to say. Some of our contributors, we are proud to believe, would not hesitate to call it "practize" if the exigencies of rhyme demanded it.

Every one is familiar with the epitaph of the great Ben Jonson, who was buried under the belfry in the Abbey church at Westminster—"O Rare Ben Jonson!"—but that which he himself wrote on his son, who died in infancy, is less generally known:

Rest in soft peace; and (asked) say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.

On the grave of Sir John Drew some one has rhymed, sportively, we suspect, as follows:

O merciful Jesew,
Have mercy on the soul of Sir John Drew.

The next, in a London churchyard is, in metre and spirit, not unworthy of Mr. Wm. D. Pollock, the laureate of the *Morning Call*, of San Francisco:

When bells be merely roung,
And mass devoutly sung,
And the meet merely eaten,
Then shall Robert Trappis, his wife and his chyldren be forgotten.

William Wray expressed a sentiment that might apply to many another one:

Here lyeth wrapt in clay
The body of William Wray.
I have no more to say.

Thomas Shorthouse must have been a wag who loved a joke to the last:

Hic jacet Thomas Shorthouse,
Sine Tomb, sine sheet, sine riches
Qui vixit sine gown,
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.

Julius Scaliger, a celebrated critic of the day, was content with

Scaligeri quod reliquum.

And Cardinal Pole with

Depositum Poli Cardinalis.

One who had the singular name of Death, was satisfied to leave behind him the record:

Here lies John Death, the very same
That went away with a cousin of his name.

This droll affair is inscribed on a tombstone in the churchyard of Rock-Ransa, in the island of Arran:

Here lies Donald, and his wife,
Janet McFee;
Aged forty he
And thirty she.

From Collett's *Relics of Literature* we cull one from the churchyard of Allington, Devonshire, on a person of the name of Stone, who lived to be 120 years old:

Grand Salem's curse shall never light on thee;
For here's a stone upon a Stone I see.

In the old Church of All Saints, in Newcastle:

Here lies poor Wallace,
The prince of good fellows,
Clerk of Allhallows,
And mender of bellows.
He bellows did make to the day of his death,
But he who made bellows could never make breath.

In Westminster, in Sussex:

The bitter cup that Death gave me
Is passing around to come to thee.

With that pleasing assurance our extracts from the grim record ends—not from want of material, however. We have presented only Old World examples, simply because there are, to our knowledge, no American collections of this kind of literature. Yet considering the sepulchral character of American humor, and how naturally it lends itself to the purposes of the mourner, it must be that our American headstones are singularly rich in good things. Will some reader kindly undertake to transcribe some of the notably interesting ones in Laurel Hill and other cemeteries? If so we will undertake to publish them.

What could be more intensely American than the act of the Yankee, who, on visiting an Italian convent and being shown a lamp which had not been permitted to go out for five centuries, quickly stepped up to it and blew it out, with the remark, "Well, I rather guess it's out now."

## OUR OWN POETS.

### Sir Hope and the Black Horsemen.

It was a knight in harness bright,
He rode across the plain;
His golden hair contrasted fair
His charger's dusky mane;
Free in the sunset light it flowed—
With easy port the champion rode
Far out across the plain.

With red and gray the dying day
The western sky did stain;
Black clouds beneath the red bad rolled,
The shifting sands lay dun and gold
Along the dreary plain.

As rode the knight, with heart so light,
Humming a careless strain,
Twin shadows dark his eyes did mark
Come riding o'er the plain,
While far away armed legions lay
Like billows on the main.
He was a knight of high renown—
With good blade bared and vizor down
He met them on the plain.

"My name is Doubt!" "And mine is Doubt!"
Cried out the shadows twain.
There in the dark he smote them stark,
And rode across the plain.

Swift did he ride, whate'er betide
His distant goal to gain,
But shadows black, like storm-wreathed wrack,
Came 'round him on the plain.

Quick did they close, with wary blows—
They knew the champion's fame;
He, fiercely striking blow for blow,
Piled the black horsemen foe on foe,
Yet gathering still they came.

When o'er the fight, with sullen light,
Broke forth the tempest's glare,
Each horseman bore upon his shield,
Graved in the centre of its field,
Their leader's name, "Despair."

Weary the knight, and worn with fight,
Down sank his golden head.
The shadowy horsemen haunt the spot,
Or if they fled be knew it not—
The gallant knight was dead.

VIRGINIA CITY, November, 1879. BURKE.

### Horace. Ode III., 30.

I have raised me a statue more lasting than brass,
Whose height doth the tombs of proud monarchs surpass;
Unhurt by the shower, unhurt by the blast,
It shall stand while the series of ages glides past.
I shall not all die, for my spirit will brave
The death-bed of fame and the gloom of the grave,
I still shall be fresh in the ages to come
While Vestal or Pontifex lingers at Rome.
They shall speak of my fame where the Aufidus rolls,
And where waterless Dannus the nations controls—
How / first instructed the old Grecian strain,
In our own native numbers to waken again.
Then give the proud prize that my merits must bear,
And, Muse, bring the laurel to wreathe in my hair.

NEW YORK, November, 1879. G. H. JESSOP.

### Contra Costa.

Low, rolling hills, so deftly touched
By Ceres' golden wand,
With hints of shadowed valleys
That lie beyond;
And bits of beach and pearl-fringed strand,
Where dimpled wavelets kiss the sand.

Ravines with emerald leaf embowered,
Cool, sylvan streams below,
That through the sheltered San Ramon
In silence flow;
O'er low bank leans the chaparral
List'ning to what the waves may tell.

San Pablo glimmers through the trees,
Soft sounds its vesper bell;
Diablo towers above the scene,
Its sentinel—
With far blue hills that melting lie
Against the sea of sunset dye.

PETALUMA, November, 1879. CLARENCE T. URMY.

### December.

Golden-haired Autumn
Has fled at thy coming.
Skies blush with kisses
The sun gives no more.
Dark and desponding
The dark days are coming;
The days of the dying—
The tomb of the year.

MARYSVILLE, November, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### Love's Query.

Do you feel sometimes in your dreaming
The weight of my head on your breast,
Or the velvety touch of my kisses
On your lips in passion impressed?

Do you hold me sometimes in your dreaming
In a rapturous clasp on your heart,
Or cry, in the depth of your yearning,
"'Tis cruel to keep us apart"?

Does my hand, with its lingering caresses,
Touch yours with its magic again,
Till, starting, you wake from the pressure
To find that your dreaming is vain?

Though light as the fall of a rose leaf,
You'd feel the sweet weight of my kiss,
And, starting, you'd waken to kiss me
And taste love's ineffable bliss.

Ah, never again shall I see you,
Nor look in your proud, grand face—
Ne'er feel the sweet balm of your kisses,
Or thrill to your tender embrace.

For our lives lie asunder for ever,
More wide than the cruel sea;
But I love you, I love you, I love you,
And in dreams I will linger with thee.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. PARI[illegible]

## THE DRAMA.

At Baldwin's *Forget Me Not* has been a very decided success, a success which has delighted Mr. Maguire as much as it has surprised him. It is certainly the most enjoyable play we have seen here for a long time, and if it has done nothing else for the Baldwin Company it has, at least, added considerably to the reputation of Miss Jeffreys-Lewis. Since "Zicka" the lady has had no such opportunity, and even in that part she had scarcely such a brilliant show for her special qualities. She makes the piece, for she is the central, the only character, and I am inclined to think that had "Stephanie" been left to almost any other actress we know, *Forget MeNot* would not have been the success it is. Last week I pointed out that the dialogue was unusually strong, and that the authors had strained their powers to concentrate in the female part all their force of epigram and repartee. This is why I do not give to Mr. O'Neill the same prominence I give to Miss Jeffreys-Lewis. He acts "Sir Horace Welby" admirably; there is no fault to find with him in any point of his performance; but the authors have made "Sir Horace Welby" merely a feeder for "Stephanie," and the character sentimentally is not so effective as it might be. To subject the play to criticism is to discover that strong dialogue, a very striking conception of a woman, and a *dénouement* sufficiently interesting to be looked forward to with almost excitement, are its only strong points. And these are more remunerative, as popular attractions in a play, without artistic merit, than artistic merit without them. While feeling that *Forget Me Not* deserves its success, I can not help regretting that such capital dialogue should end so inconsequentially, and that lack of dramatic knowledge should have made Grove and Merivale miss a scheme which might have been a second *Diplomacy*. I do not think that *Forget Me Not* was easily written; and yet it is difficult to understand, if it was the result of care and effort, that such an inartistic arrangement of stray figures was passed over unnoticed. That it was a strain on the authors is shown in the zig-zag elaboration of dialogue and situation in the scene between "Stephanie" and "Sir Horace;" and it shows the value of two people like Miss Jeffreys-Lewis and Mr. O'Neill, that they carry through three acts all the excitement of a fight, when one combatant is quite unarmed. "Stephanie" takes her stand in her power over "Alice Verney," and it is quite evident that up till the close of the second act, "Sir Horace" has nothing stronger than moral suasion to oppose her with. Moral suasion is a poor weapon in such a fight, and the *dénouement* brought about by an extraneous character entirely, and even without any necessary aid from "Sir Horace" renders that character completely inconsequential. It is in this contest that the suggestion of *Diplomacy* is so marked. But "Henry Beauclerc" does not venture to attack "Zicka" until he holds a clue, which the audience sees at once is to be effective. I can imagine that, had "Henry Beauclerc" been compelled to bring in some previously unknown or unimportant character to work out "Dora's" salvation, or even if he had had to make her husband the instrument, the whole effect of the play would have been weakened. The introduction of the Corsican in this play shows how poorly the dramatic necessities were understood. Even if they had made him a wild, revengeful Corsican, doubly revengeful because of his imprisonment, he would still be open to objection as an instrument of dramatic justice; but as he is only presented to the audience, repentant, remorseful, and spiritless, the climax of "Stephanie's" character almost ruins the whole, artistically speaking. The forgiveness scene at the close completes the ruin; but I understand that it was Miss Ward's concession to a weakness for happy endings. Sardou clearly understood the value of effect, when he brought the curtain down on "Zicka" unforgiven, for I daresay a good many people will remember how they thought of the poor woman, long after the play was over, and felt tempted to go back next night and see if she was not really forgiven after all. As for "Mrs. Foley," "Prince Malleotti," and "Alice Verney," they are imitated from the subsidiary figures which all the later French writers introduce to give their plays the touch of real life; but in this case, the management of them has been so bad, that they only serve to give people time to wonder how the play will end. *Forget Me Not* is so nearly a success that I am sorry so many faults can be discovered in it, especially as they could have been so easily obviated.

At the Standard John E. Owens has played, for the last week of his engagement, "Dr. Pangloss" in the *Heir at Law*, and *Our Boys*. In "Dr. Pangloss," which we have seen before at the California, I notice more than ever how much effect Mr. Owens' facial expression loses in a large theatre. The character is one which does not provoke loud roars of laughter, though that effect has been produced by some actors of it. It is a part in which the subtlety of humor, which Mr. Owens possesses above all others of to-day, comes out in its most delightful form. In the Standard the mobile face is so close to the audience that in its change of expression one can read the inward moods of a character which finds expression in but little variation of language or action. I do not think that Mr. Owens has enough of the unctuous humor necessary for an effective "Perkyn Middlewyck"; but he is a fine artist, and I dare say he prefers that reputation. His "Dr. Pangloss" is one of the great pictures of the dramatic gallery. I suppose poor business is the excuse for Mr. Barton Hill and Mr. Chaplin ruining *The Heir at Law* by wearing moustaches. Mr. Chaplin is simply quite unsuited to "Zekiel," and I may say that "Lord Daberly's" son appeared as Mr. Barton Hill in costume. Miss Stanhope, Miss Denin, Miss McClellan, and Mr. Bassett played their parts satisfactorily. I ought to say more, perhaps, of the first, who only lacked a little stronger touch of country *gaucherie* in "Cicely."

The Bush Street Theatre has been running light this week; but I think that is the fault of *The Babes in the Wood*. For myself, I like the life and fun of the burlesque, and the ever-changing grouping of form and color. I think, in this particular, the Colville Company is the best we have ever had. The dresses are bright and attractive, the faces are unusually fresh and pretty, and the dancing and grouping which signalize each climax, are exceptionally graceful and effective. I doubt if we are to see a much stronger display of burlesque and its accessories here, if we add to these recommendations the pretty music which Mr. Williams always gives us, and the talented performance in comedy. Perhaps we compare the old performances of Willie Edouin and Ella Chapman disadvantageously to Roland Reed and Carrie McHenry; perhaps we miss Louise Searle and Alice Atherton. But if they were to come back to us and play *Cinderella*, would not recollections of Emé Roseau, Graham's "Clorinda," Reed's "Page," and all the other pretty little figures, who first familiarized it, interfere with our enjoyment? I do not think we can forget Graham's "Clorinda." Miss Florence Wright is a lady but little mentioned, yet I think her one of the best actresses I have seen, not only in burlesque but in the legitimate line. And I feel deeply for Miss Rose Leighton, whose conscientious make-up as "The Governess" seems to impart a naturally-to-be-expected air to the teasing treatment of everybody on the stage, as well as *The Babes in the Wood*.

### The Bondsmen of White.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir:—When the Kearney candidate for Governor was waddling and twaddling over this State, trying to find a good place to sit down on the Democratic party, one of the strongest pulls in his taffy to please the Workingmen was the statement that Dr. Hugh J. Glenn employed Chinamen upon the great ranch in Colusa.

Now comes this same Kearney candidate with an eleemosynary appointment to the office of Bank Commissioner from the Irish end of the Democratic State administration, and he asks his neighbors to go as sureties on his official bond so that he may enjoy the charity. Who does he get to go upon that bond? He gets four or five Irish farmers of Santa Cruz and of Monterey counties—honest gentlemen so far as I know—who have employed the "leprous Mongolian" for years, and who do still employ the "leprous Mongolian" when occasion calls. Then, to cap the climax of inconsistent and mendacious absurdity, he has upon his bond the owner and manager of that part of Watsonville known as "Chinatown," a pestilent, malodorous Asiatic rookery as any in California outside of San Francisco.

The men have a right to employ the Chinese, or to own "Chinatowns," if they like that sort of thing, but what figure do such men cut as bondsmen to an ex-candidate for Governor who three or four months ago howled himself hoarse in every hamlet in the State to the tune that "the Chinese must go!"

I have had the pleasure, as Chairman of the Democratic Club meetings, to introduce to Watsonville audiences Mr. Philip A. Roach, Mr. Henry George, Mr. Barclay Henley, and many other gentlemen of eminence alike shaded in their politics; and these gentlemen talked to our people of honesty, purity, consistency, etc. Now, I understand that these gentlemen approve the action of Governor Irwin in his appointment of Kearney's candidate. Will they please tell me where the political "honesty, consistency, purity, etc.," comes into that appointment? Will they be kind enough to print it in a newspaper, or a magazine, or even in an almanac, and send me a copy? I do not want to be told that the Republicans would do the same thing. The oratorical gentlemen above-named have told us time and again, by voice and pen, that the Republicans will do anything for success. We of the rural precincts do not want to belong to a party which is no better than those whom Mr. Philip A. Roach as frequently calls "the Radicals." We already have that party with open doors, and can go into it if we want to do so. There is nobody holding us. But if the Democratic party, in which many of us have grown old and gray, is on its knees at the "mourner's bench" on the sand-lots, we ought to be honestly notified of the fact by those men who assume to speak for the party. If we are about to enter upon an era of "unquestioning obedience to orders," it is time to pause and consider whether the game is worth going into the bog-mud after. The triumph of Democratic principles by honest practices is a very dear thing to many of us—dear because it is a life-long hope, and, dear because for it we have often made sacrifices which cost us friends, place, and property; but the tatterdemalion host of political pigmies parading in the ensmalled and abbreviated garments of the majestic dead, while it might defeat "the Radicals," is a miserable funeral which no man of proper Democratic pride would wish to exert himself to keep up with.

WATSONVILLE, December 2, 1879. J. W. G.

### "As the Twig is Bent."

MR. EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—Just now, when the sin of bribery is being discussed in relation to the legitimacy of the late election, one can not help making a study of this, the vulnerable point in the majority of politicians. Being an unmarried woman, of course I have had ample opportunities of seeing the weed in the first stages of propagation. I have several brothers, all married, with whom I spend a great part of my life. Of course, not with all five at once! Oh, no; I take them turn about, and a merry time I have, I assure you, with all my nieces and nephews.

Let me see; we were talking about bribery. Well, there's John's wife; she began the culture of this invidious parasite in my nephew Johnnie when he was a wee baby. It was, "Johnnie, dear, stop crying and I'll give you a sugar-plum;" or "don't tear that book and I'll give you this lovely picture." When Johnnie began to talk, among his first bright speeches was "Johnnie be good boy, what'll mamma give him?" How he was kissed and applauded for that, and given the biggest red apple that could he found! Brother John says, "That boy is up to business, wife; he'll do us credit." And when I mildly suggest that that manner of business is not always the most honorable, sister-in-law says: "Oh, pshaw! Aunt Jane, you're too old-fashioned for anything." Though, if the truth be known, she's *very* little younger than I am. Well, Johnnie goes to school now, and only the other day I heard his mother saying: "Johnnie is the easiest boy in the world to manage. He will do anything I desire him to for some little reward." I only sigh, but persist in my opinion.

Look to it, mothers, that your boys, *and girls, too*, be above bribes; and then the American office-holder may retain the purity of the average citizen and emerge from the temptations of office the man of integrity he entered it, respecting himself. AUNT JANE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 4, 1879.

## BOOK-COVER REVIEWS.

*Zigzag Journeys in Europe* is the sufficiently descriptive title of an illustrated volume by Hezekiah Butterworth. Whether this name is a *nom de plume* or not we do not know. It is a good one "to fill the speaking trump of fame." The volume is, in the best sense, a "boy's book"—the little girls, you know, are not supposed to have any literary taste to which it is worth an author's while to cater. As to the literary quality of the work we do not care to speak. To be frank, we have not read it. But the pictures are bewildering in number, and most of them excellent, some superb. They are all "Old Worldly" in subject, design, and engraving, if we may except the one that disfigures the reverse of a rather bizarre cover and therefore comes peculiarly within the province of this critique. This appears to be a reproduction of a colored plate in the window of a Boston tailor. The author or editor appears to have had a sharp eye for the picturesque in life and story; and has selected for his purpose such "blocks" (few, we suspect, were made for the work) as would most acceptably "body forth" to the Young-American imagination the more striking features of the scenes he had visited, and the more impressive incidents in the histories, legendary and authentic, of the various European countries. Judged by its pictures (and what boy cares for the letter-press?) the *Zigzag Journeys* may safely be pronounced a "success" of considerable splendor. It is, at any rate, just the book that a boy would delight to wrestle with into the small hours of the morning, if permitted. It would be to him a "well-spring of delight," if he couldn't read a word. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, and for sale in this city by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Billings, Harbourne & Co. have Bayard Taylor's *Studies in German Literature*—a dozen lectures, posthumously published. These lectures were designed by their author rather as a guide to the student than a profound and exhaustive treatment of a subject already illuminated by the superior genius of Madame de Staël. For his lesser task Taylor was admirably qualified. He was himself so thoroughly a student of this noble literature that he may be said to have thought in German what he wrote in English. Nothing could better contrast with the ignorant flippancy of the "Half-Hour" gentry than the reverent scholarship of this lover of letters. Within the limits of his capacity he honestly considered and lucidly presented. From the Minnesingers to Lessing, and from Lessing to Richter, nothing that came within the scope of his intention has eluded him; and he has everywhere dignified his theme with the valid and confident touch of a master. Somebody, perhaps Heine, said that Luther translated the Bible from a language that was dead into a language that had not begun to exist. Those who do not read German may learn from Taylor's *Studies* what a robust existence that language now has, and by what a splendid literature it has been made immortal. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and has an introductory chapter by Mr. George H. Boker, a gentleman who has achieved an enviable fame in letters by some of the worst sonnets ever written.

### Brain-Fruit.

There is in us all an obstacle to perfect happiness. It is the ennui of things we possess, and the desire for things we have not.—*Mme de Rieux.*

Pleasure becomes an ill when it costs regrets.—*Rochebrune.*

The false is fairer than the true.—*J. G. Holland.*

One habituates one's self more easily to the faults of those one loves than to the virtues of those one dislikes.—*Ch. Nodier.*

Better to stem, with heart and hand,
The roaring tides of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand
Of God's occasions drifting by. —*Whittier.*

A small evil ought not to be done, even for the sake of a great good.—*Chateaubriand.*

Gratitude is a debt that we avow frankly when we know we are not compelled to pay for it.—*Lemesle.*

Love consoles us for everything, even the sorrows that it brings.—*Rochepèdre.*

Pursuit is better than possession.—*Way.*

There is among men so intense a craving after affectation that they boast of defects which they have not, more willingly than of qualities which they possess.—*George Sand.*

If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.
—*Charles Mackay.*

Philosophy triumphs easily over evils past and evils to come, but present evils triumph over philosophy.—*La Rochefoucault.*

Man should place himself above prejudices, and woman submit to them.—*Mme. Necker.*

The human heart is the eternal abyss of reason.—*Madame de Staël.*

Beauty without modesty is like a flower broken from its stem.—*Lamartine.*

What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale.—*Byron.*

Life is a flower, love is its honey.—*Victor Hugo.*

When one loves, one does not reflect; when one reflects, one does not love.—*Ninon de Lenclos.*

A man must be a fool indeed, not to succeed in making a woman believe that which flatters her.—*Balzac.*

Pleasure lies in moderation and not in excess.—*La Bruyère.*

SACRAMENTO, December 1, 1879. N. B. S.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

A Concert given at Dashaway Hall on Friday evening, 28th inst., had a double interest, in that it brought the *début* at once of the sisters Von Havasy, announced as "from the National Opera House of Pesth," and of "Professor" Edward Heimburger, a lately arrived pianist, whose programme, containing as it did no less than three of the most difficult pieces of Liszt, two *Etudes* of Chopio, a *Fantaisie* of Willmer's, and an ambitious composition of his own, awakened no little curiosity among the piano-forte playing fraternity. With regard to Prof. Heimburger I may safely say that curiosity was satisfied, once for all. I do not think that any of the fraternity will care to hear him play again. To put it mildly, Prof. Heimburger has evidently made a mistake in selecting San Francisco as a market for such wares as he has to dispose of. Such Liszt playing as his has long been below par in this community; the better teachers here are accustomed to bear their good pupils play the Chopin *Etudes* with much more finish and in better *tempo* than he plays them; and his composition—well, it's about on a par with his playing. If the "professor" comes to us as a Concert pianist—which, from his programe, I should take to be the case—it would have been an act of mere charity to him to have detained him somewhere half way, where they are not much used to the ways of virtuosi, and where the aborigines are still in a condition of blessed ignorance concerning Liszt and Chopin and their compositions. This will apply as well to the Misses von Havasy, who should really have remained at the "National Opera House of Pesth," where their efforts were undoubtedly properly appreciated (in the chorus, probably), and where I have no doubt they would be enthusastically welcomed back. Here, I regret to say, we have no use for them. One of the young ladies has quite a nice contralto voice, and is blissfully ignorant of pitch, intonation, phrasing, and everything pertaining to the art of singing. The other has a sort of soprano voice that is anything rather than nice, and sings as badly as her sister—if anything, rather worse. These young ladies have come all the way from Pesth to sing to us the grand *Arias* of Meyerbeer and Rossini and delight our senses with scenes from Verdi's operas, all in very queer German with a strong Hungarian dialect, and all out of tune, time, and every thing else. I think they ought not to have come; unless, indeed, they desire to see our wonderful country, in which case they are heartily welcome—so long as they do not sing.

The Third Soirée of the Schmidt Quintet, which fell upon last Tuesday evening, had, in spite of the stormy weather, a very goodly attendance, and was, taken altogether, a very enjoyable evening. Even the singing, in which feature Mr. Schmidt seems to be particularly unfortunate this season, and which for this third soirée was particularly lame, could not materially weaken the effect of a programme that contained so many beautiful numbers so well carried out. Mr. W. R. A. Johnson, the *tenorino*, who made his *début* on this occasion, has one of those microscopic voices of saccharine quality, that suggests a long-continued diet of caramels and gum drops; he sings some of his phrases quite nicely, and in a style that—if it were but audible—would be really quite enjoyable, but his *mezza voce*, which he employs extensively, is the merest attenuation of a tone, while the falsetto, in which he frequently delights himself, is simply the most disagreeable tone that it would be possible to make. It seems a pity that M. Schmidt should find it so impossible to keep on fair terms with any of our better local singers who could grace his programmes with such vocal numbers as would be in keeping with their general excellence. During this season the singing, instead of an attraction, has been a positive blemish. Better none at all than such a series of experiments with second and third rate people. Of the residue of the programme the pearl was the rendering by Mr. Louis Schmidt, jr., of Fr. Ries's second *Suite* for violin, which was, on the whole, a delightful performance. In the *Prelude* and *Romanza* I seemed to miss somewhat of both the breadth and warmth of last year's rendering; they were, however, nobly given, while the *Scherzo*, with its somewhat faster *tempo*, and greater clearness and precision, was quite masterly. The novelties—movement of a *Trio* by Rheinberger, and three trifles for quartet by Raff—were not of much importance; the *Trio* movement rather dull, although musician-like in treatment and handling, and the quartet pieces unequal—the first and last bright and clever, and the slow movement, called "The Miller's Daughter," unconscionably long and dry. Mr. Ernst Schmidt gave a very neat rendering of two pieces for violoncellos by Popper; and Miss Alice was, as usual, safe, reliable, and artistic in her handling of the piano-forte part of the *Trio* and the *Variations* from the Rubenstein quintet, of which the first and second movements had been given in preceding concerts. That these variations failed to make an impression equal to that produced by the other movements is due, I fancy, to the fact that the quartet is hardly up to the intellectual side of them; they seemed in places to be almost a *terra incognita* in which the four stringed instruments groped about, as badly off for a compass or guide as were most of the auditors. This seemed also to be somewhat the case in the *finale* of the Beethoven quartet (C major, op. 59), although in this movement it is less to be wondered at, since it is one in which many a quartet party gets befogged.

Mr. Henry Heyman may be accredited with having given—Platt's Hall, Thursday evening—one of the most enjoyable concerts that San Francisco has ever known; one in which almost every number was exceedingly interesting, and almost everything thoroughly well done. The only exception was to be found in the work of the concert giver himself. The Sonata of Handel—one of the loveliest of compositions for the violin, or, indeed, for any instrument—was given with an accuracy of intonation and general correctness for which I was hardly prepared in him, and which rather inclined me to forgive the hurried *tempo*, and cold, passionless treatment of its wonderful first movements, but the Lipinski *Concerto* was really an unnecessarily bad performance. It is so easy to let the very difficult things alone, and play easier ones, that I fail to understand why one should undertake a public exhibition of one's incapacity on an occasion where one desires to make a good impression. The *Concerto* of Lipinski is usually given to violin pupils at a certain stage of their advancement, as a hard nut to crack, in the cracking of which they are to gain somewhat of *technique*, *bravour*, etc., etc.; but it is by no means expected that every one of them, or perhaps an average of more than one out of every hundred of them, is going to be able to play the piece acceptably in public. And not more than one out of every hundred ever is. It is meant for a virtuoso; a thing for small players to keep their hands off. Mr. Heyman is not by any means a virtuoso; he is not even a good violinist in a small way, although in some respects he seems to me to be somewhat improved. The rest of the Concert was, as I said before, very enjoyable. Madame Zeiss-Dennis's singing is always delightful and fully satisfying; there is in it a breadth and nobleness of style, along with a perfect mastery over her vocal resources, that has the stamp of the great artist. Mr. Ben. Clark and Mr. Chas. Dungan also sang their songs extremely well; both have beautiful, fresh voices, and do their work in a style that is highly creditable to their excellent master, Mr. Alfred Kelleher. Mr. Espinosa played his solo number (the *Ballade* of Chopin in G minor) with a perfect control of the technical side of it, and great refinement of shading and phrasing. There were—well, no two pianists ever play Choppin alike, and Mr. Espinosa certainly plays well enough to be entitled to his own interpretation of the *Ballade*. The *Berceuse* (Chopin), given as an *encore*, was exquisite. Mr. Julius Hinrichs—*Adagio* of Golterman for violoncello—was at his best; his tone is noble and full, and his style manly and earnest without losing its sympthetic quality. The *ensembles*—*Trio* of Mendelssohn and *Septet-Quintet* of Hummell—went nicely, and young Mr. Coursen accompanied so well as to entitle him to special mention. O. W.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

"I say, Maud," said a young man to a young woman, "really, you know, you ought to bounce that old woman you have to open the door and do chores. She takes snuff and talks like a magpie, and is altogether very revolting." "I know I ought to; but then, you see, it's difficult to do it. She's my mother. However, I'll give her a talking to."

"How dare you swear before me?" asked a man of his son recently. "How did I know you wanted to swear first?" replied the spoiled urchin.

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.

An amateur will rack his brain on some new joke he would explain; it would be better, now and then, if he would only rack his pen.

*Doctor*—"You must give up drinking, or expect to lose your appetite entirely." *Patient*—"Farewell, appetite."

A London scientific journal says the cucumber is known to have been cultivated for more than three thousand years—that it was extensively grown in ancient Egypt. Perhaps it was the cucumber, and not the asp, that Cleopatra took to her bosom with fatal results.

A young scapegrace threw the ball at his sister, and hit her on the back of the head so hard that the bawl came out of her mouth.

Make a scrap-book, hide it in an old chest, and twenty years after you are dead some young ladies' literary society will bless your memory for thus thoughtfully supplying it with original essays.

Everything has recently advanced in price except liberty, which remains at eternal vigilance, with liberal reductions to the trade.

*Father*—"And so papa's dear little boy is very ill. Now is there anything I can get for him that will make him feel better?" *Invalid*—"I don't know, papa—but—I think I would like a gong."

There is one conundrum which the most illiterate of our German fellow-citizens can answer correctly. Ask any of them how many lives a cat has, and he will invariably answer, "Nein."

The school boy who was asked what he was good for, replied that it was because he had to be or get lammed.

A Kentucky man was hit in the leg by a bullet while on his knees in prayer. Such a thing might not occur again in Kentucky in one thousand years.

The *Picayune* says that crying behind a handkerchief can not be looked upon as a masked ball.

Our regiment was charging up a side hill, raked fore and and aft with batteries and sharpshooters. One fellow near me dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled on in that position toward the enemy, when the Colonel caught him in the rear with the flat of his sabre. "Get up, you darned fool! Do you think you are cavalry?"

A new book is called *Kissat all Hahawati al Islumbuli*, all of which probably is true. It is a work in Arabic. Judging from the first four letters of the title it must be a work in gum Arabic.

The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in ability to get credit at a clothing store.

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "Here lies a girl as one forgotten, who lost her shape with the rise of cotton."

In dancing, people worship the reel; in euchre, the I deal.

Meeting Sam Fox a few days ago, a friend noticed his somewhat lengthened visage and inquired the reason. "I've had bad luck," said Sam. "I was trying to sell a property to a man, and, after I had explained all the points, I commenced to speak of the healthfulness of the neighborhood, and, confound it, it turned out that he was an undertaker."

Never use slang words. It may not always be agreeable. "How do you like my boots, love?" exclaimed a youthful bride. "Oh, they're immense," replied the partner of her joys, and she had the first matrimonial fainting away as the result.

The Utes may be savages, but they have at least no national game—except the United States soldier.

## SONG OF THE ARCHER-MAN.

ARTICLE I.

It was ye famous archer,
Of standing and renown,
Who made his habitation
In neighboring Oakland town.

Right skillful was he with the shaft,
And with the quill also;
His fame throughout the land had spread
For drawing the long bow.
You bet.

ARTICLE II.

It was ye festive woodchuck,
Which had for its abode
A hole in the stump of a fallen tree
By the side of a mountain road.

Right gayly lived he there alone,
And did his stomach cram
With acorns and with pine-nuts
As happy as a clam,
Sure as you're born.

ARTICLE III.

Behold the campers where they camp
Far up the mountain's brow,
The hunter with his choke-bore,
The archer with his bow,

The fisher with his rod and line,
And book well filled with flies,
The Chinee man with pots and pans,
And provender likewise.

Stretched out beside the blazing fire,
With well-filled paunches, they
Discussed how each would slay the game
Upon the following day—

Each one, except the Chinee man,
Whose chief ambition seemed
To keep the opium pipe well filled,
Against the time he dreamed.
That's the kind of a heathen *he* was.

ARTICLE IV.

On the morrow's morn, at break of day
Behold the campers rally;
With rod and gun and bow, each one
Prepared him forth to sally.

Our archer-man sought, bow in hand,
With bad, but without good, luck,
Until, at last, before him passed
That veritable woodchuck.

"Oh, ho!" cried he, well filled with glee,
"Good beast, I'll quickly kill thee;
With arrows true—well feathered, too—
It's in my mind to fill thee."
Hear! hear!

ARTICLE V.

The woodchuck halted in his march
To see this mirthful man,
Who quickly sent the flying shafts
Around on every hand.

At him he gazed, with much amaze,
'Till quiver was depleted,
Then placed his forepaw to his nose
And in his hole retreated.
Gone to find more pine nuts.

ARTICLE VI.

Back to the crowded city's streets
Returns in time our hero,
Relating to each man he meets
How he had slain a deer. O,
Taffy.

ARTICLE VII.

This story's as true as the truth can be—
If you don't believe it, ask C. or G.
I would not desire to be very per-*son*-al,
But the hero's initials are Dan O'Connell.
And still he is not happy.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879. O. B. C.

No man ever admits that he is not personally brave. No man ever told in seriousness a tale of personal adventure in which he was not a hero. Men will confess to crime and folly, but never to cowardice. And yet we believe that all men are cowards—that no man is brave. Bravery is a synonym of pride. A proud man will do things to win public applause from which his soul would shrink in abject terror if the act had no witness. A proud coward will risk his life in a duel. The officer rarely shirks at the head of his column; the gentleman never. Those regiments of New York and New Orleans known as Zouaves, that came from the plug-ugly element of society, were arrant cowards. The Seventh Regiment of New York, the Coldstream, Hyde Park, and Queen's Guards, of London, would rather die than run. The dandies of our war were, and of all armies are, the bravest soldiers. The sober man does not live who would willingly go into a dark room to fight a cat if no one knew of the act of prowess—neither Napoleon nor Marlborough would have done it—but there is not an officer of the California militia who would not fight a million of black cats in a dark room if his courage were challenged, and the trial a public one. All men are cowards.

If the chief end of the creation of a sand-shoveling Irishman is to shovel sand; and if the chief end of the creation of the steam paddy is to shovel sand; and if the steam paddy, which is of human contrivance, beats the other Paddy, who is of divine invention, is there not suggested a train of reflection which will naturally commend itself to those who are fond of investigating abstruse theological problems?

He gets drunk, he tells vulgar stories, he uses profane language. He has been a lawyer, a politician, a preacher. He sent a dispatch across the bay the other day, thus: "My Dear W.:—I have told my wife I was going to spend the day with you at San Rafael. Don't give me away."

No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusion it may lead.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always [illegible].

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—XIV.

Answers to Correspondents.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," and I begin to awake to the consciousness of having trespassed upon the forbidden domains of the Hittells, the Barry & Pattens, the Hutchinses, the McGoverns, the rest of the would-be monopolists in the recollection business, and every old shell-back who came here in '49. Now I make no "stretch of imagination," no breach of truth, so to speak, when I concede that there is not one of these phenomenal fossils who ever forgets anything. There is a sort of mixture of sense, nonsense, memory, muddle, and mush, in their heads, which precludes the possibility of their ever allowing their memories to let go of one single incident that occurred in the eight years which elapsed between '48 and '56. They do not care to go back further than the alleged discovery of gold, and they draw a line at the Vigilance Committee jamboree of the latter year. Now, in venturing to throw together a certain amount of specimens of recollection from their patented claim, I have forgotten some things, and been inaccurate to a trifling degree in others. These trivial discrepancies resulted in a multitude of delicious exhibitions of venom and vanity, buncombe and bombast, bestowed gratis by well preserved specimens of this interesting stratum of our archæological formation. They have all been most gratefully received, classified according to their respective values, and and have impelled me to decide upon a course which involves a choice of one of two things: either to throw up the sponge, and leave an undisputed field to them, or resolve myself into "answers to correspondents." Modesty would demand the former, vanity the latter, and vanity wins.

COLUSA.—Can't waste time and space discussing Marshall's discovery of gold. Every man, woman, and child in California knows all about it. So do I. Can prove it. Will give brief synopsis of the event, provided you will allow me to write your epitaph. *Scene.*—Sutter's Fort, on American River. Balcony—Sutter in hammock taking *siesta* while digesting beans. Gastric juices work to a charm. Sutter rises, and is writing a letter to a relation at Lucerne. Enter Marshall. Sutter knew Marshall. Had sold him beans, bacon, and tarantula juice. Marshall was excited. Very excited. Sutter rapidly caught the infection, and glanced to see if his rifle was in its proper place. It was. What was the matter? Beans too dry? Bacon too salt or tarantula juice too exhilarating? Something must be up. Something was up. Way up. Marshall called upon all the saints of heaven. No response. Evidently not on good terms. Sutter attempts to soothe him. Partially succeeds. Marshall strikes a melodramatic position. "Say, old hoss, jest look at these yer." There's something on the table. Sutter, astounded, saw a handful of scales of virgin gold. Very virgin. Would not run through a sieve. Also saw visions of millions of dollars in the future. Millions all his, of course. And Marshall's. If he was clever enough. He wasn't. Neither was Sutter. We digress. Sutter demands recital of Marshall's story. Marshall waxeth poetic, and strong in narrative. Went down in the morning to the mill, Sutter's mill. Saw mill. Something out of order; mill race too narrow. Threw mill out of gear, and let water run through mill race to see if it would widen it. It did. A mass of sand and gravel was upturned by the torrent. Not a seething torrent. Nevertheless a torrent. Marshall walked along the bank of the stream. Saw something glitter in the sand. Paid no attention to it. Walked further on; saw something else glitter. Still unmoved. Glitter number three. Marshall stops, and picks up the spark. It looked suspicious. It seemed to be the exception to "All's not gold that glitters." Picked up more, and more, and more. Then mounted his horse, and galloped at break-neck speed to Sutter's house. A pause. Sutter about to speak. Another pause. He does speak. Had Marshall told any of the workmen of his gold discovery. He hadn't. "Good, then don't. Well, take it all." Rather selfish of Sutter. Both proceed to the mill. Find plenty of gold in mill race. More up the river. In fact, whole country auriferous. Found a nugget weighing an ounce and a half. Both swore a solemn oath not to reveal their secret. Went back to mill race. Crowd of Indians and Mexicans there. Had found gold. Secret badly out. Sutter much disgusted. Has been so ever since. So has Marshall. Sorry for Marshall. He told Sutter of his discovery. Sutter takes glory. Marshall gets the cold shoulder. Above statement authentic. Will bet on it. "Colusa" is respectfully informed that he must expect no more information—at least for the present. Next.

MOMUS.—"Do you remember that once at the old San Francisco Hall (afterwards Maguire's Opera House) Charley Backus, the minstrel, had a benefit? A prize was offered for the worst and best conundrums. What were they?" The worst was: "Why is Backus's mouth like California?" "Because it is a fine opening for a young man!" The following took the prize: "Why is San Francisco Hall impregnable?" "Because it has a Washington in its front, a Jackson in its rear, a Kearny and a Montgomery on its west and east—besides, it has a host of friends to Backus!"

MENTOR.—Ask me something easy.

VERITAS.—Quite right. Was in error in my statement of the locality of Broderick's death. You are the one hundred and seventy-first person I have seen, out of the seventy-one present at the duel, who has taken the trouble to correct me. I have estimated that there must be five hundred people in this city, each of whom will declare that he is one of the seventy-one witnesses of the duel. Rather unreliable these old-timers.

VIRGIL.—The first school in San Francisco was opened April 3d, 1848. Dr. Fourgeaud, Dr. Townsend, C. L. Ross, and W. H. Davis were trustees; and Thomas Douglass teacher, at a salary of $400 a year. A sum was charged for tuition sufficient to meet contingent expenses. For reading, writing, spelling, and geography, $5 per quarter; with addition of arithmetic, grammar and composition, $6 per quarter; with chemistry, philosophy, and history, $8 per quarter; with higher mathematics, $10 per quarter. All the above, with addition of Latin and Greek, $12 per quarter. This school, although economically managed, had a short-lived existence, for upon the discovery of gold it was discontinued, and for a long time there was no school in San Francisco. The first religious organization was formed in 1847. Rev. T. D. Hunt was, however, the first protestant minister, being elected city chaplain in December, 1848.

TYPO.—Twenty-five years ago there were twelve newspapers in San Francisco: *Alta California*, E. C. Kemble and E. Connor, editors; *Daily Herald*, John Nugent, editor; *Whig*, L. R. Lull and Frank M. Pixley, editors; *Evening Journal*, Bickham and Macy; *Placer Times and Transcript*, Fitch, Pickering, and Joe Lawrence. The rest were weeklies, comprising three religious papers, one German, one French and Spanish, and two advertising sheets.

J. K. G.—Know very little of early politics, but feel safe in saying that they were no cleaner than at present. First election, September 13th, 1847, for six Councilmen, 200 votes polled; second election, 158 votes; third election, 347 votes; fourth election, August, 1849, 1,519 votes.

VANE.—"The great rain" was in the winter of 1849–50. It commenced early in November, and continued, almost without cessation, for a long time. In one night twelve inches of rain were said to have fallen. The streets were almost impassable, and as they grew more and more so they were paved with brushwood and whatever rubbish and waste merchandise could be had. Layer after layer of these materials sank in the morass, and still it seemed unfathomable It has been said that teams and mules and men have entirely disappeared from view in the mud; but I imagine this yarn must have originated in the fertile imagination of some inaccurate '49er. Crossings were made of bags of beans, damaged rice, bundles of tobacco, and various other merchandise. It is to be regretted that we are at the mercy of memory and tradition, as there are really no authentic records of the occurrences of that winter, nor were there any calculations made as to the number of inches of rain.

ROMANCE.—Remember the story of "the wild woman of San Nicolas." It was true in every respect, and her clothes were on exhibition at a fair in Music Hall—where the Occidental Hotel now stands—given for the benefit of St. Mary's Cathedral. According to the most authentic accounts, and such as are believed to be reliable, San Nicolas, as well as the other islands on our southern coast, was inhabited by Indians. Owing to a "difficulty" which occurred in 1824 or 1825, between some Russians who had visited the island and the natives, the male inhabitants were nearly all killed and the women carried away. In 1838 the last of those who were left were taken off, with their own consent, by the captain of a schooner from Santa Barbara. After the party had got on board one of the squaws missed her child, and was permitted to go in search of it. In a short time she returned declaring that it could not be found, and had been devoured by the wild dogs which infested the island. In the midst of her lamentations she fell down and went to sleep on the beach, and a gale having sprung up, the schooner was driven to sea, and the woman left alone on shore. Three months later the schooner returned to the island in search of her, but could find no traces of her with the exception of her footprints in the sand. Nearly eighteen years elapsed, during which time she was left to her lonely fate. She was supposed to be dead and was almost forgotton. In 1856 a man named Niedever, from Santa Barbara, while engaged in otter hunting on the coast, touched at San Nicolas, and suddenly came upon this extraordinary woman, who was engaged in curing bird skins—of which material all of her garments were made and who manifested no timidity at the approach of the white man. Being of a gentle and confiding disposition, she was readily induced to leave the island. With her she brought the curious articles which I have spoken of as having been placed on exhibition in San Francisco. They were unquestionably of her own manufacture, as she was at the time of her discovery found occupied upon them. The most remarkable of the collection was the robe in which she was dressed. It was composed of fifty skins of sea birds, sewn together with the sinews of seals, of which all of her thread was composed. This garment was a sort of what is now called a circular, with openings for the head and arms, and hung upon the person like a loose bag, reaching nearly to the feet. Her needles were fine fish bones, delicately wrought and polished, and almost as sharp as those of steel. She had a curious jug, made of plaited grass, and coated inside and out with a black substance resembling asphaltum. It was of globular form, about nine inches in diameter, with a narrow neck, the height being about fourteen incres. It was evidently used as an ordinary water jug. Another ingenious implement was her knife, which seemed to have been made of a piece of hoop iron, sharpened and fastened in a rude wooden handle by means of asphaltum and cord of sinews. Among the collection were two fish hooks and lines, the former made out of nails skillfully bent and sharpened, and the latter of dried sinews. Accompanying these were two pieces of stout cord of different sizes as neatly made of numerous strands of sinew as though the work had been performed by machinery. The articles were wrapped in the skin of one of the native animals of the island, from which it was inferred that she occupied her time both in fishing and hunting. Taking her whole history together, she seems to have resorted to expedients strikingly like those attributed to the ideal Robinson Crusoe. In this case the truth was as strange as the fiction. The food upon which she subsisted at the time she was discovered consisted of seal meat and roots. Her language was one peculiar to herself, bearing but very slight resemblance to any other known tongue. Upon her arrival in Santa Barbara, several of the Indians in that vicinity, acquainted with the dialects of the different tribes, were taken to her and attempted to open a conversation, but without success; their language and hers bore no resemblance whatever to each other. She was therefore unable to make communications except by signs. Her age appeared to be upward of sixty, and her manners as simple as those of a child. She was of medium stature, muscular in appearance, and well formed. Her eyes were large and full, auburn hair—smooth and profuse. Forehead broad, low, and not intellectual; nose slightly aquiline and finely formed; mouth large, with a haughty, protruding lower lip, and a well set chin. On the whole, her appearance and mien were superior to those of the other Indians in the southern part of the State. She lived in the family of Mr. Niedever very contentedly, and was apparently gratified at the change. She was much pleased by the novel sights of horses, dogs, and the larger animals. She ate freely of many things which were given to her, and seemed particularly fond of fish, fruit, coffee, and liquor. But her system was unused to such diet, and, after too free an indulgence, she died, within five weeks of her rescue from the island. She was undoubtedly the last of her race, and it is much to be regretted that she did not live long enough to have learned language to tell what must have been a wonderful story. The strange articles I have attempted to describe were sent to this city, and, I believe, after being placed on exhibition, were sold or raffled.

THESPIAN.—Sorry that I sent your friend across the river before his time; but somehow or other many of us always associate bad actors with death, and probably that was the reason of my error. At all events, he is dead to the theatrical world, thank heaven, and so I am half right.

TEMPLAR.—Yes, drinking and gambling were carried on, if possible to a greater extent, twenty-five years ago than today. The amount of money earned by the gambling dens was something enormous. The best houses in the city, and the best business locations, were theirs; the finest furniture was in their saloons. Some of the houses in the very early days paid as high as $500 daily for rent. There was one table in 1850 at which it was said $2,000,000 in gold coin and dust changed hands monthly. Excellent bands of music were engaged every night, and some houses had a corps of "vocal artists." Day and night the clink of money sounded through the street, mixed with the disputing cries of the gamblers, while the noise from the shuffling of feet almost drowned the noise of the music. Large licenses were paid into the city treasury, the El Dorado and Arcade paying each $1,000 per quarter. The city license law required the payment of $100 per quarter for every table. CLAY M. GREENE.

## LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Wits of Paris Say in their Newspapers.

How to get into a mess and how to get out of it. At an art exhibition:

"That picture of X's is a fearful daub, don't you think?"

*The Gentleman Addressed.*—I beg your pardon, but I am the artist.

"Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons. The fact is, I don't know anything about art—I just repeat what I hear every one saying?"

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At a café a gentleman plays with his friend to see who shall pay the other's bill. He wins, and rising to go out, smashes his tumbler.

"Confound it!" he says, sitting down again; "I didn't want to drop anything at the cashier's desk to-night. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll play you for the tumbler."

He loses, loses back the treat he had already won, loses his friend's bill, and, bound to get his losses back, and especially the cost of that unlucky tumbler, tackles his neighbors, the new-comers, everybody. And still he loses, till at the hour for closing he finds himself stuck for fifty-five francs' worth of miscellaneous refreshments.

"I owe you fifty-five francs," he says to the cashier, "and for one tumbler I broke. How much'll that be altogether?"

"Fifty-five francs, monsieur," says the cashier, with a bland smile; "we never charge our guests anything for accidental breakages."

The guest goes out into the calm, still night, and under the silent stars relieves his burdened mind.

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X., traveling through Brittainy, asks an old woman who is peddling crosses and medals at a church-porch the price of a certain trinket.

"Is it for your wife or your sweetheart, she asks?"

"For my sweetheart," replies X., not precisely seeing the drift of her question.

"Ten francs."

"Ten francs—phew!" says X., turning on his heel.

"Come back, come back," cries the old woman; take it for three. You've been lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart—if it had been for her you'd have bought it at once without any regard to the price."

"I'll take it—here are your three francs."

"You haven't a wife either—if it had been for her you'd have beaten me down to two francs. Oh, you men, you men!"

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A Spanish curate having preached with great eloquence against the deadly sin of gluttony, his housekeeper was so deeply impressed by his discourse that she slipped out, ran to the parsonage, threw the succulent breakfast she had prepared for her master into the pig-pen, and spread the table with herbs and such-like savory messes.

The good priest, returning from the church, complained of the Spartan simplicity of his fare, whereupon the housekeeper recalled to his mind the position he had taken in his sermon.

"Juanita," says the good clergyman, "you have gone to the plaza of a Sunday afternoon to see them dancing, haven't you?"

"Certainly, your reverence."

"Did you ever see the fiddler dance?"

"Never, your reverence—of course not."

"Well, Junita, I am the fiddler."

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There is a venerable and benevolent judge in one of the Paris tribunals who at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner consults his assessors on each side of him as to the penalty proper to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bending over to the assessor on the right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the assessor on the left.

"I should give him about four years."

*The Judge* (with benevolence).—Prisoner, not desiring to sentence you to a long term of imprisonment, as I should have done were I left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers and shall take their advice. Seven years.

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"Do you know Mlle. X.?"

"Yes; she's a charming little thing."

"Only she doesn't talk much."

"How can she help it?"

"What! Isn't she clever?"

"Yes, but she won't say anything bad about anybody—that's why she's so silent."

## CLIMBING PARNASSUS.

### The Trials and Triumphs of a Fiddletown Social Circle.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

The proposition so readily acceded to by the Circle was nothing more than that the surplus funds arising from the entertainment be used to defray the expenses of repairing the picket fence around the Fiddletown graveyard. For several years the worms had subsisted upon this fence to such an extent that their stock of plain fare had been well nigh exhausted; and the goats and cows, roaming over the hill on which the cemetery was situated, had almost completed the work of destruction. Even the arch over the main entrance had decayed, and the motto, "Hark from the tombs," which had once stared dolefully down upon passing mortality, had been utterly obliterated. Local poets had repeatedly embalmed the necropolis in verse, but no one had been enterprising enough to secure the pine-shaded spot from the vandal hoofs of the nomadic cattle. Having agreed upon the use to which the profits of the entertainment should be put, the necessary preparations for the exhibition were soon completed. Col. Clancey was to deliver the opening address; Judge Raspawl was to read one or two of the *Widow Bedott Papers;* Miss Julia Cutler was "billed" for a "vocal solo;" Miss Carrie Jennings would give a select reading; Selim Dods agreed to recite, in his inimitable style, the trial scene from *Pickwick;* Major Michael McCarthy would render "Shamus O'Brien" and sing "The Widow Machree;" Jehu was to read an original burlesque; Bob Hawkins would deliver a stump-speech and enliven the entertainment with a plantation song, accompanying himself on the banjo; Josiah Hubble had consented to read an original local parody on "The Raven;" and so on throughout a long programme, each member being assigned some duty, the whole to conclude with a light comedy in two short acts, the remainder of the night to be devoted to dancing.

Among the ladies who were to take part was Mrs. Richard Hamilton, wife of the agent for Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, at San Andreas. She had joined the Fiddletown Social Circle because she possessed a genuine regard for the "social amenities," and desired to benefit by intercourse with her intellectual equals and superiors. The distance from San Andreas to Fiddletown was not so great but that she could attend the weekly gatherings, and her presence added a tone, pure and earnest, which would have been lacking without her. Her talents and influence, although exercised modestly, and with nothing that even approached obtrusiveness, had served to subject her to the annoying envy of the smaller minds of a certain clique, prominent among whom was Carrie Jennings. The enmity of this young lady arose from the fact that Mrs. Hamilton was preëminently the best elocutionist in the Circle, and as Miss Jennings had pretensions in this direction, having at one time seriously considered the feasibility of studying for the stage, she regarded her superior with a mortal hatred—such a hatred as the soul of woman only can foster for a rival of the same sex. Hitherto Miss Jennings had confined her malice to simple detraction among her female friends, but the shafts of her sarcasm had fallen short of the mark, or rattled harmlessly against the impenetrable armor of the other lady's indifference. It was very galling to Miss Jennings to think that she could produce no effect upon her adversary by tongue-lashing her at every opportunity, and so she began to plot deeper; and, with a mean contemptibility common to a certain class of half-educated women, whose selfish pride will not admit the superiority of other women who, by hard and conscientious study, have reached a place above them, resolved upon open insult. She selected the night of the exhibition as a fitting time for accomplishing her intention of humbling her hated foe. She held consultations with her "best friends," among whom she, for the time being, called Miss Cutler; and it was at first agreed that they should all sit together, and when Mrs. Hamilton was introduced to the audience they should rise in a body, in full view of the audience, and leave the hall. As Mrs. Hamilton was to recite a poem, it was thought that this action on the part of a number of ladies would produce such an effect upon the reciter that she would "break down."

The programme, however, being made up, and the names of two or three of the plotters being placed after that of Mrs. Hamilton, rendered this plan extremely inconvenient, not to say impossible; and every effort on their part to have the order changed failing, it was finally abandoned in true womanly petulance and disgust. But the fertile brains of the conspirators were not long in devising a substitute. It was remembered that Mrs. Hamilton was passionately fond of dancing, and upon this knowledge they based an intrigue as grand in conception as it was contemptible in its object. They arranged that Mrs. Hamilton should be a wall flower on that evening—that no one should ask her to dance, and that she should, through shrewd and active manipulation of the young men by their special favorites among the young ladies, be consigned to oblivion as far as the conversational and terpsichorean sociabilities were concerned. As there were ten or twelve conspirators in the cabal, and each conspirator had a faithful male escort, lover, brother, or faithful friend, these tactics, if carefully managed could scarcely fail of success. The night of the literary banquet arrived. The hall was filled to overflowing. The cash box at the door was heavy with silver. The new picket fence around the Fiddletown graveyard was now an assured fact, the arch at the entrance a reality. The programme was rendered with exceptional ability, each performer vieing with the other in the effort to render the entertainment a grand and unequivocal success.

When Mrs. Hamilton was introduced a titter bubbled up from the cesspool of envy surrounding Miss Jennings, and each fair face assumed a grin that would have done credit to a female Mephistopheles. The lady had selected, as the most appropriate poem for the object of the exhibition, those beautiful lines entitled "In Memoriam," of which Prentice, the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, spoke so highly, remarking that one might almost wish to die, if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory. Mrs. Hamilton delivered the poem with pathetic fervor, in striking contrast with the contemptible *sotto voce* criticism and gossip of the green-eyed clique of microscopic intellects seated in the audience.

"On the bosom of a river,
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
And the star-light streamed for ever,
Sailed a vessel light and free."

The words flowed melodiously from lips taught to utter musical numbers in their sweetest cadences, but precision and beauty of expression produced no effect whatever upon the gangrened hearts of the jealous-minded coterie who had sworn to crush the woman who by her every action proved herself their superior. The grins became grimaces, and Miss Jennings was compelled to smother a snicker in her hemstitched handkerchief.

"Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant seas."

"Black silk trimmed with maroon velvet!" whispered Miss Cutler to Miss Jennings, leaning across the lap of Maggie Doolittle. "What kind of taste do you suppose she has?"

"Positively horrid!" sibilated Miss Julia, elevating her nose to an angle somewhat less acute than forty-five degrees.

"At her prow a pilot beaming
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming
Like an angel from above."

"She thinks maroon sets off that sallow complexion of hers," murmured Miss Doolittle.

"If that's the reason she wears it, she shouldn't have laid on so much 'meen fun,'" answered Miss Cutler.

"Through his hair the breezes sported,
And, as on the wave he floated,
Oft that pilot, angel-throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love."

"I wonder what she paid for that silk," whispered little Delia Cummings.

"Paid for it!" retorted Miss Jennings. "Why, you little idiot, can't you see that it's turned and made over? Like as not it's some stuff handed down from generation to generation, and was probably one of her great grandmother's cast off duds."

"Through those locks so blithely flowing,
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold."

"What kind of lace do you suppose that is dangling round her wrists?" inquired Miss Doolittle, smiling satirically.

"If I'm not mistaken, it's some of that cream-colored stuff she had on her bonnet last summer," replied Miss Cummings.

"What an awful fright the thing was, to be sure—a regular sky scraper," remarked Miss Cutler, as she reflectively drew a peppermint lozenge from her handkerchief, and proceeded to chew the perfumed morsel.

"Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple wave divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
On his canvas' snowy fold."

"I admire the way she's frizzed her front hair, anyhow," was the sarcastic commentary of Miss Jennings.

"Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean—
Prayed that never wild commotion
'Mid the elements might rise."

"Why, my dear, how innocent you are," whispered Miss Doolittle, "that's the latest style—it's banged. Didn't you know that?"

"Banged! Well, I should say it was, considerably. Ain't her whole head banged?" and Miss Jennings' nose tried to dally with her own auburn "frizzes."

"And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-flags' corolla
Trembled to his music sighs."

"Say, girls, look at that deep white ruching round her train," warbled Miss Dingledawn from behind her paper fan.

"But those purple waves enchanted
Rolled beside a city haunted,
By an awful spell that daunted
Every comer to her shore."

"Looks for all the world as if her skirt had come loose," commented Miss Doolittle.

"Te hee," snickered Miss Cummings. "What an idea, Maggie. She'd tear your eyes out by the roots, if she could hear you."

"No, she wouldn't," answered Maggie, "she might have to clean those old kid gloves of hers again, if she did."

"Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered,
And awoke to life no more."

"I wonder if she couldn't have lengthened out that train a little more," remarked Miss Cutler, "it covers the stage like a rag carpet."

"Pieced in the back," spitefully rejoined Miss Jennings, elevating her pretty little proboscis in derision.

"Then there rushed with lightning quickness
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dews in tearful thickness
Gathered o'er his temples fair."

"I can't for the life of me see what the men can find to admire in such a frowsy old thing as Millie Hamilton is," whispered Miss Cummings, agitating her fan with a coquettish grace that plainly said, "Why don't they transfer their admiration to a beautiful creature like me?"

"Pshaw!" hissed Miss Dingledawn, "they don't admire her. But you knew what men are—hypocrites to your face, and spiteful, mean things behind your back. They flatter Millie Hamilton, because they think she's a little better than us mudsills—us common trash. *We* ain't high-toned enough you know." Oh, the gall and venom concentrated in the tone of that young girl's voice, and the gigantic effort she made to convey it to her hearers, and the utter failure thereof.

"And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely southern summer
As the beauteous pilot comer
Perished by that city there."

"We're as good as she is, anyhow," muttered Miss Jennings, "and I guess Mother Hamilton ain't the only elocutionist in the world, either."

"Elocutionist!" retorted Miss Cutler, "every stage-struck chambermaid thinks she can tear passion to tatters, as Byron says. Why, Carrie, you can discount her, and not half try."

"Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
And the starlight streams forever
On its bosom as before."

"Discount her!" groaned the celestial nosed Jennings, "why she rants, Jule, actually rants. She couldn't get a place to pull the laces of a leading lady's corsets in a second-class theatre."

"You would have no difficulty whatever in obtaining the position, Miss Jennings." Every face in that coterie of gossipers paled at these whispered words, and every head turned like lightning to the rear seat. The rebuke had been uttered by a man—that man was Dick Hamilton, the husband of the lady on the rostrum. While confusion, indignation, shame and terror spread havoc through the ranks of the enemy, the object of their envenomed shafts was calmly and eloquently concluding the poem.

"But that vessel's rainbow banner
Greets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple waves no more."

The burst of applause that followed the reading of the stanzas was a positive relief to the chagrined conspirators, and they took advantage of it to fly from the locality of that "horrid fellow" who had so impudently sat and listened to the edifying remarks in regard to his wife. It is needless to state that not one of the party knew what the recitation was about, and it is equally safe to say that none of them had time or inclination to care. The remainder of the programme passed off smoothly, and the hall was cleared for dancing. And now came the crisis of the plot.

"Take your partners for a quadrille!"

A rushing, sliding, shuffling medley of sound, and the "sets" were formed. All the elegible young men had been secured by the conspirators, and Mrs. Hamilton sat alone on one of the side seats. Triumph perched on the banners of the intriguers.

"Two more couples this way," shouted the floor manager.

Miss Cummings and Selim Dods took their places in the "set" with three cabalists. The floor manager did not repeat the call. Mrs. Hamilton had disappeared.

"Honors all!"

Horrors! The hated rival has obtained a partner. Who is it? Her husband. Why, to be sure; well, that was to have been expected—it couldn't be prevented. What "set" is she in? What! Carrie Jennings's! Well, that *is* rough. And so it was—for the intriguantes; for Dick Hamilton, having an inkling of the slight to be imposed upon his wife, had thrown himself into the breach, resolved to defeat them at every turn. Watching his opportunity, he induced a young man in the set with Miss Jennings, Miss Cutler, and Miss Doolittle to leave his place with his partner and occupy one of the vacant sets in another portion of the room. Artful Dick immediately stood with his wife in the midst of his chafing enemies, and bowed with complacent grace to Miss Jennings, who stood at his right hand, taking intense delight in the fact that the young lady's face was crimson with rage. Observing that many of the gentlemen about him had been supplied with button-hole bouquets by the young ladies as badges of their fealty, he improved the opportunity offered by a pause in the dance to beg one of them from a friend, and handing it to his wife, requested her to pin it on his coat, which she did, wholly unconscious that the simple action was gall and wormwood to the hearts of those who witnessed it. And Dick Hamilton had the brazen impudence to chuckle in their faces, well nigh driving the poor young ladies frantic with suppressed anger. The next dance was a waltz, and the young man who had been Miss Jennings' partner in the quadrille, at the request of Dick, danced with Mrs. Hamilton. The following dance was a polka, and the active Dick obtained Miss Cutler's brother as his wife's partner. In this manner he kept his wife on the floor the entire evening, making it his particular business to select the favorites of the clique as his wife's escorts and dancing partners, and during the intervals surrounding her with the best conversational talent and most eligible gentlemen in the room, his assiduity not only surprising his unconscious wife, but oftentimes having the effect of driving various members of the "rosebud" conspiracy to the wall. Every stratagem, threat, expostulation, and entreaty on the part of the followers of Miss Jennings proved vain, and finally the secret of the whole affair leaking out, the men became imbued with a spirit of gallantry toward Mrs. Hamilton to such an extent that it quite overcame the modest little lady, and caused her far greater concern than she would have felt if the first plans of the conspirators had been carried out. Beaten at every point, indignant at the result, ashamed of the growing publicity of their plots, the Jennings set soon thought it advisable to fly the field, which they did by bundling themselves in their wraps, taking the arms of their escorts, and about midnight trudging home to weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth in the secrecy of their sleeping apartments. Strange to say, this secession did not seem to affect the enjoyment of those they left behind—in fact, the hilarity steadily increased until, as the first streaks of dawn crimsoned the eastern horizon, the whirling, laughing, screaming dancers, who were tripping through the mazes of a "medley," seemed actually beside themselves with genuine fun, and a desire to give their animal spirits full play before retiring from the scene.

And so ended the great event in the history of the Fiddletown Literary and Social Circle. E. H. CLOUGH.

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They were talking of a little actress, whom one of the company hauled over the coals finely.

"Oh, I dare say it's all true," says another one of the company, "but then she has vices which make you overlook all her defects."

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In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a martyr—take a wife.

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The traveler on the road to ruin needs no guide-post.

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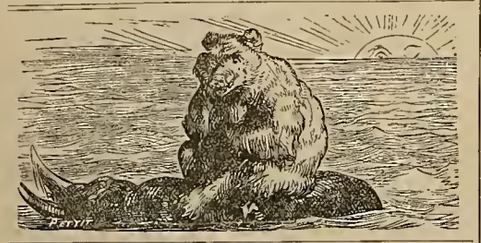

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.*

Transferring the ownership and control of the Yellow Jacket and Hale & Norcross mines from the bonanza firm to Messrs. Graves, Hayward, and others, indicates the beginning of an important movement. It indicates to us—and we do not speak by authority—that Messss. Flood & Co., and personally Mr. Flood, are willing to allow the Middle and South Comstock to be developed by other men; that they are wearied of standing as the target for newspaper abuse, popular clamor, and indiscriminate assault, by reason of their ownership of a group of mines that now for several years have been costly to work and entirely unprofitable. It will relieve the bonanza firm of a very heavy load of unprofitable responsibility, and leave them to devote their energies and their wealth to the development of what is known as the North End mines, embracing all the group from Sierra Nevada, on the north, to Ophir, on the south. This will give the working of these mines a most systematic and thorough efficiency, and the result will doubtless tend to their advancement in value, and to a stronger confidence by the shareholders. Messrs. Graves, Hayward, and the gentlemen connected with them, are men of large means and large experience in mining, and it is not improbable that the new energies brought to the working of mines under their control will prove of advantage to stockholders, and bring about important results. We regard the movement with favor, as we do every step in the direction of practical mining. The whole Comstock lode ought to be under one direction and one management. This would secure system and economy, and would reform many expensive and costly abuses. The next best thing is its segregation and division into, say, three sections, under the control of three well organized companies. We congratulate the bonanza men upon the fact that they will not now have to endure *all* the abuse and *all* the slander that jealous speculators and disappointed gamblers, a vicious press, and a most unprincipled public opinion may direct to them. How far all this bowl of complaint is deserved we do not profess to know. To what extent and to whom mine mismanagement may be justly attributable we do not know. But there are ten thousand people in San Francisco gambling in mining stocks. They do not know nor care whether the mines have ore or not; they are pure and simple gamblers. They bet that a stock will go up or down, the same as the Chicago grain gambler bets that wheat will advance or decline in price. These men are no more akin to miners than are grain gamblers akin to farmers who grow grain. These people will gamble; human ingenuity can not prevent it. If the Stock Exchange were closed, they would follow it to Virginia City, or Chicago, or New York. The press or the preacher that undertakes to voice the clamor that would put down stock gambling is engaged in a profitless howl. They might as well plant themselves upon the seaward balcony of the Cliff House and whistle at the Farallone gulls in the face of a western tempest. Flood and his associates have been now for years the target of abuse, and yet, while we know nothing of stock dealing, we know that this firm began its operations upon the Comstock when it was regarded as worked out; when scientific men did not believe in the lower depths; when capital was withdrawing itself, because it dared not risk itself below the 1,100-foot level. Flood, O'Brien, and their associates, with an audacity that was regarded as reckless, took the Consolidated Virginia and California mines at a depth of five hundred feet, and from them demonstrated the value of the Comstock fissure, gave new life and new energy to mining, took out and distributed to the channels of the world's business more than a hundred millions of dollars of value, which built San Francisco anew, and gave new impulse to our city and to our State. All this deserves some recognition, and has a right to be considered when we hear around us the din and conflict of unsparing and unreserved detraction, vituperation, and slander. We know that a syndicate was formed in the Board of Brokers to crush out the then new firm, and not till it had failed, and nearly all the men had failed who promoted it, were these sluice-gates of slander opened upon the bonanza men. We know that the new firm were charged with breaking the Bank of California at a time when they never had a dollar's transaction across its counter. We know that it was at least generous in condoning crimes against the Nevada Bank done in the interest of the Bank of California. Mr. Dewey paid us the compliment of sending us his pamphlet. We perused it, and got up from its perusal with no good opinion of Mr. Dewey's position. As he tells the story, it is not creditable to his good sense nor his good taste. We have no sympathy with him for his alleged losses, and none in his proposed mode of recovering them. We do not recall any single act of Squire P. Dewey's life in California that has contributed to anybody's interest but his own. We do not know that he ever added one brick to another; that to him belongs the credit of house, or store, or wharf, or warehouse. We think he has never owned a dwelling in our city, and that most of his small speculation earnings have been expended in France. He has made his money by the advance of real estate, coming from the labor of others, and he has eaten it on the boulevards of Paris. Had we all been Squire P. Deweys there would have been no San Francisco; and should we succeed in driving everybody away but Squire P. Dewey the city would be very lonely. There is a tendency here on the part of too many people—and it is a narrow, bigoted, mean disposition—to assault the successful and abuse the prosperous. As soon as a man becomes rich, one part of the community endeavors to rob him and another to stone him. Public opinion is vitiated, and the press has contributed to encourage a political party and form a public opinion that has driven a hundred millions of wealth from the State. This is not a comfortable place for anybody to live that can afford to get away. New York invites rich men to come there and become richer. Our gossiping, meddlesome Little Peddlington sets our village dogs upon all that are prosperous. It requires courage to say an honest word in favor of a great enterprise or a rich man. "He is bought," says a press that lies awake nights to devise some mode of selling itself. "He is bought," shouts every venal rascal who is conscious that himself is not worth purchasing. No one dares say a kind or generous word in favor of prosperous enterprises or prosperous men, except the man who feels that he may proudly defy slander, or who does not care a fig for the opinion of the vulgar, jealous mob.

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The agitation now going on in Ireland can not be a matter of indifference to our fellow-citizens of Irish birth, especially to that class who are of the more recent immigration, who have friends and relatives now engaged in what seems to be a struggle for bread. If it is true that the competition of American breadstuffs and beef, the exportation from our country to Great Britain of agricultural products, has made it impossible for the tenant farmer to pay his rent and support his family, and that the practical result of this condition of things is destitution and distress, then our Irish population have no right to be indifferent to their complaints. It is not so many years ago that Ireland experienced a famine, and that her population by death and emigration was reduced three millions. A very large number came to America under the stress of threatened starvation. If they did not personally experience the horrors of a want of food, they have a lively recollection of those distressing times, and it would be unnatural and brutal not to desire to aid the friends and families whom they have left behind in this period of their anxiety and real sorrow. We may not sympathize with the Irish agitator, who expects to overturn the laws of the British empire, and achieve Irish independence by a repeal of the political union. We *do* not sympathize with the ignorant and criminal Irish agitators who seek to disturb our country and defy its laws, because they are too idle to work, or too social to allow themselves to be driven without the sound of church bells to free lands that invite their toil. But we do sympathize with that class of industrious Irish tenantry who find themselves, after years of hard labor, made to pay rent to their landlords, and to provide bread and meat for their families. In this there is no question of race, or politics, or religion. It is broader. Hence we are glad to observe that our Irish societies and Irish citizens are organizing to render assistance to their suffering countrymen. We are glad that Messrs. Tobin, Toohey, Gildea, Gallagher, Gillmore, Sheehan, Tinnian, Clinton, Colonel Wasson, and others, are taking prompt measures to organize for practical relief. The Irish people of California have among them very rich men, men of millions. As a class they represent great wealth. The Irish Catholic Church is the owner of a vast property in San Francisco; it is worth many millions, and while this is not a religious or a race question, there will be no money raised by Americans to aid starving Ireland unless Irishmen take the lead, and Protestant ears will be deaf to the entreaty for money, unless the Catholic Church first unlooses its purse strings, and generously gives of its accumulated and abundant wealth. We do not understand the purport of the "long debate" over the amended resolution, that added to "moral and financial" aid, the word "physical." If this means arms and powder, armed organization, or military interference, we should hope the fire-engines might be called out, and a stream of cold water played upon the hot-headed fanatics, who hope from American soil to reënact the ridiculous history of Fenian raids. With the politics of this business we have no sympathy, and we hope America is not to be made the recruiting ground of soldiers strutting around for the absurd display of any military symbols of rosette, sash and feather, buttons, braid, and "green above the red." It is with Irish farmers who can not make enough to support their wives and little ones, and with Irish wives and mothers, that we sympathize, and not with Anglo-Irish nor Irish-American politicians and agitators.

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One day last week there came into our office one of those discontented Irish-Americans who find much to complain of in their condition in this the land of their adoption. This person was intelligent, moderate in the expression of his views, and we demanded of him what he found so much amiss. He was asked if he thought the tenantry of Sligo, subjected to the same conditions in Ireland as he and his countrymen enjoyed in America, would be justified in making any demands for an improved condition? What answer could be made by Messrs. Parnell and his associates if, at one of the monster meetings, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland should take the stand and say: "My fellow-citizens, the "Imperial Government have had in consideration your pain-"ful and distracted condition, and have determined to offer "to you the following terms as a ground for the settlement "of all this agitation: First, we declare all who are males, "and of the age of twenty-one years, shall become electors, "clothed with full power of citizenship; you shall make the "laws and execute them, and you shall choose judges from "yourselves to expound and interpret them; you shall be "free in your persons from arrest, except by process of law; "you shall enjoy free speech and a free conscience; your "domiciles shall be safe from intrusion, your papers from "inspection, and you shall have the right to bear arms; from "the crown lands we will give to each head of a family one "hundred and sixty acres of land, only asking that you cul-"tivate and live upon it; we will exact no tithes nor church "rates, nor rent nor military service, but the title in fee shall "be vested in you and your children forever; we will edu-"cate your children at the cost of all the people." What answer would Mr. Parnell and the tenants of Sligo make to such a proposition? Well, this is the condition in California. We have millions of acres of fertile lands—plains, hillsides, and fertile valleys, wooded, watered, and picturesque. We offer them to you for nothing; we make you citizens and equal, under the law, to ourselves. The conditions of soil and climate are all adapted to a speedy and easy realization of returns. A house is not indispensable to comfort till you can earn it from the soil. A vine will produce results in two years; a peach-stone will bear fruit in three; sweet potatoes in four months. An industrious and honest man can borrow seed-wheat and corn to plant; potatoes are sold for less than half a cent a pound, and any workingman can earn seven dollars in a week. Now, don't you think, Mr. Agitator, if that class of your discontented countrymen who hang around the sand-lots would go to work, as "the Man of '49" did, that they could earn an honest living? In the winter of that year he slept under a tree; he had no tent, and worked with pick and shovel; cooked with gridiron, coffee-pot, and kettle; lived upon beans and bacon, and did not beg nor steal, nor whine nor complain of the government, nor agitate for reform. Now, don't you think that the same courage and self-denial and industry would produce results?—and that it would be more honorable and more creditable if your countrymen would go to work?—and would it not be more honest to acquire an independence in that way, and safer, too, than to expect to secure some other men's earnings by some process of forceful confiscation, that you may call communism, but which they resent as robbery and theft?

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When this difficulty is adjusted in Ireland, as we have no doubt it will be, by some compromise between the owner of the fee and the tenant, we hope that Messrs. Tobin, Toohey, Gildea, Gallagher, Gilmore, Sheehan, Tinnian, Clinton, Col. Wasson, and others will organize an association, benevolent in its character, to punch some sense into the heads of their most miserable fellow-countrymen, who prefer to hang around cities, churches, and gin-mills, in pursuit of political reforms, rather than to go out to the acquisition of homes in the country; and, if it be necessary to resort to "physical" aid to accomplish that result, we shall not object. There is no argument so potent and convincing to this class of Irishmen as the shillalah, and in no other than in Irish hands is this kind of logic so clearly and effectually demonstrated. We should be delighted to see our friend Col. Wasson and Denis Kearney in single-stick discussion of these questions, with a black-thorn; and we would suggest, in aid of the Irish relief fund, such a debate at Union Hall, with a good round price of admission. To see Denis get a good sound drubbing, with his national weapon and by one of his own countrymen, would command a large, appreciative, and sympathetic audience.

## AFTERMATH.

Work upon the Southern Pacific Railroad is to be at once resumed. Ties and rail are accumulating at the present terminus at Casa Grande, nine hundred and thirteen miles from San Francisco and one hundred and eighty-two miles east of the Colorado crossing at Fort Yuma. Superintendent Towne is preparing to prosecute the work vigorously during the winter months, and Mr. Strowbridge, who has charge of the construction, will push the work with great rapidity, probably at the rate of two miles per day. The next objective point is Tucson. Beyond Tucson it will penetrate the Tombstone district, a promising mining camp, mostly owned and controlled by Californians. From Maricopa Wells, an auxiliary line of one hundred and sixty miles is proposed to Prescott, which will bring to San Francisco the immense business of that best part of the Territory, embracing many thousands of mines in Yavapai County. This road is part of the final system that is destined, and at no very distant future, to bring to San Francisco the trade of the northern Mexican States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and ultimately to give us another transcontinental railway. When this road is completed our merchants and property owners will realize how greatly they are indebted to an enterprise that, without subsidy or Government aid, has reached out to the interior of our continent to grasp a trade that else would have been stolen from us and been all directed eastward.

It is almost an axiom that the trade jurisdiction of a commercial city is just coextensive with its control of the carrying trade. Our merchants sell goods just as far eastward as the Central Pacific Railroad goes; along its line lie scattered the empty barrels, boxes, bottles, and cases that bear the trade mark of San Francisco merchants. Beyond Ogden every thing comes from the East; if the Union Pacific had outstripped our road in its race westward, Chicago would have supplied Virginia City; if the Central Pacific had reached a hundred miles further East, we would have monopolized the trade of Salt Lake City. We shall trade into Arizona just as far as our road extends, and all beyond it will go eastward. A road from the Missouri River to Puget Sound, owned and controlled by Eastern men and Eastern capital, will supply merchandise to Eastern Oregon and the eastern part of Washington Territory. Every mile of road built by Californian men and Californian capital, and controlled from this end, will discriminate in favor of this city and this State, and will contribute to the prosperity of our merchants, mechanics, and manufacturers. Every hundred miles that the Southern Pacific road builds toward the East and toward Mexico adds millions to the prospective wealth of this State, and gives additional value to every inch of property in this city.

Another young woman, desirous of obtaining the certificate of teachership necessary to enable her to earn an honest livelihood, has fallen into the question trap. She was found with a solution of the conundrums propounded at Sacramento written on her linen cuff. It was apparent, also, that others had received from the "mysterious man of Sacramento" answers to the very absurd riddles which our very absurd educational system now indulges in as a test of scholarship and qualification for teaching. We give a specimen or two of the ridiculous stuff that Mr. and Mrs. Carr, and the "mysterious man of Sacramento" deal in, to illustrate to parents how the brains of their children are being exercised, and to taxpayers the kind of educational slobber for which in this city we are paying a million of dollars annually. The first dose is labelled "Word Analysis:"

*Wrong.* That which is wrung or twisted from the right.
*Corn* p. a. s. Grain of seed.
*Heaven.* Heave, to raise up, that which is heaved or raised above our heads to the sky.
*Spell.* Comes from a. s. verb spellan which = to tell, narrate.
*Husband.* Saxon for house was a *hus.* Combining house with band = we have band of the house.
An, ar, ard, ei, er, eer, est.
*Salutatory.* Latin *salutaris* means heal, whole, useful, subterran. Latin uniform—Of the same form with another. Retrospective.
*Sincere.*—Cero, applied originally to pure honey. *Savage,* silva, wood, those who lived in the wood or forest, uncivilized or savage.

We give another specimen or two of algebraic enigmas, and if there is a man, woman, or child in California outside of a pursuit demanding special mathematical learning, who will assert that this knowledge is desirable or to themselves comprehensible, we will put them upon the free list of our paper until we are convinced that the study of algebra is time well spent by pupils at our public schools.

Prove that the fraction "a" to the "m"th power, minus 1, divided by "a" minus "m," multiplied by the fraction "a" to the 2d "m" power, divided by "a" minus "m," divided by the fraction "a" square "m" divided by "a" square "m" equals the fraction 1 divided by "a" to the "m" minus 2d "m" power, equals 1 divided by "a" minus "m."

Add together the fractions $x$ minus $y$ divided by $x$ square plus $xy$ plus $y$; the fraction 1 divided by $x$ minus $y$ and the fraction $x$ plus $y$ multiplied by 4, divided by $x$ third minus $y$ third.

Answer—$x$ square minus $2xy$ plus $y$ square plus $x$ square plus $xy$ plus $y$ square plus $x$ square plus $2xy$ plus $y$ square, divided by $x$ third minus $y$ third. This equals the fraction $3x$ square plus $3y$ plus $3y$ square, divided by $x$ third minus $y$ third.

This may be very desirable schoolmaster learning, and we know some most excellent gentlemen who are earning good salaries to keep alive this most transparent sham and humbug. If it were simply a question of money unwisely expended, we might submit to it as we do to other political swindles; but we declare it as our firm conviction that our public school system is rotten, with most transparent and shameful abuses; that our boys and girls are wasting more than half their time in acquiring knowledge of no practical or real importance. A commission composed of intelligent, practical business men to investigate and expose the shams and frauds of our public free school system would be a wise movement. Massachusetts has begun the work. It will be carried on, and in ten years from to-day we shall look back upon all this "schoolmaster industry" as a detected and exposed crime.

We should very much like to see an exhibition at Platt's Hall of the late members of the Board of Education, and of that most excellent old gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Professor Carr, in which they would be called upon to undergo an examination like that to which they subject candidates for teachers' certificates. The thing that would give us most pleasure in this world would be to place these twelve school directors, with John Taylor at the head, together with Mrs. Carr and her husband, before a blackboard, and ask them to work out the very problems in algebra, arithmetic, word analysis, and other complicated conundrums that they submit to teachers. It is our opinion that we could select from the examination papers of the last two years, questions that Mrs. Carr and her husband have prepared, and that John Taylor and his associates have so often had occasion to examine, that none of them could answer. It is our opinion that we can select one hundred questions out of those used within the last two years, and that the class of fourteen persons will not be able to answer a majority of them. This we believe so firmly that we will agree to pay for Platt's Hall to make the trial, charge $1 for admission, and give the proceeds to charity. There would be more fun in it than in a pedestrian trial or a bicycle race, or a spelling exhibition. In fact, we are so confident that this schoolmaster business is a fraud, and a humbug, and a sham, that if we had the opportunity we could make all these education demagogues so ridiculous and absurd, by exposing their ignorance and their pretensions, that we should delight to do it. We would have the whole class upon the dunce-block with a fool's cap on each head before the exercises closed.

We cut the following from the *Mining Record*, of New York: "We have repeatedly invited our contemporaries of the mining districts to expose any and all instances of worthless mining enterprises which we might be led to mention favorably." This is lovely. The New York readers of the *Record* may rely with infantile confidence on the lofty and severe disinterestedness of "our contemporaries of the mining districts." They have no axes to grind, and when they have private resentments they smother them with a shotgun.

Our poetry editor, who seems to have partially recovered from the indisposition brought on by attending the "Burial of Moses," is to the fore again with a complaint that his clients write sonnets badly, despite his instructions and the shining example of the Eastern bards—Edgar Fawcett and the rest of the sonneting fraternity. Unable to write prose, our poetry editor ventures to put it in this way:

I think the man who writes bad sonnets now,
Considering all the warnings he has got,
And that he's been in jail as like as not—
Considering, too, a man is not a cow,
But, by example, might be taught to allow
The Muse herself to boil his dinner pot
With sonnets heaped on sonnets, and made hot
Without poetic fire—the Lord knows how!—
Considering all these things, I say, the man
Who now writes sonnets faultily is such
A very independent kind of ass
That if, untethered by his groom, he ran
At large he would, I fancy, never touch
The delicate thistle, but would gobble grass!

Pretty severe, no doubt, on the dealers in faultily constructed sonnets, but they may at least congratulate themselves that it is no worse. Had our poetry editor been so minded, instead of frugally husbanding his thunder, he might have launched at them his other favorite bolt—called them hogs. If God had created more kinds of stupid and graceless quadrupeds, our poetry editor had been wittier.

When Patrick Crowley was Chief of Police he drove all the hogging games, all the bunko sharps, thieves, garroters, thieving gamblers, and predatory tramps out of the city. He drove all the most shameless and audacious prostitutes out from the public highways, and made them at least hide their unpleasant occupation from the public gaze. He did something toward suppressing the worst features of the Chinese quarter. He did not enrich himself by the sale of criminal indulgences. He did not get drunk and disgrace himself. He did not allow the mob to overrun him and imperil the peace of the city. We are glad he is again Chief of Police, because we believe he has intelligence enough to know his duty, and bravery enough to do it. Mr. Crowley will be himself Chief of Police. We are quite confident of one thing, and that is that during his term of office there will be no foreign military company with bayonets allowed to obstruct a public highway, and no armed delegation of sand-lot loafers will be permitted inside the city prison to guard its inmates. If Chief Kirkpatrick can explain the incidents of his official life we shall have a higher opinion of his personal courage than we now have.

Black-and-Tan has found his level at last: he has become a newspaper correspondent at twenty dollars a week. He will live in Newspaper Row in Washington, and become an oracle. When the winter session ends he will look for a clerkship in one of the departments.

There is a very curious rumor running through the town. Men tell it on the streets, and laugh about it as a good joke. The rumor runs that the Gaslight Company, desirous of extending their contract with the city for an additional five years, were brought face to face with the stern integrity of the Board of Supervisors; that it became necessary to obtain four votes; that terms were arranged, price $80,000; money put up, to be paid only in the event of the consummation, and then to Supervisor Atchinson, to distribute; that he drew the money, failed to distribute, went East, and does not intend to return; that the Gas Company has no right to complain, and could not if it would; that the three who got no share of the plunder are tongue-tied as to the result. We do not believe a word of this story. The history of the Gas Company forbids the idea that any member of its directory would use any money to corrupt a Legislature, Court, or Supervisor; while there is no member of the retiring Board against whom there is the remotest suspicion of bribery or other dishonest practice.

Mr. Foley, going out of office as Supervisor, pays the *Bulletin* and *Call* a painful, and we hope undeserved, compliment. Mayor Kalloch, coming into office, pays the *Chronicle* a compliment over the left. Both of which it affords us pleasure to print. Mr. Foley said:

"I rise to perform one of the most pleasing duties of my life—to introduce my successor. Since I have been a member of the Board I have endeavored to perform my duty to the public fearlessly and honestly. With the exception of the *Evening Bulletin* and *Morning Call* the press has treated me fairly. These two papers have persistently misrepresented me on all occasions. Before I came into this Board I was a superintendent of the press work of the *Morning Call.* I came into this board with the recommendation and indorsement of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Pickering, but I had in one of my first duties to decide an advertising question against the *Call,* and since then I have been vilified, maligned, and abused for asserting my manhood. On another occasion I had to decide against Mr. Fitch in a question where a contractor was concerned. We decided that Mr. Fitch should pay for work performed."

Mr. Kalloch was pleased to remark:

"There must be something radically wrong, and needing a good toning up, in the moral status of a community, many of whom advertise in, support, and get their mental pabulum from a newspaper built up on the wreck of hearts and homes, and edited by an assassin."

Mr. Supervisor Litchfield did not vote for the amendment that made the construction of the Presidio Railroad depend upon the consent of another and a rival corporation. We are glad he did not, and glad to correct our statement of last week, in which we had the injustice to say he did.

Says Kalloch: "I'll favor no party; [a laugh]
To serve the whole people's my care."
He isn't the Mayor of only a half,
He's only the half of a Mayor.

Judge Blake did a wise thing when he continued Flaherty in the office of Fire Commissioner. The Board of Underwriters unanimously indorsed him. He is a thorough fireman, and has made, with his associates, an honest, efficient, and economical administration of the duties of the office. He was entitled to reappointment by every consideration of decency and justice that ought to control in such cases, and it would have been a base and cowardly act if Judge Blake had allowed himself to be influenced by the malignant personal attacks of the *Bulletin.* The appointment of Frank Edwards is also a good one. He is an old fireman and a good citizen. If the Board of Supervisors will now give us Peter Hopkins we shall be quite content.

The outgoing Sheriff had sixty-three deputies, of whom, it is said, sixty-one were Irish. Desmond, the new Sheriff, has turned out, it is alleged, or will turn out, every mother's son of them, and put in a new batch. No Americans need apply.

The President's Message has been delivered. The only noticeable feature of it is a recommendation to retire the greenback and silver currency in favor of a money to be manufactured by national banks, a measure that will commend itself to all the great corporations and strong moneyed powers. So much has been accomplished in the direction of sound finance, that it is to be hoped that no change will be effected in the vain effort to make John Sherman President.

Those who desire a copy of the thirty-two-page holiday number of the ARGONAUT will please order through their carriers or newsdealers, as it will be separate from the regular Saturday edition. There will be stories by Edgar Fawcett and local writers, and thirteen full pages of illustrations of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and vicinity—designed and drawn by Rix and Strong. It will be something worth seeing. The first number of *The Californian,* the new Western Monthly Magazine, will be on sale the middle of this week. Order from San Francisco or American News Companies, or branches.

## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### A Wolf in Wool.

[We reprint the subjoined prophetic lines of Pollok, from "The Course of Time," not alone for their literary merit (which in truth is not great), but also for their obvious local application—which we feel assurance that the whole body of clergymen will alertly make, each to his neighbor.]

Among the accursed, who sought a hiding-place
In vain, from fierceness of Jehovah's rage,
And from the hot displeasure of the Lamb,
Most wretched, most contemptible, most vile,
Stood the false priest, and in his conscience felt
The fellest gnaw of the Undying Worm.
And so he might, for he had in his hands
The blood of souls, that would not wipe away!
Hear what he was. He swore, in sight of God
And man, to preach his Master, Jesus Christ,
Yet preached himself; he swore that love of souls
Alone had drawn him to the Church; yet strewed
The path that led to hell with tempting flowers,
And in the ear of sinners, as they took
The way of death, he whispered peace; he swore
Away all love of lucre, all desire
Of earthly pomp, and yet a princely seat
He liked, and to the clink of Mammon's box
Gave most rapacious ear. His prophecies,
He swore, were from the Lord; and yet taught lies
For gain; with quackish ointment healed the wounds
And bruises of the soul outside, but left
Within the pestilent matter unobserved,
To sap the moral constitution quite,
And soon to burst again, incurable.
He with untempered mortar daubed the walls,
Of Zion, saying Peace, when there was none.
The man who came with thirsty soul to hear
Of Jesus, went away unsatisfied;
For he another Gospel preached than Paul,
And one that had no Saviour in't; and yet
His life was worse. Faith, Charity, and Love,
Humility, forgiveness, holiness,
Were words well lettered in his Sabbath creed;
But with his life he wrote as plain, revenge,
Pride, tyranny, and lust of wealth and power
Inordinate, and lewdness unashamed.
He was a wolf in clothing of the lamb,
That stole into the fold of God, and on
The blood of souls, which he did sell to death,
Grew fat; and yet, when any would have turned
Him out, he cried, "Touch not the priest of God."
And that he was anointed, fools believed;
But knew, that day, he was the devil's priest,
Anointed by the hands of Sin and Death,
And set peculiarly apart to ill,
While on him smoked the vials of perdition,
Poured measureless. Ah me! What cursing then
Was heaped upon his head by ruined souls
That charged him with their murder, as he stood
With eye of all the unredeemed most sad,
Waiting the Coming of the Son of Man!

## MADAME.

"He was dare at Bagnères," said Madame, enthusiastically, "at what you call—eh? Oh, oui; bats. He send for me—I feex of de grande toilette. Ah, mon Dieu! What is now ma pauvre France wizout her Napoléon!"

Miss Hay made no more pretense of replying than Fifine, who, on the chair next Madame, was lickiog her pink chops in sober expectancy. But Miss Hay—which certainly could not be expected of Fifine—was delighted to listen. To be there in that dingy French restaurant was like reading a chapter of some delightful, because forbidden, novel. From the carven carrot-marigolds and turnip-camellias of the show-window, to the indescribably delicious *bouchettes* within whose creamy hollow lurks a gustatory inspiration, every thing was as different as possible from the prim, spare table at the Rev. Mr. Warrenshed's select school. When Miss Hay deftly tucked a napkin under her full chin, and fell to work with both eagerness and tact, Madame's plump right hand started up like an ecstatic exclamation point.

"Ah, tu es une bonne-vivante, mon amie!" she cried, and her soul clave to Miss Hay's from that hour.

None save a Brillat-Savarin could have guessed the *gourmande* from Miss Hay's fair, rather phlegmatic face. The secret lay in the lips, altogether rosy, which were pouted as if in anticipation of a melting mouthful.

"Should I to-night to die," said Madame, along whose veins the wine was running in warm flushes, "I 'ave live, I 'ave enjoy. I can see wiz de eyes shut de Arc de Triomphe, de garden in Petit-Picpus, where Jean Valjean 'as got hover de wall to escape. Dis 'and of mine"—raising the plump member—"'as lay in de 'and of 'Ugo, of Balzac, of Madame Georges Sand!"

Her voice rises in a staccato treble. She stirs her saucer of cognac, lifts and pours the liquid fire from her spoon.

"Ah, she was mon amie, my friend, Madame Georges Sand. She 'ad beaucoup d'amants."

When they are ready to go, Fifine, who is old and fat like her mistress, waddles after. At the counter Madame plucks up her shabby alpaca skirt to explore in the folds of her black quilted petticoat for her purse—a lean, shrunken thing, out of which, nevertheless, she pays for the dinner with quite a grand air, and says in a loud, laughing tone:

"For a while money was wiz me what you call in Amérique ver' intoxicated; but again de Bank of Savings 'as gone into liquify. Oui; I sall lose nossing."

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Madame was loitering up the flagged pathway that ran by short curves and groups of flat stairs through the vivid, yet restful, green of Mrs. Inkle's terraces. The sweet languor with which the sunshine already lay on the grass, or fell half swooning into the dazzling flower-beds dotted here and there, the vision of long-haired willows drooping as if for the mere luxury of giving way to lazy impulses, had got into Madame's blood. Her soul was filled with repugnance to this restless, nervous, inventive age and country, with yearnings to be far off in some quaint provincial French town, lying in a doze among its gables and cathedral spires, enough awake only to realize how delicious it is to sleep. Madame reaches the doorway and stands a moment under its gay striped awning, looking downward to see the shiny top of Mrs. Inkle's close carriage, like the back of a great slow beetle, crawling along in the street below, while from the driver's box Mrs. Inkle's black-and-tan barks pert defiance at a plebeian cur on the pavement. Madame sighs for herself and Fifine.

Unconscious she that her figure stands out strangely at variance with the gleaming Hebe in scant, artistic draperies, and the slender marble girl under her marble urn whom Jacob's love of old has immortalized. Madame is clad in a yellow-brown, weather-beaten plush jacket, which makes her high, square shoulders seem higher and squarer, and a queer old hat of rusty lace and crushed roses, that has a rakish tendency toward getting askew. Her whole attitude betokens as intense a longing to play truant as ever afflicted a tardy schoolboy.

Miss Hay has been in the class-room quite an hour, already. Not at the Rev. Mr. Warrenshed's—no, for she has graduated from his instructions, hating books and the proprieties like every other unhappy girl whom he teaches, and he has recommended her for this place as English day-governess at Mrs. Inkle's. She has been troubling the three immature minds under her charge with chemistry and philosophy, and now Madame must needs come to bore them with French—odious, stubborn French, into whose penetralia of delights they are hindered from coming by a tangled thicket of verbs, regular and irregular, and grammatical rules. Even in days like these, magnetic with new ideas, Madame clings to the musty pages of Delille and to methods old and heroic.

As for her three little pupils, Seth, Tom, and Lilian, they were once careless, happy youngsters, roistering among the disabled trucks in a dingy street; but their unfortunate papa made no end of thousands in mining stocks—the thing is not so common but that most of us wish it more so—and their mamma rose at one bound from back-door gossip with her neighbors to morning calls in her own carriage."

"Eh, bien," cries Madame, good-naturedly at the door, "me voici. 'Ow do you do, mes anges? Say to me, Master Set', 'Madame, je suis bien content de vous voir.'"

"But I ain't," says Seth, with his dear mamma's own brusqueness.

Madame's cheeks go up in good natured bunches under her black eyes.

"Tu es un mauvais sujet, mon Set'," she exclaims, shrugging her shoulders.

She sinks into a chair, mopping her face, and frankly confesses, when Miss Hay begs her to remove her bonnet, that she is too lazy to take out the pin of her veil; Madame says "*Pépingle* of de veil," and adds: "It is not de 'ead, it is de all-togezzer 'as 'ot." And then, somehow, she forgets that the hour is Mrs. Inkle's, and falls to gossiping with Miss Hay. She brings out from the mysterious pocket of her quilted petticoat an ancient, time-worn paper, which she declares is a love-letter, written and sent her by an English lord when she was a school-girl. "But mon Dieu! it is broke now as my 'art; it is wear out like Madame Henriques, exactement!"

Miss Hay takes it almost reverentially. Her own life has been as bare of romance as a drifting sand heap of herbage; how can she rid herself of the spell cast over her by this rusty old woman who has talked with poets, has been accorded an audience by an emperor, has been loved by a lord? But an unpleasant incident occurs. Their two heads are bent down over the letter; Madame's heart is rejuvenating itself in the dim, faded words of a dead passion, when an ominous rustling is heard in the hall, and Madame has scarcely time to whisper excitedly: "Come 'ere, vite, queek, mes anges," when the door opens, and the great lady of the house presents herself.

"Voilà votre maman!" cries Madame, in a chirruping voice.

But no urchin caught skimming a milk pan with grimy forefinger could have a guiltier air.

"Come 'ere, my children—ah, *voyez!* dey is crazee to embrace dare mozzer. 'Ow is it dat you are de mozzer of so great boys, you si jeune, si fraîche as a rose. Eh bien; we are now to réciter un fable. Commencez tout-ensemble: 'Maître Corbeau'—and the three childish voices shrill in—"Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché—"

There mamma's plump, gloved hand commands silence.

"What is '*un arbre*,' Seth, my son?"

Unhappily all the silver of the Comstock lode could not buy for Mrs. Inkle other tones than thin, nasal, uncultured. Perhaps it is such voices as this going abroad that give unpleasant impressions of the quality of American speech.

"Dunno."

"You, Tom?"

Tom grinned blankly.

"Lilian?"

"An arbor!"—with expression of preternatural smartness.

"Good. *Un arbre*—an arbor; remember that, my children. As for you, Madame, don't make parrots of 'em, and let us have no slop work."

Then Mrs. Inkle sails away majestically, conscious of having performed a maternal duty.

Sunday had come, with all a Sunday's rigid solemnity in Mr. Warrenshed's select boarding-school. If Miss Hay was the product of the severe proprieties, Mr. Warrenshed was the proprieties themselves—printed, bound, and clasped with a glittering steel clasp. The usual two o'clock dinner had the cold chill of a frigid interpretation of the fourth commandment, to which the reverend gentleman had seemed to add: "In it thou shalt receive no company, warble no happy secular strain, partake of none of the extra edibles which fond parents delight to supply."

Miss Hay, who remained with Mr. Warrenshed as a boarder, yielded to these restrictions with the stony submission of long usage; but more than once her thoughts "went slipping back" to that warm, human, almost wassail moment when Madame and she sat opposite each other at the table, with the dish of blue, flickering flame between them.

At half-past three the bell rang for afternoon prayers, and there was heard throughout the halls and on the stairs the light, subdued tread of young feet. All were gathered together in the main class-room, and Mr. Warrrenshed, who was a small, wooden man, with a high nose and spectacles, stalked stiffly in and mounted to his desk. There he automatically turned the leaves of his Bible. Alas and alas! for the icy moralities, the frost-bitten rules, that have been got out of that great, warm, impulsive, aspiring volume time out of mind!

What bit of fiery prophecy would come to the waiting young ladies quenched by the cold bath of Mr. Warrenshed's unsympathetic nature; or what promises of universal peace and good-will would be rendered null and void by his reading, is not known; for suddenly the front door bell pealed loud and long, with an absolutely week-day freedom.

Mr. Warrenshed gleamed amazed questioning through his spectacles along the line of girls. Who could it be from that great, audacious world without that was so unmindful of his rules? Sound of an opening door, of approaching footsteps; appears a domestic announcing a visitor—and there, suave, smiling, as if out for a holiday, the visitor takes the liberty of presenting herself at the class-room door.

Was ever jacket so weather-beaten, nay, even disreputable-looking? Did ever bonnet so lightly set at scorn the conventionalities? Did ever countenance so beam, so radiate, so ooze good-nature from every pore? Worse than all, under one arm, held by a fat, bare hand, are several disgracefully bulbous and greasy parcels; under the other, a plump old poodle!

"Whom do you wish to see?" demanded Mr. Warrenshed, freezingly.

Expectant of the answer, Miss Hay's cold Sunday blood was skimmed with ice of horror that thickened slowly downward.

"Mees 'Ay; ma bonne camarade, Mees 'Ay."

An audible titter ran the round of girlish lips. Mr. Warrenshed's glance was enough to have frozen Miss Hay to the floor. Nevertheless, she got into the hall and led Madame toward the farther end—that unregenerate old mortal gabbling serenely away.

"I 'ave to come enjoy a petit diner wiz you. Fifine, too. 'Ere 'ave I broughted of de fruit, of de gâteaux, of de fromage, and a fat cheeken alreadee rotsted. I myself 'ave choice it."

Miss Hay faced about sharply. "Good heavens, Madame! you have ruined me forever! Do you not understand? On Sunday we are not allowed—" she finished the sentence by wringing her hands.

"Eh, mon Dieu!" cried Madame, hurriedly grasping some realization of the situation, "'ow was it to me to know dat you 'ave of de Mass on Sunday after-midi?"

Mass! "O well for me," thought poor Miss Hay, "that severely Protestant Mr. Warrenshed does not hear that!"

Vainly, in such event, might she have explained that this renegade old Papist cared more for a *petite histoire* of Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset than for any legend of saint or martyr whatsoever.

"Mr. Warrenshed is scandalized; he will never forgive me."

"Eh, bien; dîtes-moi what is it to me to do, Mess 'Ay?"

"Leave here instantly. But if he should stop you to ask questions, I will answer. You agree with everything."

Madame thumped back down the long hall quite crestfallen. She would, doubtless, have escaped, but distracted Fifine knowing that something was wrong, began to struggle violently, and to bark so loudly that Mr. Warrenshed came in haste out of the class-room, shutting the door behind him as if to save his young ladies from the contaminating effect of that canine voice. Madame, undaunted by the severe reprobation of his glance, bowed and smiled in an ingratiating way.

"I am distressed about this unfortunate occurrence, sir," said Miss Hay, "but you see, hearing me speak at Mrs. Inkle's of a poor family in this neighborhood, Madame—"

"Oui," interposed that individual, benevolently.

"Ah, I comprehend; an errand of charity."

Mr. Warrenshed certainly seemed mollified.

"Oui, oui," cried Madame, eagerly.

She would have waded through turbid seas of mendacity to make all smooth again for Miss Hay.

"In this—my neighborhood?"

A quick intuition warned Miss Hay of danger. But it was too late.

"Oui, oui, oui," Madame burst out gayly.

"Then," said the terrible gentleman, whipping forth memorandum book and pencil, "permit me, also, to visit them?"

What Mr. Warrenshed did with regard to the fictitious address she hastily stammered out, Miss Hay never positively knew; it was enough that next day she and Madame were both peremptorily dismissed from Mrs. Inkle's.

"For me it is nossing," said Madame, grandiloquently, as she and Miss Hay went through the garden together, "but for Mrs. Eenkle a lose of twenty piastres. When my bank of saving was soospend, I overtake by so moche my salary. Eh bien! Fifine and I 'ave plentee—and it shall not be to you to want."

At the street-corner, Miss Hay, who had kept ominously quiet, turned fiercely.

"Choose which way you will go, Madame," said she.

Her companion doubted the evidences of her ears.

"So—you blame to me, Mess 'Ay?"

"I blame you—yes; you are nothing henceforth to me. Your money in the bank? That is a lie. Choose, choose."

"As you say," returned Madame, with the grand air of one who has a past—a history: "I deespute not. Adieu."

She laughed; but there was a sharp pain under her old jacket. Now there was left to her Fifine only. Reaching the tenement house, Madame labored up long flights of stairs. A key clicked in the lock and the door opened upon her home; a single room with a narrow skylight and small verandah where flowers blossomed diligently in ancient tin-cans and boxes of motley sort. With the intense eagerness of one whose human friends have proved fickle, Madame's ear had been all the way up listening and longing for Fifine's welcoming bark. But vainly. There lay Fifine upon her crimson sheepskin—a mere white woolly ball—until Madame put down a sudden wakening hand. Then a small head darted out and a sharp muzzle was lifted in air emitting a half-howl, half-bark. It was but eleven o'clock. Fifine was accustomed to sleep until twelve.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Madame, smitten quite to the heart; "it is I, Fifine, sa protectrice, sa maîtresse!"

Recognizing these tones, Fifine condescended to bid appear a caudal appendage; but its tip described one short arc merely, and that perfunctorily. The small creature then laid her nose upon her paws and looked up, blinking.

"Ah, tiens, ma petite, it is thy gâteaux, eh? Bien; thou shalt 'ave them for to-day, if no more. Allons."

Fifine arose gravely, stretched herself upward until her back was a bow, then elongated her hind legs, and, last, her forelegs, which motion resembled a profound obeisance.

On the way down stairs, Madame stopped to speak cheerfully to Mrs. McMenomy, who, with several children, chickens, a dog, and a drunken husband, lived upon the second floor. Doubtless, since all grandeur is relative, Mrs. McMenomy saw reason to envy Madame.

"I 'ave to-day loss my place. Well, it was beaucoup de troble wiz pupiles. Truly, I sall make no more of de money. N'importe! I 'ave enough, as you say in Amérique, to cause to go of de horse. Fifine and me—we will now to our banquier; eh, ma petite?"

All the fine, free afternoon, she and Fifine loitered about, looking at the people upon the streets, or standing at show windows to admire the gay fabrics and glittering jewelry. Madame stopped longer before the picture stores, and, of all pictures, was most interested in one which she held Fifine up to see. It was quite in the French taste, and embodied a French reality—just a woman's face, pretty, but pinched a little with want or sorrow, gazing steadfastly into a small brazier. What was in the brazier? A few ignited coals; but rising out of it—faint, huge, vague—a terrible figure, suggested rather than limned by the painter's art, the figure of Death.

Madame and Fifine dined at a favorite rôtisserie—dined splendidly, convivially—and then they tramped out again upon the crowded street. The sunset could not be seen for the high buildings, but the sky was full of its mysterious tints exquisitely blended. Going into a square to rest, the human creature, at least, sat quietly gazing upward. More than one passer-by, who used the open space as a diagonal short-cut from street to street, seemed involuntarily moved to stare hard at a queer old woman fondling a fat poodle and talking to it as if to a child. The birds—protected by printed placards, as the flowers were—twittered busily from tree to tree, and the trees answered back with vocal shudderings as the chill evening air stirred them. A star, inexpressibly clear and sharp, as if newly created, appeared in the broad whiteness over the engine-house—but, by that time, the bench where the old French woman had sat was empty.

The light of morning came through the McMenomy grimy windows with somewhat of a cold, inspecting disdain, touching scattered evidences of a night's carouse. The light of morning gleamed all at once into the sleepy eyes of teachers and pupils at the Rev. Mr. Warrenshed's school, but nowhere among them finding the clear, pale features and contradictory red lips of Miss Hay. Taunting Mr. Warrenshed with making capital out of a venial error, she had left his roof for ever.

The light of morning flowed like an ocean over cloud and mountain, valley and river, stayed, nevertheless, by the mysterious "thus far and no farther" of invisible law. The light of morning opened the flowers in Madame's small verandah, and they spread their pretty, dazzling petals, expectant of a cooling shower from Madame's hand. The light of morning beat, later, through the skylight down upon Fifine's crimson rug and Madame's white bed, disclosing a singular fixity of repose.

For the rest, there was an open stove, and an atmosphere that it made one giddy to breathe but for a moment; and conspicuously placed upon a table was a small bank book, showing a balance of $103.16 in favor of Madame Lidia Marie Aloysia Henriques, and this, in cramped, irregular penmanship, on a blank page:

"To mon amie, Miss Julie Hay, in compensate for of the injuries I have made to cause ber, I give of this money."

EVELYN M. LUDLUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879.

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Celine Chaumont concerning one of her great hits:

"There are some authors who depend exclusively upon the actors for the success of their pieces. For instance, last winter one brought me a song as follows:

'My elder brother plays the cornet,
My younger does the cymbals clash,
But Society I can't adorn it—
I only can eat corned beef hash.'

"'What in mercy's name does that mean?' said I; 'what sense is there in it?' 'It means nothing—there is no sense in it; but if you will sing it archly and put lots of snap into it, it'll be a hit. I fell confident it will.' Well, I sang it archly, and put lots of snap into it, dwelling significantly upon passages and words quite at haphazard. It brought down the house and was encored, and one old gentleman, a veteran frequenter of the coulisses, said to me, 'Madame, you sang that like an angel. It was a risky thing—the song is a little too red-hot, as one might say—but your delicacy and archness saved it.' The old gentlemen had understood it, the audience had grasped its hidden meaning. In fact, the only two people in the world that didn't understand it were the author and myself."

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An authentic story of the painter Whistler: Having gone into a fashionable London hatter's, to get his hat blocked, the artist was requested to sit down in the outer shop, while waiting. He took a chair by the corner of the counter—of course, without his hat, and looked very much at home. While the clerk was still absent at the other end of the shop, a well-known social notability, who prided himself on the perfection of his costume, entered, and, taking Whistler for the hatter, at once addressed him testily: "I say, this hat won't do! It's too tight; it's too small; it doesn't fit me well in any way." Whistler, looking at him very carefully through his eyeglass, here replied: "As for that, no more does your coat!" The angry swell not merely subsided—he was demolished.

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A brother of Alexander Smith left behind him some poems which, it is said, will see the light some day. The last generation was at one time asking, "Who is Alexander Smith?" This generation certainly could not have answered the question.

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CVI.—Sunday, December 7.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Indian Soup.
Baked Rockfish.
Broiled Teal Ducks.
Butter Beans, Baked Egg-plant, Fried Potatoes.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Tomato and Cucumber Salad.
Strawberries. Charlotte Russe.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Figs, Grapes, Peaches, Pears, and Plums.

TO MAKE INDIAN SOUP.—Put in a saucepan one ounce of butter and set it on the fire; when melted fry in it two large onions, one carrot, and half a turnip, all sliced; also one leek, a stalk of celery, and four of parsley, all cut fine. When the whole is fried cover with about one quart of broth, season with two cloves, a bay leaf, half a teaspoon cayenne pepper, same of pimento, two stalks of thyme; boil gently about an hour and a quarter and strain. Put the liquor back in the same pan and add four ounces of boiled rice, a little saffron to color, simmer about fifteen minutes, and serve. This soup is very highly spiced, but is not good if a portion is omitted.

## THE PARD'S EPISTLE.

He Indites a Few Amatory Lines to His Mistress's Eyebrow.

MR. AUZERAIS' TAVERN, Nov. 18, 1879.

MY OWN DARLING POPSEY WOPSEY:—I'm lonely tonight, Maudie, ez the poet thet writ "I'm Hungerin' fur One More Bite" says. San Jose's a howlin' wilderniss 'ithout the presence o' my own sweety sweet, my dear, darlin' Maudie Sugarplum. I'm a thinkin' o' the fust time I ever hugged ye, Maudie. I'm a revellin' in the rainbow colored past, a bringin' to mind the dear, delicious feelin's thet tingled up an' down my backbone w'en I squeezed ye to my palpitatin' buzzum. I felt ez though I'd rammed myself head and shoulders into a merlasses bar'l, an' couldn't begin to tackle all the sweetness 'ithin reach o' my tongue. O Maudie, how happy we was. A nigger in a melon patch on a dark night wasn't a circumstance to the satisfaction we enjoyed, was it, my own tootsey wootsey? I reckon we discounted those two play actor ducks thet sharp Shakspeare tells about, Romeo an' Juliet, ye know. Ther warn't no piazzer bizness in ours, Maudie, but we doubled up on the lovin' racket, didn't we, ducky? I've bin a wanderin' down by the crik thet runs through this yer town, a dreamin' star spangled dreams an' a fillin' my buzzum 'ith cream-colored thoughts o' my darlin' Maudie. Ef you love me, ez the poetry sharp says, ez I love you, an' it's more'n a two to one bet ye do, no knife ken cut our love in two. Thet's poetry, Maudie, cause it rhymes, an' it's got sentiment jammed into it tighter'n a pawnbroker's grip on a two-bit piece. I wish I was a chunk o' taffy, so's ye could chew me all up, an' so I could stick to yer lips like an everlastin' kiss o' long lingerin' love. Maudie, I'm a Dimmycrat on principle, an' afore I leaned up against you, an' you up aginst me, I'd a suffered myself to be jerked all to pieces afore I'd a bin anythin' else. But, Maudie, ef you was to say the word, I'd turn Black Republican quicker'n the closin' of a rat trap. I'd be willin' to jine a Sunday-school, an' larn the little kids not to swear or talk slang words. I'd throw off on all my bad habits. I'd be anythin' or do anythin' fur you, Maudie. An' won't we be happy, darlin'? Jest think o' the double distilled, high proof deliciousness we'll enjoy w'en we snuggle down to solid bizness in this yer line arter we're married. I know yer longin' fur me to fly to yer arms, my own pet, an' ez soon's I ken let up on my bizness down yer I'll come to ye. P'raps ye think I'm onfeelin' an' cruel to slide out jest arter I'd thrown myself outside o' yer affections, but the bizness thet lit onto me couldn't be hauled off, so I hed to tackle it; an' here I am a browsin' round in a desert o' loneliness, a yearnin' fur my own true love, my Maudie, my star-eyed divinity, ez the poetry chap o' the *Mercury* remarked the other day kinder gineral like in one of his slashers on the potato rot or somethin'.

Some folks, Maudie, might think I was plasterin' it on a little too thick ef they was to see this yer letter, but I don't go much on any sech roosters; I don't take stock in a feller that 'd laugh at a cuss fur sayin' w'at was jest a bilin' up out of his heart like slag out of a blast furnace. An' I know my Maudie ain't one o' thet kind by a long shot. Mebbe I don't ring in the lovin' parts ez neat ez the feller thet writes them brevity biznesses fur the *Alta* could, but I hope I'll git to be ez big a fool ez Bill Jimmison, thet never'd let up till he'd got the strikin' distance of a mule's hind hoofs, an' died a martyr to the cause o' science investigatin' the subjec, ef ther ain't more genooine feelin' an' solid affection to the squar' inch in w'at I ken jerk out of an ink bottle 'n ther is in five hundred columns o' the *Alta*, auction columns an' all. W'en I say "Maudie, I love ye," ther's soul in it. Ther ain't no back down in it. It's a sentiment thet'll stretch a mile afore it'll break an inch. It's big type 'ith wide spaces atween the lines. It's like a Bodie zephyr on a tear; it means bizness, an' the side of a mount'in ain't no bar. I don't purtend to be heavy on the scribble, like the noosepaper cusses, but w'at I do say yer ken bet yer bottom dollar on. I've bin a readin' up the love yarns they prints on the las' pages o' the big circulation noosepapers, an' I notice thet most o' the sweet bizness is all alike, ef it ain't skim milk sugar pap, it's rum an' merlasses. I ain't a tryin' to address ye in thet style, Maudie, but ef ye notice anythin' o' the kind ye may bet high thet its the overflow of a mighty big freshet. I've bin accused by sartin parties I could name ef I'd a mind to o' committin' some tough ungrammatical blunders; but I'd jest like to know w'at blunders in grammar isn't ungrammatical, w'ich is to say thet anyboby who'd use sech a remark is ungrammatical 'emselves. These parties, w'ich I could name, is kinder jealous, I reckon—jealous o' my Maudie. But don't ye go to grievin' over the jealousies o' those parties, 'cause it's a dead loss o' fine feelin'. Yer Jimmy's ez true to his Maudie ez the needle to the pole. He wouldn't no more think o' throwin' ye 'n he would o' goin' to the moon in a han' basket. He loves ye ez the sunshine loves the dandelion, ez the poet says. He's yearnin' to hug ye to his buzzum, ez the oak tree twines itself 'ith the ivy creepers an' the wil' grape vine.

Ye'll notice, sweety, thet I tackle poetry consid'able an' it's the strangest thing ye ever heer tell of, pet. It comes natchral to me sence we got soft on one another. All kinds o' beautiful things, sech as flowers, an' stars, an' turtle-doves, an' little kittens a playin' round on a kitchen floor swoops down on me like a chicken-hawk on a barn-yard. I b'lieve I could write poetry for the noosepapers ef somebody'd fix up the spellin' part of it. Mebbe arter we get settled cozy an' snug up on Rooshen Hill, I'll write some for the *Post* noosepaper, an' you ken kerrect the bad spellin'. I never was good at spellin' 'cause I build my words up out o' my brains ez I think 'em, an' sometimes they don't jibe 'ith the dictionary brands. Speakin' o' poetry, how's this un fur a poet thet ain't bin slingin' himself but a week or so:

W'en the honkers home'ard fly,
An' the bloom is on the rye,
Then's the time I'm thinkin', love,
Of my Maudie, who's my turtle-dove.

Ther's rhyme, Maudie, an' the first lines starts off 'ith capitals, an' ef ther was notes strung out on a line over the words ye could sing it to a tune, an' ther's sentiment in it. Ef anybody knows w'at more's wanted to make poetry, I'd like to get his pints, mebbe I'd be able to improve. But ef it hedn't bin fur you, Maudie, I'd a never been poetical. W'en you drifted down into the lower levels o' my heart 'ith the love light o' yer eyes, it sent the pure air o' hope a whirlin' through all the dips, spurs, and angles o' my buzzum, an' the gems o' poetry thet'd bin hidden in the ledge o' my life was dragged out by the roots.

I'll come to my Maudie in a day or two, an' we'll take a run through the milliner shops an' jew'lry stores. Now thet yer goin' to be Mrs. Snaggleby, I want ye to crimp up first-class, and wear a big gold chain wound 'round yer neck three or four times, 'ith a watch on the end of it about ez big's a four-bit piece. I want ye to put on gran' style, an' waltz down Kearney Street like a hull dressmaker's shop out for a gad.

I've got the engagement ring; I bought it of Uncle Abraham, where I git all my jew'lry, an' he says its a No. 1. It's a pure diamon', and cost twenty-two dollars 'n a half. He asked twenty-five, but my ol' pard, Bill Belcher, who's a knowin' one w'en it comes to human natcher, tol' me once never to pay a jew'ler his first price, so I haggled, an' he give me the ring for two 'n a half les 'n the market value. Nothin' like bein' sharp, ye know. Ef yer ol' man is short o' scads tell him to call on me an' I'll pony. Remember me to Phil an' his wife, an' don't furgit yer own darlin', lovin

JIMMY SNAGGLEBY.

N. B.—Write me a long, luvin' letter, Maudie, to cheer me in my loneliness and lift up my droopin' sperrits.

Yer own JIMMY.

To MISS MAUD TARBOX, Oakland, Cal.

## A DELAYED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 27, 1879.

MY DEAR HEBE:—Our rare Jean Paul Richter, says: "There are more sorrows of women than of men, just as in the heavens there are more eclipses of the moon than of the sun"—a truism you must have felt the keenness of when that wretched headache prevented you from gracing the Spalding party. Were not the invitations elegant?

DR. AND MRS. VOLNEY SPALDING
Request the pleasure of your company at a fancy dress party, Monday evening, twenty-fourth November, at nine o'clock.
R. S. V. P.

*Sans* monograms and other sticky embelishments. Both envelopes addressed. It gives one such an uncertain feeling as to his social standing to open an addressed envelope and find therein a blank, which might have been sent to Jack the Giant Killer, or Mother Goose.

Well, I'm going to tell you who and what I saw; people who were not there will not be mentioned in this epistle, dresses that were not there will not be described, because this is not a dressmaker's advertising card, and I am not paid to tell who had on a round train, whose drapery was "one-sided," whose was looped up with green tassels, or whose was cut coat-tail back. The effect, Hebe, the general effect, is what you and I want, *n'est ce pas?*

The gentlemen of our city are so much wedded to their regulation swallow-tailed, first-class waiter costumes, that the thought of giving it up for one evening during the season causes them to shiver and sneeze like the old woman who had her petticoats trimmed to her knees. It will be a comfort to let these absentees know that they missed one of the most enjoyable and picturesque parties ever given on this coast, the only alloy in the entire affair being the everlasting funereal swallow-tail coats. When an invitation reads "fancy dress," it means what it says, and it is an unpardonable rudeness for a young gentleman to disregard it. If I had the courage to give a party of this character, I should request that the young gentleman's regrets be sent as early as possible that I might supply the deficiency, by dressing some of my lady friends in gentlemen's costumes, for, after all, it is only the semblance of a man that is really necessary at a party.

Mrs. Spalding was most becomingly dressed in yellow silk, with chantilly lace overdress caught up with red roses; the high Spanish head dress of black lace made our hostess a little more bewitching than ever. I can't tell you how our queenly Mrs. J. F. Swift was dressed; her beautiful face and head filled my orbs to the exclusion of everything else about her. By her side was Mrs. L. L. Arnold, so much admired at home and abroad for her cultivated manners and accomplishments. This trio was completed by Mrs. Frank Goad, equally charming, bright, and beautiful. I wonder who makes Mrs. Howard Hastings's dresses; they fit her little figure to a charm; the pink silk she wore the other night was perfect. Only Mrs. James Burling would dare venture in that most trying of costumes, the Quakeress. Mrs. Edgerton appeared as a soubrette in dress of pink and blue satin; white wig. Mrs. Fisher Ames appeared as a morning glory, in blue satin and white muslin, trimmed with appropriate flowers. Mrs. Joseph Crockett wore a fancy costume of white satin, blue cashmere overdress; jewelry, Roman pearls. Mrs. A. H. Rutherford's was the one most admired among those worn by the married ladies; a most enchanting shepherdess was she in cream-colored satin and velvet. Mrs. Giffin was in black velvet; her daughter, Miss Myra, wore the Spanish shepherdess dress that became her so well at the late Carnival—nothing could be prettier. Miss Mamie Coghill was just a shade more captivating than ever in lavender silk and white wig; no ornaments; she requires none. Miss Sterling, from Napa, was dressed as an Alsatian peasant, and looked the character. Miss Hattie Crocker looked as though she had stepped out of a Spanish picture, so unique was her costume in every particular. Miss Bradley has a very attractive face, and personated Folly in crimson and black satin. A Grecian costume was very becoming to Miss Lena Blanding. Miss Effie Brown, niece of Mr. Irving M. Scott, looked very pretty in blue silk. The *chef d'œuvre* was Miss Crittenden's dress of delicate lace, short skirt, blue silk overdress; hat and dress trimmed with a profusion of flowers, just as a flower girl should be. Dr. Bronson's daughters were dressed in the good taste they are so proverbial for. There was the usual number of nights, mornings, snows, and tambourine girls.

I have often heard foreigners ridicule the American walk, as well as our manner of standing and sitting. A ridicule I felt the justice of, as I watched our ladies struggling to walk from room to room in short fancy dress. One radiant beauty was afraid to lift her feet from the floor, and scraped along like a mechanical doll. Another stately beauty stood like the Colossus at Rhodes. Another sat down as though she were an old hen trying to cover her chickens. GANYMEDE.

## HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Friday, Dec. 5, 1879.

That Jay Cooke, the banker, and builder, so to speak, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has been, through circumstances that it is unnecessary to detail, made able to pay his creditors in full, principal and interest, is an announcement that carries with it more than its worth in dollars and cents. I am reminded of Jay Cooke and his goodness of heart, his excellent taste, his desire to entertain and make glad the hearts of his multitude of friends, every time I pass by or enter Mr. Charles Crocker's mansion on Nob Hill. Like Mr. Crocker, Mr. Cooke, after many years of mechanical and other toil, built himself a magnificent residence, on Chelton Hills, eight miles from Philadelphia. This edifice is built in the French style, with steep slate roofs, massive plaster chimneys, a porch in front, of Pennsylvania granite, capped with a shield and monogram, and a bay window in the rear of a grand balcony, as large as an ordinary two-story dwelling house. It contains, besides the usual apartments, billiard and card rooms, and fifty bedrooms. The house alone cost half a million of dollars. It contains nothing flash or overdone; its interior is a blending of the architectural tastes that give size and accessibility to the Belmont and Crocker apartments, yet lacks the general completeness of the latter. Its dimensions exceed those of any other private residence on the continent.

I was present at the first reception ever given by Mr. Jay Cooke, and had for an escort Col. Morrow, of President Johnson's staff, since deceased. There was an elegant party present, some of whom I remember: There was Sam Wilkerson, who wrote "A National Debt a National Blessing;" Joe Howard, who issued what was known at the time as the "Bogus Proclamation," and was subsequently incarcerated in Fort Lafayette; Col. John W. Forney, the distinguished journalist and politician; N. P. Banks, who was the first Republican Governor of Massachusetts (Gardner was elected as a Know-Nothing), selected Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1855, during which contest Sherman, now Secretary of the Treasury, was badly mashed by the "Helper book;" Col. Ward, of gastronomic fame and research; Henry J. Raymond, whom Andy Johnson had coaxed into support of his reconstruction policy, and who, as the administration leader, was knocked down by Thad. Stevens, the Pennsylvanian, who died a radical, trampled upon by Farnsworth of Illinois, Butler of Massachusetts, and George Washington Julian, of Indiana, who have since turned Democrats; Hugh McCullough, President Johnson's Secretary of the Treasury; Gen. Alvan C. Gillem, who killed John Morgan, at Greenville, Tenn., in 1864, and who was, a few years ago, defeated by the Modocs, and subsequently died insane. Mrs. Gillem, a beautiful Virginian, whose heart was nearly broken when Morgan was killed, was also present. Hon. Horace Maynard, who looks like an Indian, and is meaner than two or three, and now Minister to Turkey; Mrs. Senator Sprague; Miss Nettie Chase; Mrs. Senator Harlan; Miss Harlan, now the wife of Bob. Lincoln; Mrs. Parker, the pretty, romantic wife of Grant's Indian aid-de-camp; Mrs. Ben Holladay, of California; Mrs. Thornton, wife of the British Minister; Madame Catacazy, the "magnificent," wife of the Russian Minister, a peerless French beauty under the Muscovite flag, were there.

I thought Madame Catacazy the most lovely woman I had ever seen. I shall never forget her; she had on a royal velvet robe, as black and as lustrous as the sables of Siberia, made with a graceful sweep of train; an open-throated, loose sack of the same, with flowing sleeves, heavily embroidered in gold, revealed the incomparable proportions of her neck and arms and the ravishing contour of her bust and shoulders. Her complexion was as fair as a flower; her hair crowned her head with massive braids, and was shot through with a dead gold arrow. She was not young, but her features were high-bred and queenly.

The man who most attracted my attention was Frank Stearns, then the richest man in Virginia. Born in Vermont, he had lived in Richmond thirty years when the first Confederate cannon ball ricochetted over the bows of the *Star of the West*. Stearns early became an inmate of Castle Thunder; sang Union songs, clapped his hands at Federal victories, and was himself a Gatling implement cast from real Mollie Stark composition. His life was without a meanness or a lie. He took all the Confederate money he could get, loaned it on mortgages on all the farm lands around, and emerged from the war worth $3,000,000. He was a moderate Republican, owned slaves to the day of their emancipation, and seemed a splendid compound of Northern energy and Southern graciousness.

Ten years ago it was the height of Mr. Cooke's ambition to have a national day of fasting and gift-offerings set apart, whereon all the rich people of the country should subscribe to a stupendous charitable fund. He did give $50,000 and twenty acres of ground for the establishment of an Episcopal theological seminary on Chelton Hills.

Speaking of men who entertain, and houses built with an object on the part of the owners of having hospitable latch-strings on the outside, I can call to mind none which can compare with the Jay Cooke and the Crocker and Belmont mansions. There are lots of gentlemen in the country who entertain splendidly, if not always on a prodigious scale. W. G. Fargo has a costly house in Buffalo, built at an expense of over a million dollars; Mr. Fargo does not give many swell parties, but he gets mad and writes to those friends who dare to pass through Buffalo without stopping over, hag and baggage. Millard Fillmore used to entertain handsomely, but aristocratically, in Buffalo. Larz Anderson, of Cincinnati, after the death of Nicholas Longworth, was worth five millions, and had a good house, and entertained elegantly. Mr. Anderson imported the second Victoria Regia brought to the United States, and had the most extensive conservatory in the country. Mrs. Anderson went to the races near Cincinnati during the war, and sat in her carriage and crocheted scarfs for Fred and Ned, her twin sons, on Gen. John F. Miller's staff. Gen. Nichols, of Galveston, Texas, a noble fellow, worth at one time a couple of millions, used to dine his friends with a dozen glasses at each plate. Fred Beale, of Washington, is a delightful entertainer. But, oh! how many there are who are willing and able, and know how to entertain sumptuously. I have been told that Mme. Jumel used to honor her friends with regal dinners. At her home on the Harlem River, set in a park of venerable trees, and once the headquarters of Washington, like Longfellow's residence at Cambridge, the great men of seventy years ago did devotion. From the upper windows of the Jumel mansion, Aaron Burr, who once became its proprietor, could look across the North River to the plain near Guttenberg, where he shot Alexander Hamilton. Poor Mme. Jumel! In her last hours she deeded her property, valued at two millions, to the Episcopal parson who, in turn, generously gave her absolution. If I were a man, and a parson, I would extend celestial transportation to any soul for half the money, check the baggage through, and insure the trip.

The best entertainers in Washington during the past fifteen years have been Fernando Wood, and Senators Morgan and Fenton, of New York; the former has spent $25,000 in a single winter; Hamilton Fish the same. Forney has spent $20,000 in a single year in dinners; Tom Scott has spent $50,000; Blaine, Belknap, Cox, Jones, Booth, Cresswell, *et al.*, have all spent from $1,000 to $10,000 a winter on home entertainments.

The present week has not been a distinguished one in our own immediate society, and, with one exception, there have been no parties to speak of, nor matrimonial ventures in which coin and not love became the medium for a "grand send off." The Earl of Grosvenor arrived from the Yosemite Valley last Wednesday, and left the next morning for Clear Lake with Messrs. John and Tiburcio Parrot, and Lucien Hermann, four baskets of wine, twenty-four bottles of brandy, and other congenial spirits. The ice and limes were sent up the day before. Among the participants at King Alfonso's wedding, last week, was Mrs. Bakhmetief, daughter of General Fred Beale. Her husband, who is an *attache* of the Russian government, attended the wedding in an official way, by instruction of his government. Last evening, Dec. 4, in Washington, Paymaster E. E. Howes, of the steamer *Mattano*, was married to Miss Kate Hall. Miss Mamie Coghill will hold her receptions on Thursdays, and Mrs. Hemphill on Tuesdays. Miss Susie Russell, for some time past a guest of Miss Hattie Crocker, has returned to Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Belden, of San José, and their two daughters, Josie and Laura, have taken up their quarters for the winter at the Palace. So, also, have the Misses Corbett—Laura, Minnie, and Nellie—of San Mateo; also Mr. and Mrs. Latham; also Mr. and Mrs. McDermott, of Oakland. Mr. A. N. Towne left the city on Saturday morning last for Ogden, to be absent ten days. Lieut. W. F. Zeilin, of the Marine Corps, came down from Mare Island one day last week, and the register of the Palace, according to one of the morning papers, read: "W. T. Zeilin, U. S. N., and wife." This is a mistake, as the Lieutenant is as yet unmarried. C. H. White, U. S. N., and J. B. M. Potter, U. S. A., are at the Grand; A. Peterson, U. S. N., is at the Palace; R. Hanna, U. S. A., and G. M. Allen, U. S. N., are at the Baldwin; and E. R. Simonton and G. C. Putnam, U. S. Coast Survey, are at the Occidental.

Society is on tiptoe in expectation of the coming ball of the Art Association; it is intended to make the affair not only what a former one was, a great social success, but also what the affair last year was not, a financial success. The following named gentlemen constitute the executive committee: C. F. Crocker, Virgil Williams, Jennings S. Cox, Thomas Hill, H. Barroilhet, G. J. Denny, John D. Spreckels, S. M. Brookes, and J. W. Rix. HEBE.

DELEVAN, WIS., Sept. 24, 1878.

GENTS:—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of seventy-eight when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at thirty. I see a great many that need such a medicine. D. BOYCE.

The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

OLD TIMES AND NOW.

Who has lived so long as not to have stirred within them remembrances of youthful joys and the pleasure of youthful anticipations? And what season was more fruitful of such happiness than the Christmas holidays. Even those that look back to the time when a stick of candy or a bunch of raisins was the extent of the gift, remember the gratitude and good feeling that welled up within them upon the receipt of such bounties. How much more grateful ought these same children—of an older growth—to be for the bounties which they receive upon like occasions at the present day. The poor child of to-day has more to please and instruct than the child of fortune had forty years ago. And the adult is alike favored. Not alone the creations of fancy, beautiful and useless, but the useful and ornamental are now so combined that the man of moderate means can vie with a prince in the comforts and luxuries of life. Nothing more forcibly impresses this upon the mind than a visit to the warerooms of the California Furniture Manufacturing Co., Nos. 224 and 226 Bush Street, where may be seen the most extensive and desirable assortment of Holiday Goods ever on exhibition in this city, and at prices surprisingly low. Music Stands, Cabinets, Easels, Parlor Desks, Pedestals, Bouquet Stands, Tripods, Jardinières, Fancy Tables, Toilet Stands, Toilet Glasses with bevel plates, and all kinds of useful and ornamental furniture are to be found in this collection.

"Just what to give," is an important question with every one at this season of the year. One of the finest displays of goods, suitable for holiday presents, to be found in the city is that of Snow & Co., at 20 Post Street (formerly Snow & May, 21 Kearny Street). It includes all the latest publications of Goupil & Co. in the way of engravings and photogravures, Christmas and New Year's cards from Prang & Co., Boston, and Marcus Ward & Co., of Belfast, Ireland, sets of painting materials from Winsor & Newton and other manufacturers, velvet goods in great variety, ebony brackets and easels. The stock is replete with all the novelties of the season, while the frames and passepartouts manufactured by Snow & Co. are unsurpassed for style and quality, either here or elsewhere.

Gentlemen can be accommodated with dress coats for special occasions at the tailoring establishment of J. Cooper, No. 24 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel. *For sale or hire.*

A fine line Gent's Furnishing Goods at J. M. Litchfield & Co.'s, No. 415 Montgomery Street.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Ashma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,
**COAL DEALERS.**
**Office and Yard, 14 Post Street.**
**Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.**
BRANCH OFFICE.
**J. Middleton & Son, 419 Pine Street,**
Opposite California Market.
All kinds of coal at lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

BUTTERICK'S
PATTERNS---DEC. STYLES.
Send stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST. San Francisco.

ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,
REGALIA AND LODGE SUPPLIES.
A. J. PLATE & CO.,
No. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET

CABINETS $4 AND $5 PER DOZ.
Ormsby
PHOTOGRAPHER,
No. 914 Market Street.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 10, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, December 12, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

*ANNUAL MEETING.—THE ANNUAL* meeting of the stockholders of the Ophir Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, the seventeenth day of December, 1879, at one o'clock P. M. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, the sixth day of December, at twelve o'clock M.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

*STANDARD THEATRE.*
Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.
M. A. KENNEDY.....MANAGER.
This theatre will remain closed this (Saturday) evening, on which occasion
MR. M. A. KENNEDY
Will receive a grand
TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT
At the
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Monday, Dec. 8th, first appearance in America of the World's Greatest Necromancers,
THORN AND DARVIN,
The original Royal Illusionists and Exposers of Spiritualism.
SEATS AT THE BOX OFFICE.

*BUSH STREET THEATRE.*
CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
Continued success of the famous
COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY,
The most complete organization of its class. Saturday matinee, and last representation of
BABES IN THE WOOD.
Sunday evening, every evening of the week, and Saturday matinee,
ROBINSON CRUSOE.
New scenery, new music, new costumes, and every member of the company in the cast.
Friday evening, Dec. 12th, Miss Roseau's first Benefit in California.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE.
H. SIERING & CO.,
**19 Montgomery Street and 109 Sutter Street,**
**Will offer their fine stock of Fancy Goods during the holiday season at cost price.**
STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

CLEARANCE SALE!
IMPORTANT TO BOOK-BUYERS.
Until January 1st we offer our
**Fine Art, Standard, Juvenile,**
....AND....
HOLIDAY BOOKS
At a large reduction from regular prices.
STORE OPEN UNTIL 9 P. M.
H. KELLER & CO.,
Publishers, Booksellers, and Importers,
**116 Post Street, - - San Francisco.**
(Just above the White House.)

# FORTUNES IN VINEYARDS!

## FRESNO VINEYARD CO.

**Capital Stock, $50,000, in 5,000 Shares of $10 Each, Payable in Installments as Required for the Enterprise.**

**After the Third Year it is Confidently Expected the Profits will Allow of**

**Dividends of 100 Per Cent. Per Year.**

[Extracts from the Prospectus of the Company.]

*THE FOLLOWING ESTIMATE OF* expenditures and receipts is submitted, and the closest investigation, by competent persons, is challenged.

It is proposed that this Company shall purchase 640 acres of land, including the necessary water rights, in the Easterby Rancho, Fresno County, at $40 per acre, payable one quarter cash, and one quarter in one, two, and three years, with interest on deferred payments at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

EXPENDITURES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cost of 640 acres of land, at $40 per acre | $25,600 |
| Estimated cost of building, distributing ditches and checks, irrigating, plowing, and leveling the land, setting out vines, and all other labor necessary the first year | 12,000 |
| Estimated cost of buildings, farm machinery, implements and live stock | 5,000 |
| Cost of vine-cuttings, 700 per acre for 600 acres, 420,000 cuttings, at $5 per 1,000 | 2,100 |
| Estimated cost of labor on vineyard the second year | 3,000 |
| This item will be balanced by the small crop of grapes that year. | |
| All other expenses | 2,300 |
| Total outlay | $50,000 |

The above estimate of cost of labor has purposely been made very large, so as to preclude the possibility of the expenditures exceeding the estimate.

RESULTS.

This winter a nursery plat will be prepared, and the cuttings will all be set out where they will make roots better than if set out in vineyard. During the coming year 600 acres can be prepared, and next winter the roots can be transplanted to the vineyard, having attained one year's growth.

The second year the vineyard will yield a light crop of grapes, but more than sufficient to defray the cost of labor for that year.

The third year the estimate of the crop is put down at 2½ tons per acre, although on soil and under conditions less favorable than this 3 tons of grapes per acre from 2-year old vines have been gathered in that vicinity this season.

Two and a half tons per acre on 600 acres, 1,500 tons at $25 per ton, $37,500, from which deduct cost of labor for the year, $4,000, and the net profit is ..... $33,500

Or over 67 per cent. on the capital stock, or 100 per per cent. on the amount to be paid in. Entirely responsible parties in Fresno offer to contract to pay $25 per ton for grapes for five years.

The fourth year the estimated crop is put down at 4 tons per acre; 2,400 at $25, $60,000, from which deduct cost of labor, $6,000, and the net profit is .. 54,000

Or 110 per cent. on the capital.

The fifth year the estimated crop is put down at 6 tons per acre; 3,000 tons at $25, $90,000. Deduct labor, $9,000, and the net profit is ..... 81,000

Or 165 per cent. on the capital.

The sixth and following years the yield will be large, and the profit correspondingly large.

It will be noticed that the yield is put at a low rate, as compared with what has been and is now being done in that section. The object is to place this estimate entirely beyond the charge of exaggeration. On the present showing the enterprise must appear sufficiently profitable for even the most avaricious, and, if the results prove better than expected, the stockholders will pocket the extra profit with no less satisfaction. The changes and extremes of temperature which produce favorable or unfavorable seasons on the coast, have much less influence in Fresno, and any change of yield from that cause is more likely to prove favorable than otherwise, as these estimates are based upon what has been done in Fresno this year, and it is well known that this has been a very unfavorable year for the wine crop all over the State.

It is proposed to incorporate this Company with a capital stock of $50,000 in 5,000 shares of $10 each.

30 per cent. of the amount to be paid in to the Treasurer upon delivery of stock.

15 per cent. March 30, 1880; 15 per cent. September 30, 1880; 10 per cent. March 30, 1881; 10 per cent. September 1, 1881.

Or only 80 per cent. in all, it being estimated that the profit on the first crop will meet the balance, and yield a dividend in addition. Thereafter large dividends may be counted on with as much certainty as from any other legitimate enterprise, and with much greater certainty than from many investments that yield very much smaller profits.

It should not be forgotten, that while the total cost of the vineyard, completed as above, is less than $70 per acre, it is increasing greatly in value as it becomes more productive each year, and that when it is five or six years old it will be producing a profit of at least $100 per acre, which would be 20 per cent. per annum on $500 per acre valuation, or 10 per cent. on $1,000 per acre. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that this stock will increase in value correspondingly in addition to the large dividends it will pay.

It may be added that the title to the land and water rights is known to be absolutely perfect; at the same time this Company will not pay any money on the property until the title is again approved by attorneys of first-class standing.

Investigate this enterprise thoroughly among wine dealers, vineyardists, and others who are familiar with the subject; and if you think favorably of it subscribe for the stock at the office of the

## EASTERBY RANCHO CO.,

**12 Montgomery Street,**

(UP STAIRS),

SAN FRANCISCO.

---

R. B GRAY, Paris. W. C. RANDOLPH, San Francisco.

# RANDOLPH & CO.,

# JEWELERS!

Invite the Attention of the Public to their Display of Goods for the Holiday Season.

## DIAMOND JEWELERY, WATCHES AND CHAINS, SILVERWARE,

**Parisian and Vienna Fancy Gooods, Clocks, Opera-Glasses, etc.**

RANDOLPH & CO.

101 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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# SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

OF

**Ivory and Leather Portmonnaies, Ivory and Leather Card Cases, Leather Letter and Bill Cases, Cigar and Cigarette Cases, Shopping Sacks, etc.,**

In Finest Russia, Calf, and Seal Skin.

**Photograph Albums, Autograph Books, Fine Scrap-Books, Beautiful Writing Desks, Ornamental Inkstands, etc.,**

Beautifully Ornamented, and Finest Quality. Together with a Large Assortment of

**FINE AND FANCY STATIONERY, ORNAMENTAL PAPETERIES, ETC.,**

All Suitable for

# HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

**We have an immense stock, and will sell very low.**

## H. S. CROCKER & CO.,

N. W. CORNER SANSOME AND SACRAMENTO STS.

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# MUSICAL BOXES.

*M. J. PALLIARD & CO., 31 Post Street, San Francisco, Manufacturers and Importers. A. E. JUILLERAT, Exclusive Agent. Musical Boxes repaired.*

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## ARCHER'S HEADQUARTERS!

**217 Montgomery Street, Russ House Block,**

*AGENTS FOR HIGHFIELD'S ENGLISH AND HORSMANS AMERI*can Archery goods. Also of Conroy, Bisset & Malleron's Celebrated Split Bamboo Bows. Just published, "The Hand-Book of Archery," a guide book for clubs and individual archers, containing useful instructions and information. Price, 10 cents.

F. M. L. PETERS & CO.

F. M. L. PETERS. F. AUG. MEYER.

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# HERMANN'S

*HOLIDAY STYLES*

HATS! HATS!

*NOW OUT.*

A Very Suitable Present for Gent, Boy, or Child. An immense stock to choose from at

**336** KEARNY STREET, BETWEEN BUSH AND PINE, AND 910 MARKET STREET, ABOVE STOCKTON.

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# CHRISTMAS CANDIES!

*CORNUCOPIAS, FANCY BOXES, BONBONS, AND THE BEST VARIETY* of Holiday Goods, at

**Roberts' Candy Factory, Corner Bush and Polk Streets.**

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**WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,**

*OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.*

Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

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**J. A. HUNTER, M. D.,**

No. 321 Sutter Street, devotes Special Attention to

**Catarrh, Deafness,**

Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Heart.

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# BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.

Invite the attention of the public to their elegant assortment of Illustrated and Presentation

# BOOKS

**Juvenile and Toy-Books, Foreign and Domestic Stationery.**

**N. B.—Artistic Engraving of Visiting and Wedding Cards a Specialty.**

**BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,**

**No. 3 Montgomery street,**

(MASONIC TEMPLE.)

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# LOVERS

**OF TOILET LUXURIES WILL APPRECIATE COLGATE & CO.'S NEW SPECIALTIES, CASHMERE BOUQUET TOILET WATER, HELIOTROPE WATER, WEDDING MARCH BOUQUET, AMBROSIAL WATER, RINCE BOUCHE.**

## COLGATE'S XMAS BOXES

**OF PERFUMES JUST THE THING FOR A PRESENT. ELEGANT AND RICH. NOTHING CAN BE MORE ACCEPTABLE TO A LADY.**

CUNNINGHAM, CURTISS & WELCH,

327 to 331 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

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# ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

---

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S. ..... F. M. HACKETT.

## HACKETT & DEAN,

*DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126* Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

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*FRENCH AND SPANISH PERSON*ally taught by PROF. DE FILIPPE, by his easy method, saving months of study. Classes and private lessons. Apply from 4 to 6 P. M.

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# NEW BOOK STORE,

**No. 107 Montgomery Street,**

**OPPOSITE THE "OCCIDENTAL."**

# C. BEACH

**Bookseller and Stationer,**

Has resumed business with an elegant line of

**New Christmas, Miscellaneous, and Juvenile Books.**

**Fine and Fancy Stationery, Illuminated Christmas Cards, Silk Bannerets, Panels, Etc.**

**Arms, Crests, and Monograms Artistically Engraved. Visiting and Wedding Cards.**

With the New Store is established the Agency [illegible] D. APPLETON & CO., New York, under the [illegible] JAMES T. WHITE & CO., who carry in stock [illegible] of their publications.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

*"As sweet and musical*
*As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair."*

### The Red Flannel Undershirt.

Thou thing of ruddy, rosy redness, hail,
With all thy prickly furze to irritate;
For thou dost laugh defiance at the gale
That fain would shake
And with its bluster quake
Our corporosities, well girt
By thy delights, that militate
'Gainst every ill, O flannel undershirt.

We choose thee red afore we do thee white—
Not that the red is warmer or more fair,
Not that the red is comelier to the sight—
But, spite of dust,
And coal, and smoke, and must,
The red defies appearances of dirt;
So then we choose thee red, and wear
Thee next our hearts, O goodly undershirt!

### Reminiscences of Summer.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary;
I sob, and smile, and sneeze;
'Twill only be a while, Mary,
I think, until I freeze.

The ulster coat I used to wear
Has vanished like a dream;
We ate it up, I do declare,
In chocolate ice cream.

### Invitation.

Oh, come and take a walk
The stars are softly winking
Above the placid lake;
And really I am thinking
It would be just delicious.

Now, then, put your hat on, old girl, and come along, for you must be aware of the fact that

O'er the flowery lea
Twinkles sweet Capella,
And the lily closes up
Somewhat like an umbrella.

### Finis.

John Smith was on the force;
He was a boy in blue;
He wore a shield, of course,
And silvered buttons, too.

You could not run him out,
When entrance once he'd win,
For he was big and stout,
And so could run you in.

But must we tell his fate—
We're sure no one expects us—
He rashly nabbed of late
A gentleman from Texas.
Put away his little club.

### Consolation.

You may talk of the innocent Eve,
Of the apple, perhaps a persimmon,
Whate'er you would have me believe,
I've got my opinion of women.

Just glance over history now,
From creation on down to this minute,
There ne'er was a scandal or row,
But woman was some way mixed in it.

Yet here is occasion for mirth,
For a compact the maker has given,
The women are angels on earth,
But men are the angels in heaven!

### Piano Music.

Oh, hark to the strains of he jingling piano
That float like the wails of a gathering storm—
Tinkle, ting, tink, from eight in the evening;
Rumple, dum, dump, till past two in the morn.
Arpeggios, staccato, andante, tranquillo,
Con dolore, allegro, nixumarouse—
All of it fruit of the manipulation
Of a music-struck miss in a neighboring house.

I idolize music, from bass drums to bagpipes;
I drink in the strains of Apollo's sweet song;
I worship Rossini, Beethoven, and Verdi;
For Auber and Weber I painfully long;
But hear her maniacal interpretation—
Dingle, dink, pinkle, pink, grumble, grum, grump.
Exquisite torture of articulation—
Toopey toop, pookey pook, plunkey plung plump!

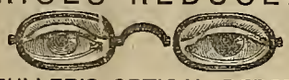
### Melancholy Days.

Chilly December with its boding blast
Dow cubs add strips the beddow and the lawd,
Eved October's sunny days are past—
And Sibber's gawd!

I kdow dot what it is to which I cligg
That stirs to sogg add sorrow, yet I trust
That still I sigg, but as the liddets sigg—
Because I bust.

Farewell, by cherished strolliggs od the sward,
Greed glades add forest shades farewell to you;
With sorrowigg heart I, wretched add forlord,
Bid you—achew!!!


PRICES REDUCED!



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SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresdeo Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-* ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of Nov., 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twelfth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 17th day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 20) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirteenth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 9) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 11th day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 31st day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. McCOY, Secretary.
Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

*CHOLLAR MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-ninth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*POTOSI MINING COMPANY.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 2) of fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the ninth day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirtieth day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.* Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 29th day of November, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 40) of one dollar per share, was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the second day of January, A. D. 1880, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-second day of January, A. D. 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. E. B. HOLMES, Secretary.
Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

*SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING* Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the thirty-first day of October, 1879, an assessment (No. 60) of two dollars ($2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fourth (24th) day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.
W. W. STETSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.
*REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.*
Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited

ASSESSMENT
—OF—
LANDS BENEFITED
—BY—
WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.
CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

TAXES, TAXES,
1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.
Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.
CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

MONTGOMERY AVENUE
ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.
Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.
CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.
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FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

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*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND* Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carsoo. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) coonecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

### CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

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NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*10.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

*4.30* P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

☞ The extra Sunday trains to San Jose and Way Stations have been discontinued for the winter season.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00

On Freight Trains only.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

Sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, and No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for Los Angeles and intermediate points, as also Yuma and all points east of the Colorado River, will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, (Washington Street Wharf) as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Geo. Manager. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


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FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

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FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

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WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

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For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

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— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

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OFFICERS:

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RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

## COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,

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Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

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*WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A* large invoice of the celebrated KNABE PIANOS, making our fine assortment of these instruments again complete. Call and see these magnificent instruments.
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*The Tailor,*

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Suits to order from.....$20
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Equal to the Turkish or Persian, at one-fourth the cost. Elegant designs, unexcelled for durability. Kept by the leading Carpet Dealers, and WAKEFIELD RATTAN COMPANY, 38 Geary Street.
ROBT. COULTER Agent.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE* INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 79.—The monthly dividend for Nov., 1879, will be paid on Dec. 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.
CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, December 5, 1879.

# ROSS BROS.'

# FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

We have just opened our stock for the **HOLIDAYS**, and exhibit this season the largest and finest assortment of **DIAMOND WORK, FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES, and DECORATED SILVER WARE** ever offered in this State. Especially do we call attention to the many Gems and Novelties embraced in our assortment. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to examine our **PRICES.** All goods marked in plain figures, from which no deviation is made.

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Perfect in tone, durability, and finish. Over 55,000 in use. Legitimately the Standard Piano of the world. Our new Patent Upright pronounced the very best in use. Sold on easy terms. Exclusive and only agency, 31 Post Street, San Francisco.
L. K. HAMMER, AGENT.

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| Black Doeskin Pants, from | $8 |
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Finest stock of woolens in the world. The only house in the city that receives fresh patterns and New York and Paris fashions weekly. Samples, with instructions for self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with cloth and trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

# CARMANY & CROSETT,

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WE SELL SECOND-hand pianos for $100 and upwards. Every one bargains. We also sell a new Decker of beautiful finish and faultless in tone for $435. Also, a new Fischer Upright for only $200. We will sell a beautiful organ for $100. etc.
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**KOHLER & CHASE,**
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**We warrant them not to Cut or wear Shiny.**

**Buyers of silks are invited to call upon Col. A. C. Reid, at the Palace Hotel, and examine our samples.**

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*ANNUAL MEETING.—THE ANNUAL* meeting of the stockholders of the Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company will be held at the Company's offices, Room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of December, 1879, at one o'clock P. M. Transfer books will close on Friday, December fifth, 1879, at three o'clock P. M.
ALFRED K. MORROW, Secretary.

PACIFIC Business College, 320 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

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An elegant assortment of carefully selected fabrics, well made, and at very Low Prices. Parents need do no shopping this season Come right to

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**No. 726 Market Street.**

UNDER THE
# BALDWIN.

# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 24. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 13, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## THE BLOODHOUNDS.

### A Sombre Incideot of the Civil War.

In 1864 the horrors of war spread over the South like a pall of death. Not only did they stalk among the soldiers to strip the rags from their backs; to starve them or to feed them on rotten meat; to place them in the deadly path of the Minié or the murderous grape; to mow them down with foul disease and loathsome suffering, but they sent conscription, to feed mothers on despair and children on stones, and hunger to take up its abode at the fireside of the poor. The facilities of the transitory and feeble government for supplying means of sustenance to poor families were inadequate in remote and sparsely settled communities; and now that the husband, on whom had depended the livelihood of his family, had been armed with a musket and ordered to the front, there was oo lack of anguish and the distressing cry of children for bread. The despairing mother wrote to her husband on paper that was blotted with tears, and from every word there stared at him the suffering faces of his children and the imploring look that no parent can withstand. So the stanch soldier, who could unflinchingly storm a rampart or face a cannon, and who looked upon death as his companion and honor as his future shroud, employed his affections as his grave-digger, and sneaked away in the darkness like a thief. Desertion and death were synonymous terms, and the man sacrificed his life to feed his children. Depletion of the ranks by desertion assumed such alarming proportions that the War Department stretched forth its relentless arm and stained its sword with the blood of its own men. It was not a question of bread for children, but of men for the vanguard. Desertion was, in point of numbers, equivalent to death on the battlefield, so far as it affected the strength of the line; in point of discipline it was a thousand times worse. A man's life was worth nothing unless it served to check the career of a rifle-ball directed at the vitals of the government. To such a desperate straight had the war policy of the Confederate Government been reduced that, in order to discourage a defection that was becoming epidemic, a patrol was employed, which, with the assistance of hounds in rare instances, hunted the deserters down and hanged them in chains, or shot them, blindfolded, with their faces to the wall.

One day a deserter named Martin was at work in a cornfield attached to his humble dwelling. Four or five pale, ragged, emaciated children were amusing themselves in the yard, and a homely, care-worn woman was bending over a washtub, while her infant, with hollowed eyes and wasted limbs, was playing in the dirt at her side. The man had been at home unmolested for two months, and had come to experience a faint sense of security. When darkness came on he shouldered his hoe and trudged to the house, taking in his arms a few pine knots which were to furnish light for the evening. The family sat down to a supper of corn-bread, which they washed down with a disgusting drink, too familiar in those days to nearly all classes, and especially to those on whom the finger of war pressed most heavily. It was made from corn, roasted until it was black; it was called "coffee," and was drunk without sugar.

"Well, Mary," said the husband, "the corn will be in roasting-ear in two weeks, and we will have something fit to eat."

"Yes," said the woman.

"And then, you know, the birds will begin to flock in, and I can trap a few of them and get meat."

"Yes."

"I think we're going to get along first rate. I don't believe the war will last three months longer. You know one reason for so much desertion is that a great many soldiers have no idea now that we can ever whip the North, and they think that if they desert the Confederacy will go under before the patrol can catch them. I'm thinking that I am almost out of danger."

"I hope so, William; but there's no telling."

"All right, Mary; but they can't take me alive."

This declaration was made with such a calm and quiet determination that the poor woman looked anxiously at the hard lines about his eyes and mouth. She knew that he meant it, and that the loaded revolver he always carried would never hesitate a moment.

In striking contrast to the woman, the man was of powerful build. His hardships in the army had toughened his muscles and strengthened his large bones and supple joints. In a simple measure of strength he would have been a match for two ordinary men. His shoulders were broad and erect, and his arms and legs large and full of power.

They sat silently watching the blazing knots in the broad fire-place, the woman wearily engaged with some coarse knitting and the man smoking home-made tobacco in an old clay pipe. On a sudden the man took the pipe from his mouth, straightened his shoulders, and listened attentively. His wife noticed the movement, and hurriedly whispered:

"What is it, William?"

"Sh-h-h."

They listened a moment longer, and the man stealthily rose to his feet and gazed steadily at the door, which was barred on the inside.

"What is it, William?" the woman again whispered, having strained her hearing in vain to catch any unusual sound.

"Horses."

"Where?"

He answered by pointing in the direction of the road. The truth flashed upon the woman's mind that, beyond a doubt, a hunting party was abroad, and that their game was a deserter. She rose to her feet, very pale, and regarded her husband with an anxious look. The man glanced at his children, lying asleep on their cots, cast a loving look at his wife, stepped softly to a shelf on which was a bucket of water, and dashed its contents upon the fire. The blaze was extinguished, and the room was in profound darkness.

"Run, William!" whispered the woman in a quavering voice.

He silently clasped her in his arms, and said: "Keep a brave heart, Mary. They can't take me alive."

He pushed her away, although she unconsciously clung to him, pulled out his revolver, cocked it, and let the hammer down softly. He then put on his hat, quietly unbarred the door, and slipped out in the dark.

The sound of the horses' hoofs had ceased. The woman staggered to the open door, and saw several dark forms hurrying around the cottage. They must have seen her husband, for a stern voice called "Halt!" and she heard the click of a carbine. A shadowy figure stole crouching alongside a fence, and on hearing the command it suddenly straightened, and bounded forward like a frightened deer. There was a vivid flash and a report from the carbine, and the stealthy figure halted a moment, and returned the fire. The soldier fell as a pistol-ball crashed through his shoulder; the fugitive ran with redoubled speed, and disappeared in the darkness. There was a rapid discharge of carbines, but Martin had gained the swamp, and further pursuit was out of the question.

The hunters returned and bore the wounded man into the woman's cottage. She rekindled the fire, and assisted with trembling hands in dressing the wound.

"How long has your husband been here?" asked the captain.

"Two months."

"Where will he go?"

"I don't know."

"You do know!"

The woman made no reply.

"Do you know that you are guilty of harboring a deserter?"

"Yes," she said, firmly and proudly, looking him full in the face.

"Do you know what can be done with you?"

She said nothing.

"You can be arrested and punished for a crime."

She regarded him with intense scorn, and remained silent.

"I'm glad he got away," she said, at length, quietly.

"Did you assist him in escaping?"

"He needed no help."

"He surely told you where he was going?"

She shook her head.

"Did he say when he will come back?"

"No."

"Now, I see that you are a woman of sense and courage. If you will tell me where I can find him I will not arrest you."

She treated the proposition with contemptuous silence.

"You would not like to be handcuffed and carried to prison?"

"I wouldn't care."

"What would become of your children?"

The woman became pale, her eyes flashed, and she stammered:

"You would not leave them here to starve, would you?"

"Certainly," said the officer, as he laughed at her agony.

The mother was transformed into a tigress. She sprang across the room, seized a carbine that leaned against the wall, and leveled it at his head.

"You would! you cowardly, inhuman brute!" She screamed as she pulled the trigger.

There was a deafening report, and she fell fainting to the floor.

"Simply sheared me a little," remarked the officer, as with a certain degree of interest he felt a narrow white streak that the ball had cut through his hair. "'An inch lower, and'—what was is it old Nap said at Austerlitz? She's game, though, and quick as lightning. No use trying to get anything out of her. I just wanted to scare her a little, and she took it in dead earnest."

"What are you going to do now, Captain?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, I'll put Walker's dogs after him. They'll fetch him."

"The bloodhounds?"

"Yes."

"Will you follow them up?"

"I don't know."

"They'll never leave him alive if you don't."

"I know it."

"That would be terrible."

"Why?"

"They got that fellow, Rutherford, down, and tore him to pieces."

"Well, what's the difference? Is that any worse than calling the dogs off, and bringing him back alive to be shot?"

"But he's armed and will kill the hounds."

"Twelve dogs? Don't be uneasy. He will finish two or three of the younger dogs until his pistol is empty, and the rest will manage him. Old Tiger will be there at the finish, and will make all the final arrangements for the funeral. He hangs on closer than death, and they've never got a square blow nor a safe shot at him yet."

At daybreak the next morning an old man, smooth-shaved and stoop-shouldered, was riding in the direction of the woman's cottage. The cavalry captain accompanied him, and eleven bloodhounds—magnificent dogs—trotted along, some ahead and others on either side of the horsemen, while two hundred yards in the rear a solitary old dog jogged along as if already weary of the enterprise and disgusted with the life he was called upon to lead. This was none other than the famous Tiger, more generally called "Old Tige," the dog that never lost a trail, and never failed to run his game to earth.

"Walker," said the officer, "I think we had better skirt the woods, and not let the woman know that we've got the dogs out. She might give us trouble."

They entered the swamp in the direction the man had taken, and Walker called the dogs about him. Tiger walked leisurely up, and lay down near his master's horse.

"Heigho! get up, sir!"

The old dog slowly obeyed the command, and stood blinking and staring stupidly at his master. Walker descended from his horse, and pointing to the ground, said:

"Hie on!"

The other dogs were already scouring the ground in all directions. Old Tige put his nose to the grass, and began to hunt the scent, by systematically describing a circle which he continually widened, his master watching him closely the meanwhile, and paying no attention to the other dogs. A young hound soon sent up the well-known howl, and the other dogs chased eagerly around him, Old Tige trotting to the scene behind all the others. The dogs were greatly excited. The old dog unceremoniously pushed his way through the crowd, and sniffed the ground. The young hound, impatient that no command was given, and satisfied that he had found the trail, slowly advanced into the swamp, his nose all the time to the ground. Soon he set off on a full run, the other dogs following with yelps. Old Tige examined the spot indicated by the young hound, but was entirely unconcerned, and proceeded to smell the ground for a few yards around. Walker called the other dogs back, and Old Tige sullenly shook his head until his ragged ears flapped against his jowls, and lay down again.

"He's not satisfied," said Walker. "I will have to show him the track. He's in doubt."

Walker crept away along the fence, followed by the old dog, and when he had reached the spot opposite where the man was last seen, he saw through the fence a track indented in the soft earth, and ordered the dog to climb over. Old Tige clambered laboriously over the rails, and scented the track. He regained his master's side, and trudged with him back to the swamp.

"I think the woman heard the dogs," said Walker. "I saw her looking through the door and listening. Tiger's got the scent. Hie away, sir!"

The dog hunted for a few moments, and found the trail. With a single yelp he disappeared in the thicker part of the underbrush, and the whole pack bounded yelping after him. They pursued the trail for a mile through the swamp, and mounted a hill on the opposite side. They disappeared over the summit, and Old Tige, already far behind, reached the highest point and came to a standstill. He remained for one or two minutes surveying the surrounding country, and then struck off at a right angle from the trail, with his nose high in the air and his tail straight with his back. He went in the direction of a large plateau covered with tall pines and salamander hills. Occasionally he would stop, as if listening to the yelping of the hounds as it rapidly grew fainter in the distance. Having traversed the plateau, which was five miles in width, he came to the outskirts of a canebrake, and bent his nose to the ground. He proceeded two miles along the edge of the dense growth of cane until he found a path which led through. The traveler would be compelled to pick his way through the mud and water by stepping carefully upon poles and cypress roots. The dog sniffed the ground attentively at the entrance to the swamp, and a sudden swishing of the tail and a loud snorting showed that he had found the trail. Before entering he looked behind him and listened for the dogs, standing the meanwhile on three legs and as still as a statue. No sound could be heard. They had followed the trail and had gone fifteen miles, while the old dog had cut across the country and headed them off.

He pulled through the mire, clambered over the slippery poles, jumped from root to root and from tuft to tuft, until he gained the opposite side. Here he found a fence that was decayed and tumbling down. It inclosed a field that had been in disuse for several years, and that was overgrown with young pines and dewberry vines. Near the opposite side of the field was an abandoned log cabin. The mud had long ago dropped from the cracks between the logs, the roof was partly gone, the chimney had fallen and was a pile of mud and sticks, the windows had lost their shutters years ago, and the hewn slabs, with which the floor was laid were disarranged and decayed. The berries in the field were ripe, and the dog consumed considerable time in wandering around among the pines, his nose all the while close to the ground and his tail whisking fiercely. The cause is easily explained: the man had picked the berries and breakfast-

ed in the field. The trail was hot, but the dog remained silent, every now and then raising his head and peering about him. The old house was almost hidden by young mulberries and China trees. The dog left the trail finally and trotted to the door of the cabin. He placed his fore feet upon the block that served as a step, and looked cautiously around the interior. His victim lay upon his face in a corner, sound asleep, his forehead resting upon his right arm, and the pistol clasped in his right hand. The dog pricked up his drooping ears and eyed him curiously. He noiselessly gained the doorsill, still keeping his eyes cautiously on the sleeping man. He advanced one foot upon a slab to the right, but it rocked and made a slight noise. He withdrew his foot, and tried another slab on the left. This was steadier, and bore his weight firmly. He put out his foot to try the next slab, but it was unsteady; he tried another, and it rattled. He waited a few moments, and then backed noiselessly through the door and regained the ground.

Another method of approach was left. The wily old dog crept under the sill and proceeded under the house toward the corner in which the deserter slumbered. About three feet from where he lay a slab had been displaced, leaving an opening six feet long and twelve inches wide. The dog cautiously poked his head through the hole, planted his fore paws upon a beam, and gradually brought his shoulders upward until he stood almost erect upon his hind legs. With a dextrous, noiseless spring, he brought his hind feet upon the beam, and stood a moment in this cramped position. Finding the sleeping man still undisturbed, he approached him carefully, taking his steps slowly. He smelled the man's muddy boots, drawing deep and silent inspirations, and sniffed along his entire person until he reached his head, and here he breathed with much greater caution. The man was in his shirt sleeves, and his large, strong neck presented a tempting field for attack. But the dog was old and his fangs were worn with age. He regarded the exposed neck so eagerly, and his whole frame was so rigid, that it seemed he was on the point of taking a desperate step. Had the man lain with his throat uppermost perhaps the dog would not have hesitated. As it was, while he was regarding the bait that tempted him he suddenly pricked up his ears and listened attentively: He heard the yelping of the hounds as they emerged from the canebrake. Stepping cautiously backward he disappeared through the hole, slunk into a dark corner under the cabin, and lay down.

The hounds crossed the fence, noisy, furious, and bloodthirsty. They tore wildly through the patch of berries, and their noise awakened the man. He listened, and then sprang to his feet. In a moment he realized his horrible position—alone. in a vast wilderness, with no human being to assist him in battling with a terrible death, and with a pack of infuriated bloodhounds, trained in the love of human gore, to tear out his heart and strew his entrails upon the earth. His first feeling was one of overpowing terror. He trembled in every joint and his teeth chattered with fear. He looked around wildly and despairingly, and discovered a joist above his head. Securing the pistol in his belt, he sprang upward and caught the joist with his hands. It was old and rotten, and swayed under his weight, but he pulled himself upon it and awaited the dogs.

They rushed blindly into the cabin, foaming and yelping, eagerly smelled the slabs on which the man had slept, ran around the cabin barking and hungry for blood, crawled under the house, scoured the shrubbery, went over the field again, and rushed madly back into the cabin. Knowing that they would find him sooner or later, and that every moment he lost lessened the distance between himself and the human bloodhounds, the man selected the largest and finest looking dog and sent a bullet between his eyes. The hound rolled over with quivering limbs and stiffening muscles. The dogs were thunderstruck, but not dismayed. One strong young hound made a desperate spring and fastened his fangs in the man's heel. He fell with a shot through the brain. The man had three shots left, and he must reserve at least one for a last extremity. He had killed two dogs, and counted nine remaining. With two more well-directed shots he reduced the number to seven.

By this time the fugitive had warmed to his work. The blood tingled in his hands and arms, and he felt his great strength bulging and swelling his muscles. No time was to be lost. He replaced the pistol, stood upon the joist, and pushed a few boards from the roof. Grasping the rotten rafters, he pulled himself upon the roof, and sought a bludgeon. The boards were of oak, and were weighted down with logs, which ran transversely, and which he easily pushed off with his feet. With little difficulty he secured a worm-eaten, partially decayed board, four feet long and an inch thick. By striking it over the end of a log he split it, and was thus armed with a powerful weapon. The man was naturally brave, and at this moment his strength seemed so enormous that he felt himself a match for a hundred hounds. The dogs were still in the house, howling and baffled.

Martin crawled carefully to the eaves, and prepared to give battle to the deadly enemy. He looked upon the ground, but the dogs were not visible; and, steadying himself, he dropped heavily and caught nimbly on his feet. He felt that he must finish the fight within half an hour, or he would be confronted with carbines and pistols. The dogs heard him drop, and sprang through the door. The man turned quickly and raised his weapon; the seven dogs made a furious onslaught, but a powerful blow upon the head sent the leader rolling dead upon the ground. The rotten board was strained by the blow, and he must use it more carefully. Six ferocious dogs still confronted him, and two eyes that he did not see blinked at him from under the cabin. The vigor with which the deserter met the attacks, and the threatening attitude that he maintained, disconcerted the dogs, and they ran around him at a safe distance, their teeth glistening, their tails whisking, their heads bent to the ground, the froth dripping from their protruding tongues.

The man suddenly dashed at a dog, and mortally wounded him with a heavy blow on the back of the neck. While he was in the act of striking, and before he could regain his defensive attitude, an active young dog, with fangs as sharp as knives, sprang upon his shoulders and fastened his teeth in the back of the man's neck. The other dogs, emboldened by the success of their companion, made a furious attack from behind. The man faced about, with the fangs of the hound still imbedded in his neck and his back ripped and lacerated with the sharp claws of the suspended dog, and struck about wildly and desperately, breaking the jaw of one and the leg of another. He made one terrible blow, that, in his agony, missed the mark, and his noble bludgeon was shattered against the ground.

The dog gnawed at his neck, and imbedded his fangs still deeper in the flesh, causing the blood to pour down the man's back and breast. At this moment, when the man was paralyzed with pain and frantic at the loss of his weapon, the two dogs still unhurt that confronted him sprang upon him, buried their teeth in his flesh, and bore him to the ground. He sank upon his knees, threw off the two dogs with a mighty effort, and defended his throat with all the desperation and strength that roused his every energy and sustained his failing hopes. They snapped at his hands and tore them, and completely stripped the shirt from his body. They plowed his skin with their claws, and the blood gushed from a hundred wounds. One of the dogs allowed the strong hand of the man to close upon his throat, and then he was flung stunned to the ground. Catching an idea from this manœuvre, the man allowed the other hound to seize his arm, then took him by the leg and dashed him against the house.

The deserter was growing faint; but he staggered to his feet, grasped the hind legs of the dog that clung so tenaciously to his neck, snapped the bones as though they were reeds, and jerked him from his hold, tearing the flesh horribly.

By one of those curious eccentricities of fortuitous chance, the man found a weapon in his hands in the dog that he held by the legs, and that snapped at his legs, and writhed and squirmed and howled. The two hounds that he had succeeded in throwing off rallied their strength and returned to the attack cooler and wiser, but none the less terrible. The man backed against the wall, and met the charge by knocking down a dog with the one he held in his hands. Finding that he could not advantageously wield his heavy weapon in such close proximity to the wall, he suddenly advanced and knocked over the other dog in the act. The blows, heavy as they were, did not disable his two antagonists. Every time that he swung down his living bludgeon it became weaker and its struggles more faint. He struck rapidly and carefully, husbanding his strength, yet every now and then missing his object, as it would adroitly evade the blow, and bringing down his heavy club against the ground with a dull thud, crushing its bones and dislocating its vertebræ. In a short while it was but a lifeless mass of broken bones and bruised flesh. The wounded hounds had hidden in the thicket, and the two that remained had become bruised and crippled, and had changed their tactics into harrassing their enemy until he had expended all his strength.

The man felt himself growing sick and faint, and he recognized the necessity of immediately bringing the fight to a close by capturing his enemies with strategy. He threw aside his weapon, but the dogs simply glared at him. If he could only get them in his clutches again he would be saved, but experience had made them cunning. So he suddenly threw up his hands and fell, and they sprang for his throat. Quick as a cat he seized a throat in each hand, turned them over upon the ground with great difficulty, planted his great knees upon their breasts, and, crushing their ribs with his remaining strength, choked them until their eyes almost burst from their sockets, until their tongues swelled and hung from their mouths, and until life was extinct.

The terrible fight had lasted two hours. The man staggered to his feet and looked around. Not a soul was in sight. He drew a deep breath, and his naked, bloody chest swelled with triumph. But the loss of blood and the extreme pain of his wounds had so exhausted him that he felt the ground rising to strike him in the face, and, with a heavy lunge, he lay extended upon the ground.

Two glittering eyes, followed by the neck and shoulders of a hound, emerged from under the cabin. The Tiger crept forward softly, but darted back as the man with a desperate effort rose to his hands and knees. The deserter battled bravely with unconsciousness, but was dying of thirst. He crawled painfully along a disused path leading to a spring, while the blood streamed upon the ground. On reaching the spring he drank greedily, and bathed his face and head. The blood poured from his wounds and changed to the color of wine the little stream that flowed from the spring. The dog had followed him unseen, and was crouching behind a thick clump of shrubbery. The man, refreshed by the water, again staggered to his feet, but the pines swam before his eyes and he fell unconscious to the ground. The old dog approached cautiously, and, when within a few feet of his prey, sprang forward and closed his powerful jaws upon the throat of the fainting man.

* * * * * * * *

A woman, pale and haggard, and with the wild light of insanity in her eyes, sat on the ground and held the head of her husband in her lap, and rocked, and moaned, and sang, and cried, and called him vainly. The eyes that stared at the sky were so terribly bloodshot, and the face was so black, and the features so distorted, that it is strange she recognized as her husband the disfigured, lifeless body of Martin, the deserter.

W. C. MORROW, JR.

OAKLAND, December 5, 1879.

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A queer story reaches us from St. Petersburg. Lady Dufferin went to Court to be presented to the Czarina. On arriving at the Winter Palace she was shown into an anteroom, as she thought, where an aged lady, whom she took to be a mistress of the ceremonies, was seated on an ottoman. The lady motioned her to a place beside her, and entered into conversation, but in a frigid Russian style. The handsome Irishwoman, with the Hamilton blood in her veins, has a little pride of her own, and, thinking the Muscovite waiting woman was rather patronizing to the wife of an ambassador, assumed a "stand-off" air on her side. The ceremonious dame became more ceremonious, and almost haughty. At length she asked:

"Have you seen my daughter lately?"

"Pardon me, madame," said Lady Dufferin, "I fancy we do not move in the same circle. Pray, who may your daughter be?"

The answer led up to a tableau.

"The Duchess of Edinburgh," said the stately old female, who was no other than the Empress of Russia herself.

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We often forgive those who tire us, but can not forgive those whom we tire.—*La Rochefoucalt.*

## SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

Some Account of the King of Blunderers.

He belonged to the ancient family of De la Russe, at Fermoy; he was created a Baronet in 1782, and was married to the eldest daughter of Sir James Caldwell, but had no heir. He used to account for his lack of progeny by saying that it was "hereditary in his family to have no children." He was elected member for Tralee in 1775, and even at that time he had a regular reputation for blundering. He was known upon one occasion, after a withering exposure or patriotic denunciation of government, to say, with solemn gravity:

"Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes."

Or if the subject of debate was some national calamity, he would deliver himself thus:

"Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater."

Another of his blunders was made when speaking of the fish-hawkers.

"They go down to Ringsend," he observed, "buy the herrings for half nothing, and sell them for twice as much."

A letter supposed to have been written by Sir Boyle Roche during the Irish rebellion of '98 gives an amusing collection of his various blunders. Perhaps he never put quite so many on paper at a time; but his peculiar turn of "bulls" is here shown at one view. The letter was first printed in the *Kerry Magazine*, now out of print:

DEAR SIR:—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink, except whisky. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this letter I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I only received it this morning—indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed.

No longer ago than yesterday, the mail coach from Dublin was robbed near this town. The mail bags had been very judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and, by great good luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors or any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over, we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security.

Adieu. I have only time to add that I am yours in haste,

B. R.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know.

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Camille Flammarion, the French scientist, thus expresses himself in *La Correspondance Scientifique* regarding the ultimate fate of our globe: "The earth was born; she will die. She will die either of old age, when her vital elements shall have been used up, or through the extinction of the sun, to whose rays her life is suspended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meeting her on her route, but this end of the world is the most improbable of all. She may, we repeat, die a natural death through the slow absorption of her vital elements. In fact, it is probable that the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestial crust is penetrated by waters which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at a depth of about six miles, and prevents the water from descending any lower; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid which compose our atmosphere also appear to undergo absorption, but slower. The thinker may foresee, through the mist of ages to come, the epoch, yet afar off, in which the earth, deprived of the atmospheric aqueous vapor which protects her from the glacial cold of space by preserving the solar rays around her, will become chilled in the sleep of death. As Henri Vivarez says: 'From the summit of the mountains a winding sheet of snow will descend upon the high plateaus and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking for ever the cities and nations that it meets on its passage.' Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the intertropical zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Rome will fall asleep in succession under their eternal shroud. During very many ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the place of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed, and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more, except in the equatorial zone, up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shore of the last sea in the rays of the sun which will thereafter shine here below on an ambulent tomb revolving aimlessly around a useless light and a barren heat."

## A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

From the French of Adrien Huart.

I.

"I can no longer shut my eyes to the fact," said M. Rabourdot; "my wife is false. I hold here in my hands letters giving me ample proof of her shameful conduct; one need never expect to lack for friends to announce to him anything he doesn't want to know.

"My situation is not singular, but it is perplexing. What am I to do? Shall I kill myself? I do not care to do so, nor do I see that I am called upon to do so. Then, shall I kill the other man and keep my wife? Existence with that silly creature would be a monstrous bore for both of us. Shall I, then, follow the example of some of my esteemed partners in misfortune and perpetrate a triple tragedy?

"No, no; none of these plans will answer. I have another which will—but—I must dissemble."

II.

Madame Rabourdot and her admirer, M. Gustave, are sitting side by side upon the sofa.

The door is suddenly opened and M. Rabourdot appears on the threshold followed by three witnesses—three commissionaires from the other end of the town.

Stupefaction of the pair on beholding these brawny porters.

"Fly, Gustave, fly!" shrieks the unhappy woman; "we are lost—he will slay you."

M. Gustave prepares to escape through the medium of the chimney, but is checked by the husband.

"Let no one leave the room," he says tranquilly. "Tremble not, fear not; I am not about to make any victims. I have with me neither revolver, dagger, nor poison, but only these three honest fellows, whom I have brought as witnesses to the fact that you have received M. Gustave in spite of my express prohibition, so that it can not be said that I have acted hastily or without sufficient cause. For this purpose I might have brought friends, but friends are too apt to rejoice over one's misfortunes. I might have brought relatives, but relatives are too anxious to hush up a scandal at any cost. I have therefore had recourse to these commissionaires, who do not belong to this ward or part of the town at all, and who consequently will be saved the necessity of discussing and publishing my family affairs at every wine-shop in the neighborhood. If they wish to talk, of course, they can do so, but they will not know my name."

The pair gaze at him and at each other in stark amazement.

III.

"And now, my dear," the husband goes on, "only one course remains for you. If you love M. Gustave and do not love me, as I am led to infer from these letters, it is for me to insure the happiness of your life by enabling you to enjoy his society for ever and without molestation."

Mme. Rabourdot stammers some inarticulate words and M. Gustave turns deadly pale.

"And in securing your happiness," continues M. Rabourdot, "I shall not lose one moment. These worthy men whom I have brought as witnesses I design also to employ in a capacity in which they have had more experience. Each, you will perceive, has his knot with him, and there is a hand-cart at the foot of the stairs. I thought it unnecessary to bring a furniture van, the furniture and carpets being my own property. If there are not enough with three men, perhaps M. Gustave will kindly lend a hand. I shall ask you to take charge of the lightest and most valuable effects. Here are the 100,000 francs dowry which you brought me—100,000 francs in governments. I will keep the 500,000 which belong to myself. M. Gustave, I know, is not rich, so that your position may perhaps not be so comfortable from a material point of view, but as he loves you and will work for you"—

"But, my husb"—

"No observations, I beg of you; they are superfluous. I will give the porters their orders, as you seem agitated. Take all those little knick-knacks on the table and etagère—they were gifts from me to my wife, and so are her personal property. Her dresses and clothing are in that closet—be so good as to make them into packages. I forgot—there is one of M. Gustave's photographs in this album. Remove it; it will look well in a little Eastlake frame on your mantelpiece. I do not see anything else belonging to my wife here, except the chambermaid, who may as well put on her hat and go, as I have no further need for her services."

IV.

Mme. Rabourdot bursts out crying. M. Gustave trembles in every limb.

"Why this agitated air—wherefore those tears?" asks M. Rabourdot kindly. "You are not to be parted ruthlessly—on the contrary you are, in the words of one of these letters which I hold in my hand, 'O, joy, to live in each other's blessed society, the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' And now that everything has been packed up, you may withdraw. I have to dress for a little party down town—after such an interview I may be allowed to seek relaxation and relief in the charms of society."

"Oh, Robert," screams Mme. Rabourdot, "I won't, I can't, I will not leave you!"

"And I won't keep you!"

Mme. Rabourdot goes off into hysterics and a dead faint.

"I had foreseen this crisis," says the husband tranquilly. "Commissionaires, pack my wife on a knot, carry her down stairs, and put her in a hack—there is a cab-stand just across the way."

The orders of the husband are executed. Mme. Rabourdot is hoisted upon a stout Auvergnat's back and borne away.

"I hope, Monsieur," says the husband to M. Gustave, "that you will accompany my wife, and pay her such attentions as in her agitated state she requires. Here is a bottle of smelling-salts—take this fan, too."

"But, Monsieur," stammers M. Gustave, "you forget—"

"You are right. I had forgotten about the hackman's fare. Here are two francs. The fare will be thirty sous; five sous are for his tip, the other five for cartage of my wife in the event of his regarding her in the light of a package. He is entitled to it by law. Good night! Bless you!"

V.

One month is supposed to have elapsed since the events narrated in our last chapter took place.

The scene is changed to the apartments of M. Gustave.

*Mme. Rabourdot* (in tears)—Heavens, how tired I am—no society here—nothing—

*M. Gustave* (aside)—So am I! Next time you catch me going off with another man's wife you can tell me about it, that's all.

*Mme. Rabourdot*—Let us travel for a few months. Anything for a change from this.

*M. Gustave*—I haven't any money.

*Mme. Rabourdot*—Why don't you work and get some?

*M. Gustave*—Oh, that's very easy for you to say.

*Mme. Rabourdot*—I wish to heaven my husband had killed me!

*M. Gustave*—I wish to heaven he had!

*Mme. Rabourdot*—Wretch! [Flings cup at his head. He seizes her by the hair and mops the floor with her.—CURTAIN.]

### Drinking Bordeaux.

In what depths of ignorance (says the London *Times*) may we not all live without knowing it! Our correspondent, writing from the banks of the Garonne, tells us that never till now did he know how to drink Bordeaux! It is an art, and you must travel to the south to acquire it. What a revelation is this! A Parisian who had never till now known how to drink Bordeaux! It seems that is not enough to be one of the most *boulevardé* of men. You may have long since taken up your freedom at the Maison Dorée. The Café Anglais may know you as a frequent and ever welcome guest. You may be as familiar with the resources of the grand new Café de Paris in the Avenue l'Opéra as any man could have made himself in the course of a couple of years. The pages of the wine catalogue at Voisin's may be your most sweet study, illustrated as they have been by many a bottle drawn from the inexhaustible *caves* of the proprietor. And yet it may all have been in vain. Years of assiduous and conscientious study may have failed to produce the flower of consummate knowledge. You are still an ignoramus, not knowing how to drink Bordeaux. What is the secret? Our correspondent tries to instruct us, if we can be taught out of books. The wine must always be kept in a cool cellar of uniform temperature, but in the morning of the day it is to be drunk it should be brought up stairs to acquire the heat of the *salle-à-manger*. Decant it, being careful to keep the same side of the bottle uppermost, and to stop before there is any suspicion of a defect of transparency. Here we must beg, with the greatest deference and even timidity, to suggest a doubt. It is at least open to question whether fine Bordeaux should not be treated like Burgundy, and brought to table reposing in a friendly cradle. The point is worth arguing. There is no doubt that that temper of cheerful satisfaction which should precede degustation is promoted by the sight of the noble color that Sir Joshua loved massed in crystal, and for this reason silver claret-jugs are to be unhesitatingly condemned as a sad brutality of uninstructed opulence; but on the other side must be taken into account a prejudicial movement of the wine in pouring it from bottle to decanter. The decision will probably depend on individual temperament. The festive and joyous *convive* will catch pleasure with his eyes before he yields to the charm of *bouquet* and of taste; the more solemn and serious drinker will look upon this preliminary gratification as a frivolity bought at an indefensible sacrifice. But the wine is not yet in the glass. The butler pours it out, murmuring as he passes the name and the year. Then comes the moment of responsibility. "The guest silently takes the glass between his thumb and forefinger, raises it to a level with his eye, and, with a slight movement of the elbow, gives the liquid a rotary movement." It is here that the master is revealed. The movement must be gentle, yet effectual. Without any jostling of the liquid particles, a ripple—a smile—passes over the surface, and the aroma is disengaged which first salutes the soul. When, by and by, the emptied glass finds its way back to the table, the thought may be slowly formulated into words: "Now I know how to drink Bordeaux."

### Beecher's Latest.

When that monstrous and immoral clerical mountebank, Henry Ward Beecher, was in San Francisco, lecturing for one dollar admission per head, we took occasion to criticise him for immorality, hypocrisy, and want of any real ability. We charged then, and charge now, that neither in his book of sayings, his prayers, his sermons, his novels, or his writings in the *Christian Union*, can there be found one original or grand idea. We charged then, and repeat now, that his trial, which ought to have been in secret, but which, at his desire, was in public, did more to debauch the youth of this nation than any incident of the generation; that it was dreadful, inexcusable, and criminal. We declare that he is not an orator as tested by rules that define true eloquence, and that his congregation of admirers are neither the best nor the wisest of Brooklyn. We believe as little in the sincerity of his religious opinions as we do in the purity of his life or the honorable motives that control him. We quote, from one of his pulpit Sabbath-day utterances, a flippant blasphemy, and charge that no Christian father or mother, taking to their side an intelligent child, and having read and explained it, dare say that it was a fit thing for a Christian divine to utter under any circumstances:

Who was Jesus? A peasant, a mechanic, at a period of the world when workmen were very low in the social scale. And if one had been asked, "Who is this divinity that you worship?" he would have said "Jesus." "Of what country?" "Nazareth." "Who were his parents?" "Joseph and Mary, reputedly." "Who was his mother?" "Mary, who just escaped a divorce through the magnanimity of her betrothed." "Who was his father?" "No one." "What his country?" "Judea; he was a Jew—a bastard Jew." "What did he do?" "Worked as a carpenter in a shop of his father." "What became of him?" "He was charged with a violation of the Roman laws, was tried and convicted and put to death." A bastard Jewish mechanic—a malefactor—put to death for violating the laws of his country! Is that the fellow you bring to me to worship? Now, my beloved brethren, if you look at things from the surface, Jesus was that, and that only.

A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing; a man can't.

## OUR OWN POETS.

### The Falling Years.

The years have blown backward like leaves
Grown faded and old;
They drift into gloom as life weaves
New buds to unfold;
They lie in the track of the past,
They are caught by the whirling blast
Into gyres which vanish fast
While the heart grows cold.

Oh, there's never a sweet spring-tide
Can blossom again;
And the prayer which is most denied
To the sons of men
Is a cry for the years that are fled,
A prayer for the hopes that are dead,
For spring flowers when the leaves are red,
And the prayer is vain.

There are fruits of another year,
But the blight is there;
And the season has lost its cheer
And is no more fair;
The sons of men have prayed in vain
Through the winter's dreary fitful rain
For the spring which will not come again,
And the world is bare.

All things with the years pass on
And are swept aside;
There'll be flowers when we are gone,
And hopes when ours have died.
But who shall say in eternity
There shall not an endless season be
Of spring that has merged for you and me
Into autumn-tide?

NORTH COLUMBIA, November, 1579. MAY N. HAWLEY.

### Iolanthe.

As some still spirit, resting on her wings,
Poised in mid-air, looks out and over space,
Awe in her mein and wonder in her face,
To view the vast infinity of things,
Or with the rapture which the murmurings
Of heaven-created music seem to trace
In all her listening being—with the grace
Which murmurous music to the listener brings,
So sits sweet Iolanthe, gazing far
Across the void that stretches to the blue;
Her soul has left the realm where mortals are,
To bathe in the etherial heavenly dew.
She hears the sphere-born music gliding on
Adown the sea of Silence, till 'tis gone.

Ah, sweet poetic soul, unsatisfied
You shall return to prosy earth again,
Thy search in mystery wearisome and vain,
With nature's secrets buried where they died.
Far as the bounds of space extend, or wide
As heaven's remotest limits, could you gain
Its outer verge—its uttermost domain—
Still to thy soul its secrets were denied.
Though nature lures thee on with dreams sublime,
She ne'er reveals the secrets you would trace:
Man cannot move the ponderous wheels of time,
Nor penetrate the boundless realms of space.
So, Iolanthe, though you hear in trance
The gods' grand voices, profitless the chants.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879. PERCY VERE.

### Martinez.

Cradled 'neath the sloping hillsides,
Hid in woodland nest,
Emerald garments, bayward trailing,
Sweep the water's breast;
Soft winds, through the narrows stealing,
Lull the vale to rest,
Dreamily the white sail glideth
Toward the sundown west.

Twilight stelas far down the hillsides
At the close of day,
Bearing on its wings the odor
Of the new-mown hay;
Far the wild dove's note is echoed
O'er the shadowed bay,
While beyond yon purple summits
Daylight fades away.

Soft the sifted sand is falling
From the starry shore;
Far across the trembling waters
Gleams a silver oar;
Nestles low the drowsy village,
While the wavelets pour
In the ear of dreamy nature
Bits of seaside lore.

PETALUMA, November, 1879. CLARENCE T. URMY.

### Horace.—Ode I, 30.

Venus, bright queen of the isles of the ocean,
Spurn chosen Cyprus and haste to my home—
Mine, who invite thee with ceaseless devotion,
Burning sweet incense to tempt thee to come.

Come, with thy Cupid, thy nymphs, and thy graces,
Loosing their zones as they fly o'er the sea;
With them let Hermes and youth have their places,
Who only please when thou bring'st them with thee.

NEW YORK, November, 1879. G. H. JESSOP.

Regarding Mr. Gladstone's relations with this country, a writer in the *Contemporary Review* says: "The present government has perhaps forgotten that there is such a nation in the world as the United States of America; but Mr. Gladstone has kept it well in mind, and we suppose every one will admit that he, of all statesmen, will stand well with that people of our own blood, who very shortly will be the most powerful community upon the earth, and the one with whom we shall for all time have the most to do." Subscribe for the *Contemporary*.

"I seldom see you at the theatre," said a critic to a well-known dramatic author. "Indeed, no," was the reply. "I go very seldom. When a piece by somebody else is bad, it annoys me. If it should happen to be good, why, that is simply horrible!"

The critics on both sides of the Atlantic begin to complain that Mr. Henry James is succumbing to the temptation to write too much. We, at least, are guiltless in this matter.

## LOCAL EPITAPHS.

A Cold Collation of Funeral-Baked Meats.

In kind compliance with our request for odd or otherwise interesting epitaphs from local burial places, our readers forward the following:

This is from Calvary Cemetery, on one who in life was a well known citizen:

SAMUEL WILLIAMS INGE was born 22d of February, 1817, in North Carolina; was married in November, 1838, in Alabama; died on June 10th, 1868, in San Francisco, California, whilst he was residing in his own old beautiful home in Stockton Street.

He suffered pneumonia and his tranquil spirit passed lovingly from earth, leaving the lovely smile of peace impressed as in repose upon his noble face.

Let us contemplate some of his last sacred words upon eternal life. His physician remarked, "Oh! Colonel, now I realize that I am treating a great man."

Then as a statesman and lawyer, who had attained the highest standard of this world's excellency, he replied, "But, Doctor, now I realize the great power of God and the weakness of man." Again he said, "My wife, do not repine; you will not be far behind, this is not any separation. It cannot be. It is impossible, for it is only vast eternity, and time, time for ever and ever, which remains to us.

"My wife, think of your mother in Heaven, how exquisite are the fruits she brings me, and how she welcomes me, to the innocent society of little children. Oh! my wife, it cannot be that this is all of life."

In the same cemetery are these:

Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Ann Brown, who was born in Townsend Street, Dublin; married in Townsend Street, Sydney; died in Townsend Street, San Francisco.

Sophie, wife of R. C. Hopkins, became an angel on the 3d of June, 1868, in the 24th year of her age.

From the two subjoined our correspondent has omitted the names. They are from the old churchyard at the Mission Dolores. The second is from the grave of an infant!

Though Boras blows and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro
Yet by Heaven's decree
You plainly see
I am harbored here below with many of our fleet
In hope our Admiral Christ to meet

Snatched by death
Alas too soon you fled
At noon of life
To join the silent dead
But when the trumpet
Sounds that awful phrase
May angels bright
Your soul to heaven raise

Not far from the entrance to the Laurel Hill Cemetery, the following epitaph may be seen over the grave of a lady:

Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans were my devotions,
Drugs did me no good;
Christ was my physician,
Knew which way was best,
And so, to ease me of my pain,
He took my soul to rest.

In the same portion of the Cemetery, a child who died when six months and eight days old, has this epitaph:

Go home, dear friends, and dry your tears,
I must lie here till Christ appears.

Generally epitaphs are looked upon as sayings of the dead, but here is something which looks like an "open letter" from the living:

We part, but not for ever;
When my life task is o'er
I'll seek and find thee in the skies—
Thou art only gone before.

The foregoing reads as if it had been measured by the *Call's* poetry sharp. In another part of the Cemetery, the following touching lines are inscribed on the gravestone of an organist:

He is laid in this lonely churchyard now,
But the golden light is fled,
And the hand that strayed o'er the organ notes
Is motionless and dead.
His heavenly gift—his brilliant touch—
His very voice's tone
Comes back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone.

"The hand that *strayed* o'er the organ notes" is rather a left-handed compliment; and the last three lines do not convey the idea of a high appreciation of the organist's "voice's tone" during his life.

Here are one or two specimens from many of similar styles in the Roman Catholic burying-ground:

Beneath this sod is laid a child
Which won the love of many,
But Almighty God, both good and mild,
Left him not long to any.

A father expresses himself on the tombstone of his daughter in this way:

Farewell, my daughter, dear;
Oh how lonely you have left us here;
How I miss your heavenly voice so clear.

Of the remaining ones it is stated only that they are from "an old churchyard near San Francisco." First comes one which memory recognizes, although it is slightly paraphrased:

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There right before my Saviour
In glory to appear,
And strike the sweetest music
To the delighted ear.

Whose ear? The following has an old-time camp-meeting ring:

Ye sons of men—a falling race,
Exposed to every snare—
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

Another, which seems to be the stonecutter's favorite, is repeated with unimportant variations on many an old and new headstone and board:

All you that now are standing by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be;
Therefore prepare to follow me.

This is neat, simple, and artistic, evidently not supplied by the stonecutter nor the undertaker, and quite as evidently not the production of ignorance, nor of grief in its first incapacitating intensity:

Pause gently here, this flowery mound
Contains within a sacred trust;
Tread lightly, for 'tis hallowed ground
Where love hath given its "dust to dust."

And so our record ends for the present. The village cemeteries of the interior and coast counties must, we should think, present some interesting examples, which we shall perhaps be assisted to submit to the lenient criticism of our readers.

### The New Magazine.

*The Californian*, published by The A. Roman Publishing Company, has made its promised appearance, and is on sale. For reasons that will be readily understood, it is not desirable that a formal criticism of its contents should be made by this journal, the editor of which, though enjoying unlimited liberty of praise and censure in the matter, in so far as it can be bestowed, nevertheless recognizes the higher law of taste and fitness. We append the table of contents:

"The Dramatic in My Destiny," Emma Frances Dawson; "El Triunpho de la Cruz," Theodore H. Hittell; "The Three Windows" (verse), Charles H. Shinn; "The Western Thespian," Mary Therese Austin; "What is Money?" H. N. Clement; "Why They Lynched Him," E. H. Clough; "The Midnight Mass" (verse), Richard Edward White; "A Modern Author—William D. Howells," Minnie Booth Phelps; "Physical and Moral Influence of the Vine," Charles A. Wetmore; "The Man from Georgia," W. C. Morrow, Jr.; "A Californian's Dreams," Edward R. Sill; "The Pacific Coast and Geodetic Surveys," George Davidson; "Sand"—Chapter I," J. W. Gally; "Unattained" (verse), Charles H. Phelps; "Transfigured" (verse), Sarah E. Anderson; "A Phantom City," F. M. Somers; "An Old Sea Dog," Julia H. S. Bugela; "Music as a Study," Oscar Weil; "A Tale of the Sierra Mojada," D. S. Richardson; OUTCROPPINGS—Introducing the Stranger; Unbidden Guests (verse); A Picture of the Plains; A Society Idyl (verse); A Monument to Adam; Shelley's Grave (verse); Hypatia of Alexandria; The Environs of Florence; Thanksgiving in New England (verse); The Prince of Paragraphers; The Reveries of a Sheep-Herder.

Mechanically and typographically the magazine is a model of beauty, taste, and unpretentious elegance—as it could hardly fail to be, considering it come from the ARGONAUT establishment, and was printed on the ARGONAUT'S new press.

### That Dress Matter.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Last week you tintinnabulated the bells most timely and tunefully on the dress question, but to my ear one note of the chimes was missing. Else why not tell us the reason our gentlemen will manifest that admiration of simplicity in attire, which you assure us they feel, by invariably congregating near a damsel agleam with gems and satin, and crowned with crimped and Montagued locks, for all the world like bees around a Los Angeles orange blossom; and allow an equally charming maiden, clad in elegant simplicity or simple elegance, to bloom, like a modest violet by the wayside alone? Enlighten me, dear ARGONAUT, and catalogue me as your admirer and debtor.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 9, 1879. LEL.

To be admired by you, fair "Lel,"
The writer fain would lie;
To have you in his debt he'd sell
His soul—if *you* would buy.

Away temptation! let's confess
The ugly truth and swear it:
Our young men *do* love costly dress—
When *you*, "Lel," deigo to wear it.

—ED. ARGONAUT.

### Obscure Intimations.

TEMPERANCE.—You can not "secure our personal effort and interest in the great work" mentioned in your circular. We do not consider the temperance movement a great work, for we know it is a hopeless one; and we have no time to waste in fruitless endeavors to make our fellowmen different from what they choose to make themselves. We wish the world would stop getting beastly drunk, and there our effort and interest in the matter end.

X.—Thanks for calling our attention to the matter. The New City Hall Commissioners are certainly economizing. They have created only six or seven "salaried positions," when they might have made a dozen.

ROSES.—We mean to use it soon. Pray be patient; consider how all the great poets are pushing and struggling and fighting at our doors—how Con Mahoney blacks the eye of Prince Hector Stuart, and Harry Dam sets up the nose of Dan O'Connell, while Col. Jackson, trying to sneak in with his verses through the window, is held back by Mr. Pickering's jealous grasp on his coat tails.

"CHRISTINA ADIOS."—We can not republish what has already appeared in the paper—except by accident. Daresay our poetry editor will put it in again some day if we all keep quiet. He once published a poem of his own the second time, with frosty remarks on its demerits, because he mistook it for Tennyson's. On the other hand, he once published one of Tennyson's as his own.

H., Nevada City.—If you will take no more trouble with your manuscript than merely to "scribble it off," how much trouble do you think *we* ought to take with it? Come, now, that's an easy one.

P. K., Virginia City.—Of all subjects for dialogue in a story which has another purpose literary criticism is the most insufferable. The writer who can make it endurable in such a place has a high order intellect indeed. And you have not.

TEMPTEO.—So are we—to gratify you by publishing it. But it would not be fair, for with years and experience would come regret—from which it is one of our duties to protect you.

MAD DOG, Sacramento.—Observe, please, that these intimations are obscure; unless through his own indiscretion no one but the person addressed can know who *is* addressed. Have you been indiscreet that you are so sensitive?

COLIMA.—We shall be pleased to consider whatever it shall please you to send.

PLACERVILLE.—*Vide supra.*

MEL., New York.—Attended to. Thanks for your good opinion; we think *you* are nice, too.

L. G., London.—In writing a letter for publication you may spare yourself the trouble of paying preliminary, final, or intermediate compliments to the paper. We value so highly the commendation of our readers that we keep it all to ourselves. We are disposed to be mean in such matters.

MAUD'S AUNT.—Better let Maud and Snaggleby settle their affairs in their own sweet way. If the lovin' Jim should, by mistake, get his arms about *you* there would be melody.

## IN THE WRONG BOX.

A Letter that Wasn't Intended for Us.

MY DEAR HELEN:—Having promised, during your absence, to keep you posted in regard to every thing of any interest that should occur among our mutual friends, I will begin by giving you an account of the grand ball which Mrs. John McMullin gave to signalize the *début* of her third daughter. Her sisters having been so much admired, one need not be gifted in the art of divination to foretell for Miss Rebecca a future as bright and happy as the most fortunate could desire. It is rumored that this lovely trio will not in its entirety continue long to shine upon our social horizon, as a haze seems to be gathering that threatens to obscure Miss Anna's vestal torch. Mrs. McMullin, the majestic mother, graciously received her guests, and was materially assisted in their entertainment by her amiable daughters, who never looked more radiant or charming than upon this occasion. The establishment having recently undergone the addition of a spacious ball-room, all the requisites of a most brilliant entertainment were provided and eagerly enjoyed by the youth and beauty "gathered there," with no thought save that of quaffing all from the "highest top sparkle" to the dregs contained in the cup of pleasure.

Preëminent in the throng Miss Anna McMullin presented, with her aureate locks and dashing figure, a most *distingué* appearance. Miss Lilo's reputation as one of our very prettiest and most attractive belles was fully sustained. Miss Rebecca, the fair *débutante*, was the recipient of many a compliment to her lovely face and affable manners, and was pronounced by all well worthy to be the third in this group of graces. Mrs. Milton Latham made her first appearance since her return from Europe, and was the same "delightful vision" as of old. Among the number of your friends present I noticed Miss Gwin, and could discover no change in her charming manners, though she had of late been intimately associated with tropical royalty at the Sandwich Islands. I was glad to hear that her family will soon throw open their hospitable doors, and a season of gayety be inaugurated with a fancy ball. Miss Eyre was there, the embodiment of grace and fashion, arrayed in an exquisite Parisian toilet. I was sorry to learn she is soon to leave us, with the intention of spending the winter at the East, dividing her time between relatives in Philadelphia and Washington. Miss McDougal looked as charming as you ever saw her, and distributed her fascinating smiles with singular impartiality. *On dit* that her all conquering arms have achieved the subjugation of the Briton who, you remember, figured so conspicuously in the *rôle* of a recalcitrant lover. Miss Flora Sharon, petite, piquant, and pretty, looked almost as sweet as she did in the quaint little costume she wore at the Carnival. Miss Sedgwick was handsome and agreeable, and received her meed in compliments. Miss Crocker, always modest and unaffected, was a picture of girlish freshness, with her "pale, pearly, pink" complexion and golden hair. Miss Fall's black eyes never shone brighter, and she seemed to enjoy herself to the utmost degree. Miss Maynard was a perfect Aurora, "fair indeed and tall," her bright face beaming with youth and happiness. Miss Marshall crowned with her own auburn hair, made a sweet, attractive picture. There were two young ladies—strangers—from Kentucky, who were much admired: the Misses Pugh and Porter. The Misses Belden, of San José, were present, and you will be sorry to learn that the elder has been seriously ill ever since. I hope she may soon recover, so that no shadow may rest upon the memory of that brilliant evening.

You remember the gallant Baron Schlippembach, who was such a promising figure in our midst while the Russian fleet was anchored at Mare Island. Well, he is back again; I thought he had gone to "that undiscovered country from whose Bourne no traveler returns." I have taken the liberty of applying Shakspeare's sentiment to matrimony, instead of death. The truth is, there is a good deal of similarity between the two conditions; the former state, however, has the advantage, inasmuch as it admits of a second trial, while the sentence in the latter is final.

Having written you of the *début* of Mrs. McMullin's daughter, I will now tell you about that of Mrs. Wilson's sons, which may prove even more interesting to society at large, and mammas in particular, as in their persons are embodied two most desirable *partis*. I am afraid I will fatigue you if I again enter into the minutiæ of ball-rooms, costumes, flowers, and viands so I will hurry on to the discussion of our friends, of whom there were many present. Mr. and Mrs. May made their first appearance since their wedding—having just returned from an extended bridal tour at the East, upon which they were accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Coleman and Mrs. Fairfax. Miss Coleman blossomed in an exquisite pink satin. There are two lovely sisters—the Misses Blanding—who have made their *début* this winter. Their intelligence and attractive manners have been much remarked. Miss Mayhew, a handsome young lady from Benicia, is also a new comer. The Misses Lake, too, were present; I think it is since you saw them that they have become authoresses of no mean pretensions. Though I have promised not to mention costumes, I must do so, as those worn on that occasion were pronounced to be the handsomest seen this winter. Mrs. Eyre, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Flood, and Mrs. Head were regally attired, and, with the exception of the latter, were accompanied by their respective daughters. Miss Bell Eyres's white dress was so covered with genuine birds, and their embroidered nests, I almost imagined I could hear them twitter as she passed. An old bachelor remarked to me that the shimmer of satin and lace and the flash of diamonds wearied the eye. I would like, for curiosity, to see a toilet gorgeous enough to fatigue one female eye, much less both. As for me, you know I dote on finery, no matter how antiquated or dilapidated the individual wearing it may be. Mr. and Mrs. Cook, who have been absent on a bridal trip, returned to the city last night. The Colton house, over which they will preside is to be their home. Now you must admit I have kept my word in regard to telling all the news.

Yours affectionately, ADA VEN.

The novelist most widely read in the Southern States is said to be named Mary J. Holmes—if that's how they spell it.

## HEBE'S LETTER.

PALACE HOTEL, Thursday, December 11, 1879.

Notwithstanding the constant visitations of Jupiter P., since my last screed, there ha been a succession of parties, receptions, and weddings, among fashionable people and people who are feeling their way into what may justly be termed society. There have been no positively "stunning" affairs, although there were large, fashionable, dressy crowds at the McMullin reception, on Thursday evening, the 4th instant, and at the residence of Mr. S. M. Williams, last night. I doubt if there is any city in the world where the same crowds go as much as they do here. In Washington, for example, there is a month or six weeks of grand party-going, commencing with the year and terminating at the beginning of Lent; and at these nightly receptions may be seen the same faces—if they be stalwarts, and do not drop out of the way through matrimony, dissipation, or death. But here one may see the same faces nightly for months and months, and the penitential season only has the effect of weeding out the severe Catholics and earnest Episcopalians, generally to the satisfaction of those who entertain no religious scruples of this kind, and who are only too thankful for more room to waltz.

The most brilliant party since my last was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, at their residence, No. 711 Pine Street, the occasion of which was the return of two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson from the East. There were nearly four hundred ladies and gentlemen present, and the affair proved to be one of the pleasantest of the season. It is hardly necessary to say a word about the floral decorations, as all who entertain in California see to it that nothing shall be wanting in this respect; nevertheless the guest at this reception must have felt that he had entered the veritable Vale of Cashmere as he beheld the floral surroundings of the interior. So jocund and perfumed was the atmosphere, that one might involuntarily have looked for a Peri, or at least for a Lalla Rookh. Supper was served, and dancing was kept up till about two o'clock. Contrasting with the sombre full dress attire of the gentlemen were the rich and brilliant habilaments of the fair sex, bright colors predominating. No single costume was particularly noticeable; all were in good taste, none marked by gaudiness or over-display. Mrs. Scott Wilson, *née* King, assisted the hostess in receiving. The regular receptions were not so well attended during the past two weeks as heretofore. Mrs. Shillaber's Friday afternoons are said to be pleasant; the Crocker Tuesday evenings are always delightful. Mrs. John McMullin, and her daughter Rebecca, who made her formal society *début* on Thursday night last, give a reception this evening to all who were present a week ago, or who accepted invitations. I did not have space last week to present a description of the multiplicity of delightful events incident to the *début* of Miss Rebecca McMullin, but can just say here that the reception will always be remembered as one of the most elegant and enjoyable ever given in San Francisco.

Among the weddings of the week was that of Mr. Gus H. Honshell, of Huntington, West Virginia, and Miss Clare M. Stoddard, formerly of this city. Honshell is a son of "Commodore" Honshell, a large owner in Ohio River steamboats, and a "solid man" generally. Miss Stoddard is a niece of Mrs. C. P. Huntington; her father died some years ago, and her mother is at present a resident of Oakland.

Among the movements of notable and fashionable people, I chronicle the following: Senator Sharon left San Francisco last evening for Washington, *via* Virginia City. Miss Flora Sharon, a daughter of the Senator, and Miss Ida Davis, a niece, accompanied Mr. Sharon—and Jesse Grant, who managed to "get left" on Tuesday morning, and was subsequently invited to enjoy the luxuries of the Nevada Senator's special train. Miss Flora Sharon spent a winter in Washington several years ago, but was more of a miss than a young lady; now she is well along in her teens, pretty, sensible, and rich—just the rosebud to vex the younger scions of high-bred Washingtonians and other society sharpers, who annually assemble at the Capital for the purpose of raiding on feminine wealth and beauty and *L'oncle Sam*. Gov. Leland Stanford is on his way home, with his health completely restored, and will arrive here early next week. Mrs. Stanford remains in New York, and is greatly improved in health. Mr. and Mrs. Harry May, accompanied by Mrs. James Coleman, Mrs. M. J. O'Connor, Mrs. Charles S. Fairfax, Miss Louisa Carrigan, and Mr. James V. Coleman, after a wedding tour of three months, arrived home by special car last Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook arrive on Sunday evening, the 14th. Judge Hoffman is back from one of his semi-annual trips of recreation to Pescadero. Lieut. J. R. Coghlan, U. S. N., has been appointed executive officer of the *Independence*. Mrs. Coghlan has already rented a house in Vallejo. The students of the University of California will give their annual ball at Union Hall on Wednesday evening next, the 17th. The prospects at present are that the Artists' Ball will be a splendid success, socially and financially. Gov. Fenton is still in the city, at the Lick House. The Earl of Grosvenor returned from his trip to Lake County on Tuesday evening last, and departed the next morning for Ottawa, where he is the guest of the Marquis of Lorne. The Earl was a thoroughly used-up Briton when he reached Calistoga; indeed, the monumental "scion of English nobility" (he is six feet, four inches) was as full of goneness as a cold muffin. Forty miles of Lake County mud knocked the English sand completely out of him, and the moment he struck the Palace he struck a bed; and, in accents unmistakably vehement, he d—d the soil of the one particular section of this blarsted country designated on the map of California as Lake County. HEBE.

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*Oddments of Andean Diplomacy, and Other Oddments*, is the title of a wild book written by Hinton Rowan Helper. The special bee in Mr. Helper's bonnet is a longitudinal double-track railway from a point on Baffin's Bay to another on the Straits of Magellan. Until this road is in working order Mr. Helper does not propose to stop agitation by means of books, essays, poems, articles, and letters to all mankind.

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Although only two volumes of Mr. Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* have been published, they have already reached their thirteenth edition—a remarkable success, considering that the work is an expensive one.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 11, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir: It is reasonable to suppose that what you publish concerning prominent men should have greater weight with your readers than the utterances of many others of the press; hence your facts should be indisputable and your opinions the fruit of intelligence and logic. I believe you desire them to be such, and yet on Saturday last, mentioning the recent transfer by the bonanza firm of the control of certain Comstock mines, you make the subject a text for eulogy of that firm, for censure of what you call "unprincipled public opinion" concerning them, and for disparaging allusions to myself personally, which I only mention for the reason that, whether intended or not, they are likely to prejudice the character of the prosecution (with which my connection is no secret) now pending in the courts against that firm on charges of fraud, and others of so serious a nature that the interested public are asking the question why, if innocent, they seek by every device known to the law to evade, and for eighteen months have succeeded in evading, the issues of a trial? The matter personal to myself to which I allude, and which conveys at least a qualified misrepresentation, is the following:

> We do not *recollect* any single act of Mr. Dewey's life in California that has contributed to anybody's interest but his own. We do not know that he ever added one brick to another; that to him belongs the credit of house, or store, or wharf, or warehouse.

This is a criticism so unjust and so likely to mislead the public to my prejudice that I trust I may be pardoned the seeming egotism, and find sufficient space in your columns to refute it; the facts being that during my residence in California I have expended in the construction of dwellings, stores, wharves, and warehouses, not less than half a million dollars. Within one year of my arrival (July, 1849) I expended in real estate and improvements in this city and Sacramento over $100,000, and that, as you know, was a period when material and labor commanded prices never equaled before or since. It was, too, at a time when the most energetic of our people came to seek the golden fleece, and not to "found an empire," and when earthquakes, fires, and floods constantly threatened to destroy what labor and capital created. In the fall of 1849 I built at Sacramento the Sutter Hotel, at a cost of $30,000. It was the second three-story building ever erected in that city, the lumber costing $300 and $400 per thousand, and skilled labor as high as a gold ounce per day. That building was destroyed by fire, and I subsequently built on its site the present Grand Hotel, one of the largest structures in that city, at a cost of near $50,000. In this city, in addition to stores and dwellings on Montgomery, Pacific, Broadway, Mission, Folsom, Fourth, and Fifth streets, I built the first brick warehouse south of Market Street, "The Empire," situated on Beale Street, covering an entire fifty-vara lot, and costing $60,000. On Third, Berry, Fourth, and Channel streets, and on the block bounded by those streets, I caused to be constructed nearly a mile of wharves, at a cost of nearly $100,000. All the streets from King Street south (now filled in) were originally built by me on piles. On this block I have now one of the largest brick warehouses in the city, and at those wharves may be daily seen a fleet of vessels receiving and discharging the products of the country.

To enumerate the various improvements made by me in this city would fill more of your space than I think you would grant, and would interest but few of your readers. It ought not to have been necessary for me, a private citizen, to recount my private transactions in refutation of statements so injurious to my repution, made by a journal so intelligent, and generally so well informed. S. P. DEWEY.

[From 1849 to 1856 Mr. Dewey was an active business man in our city. Since then he has been a greater part of the time an absentee in Europe. We contrasted the energy and activity of Mr. Flood and his associates in developing the Comstock mines, in producing more than $100,000,000 of wealth to the nation, with Mr. Dewey, a pleasure traveler and resident in Paris. Comstock development and bonanza discoveries gave new life to our city and new energy to our people. Stock gambling is a fierce dog, but it never bites those who do not go near it. Mr. Dewey was bitten. With the biter or the bitten we take no sides. We wish there were no stock gambling; we sometimes question whether it would not have been better for our State if there had been no Comstock mines. There has been bad management; but the quarrel of Mr. Dewey with the bonanza mine management is a private matter. If he had not gambled in stocks he would not have been injured. If he had not been injured he would have instigated no suits for mining reforms. If he had been paid $52,000 his wounds would have been healed and his mouth closed; even friends would not have been informed of the medium that cured him. But that Mr. Dewey should complain lest our brief notice of a very public quarrel should have a tendency to "prejudice the character of the prosecution (with which his connection is no secret) now pending in the courts against the bonanza firm, on charges of fraud and other charges of a serious nature," seems somewhat remarkable in presence of the fact that he is scattering pamphlets broadly over this community and, boastfully, over the world, in which he assaults the personal character of his opponents by charges and insinuations that are never indulged in by gentlemen and never resorted to in mere business quarrels.—ED. ARGONAUT.]

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We have had occasion, during the past week, to transact business in the office of the Tax Collector, Charles Tilson. To us everything looked orderly, active, and business-like. Deputies are attentive, intelligent, and best of all, polite. Mr. H. B. Cook, the chief deputy, is at home in all the details of what must be a very complicated business. As an indication and promise of reform, twenty-nine deputies are now doing the work that under Mr. Ford required forty-six.

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The story of a marriage engagement between U. S. Grant, Jr., and Miss Flood, so persistently asserted and so industriously distributed by the press, has no foundation in fact. A betrothment, except under exceptional circumstances, should never be a matter of secresy. Its announcement by newspapers, except by authority, should never be made.

## INVERSION.

### A Dead Shot for all Kinds of Colic.

Before the human infant arrives at the age of teething, says Mr. Alden in the N. Y. *Times*, there are but two diseases from which it suffers. One is pins and the other is collic. When an infant begins to express gloomy and vociferous views of life, its mother or nurse immediately makes a careful diagnosis. If no acute pins are found to be present, it is at once assumed that the trouble is colic, and treatment for that disease is immediately adopted. All schools of mothers agree as to the first remedy which should be tried. This remedy consists in placing the infant face downward across the maternal knees, in such a position that its head is much lower than its feet. The knees are then violently agitated, so as to thoroughly shake up the infant's interior, while at the same time a vigorous patting of its back is kept up. In eighty-three per cent. of the cases in which this remedy has been tried it has proved successful within ten minutes, and it may therefore be regarded as almost a specific, except where infants of abnormal viciousness are concerned.

It occurred to Dr. Phares, a distinguished European medical man, whose precise nationality can not, just at this moment, be ascertained, that there was a curious and unwarranted difference in the way in which infantile and adult colic are treated. When an adult patient is attacked by colic he is given violent drugs, which seldom do him any apparent good, but the remedy which cured him in his infantile days is never tried. Dr. Phares—who may possibly be a Greek, in which case he is doubtless connected with some lighthouse board—asked himself why a man or a woman might not be cured of colic by the same treatment which cures an infant. Inspired by this idea, he instituted a series of experiments, which resulted in the triumphant demonstration of the value of what a medical exchange calls the "inversion cure."

Dr. Phares began his investigation by eating a quart of chestnuts, ninety degrees of mince-pie, and a slice of fresh pork. In due time colic set in with great vigor. He at at once summoned his servant, who laid the Doctor across his knees and patted him gently on his back. The pain of the colic somewhat diminished, but by no means disappeared, and a more heroic application of the principle of inversion was tried. The servant, who was a very athletic man, mounted on the table, and grasping Dr. Phares by the ankles, compelled him to stand on his head, at the same shaking him with much earnestness. At the end of three minutes the colic had completely vanished, and the patient found himself thoroughly cured.

Confident of the value of inversion, Dr. Phares circulated an announcement that any boy who might call at his office should have all the pea-nuts he could eat, provided he would eat them on the spot. Of course, for the next week his office swarmed with boys, and the price of pea-nuts rose in the market. The Doctor had rigged an apparatus in his office, consisting of a rope led through a pulley in the ceiling, and whenever a boy began to writhe on the floor in the embrace of colic, Dr. Phares would attach the rope to the patient's feet and hoist him up so that his head would just clear the floor. Of seventy-three boys thus treated, sixty-nine recovered from their colic after from ten to fifteen minutes' inversion. Four boys failed to recover, but whether this was due to the vigor of the colic, or to the fact that the boys strangled before the colic was ready to yield, is uncertain. The number of successful cases was, however, so great as to render the Doctor justly enthusiastic.

Dr. Phares next wrote a powerful medical pamphlet on the "inversion cure," and began to introduce the treatment in his regular practice. After the Lord Mayor's dinner of 1878—and from this there is reason to think that the Doctor is an Englishman—he treated seven distinct Aldermen by inversion, with the most gratifying success. In the course of the next two or three months he inverted forty-seven persons in the city of London, and in every case cured them promptly. An account of his practice was published in a leading English medical journal in April last, and led to a discussion which finally culminated in the well-known libel suit of "Phares against the *Medical Mail*."

As soon as Dr. Phares had satisfied himself of the value of inversion in cases of colic, he tried to introduce the treatment among his lady patients, but without success. They all seemed to fancy that it must be attended with great pain, in spite of the Doctor's assurances that it was perfectly painless. At any rate they could not be induced to try it, and the Doctor—who, after all, may be a German—could not understand it, except on the theory of the general obstinacy of the sex. He firmly believes that inversion can be applied to persons of any age or sex, with equally beneficial results; and claims that the day will come when the unaccountable obstinacy of women will be overcome, and they will hail inversion as the greatest medical discovery of the age.

It remains to be seen whether the real efficacy of inversion does not depend upon shaking, and whether it is not a cure for other diseases besides colic. Heretofore the medical profession has systematically directed that bottles of medicine should be well shaken. The folly of this practice is seen when we remember that it is not the medicine which is to be cured, but the patient; and that to treat the medicine instead of the patient is necessarily a mere waste of time. The success of the inversion remedy may lead doctors to try the virtue of shaking patients as well as medicine bottles, and the inversion cure may expand until, in the shape of the shaking cure, it supersedes drugs of all kinds and in all cases.

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### CVII.—Sunday, December 14.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Terrapin Soup.
Fried White Bait.
Broiled Snipe on Toast.
Asparagus. Green Peas, Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Roast Beef.
Yorkshire Pudding. Celery Salad.
Strawberries, whipped Cream. Cocoanut Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Pears, Plums, Grapes, Oranges, and Bananas.

TO MAKE COCOANUT CAKE.—Whip the whites of five eggs; grate one cocoanut and add it; sift half pound of sugar into quarter pound flour; stir well; add rose water to flour. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

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A fear is gaining ground that the President is not a Republican.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE.—XV.

Answers to Correspondents.—Conclusion.—Epitaph.

DEMOCRAT.—The question is a poser, and I can not answer it without placing myself in direct opposition to you politically. However, if you don't mind it I don't. During the first fiscal year in the history of our city government—1850–51—the Democrats were in power, and the rate of taxation was less than for any year succeeding, being only $2 for every $100. Our first city fathers were green though, and learned to do better (or worse) afterward. They knew nothing of the extent to which our good people would allow themselves to be fleeced, so they tried an experiment and made considerable of a success of it. The immaculate Common Council voted the heads of the various departments salaries of $10,000 per annum, and $6,000 per head per annum for themselves. The public made something of a clamor, when they generously reduced the latter to $4,000. Mayor Geary vetoed the ordinance, but they passed it over his head, and indignantly refused to give him any salary for his services as Mayor. They gave out fat contracts indiscriminately, and issued scrip and loan warrants at rates of interest varying from six to eight per cent. per month. The expenses of the city government for eighteen months reached the snug little sum of $2,012,740.10. This state of affairs continued almost uninterruptedly until 1856, when the opposition came into power. The Democratic journals of course cried "Plunder! thieves!" but it is a historical fact that there was a decrease of $574,000 in the expense account as compared with the preceding year. Whether there was any improvement or not, I submit that the people felt more secure in life and property than when Meiggs and Casey sat in the municipal councils, when Dutch Charley was at the head of one of our most important departments, when Billy Mulligan was the Democratic candidate for Chief of Police, when scrip, issued by the bushel, signed by the Mayor over the counter of a barroom, was purchased at an enormous discount by corrupt officials, and redeemed at par by an unscrupulous Treasurer. You will excuse me if I venture the assertion that history is about to repeat itself, for we have now a change of complexion in our city government, after six years of New City Hall-ing and street widening.

BATON.—The Rosalie Durand Opera Troupe were at Maguire's Opera House in June, 1859. Later they appeared at the American. The company were, Rosalie Durand, prima donna; Georgia Hodson, contralto; Fred Lyster, primo baritone; Frank Trevor, tenor; and F. Boudinot, basso.

ARCHITECT.—History differs regarding the first brick building erected in San Francisco. It is generally supposed that a two-story structure built by Ellsworth & Thompson, of brick—which cost $65 per thousand—was the pioneer. It was located on Montgomery Street, near Washington, known as the "Howard Hotel," and destroyed by fire in May, 1851. I think that Mellus & Howard erected a brick building in September, 1848. This was the second brick building in Upper California, the first having been previously erected at Monterey.

MEXICO.—You are right. We had malignant Asiatic cholera here in October, 1850. The greatest number of deaths in one day was twelve. A cholera hospital was opened near the corner of Dupont Street and Broadway, and vigorous measures were taken to cleanse and purify the city. After a short and lenient visitation the scourge disappeared about the end of the year.

TYBO.—The old American Theatre was not built upon piles. Its builder was "a foolish man who builded his house upon the sand," which had been deposited upon the soft mud. On the opening night it was filled by an immense audience, whose weight caused the building to sink one or two inches. I have often heard it pronounced dangerous, and truly the façade had a sort of a fatigued look about it. But it had a long and eventful career, and died a natural death.

J. N. B.—Mr. E. C. Kemble, mentioned in my last, is still alive. There is little doubt but that to him belongs the honor of being the pioneer of journalism in California. He was one of the original proprietors of the *Alta*, and had previously been concerned in the publication of other papers in San Francisco. After the *Alta* became established on a firm footing, Kemble thought he saw an opportunity to establish a paper in the Sacramento region. Taking a box full of old type and a few reams of paper, he chartered a launch, which took his cargo and himself to Sutter's Landing, now Sacramento, in the short time of eight days, only about forty times as long as the same journey requires now. The little establishment was carted from the landing to Sutter's Fort, and in a short time the *Placer Times* made its first appearance. Mr. Kemble is poor now; poor as thousands of those who in the first days of our existence struggled to lay the basis of our present and future wealth. Though no longer a resident of California, he still keeps himself before the readers of every newspaper in the State, having charge of that branch of the Associated Press which furnishes Eastern news to the Pacific Slope.

RUSKIN—The Jenny Lind Theatre was opened October 4th, 1851. The programme was as follows: Opening Address, written by a gentlemen of this city and delivered by Mrs. Woodward; *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*, with Mr. Venna as "Ruy Gomez" and Miss Carpenter as the "Duchess;" concluding with *All that Glitters is not Gold*, J. B. Booth, Jr., as "Stephen Plum" and Mrs. Woodward as "Martha Gibbs." Prices of admission: Dress circle and parquette, $3.00; pit, $1.00; gallery, $1.00. The Jenny Lind was sold in 1853 or '54 to the city for $200,000. The character of performances given there under the new management up to the present time will scarcely live in history as being models of propriety. But let us draw a veil.

GEORGE.—The Ravel Family of pantomimists played at the old Metropolitan in February and March, 1856. They were not a success, the manager, Mr. French, being sadly out of pocket by the venture. I remember the run of *Sheep's Foot* at the Metropolitan; but why record events that happened as late as 1865?—have neither the inclination nor space to write a history of the stage in San Francisco. For further particulars regarding this branch of our history apply to J. H. McCabe, Esq., who has forgotten twice as much as I ever knew about it.

NEW COMER.—In previous letters I have said considerable about the Vigilance Committee and its doings. Back numbers of the ARGONAUT will answer most of your questions. You are in error, however, upon one point, which I will endeavor to explain. The entire number of city officials did not resign upon the demand of the Vigilantes, nor were all of them ousted. A few of the worst were transported in company with a number of roughs and small politicians. On the morning of Sunday, July 13, 1856, there appeared in the *True Californian*, one of the organs of the Vigilance Committee, an article headed: "A Full Exposé of Official Corruption." It was two columns and a half in length, and purported to be a complete ventilation of the affairs of each of the city offices. Following are a few of the charges made against the Supervisors: First—The purchase of a hospital building and the expenditure of a large sum of money upon it, the same never having been used for any purpose whatever. Second—The purchase of a small and useless building in the rear of the City Hall for $25,000. Third—The appropriation of $10,000 for a map of the city, and the payment of the same in city warrants before the commencement of the work, which was never completed. Fourth—The appropriation of $500 for hose for sprinkling the Plaza, which was never furnished. The article then, after having made a complete exposé of the many crookedness of the various offices, closed with the following attack upon the judges of the various courts: "They have been unfaithful to their high trusts. Delay and masterly inactivity have been the order of the day. The mantle of oblivion has been drawn over many a heinous crime, and the magic words, *nolle prosequi*, have let loose upon the community many a hound unwhipt of justice." Simultaneously with the publication of this article copies of the following letter were sent to Mayor Van Ness, Judge Freelon, County Clerk Hayes, District Attorney Byrne, Sheriff Scannell, Recorder Kohler, Assessor Stillman, Surveyor Gardiner, Superintendent of Schools Pelton, and Justices of the Peace Castree and Smith:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14, 1856.

SIR:—In pursuance of the proceedings and resolutions of a mass meeting held July 12th, the committee appointed by said meeting hereby respectfully request you to resign the office you now hold, believing, as they do, that the resignation of the City and County Officers will tend to the restoration of general peace, harmony, and confidence. You are requested to send or bring in person a written reply to this communication to the office of Waller & Dodge, No. 1 Montgomery Block, at three o'clock this P. M., when and where the Committee will be in session. It is the preference of the Committee to see you personally, and they will feel obliged if you will be present as above. The absence of any reply from you, or interview with you, will be considered as a refusal to comply with the request herein made.

IRA P. RANKIN, Secretary.

To this communication came prompt responses, mostly in writing, and varied in form, all declining to accede to the request. Judge Freelon said that should he resign he would be admitting the truth of infamous and malicious charges. He should disgrace the name of his father, and degrade himself and an honorable family. He had been taught from his youth to stand by his flag, and proposed to continue to do so. The answer of Mayor Van Ness was open, manly, and firm. He said that his position was not an enviable one; and that, finding that he was powerless to prevent the hanging of Casey and Cora, he wished to resign. His constituents, however, urged him to remain in office, much against his will, he admitted, but he certainly would not resign at the request of any committee of citizens, unless proofs of malfeasance in office were given; and he left the question to be decided by the intelligence and integrity of the city. Some of the replies were impudent, some cringing, and some very short, but all declined to resign. That of Sheriff Scannell was in the fewest words:

SIR:—In answer to the communication made to me this morning by yourself, I respectfully beg leave to inform you that I most positively refuse to comply with the request.

The plan was not a success, for it was discovered that the officers would not be bullied out of office; so the ballot-box was resorted to, and most of the People's Reform Ticket elected.

The following amusing campaign advertisement was printed as a burlesque upon the promises of the new party:

NOTICE TO CANDIDATES.

Notice is hereby given to all who desire to be placed on our ticket that the following tariff of prices has been established and will be strictly adhered to:

*Sheriff.*—The candidate must advance $500, in ready money, and place three deputy appointments at our disposal.

*President of Supervisors.*—$200 in cash, the promise of a fat city contract, and three police appointments.

*County Clerk.*—$100 in cash, and the pledge to give us one of his subordinates, to be named at our convenience hereafter.

*Police Judge.*—As Judge Coon is sure to be elected, and everybody knows it, we are compelled to put him on our ticket free.

*Chief of Police.*—We must have $100 for this nomination, and a written pledge of four police appointments.

*Coroner.*—As we can not get any thing out of the Coroner but money, he must come down with a round sum—$500 cash.

*Superintendent of Schools.*—He must pay $200, and promise us his influence to secure the appointment of five teachers.

*Auditor.*—We can't make anything out of the Auditor, as Mickle's election is sure. We therefore put him on free, d—n him.

*Tax Collector.*—This office must pay well—at least $600 and the promise of one deputy.

The scale of other nominations not yet announced, but about the same rates as above. In every case where an officer will have appointments to make we must have a fair proportion of them secured to us. This point we insist upon.

4,000,000,
Secretary of the "True Rooster Club."

P. S.—We have no connection with the other "Rooster Ticket," and will not be governed by their scale of prices. The above scale will be adhered to, and candidates will see that they are much cheaper than the other "Rooster Ticket" has charged.

4,000,000, Secretary.

To be heard of at any of the rum mills on Montgomery and Sansome Streets.

CURATE.—Your communication is thankfully received, and suggests a happy and strictly proper conclusion to my "Recollections." For if there is any subject more than another upon which I claim to be thoroughly informed it is the churches of early days, as a large proportion of *my* early days were consumed in going to church—in fact, to a much greater extent than at any period later in life; for, since the privileges of clubs, and "Saturday nights off," were accorded me, added to the late base ball fever, my Sundays are consumed in mooning over the occurrences of the preceding night and going to base ball matches. On Sunday, February 8, 1852, in the following places of worship divine service was held: First Presbyterian Church, Stockton Street, Rev. A. Williams; First Baptist Church, Washington Street, Rev. Mr. Preveux; Methodist Church, Powell Street, Rev. S. D. Simonds; First Congregational Church, Jackson and Virginia Streets, Rev. T. D. Hunt; Grace Chapel, Powell Street, Rev. J. L. Ver Mehr; Trinity Chapel, Pine Street, Rev. Mr. Miner; Wesley Chapel, Powell Street, Rev. Dr. Boring; Roman Catholic Church, Vallejo Street; Howard Street Presbyterian Church, Happy Valley, Rev. S. H. Willey; Catholic Church at the Mission Dolores. It would occupy too much space were I to give you synopses of the various discourses preached that day; and, in very truth, my memory is somewhat indistinct as to which church I did attend, but it was in all probability Grace Chapel—with which rests the honor of being the place where I first heard those principles so useful to me in after life when I became a Sunday-school teacher. The fact that one of my early teachers became notorious in so-called contract steals, and that another used to tell pirate stories to us after catechism, in no wise lessens the value of the precepts instilled into my mind by them; for I am open to any proposition to engage in a fat contract, and I have found that the promise of a good, bloody pirate story always insures perfect lessons from Sunday-school pupils. Early in life, after we had emigrated to the Mission, I used to attend a brick church on Valencia Street, near Fifteenth. It was here that, perched upon a chair, I delivered my first temperance lecture, and was awarded a ten-cent Testament, as a reward for committing to memory Christ's Sermon on the Mount—three whole chapters—from Sunday to Sunday. The munificence of this gift so appalled me that I never delivered that sermon a second time; but I became something of a success as a juvenile temperance lecturer. In after years my inclination to realism impelled me, in my lectures, to give practical illustrations of the evil effects of strong drink, although I never hired out as a terrible example. This little old brick church was afterward used as the Mission public school-house, and I remember to have received a thrashing because another boy drew a portrait of the teacher, ears and all. My connection with this building seems to have had a remarkable effect upon it, for the schoolmaster joined the Jesuits, and the church was destroyed by an earthquake. There now stands a church on Fifteenth Street, near Mission, which marks the site of the first circus I ever attended; and as an evidence of the remarkable effect my membership has had upon churches, I may mention, in closing, that old Grace Church was sold to the colored people, and on the site of old Trinity, where I was baptized, a monument to my moral excellence has been erected in the shape of the Bohemian Club.

ORPHEUS.—My epitaph, sent some time ago, I had at first not intended to publish, but it now appears to me that I have a place for it, as a sort of apology for a historian who has been accused of inaccuracy:

Here lies a man of wondrous cheek and nerve,
Who undertook admiring friends to serve,
As well as his own vanity, by writing
A world of stuff, although not uninviting,
As chronicling events of earlier days.
While we may mete to him a share of praise,
We claim that with mistakes his book doth bristle
As e'en with thorns the blossom of the thistle;
Still, for his good, let it recorded be,
History oft is made by such as he.

CLAY M. GREENE.

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Will not some of our San Franciscan confectioners take a hint from the following? Surely every man who has had the advantage of presenting a Parisian lady with Parisian bonbons in a Parisian box will regret his inability to similarly favor his countrywomen here:

"I have long thought," said a New York confectioner, the other day, to a press reporter, "that the confectioner's should be, in America, as it is in Paris, the principal place for buying presents for all occasions excepting funerals. When a Frenchman wants to make a nice present he does not rush to the jeweler's and buy costly gems; he quietly slips into the nearest confectioner's and buys a pound of bonbons, snugly packed in a box of curious device and rich material, which he presents with his congratulations, knowing that the bonbons will give pleasure so long as they last, and that the box will in all probability be used as a receptacle for gloves or handkerchiefs and placed in the lady's bureau. I have always had the good bonbons, but until now I have never had the beautiful boxes. I was determined that I would have something new, and about three months ago I wrote to my agent at Paris and told him to hunt around and gather me all the new and strange boxes he could, and not to mind expense. I heard nothing from him till yesterday, when I received notice that the goods were in the Custom-House awaiting my order.

"Here is one box I sold the moment it came out of the package," handing the reporter a large shell on which hung bits of seaweed and here and there a pearl. "The price was high, but the gentleman who bought it took such a fancy to it that he would not let me show him anything else; and I think with him, that after the sweets are eaten it is fit to hold the rarest gems."

Another beautiful box, representing a bale of goods covered with pale blue plush, bound by tassel strings of the same material, only a shade darker, was among the stock for birthday gifts. There were also fancy boxes made of leather, to represent wicker-work, having covers of blue and white silk, which are drawn together by blue silk strings; gilt wicker baskets, fit to carry dainty and precious knick-knacks; pagoda-shape baskets, trimmed with puffed and plaited silk of various colors; baskets of all shapes and sizes covered with all the new shades of velvet and silk. There were bags of all colors to suit the costumes of the winter and spring. Of the boxes, some were round, some square, some with beveled edges, some without, but all covered with rich material. One was covered with pearl-gray plush; on the top was painted a lake scene, and leaves and flowers were embroidered from corner to corner.

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The Empress Eugenie has become almost childish with grief, and she carries about with her all day a small dagger-shaped fan, bought at some fancy fair, and of no intrinsic value, which happened to be her son's last gift to her. She listens to all that is said to her, steadily regarding the flower painting on the fan. The immediate concern of those about her is not for the fate of the dynasty, but for the health of her mind.

## THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

A Narrative Authenticated by Documentary Proof.

Two cadaverous persons were sitting on the floor of a fifth-story room on Mission Street. One was a gentleman of culture from Boston; the other was a San Franciscan. For twenty-four hours they had jointly subsisted on the nutriment of a pair of tooth-picks. This riotous living had disagreed with both. A long, earnest conversation was held. In brief, this was the result: it was decided that they must "raise the wind." A colossal public entertainment was to be the instrument manipulated. The conspirators wrote out a circular. The next day they visited nearly all the city printing establishments, except those where they were known. In every case the prices were eminently satisfactory, but the terms—cash—were considered unreasonable. But they were men of vast intellectual resources. The next day two hundred letters were delivered to prominent persons in this city. The following is a copy:

RAKE'S REST, Mission Street.

MR. ——, DEAR SIR [or Madam]:—Feeling so deeply at heart for the worthy poor in our midst, we have projected a magnificent public entertainment for their benefit. The proceeds are to be divided as follows: one-half to the Manager, one-half to the Secretary, the remainder to the participants, and the suffering poor to be assessed to liquidate the bills. We have selected a grand Masquerade Carnival as being the most likely to reap a golden harvest for our protégés. We would respectfully ask your opinion of our projected enterprise—and if you will consent to participate in character? In behalf of charity, dear sir [or madam], we remain, benevolently yours, M. MUDDLE, Manager.
F. FUDDLE, Secretary.

One week later, Muddle and Fuddle appear on the scene again. Their plan is working admirably. On the table before them lies a pile of letters. A glow lights the faces of both the philanthropists. Eagerly they tore open the first letter. It read:

PLYMOUTH ROCK, Sunday Night.

MR. MANAGERS:—I approve, by all means, of your enterprise. My wife is old, homely, and crotchety. She won't let me look at the young girls in my congregation. The result is, when I advance theories in my sermons, I go it blind. I will, however, attend your entertainment, as I am preparing a tirade against public amusements. I will attend for study. Give good-looking girls complimentary tickets, and oblige,
The REV. B. IGNOBLE.

The next was dated:

NEW CITY HALL.

MUDDLE AND FUDDLE:—We will attend as angels. Do not procure wings. The Board for the Dissemination of Useless Knowledge will accompany us. Lay in a stock of dunce caps. Examination questions are never sold. THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The next communication, from the same place, was written by a man whose oratorical abilities were never doubted, but never wantonly displayed.

NEW CITY HALL, old time and place.

GENTLEMEN:—I will represent Cicero, and deliver one of my famous speeches. MARE B.

This was pathetic. It appealed to the generous instincts of both prospective Manager and Secretary. Muddle looked at Fuddle, and Fuddle looked at Muddle. In mute admiration they thought of the treat promised the literary and political public. Gently they opened the next missive:

ON MY BEAT—I write as I run.
I will personate a shadow. CAPT. PRETZEL.

Then came a kind suggestion:

UTOPIA, which is "nowhere."

GENTS:—The funny man of the *Alta* would be a capital fellow to represent the Demon Bankruptcy—he makes such a magnificent failure of all he undertakes. OBSERVER.

It was decided to engage him at all hazards. The next letter contained the true business—the very essence of charitable exuberance:

PALAIS DE LA CHRONIC.

DEAR SIRS:—I pride myself on my enterprise. Would like to obtain a full account of your affair. It is very necessary that we stick closely to facts. We must make a splurge on something. I wish you every success in your grand work of charity. Your attention is drawn to the extremely low advertising rates of the *Chronic*. Etc.
DIE YOUNG.

It was, curiously enough, followed by this one:

RAT HOLE, Clay Street.

MY BENEVOLENT SIRS:—The *Chronic* is of no value as an advertising medium. See our small ads. Geo. W. killed the cherry tree with his little hatchet. We will kill the *Chronic* with our small adz. This remark has been made before by somebody else; but let it take its course. That course which is for the best interests of the people is the one to pursue. Truly yours, P. LIQUORING.

Just then came a furious knocking at the door. Muddle and Fuddle's apartments had no door-bell. Cautiously the bureau was removed from the door, which was opened. A telegraph messenger had two messages for them. He demand $3.20 due. The boy measured one foot one, the average height. Muddle deliberately measured the size and strength of his adversary, and kicked him down stairs. Work was resumed. The first telegram was from Virginia City. It read:

FUDDLE AND MUDDLE—Dishonorable Sirs:—I will personate TRUTH, my strongest point. SAM DAVIS.

The second was more important. It was from the East. It read:

MR. MUDDLE AND MR. FUDDLE—Dear Sirs:—I heartily approve of your projected enterprise in behalf of the worthy poor. I intended visiting your Golden City on a lecturing tour, and will hasten my preparations, that I may participate in your Carnival. I will personate Venus de Medici. We spent our girlhood's days together on her father's rancho in Florence. It is some months since she died, poor thing, but so vivid are my impressions of her, and so perfect is my likeness to her, that I am sure the artistic portion of your community will highly appreciate the treat my presence will afford them. My next lecture will be on "Beauty in Old Age." I probably will employ one of you gentlemen as my manager. I have managed myself, considerably, but am willing to help along struggling young men. My last manager contracted to receive one half the net profits. He died of inanition while waiting for them to accumulate. I think I would prefer Mr. Fuddle; it is such a romantic name, and would draw well in public. I am, my dear sirs, very respectfully yours, SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

"The dear girl," faltered Muddle.
"God bless her," gasped Fuddle.

And Fuddle wept. [N. B. This is not plagiarized from the Bible. The live paper reporter, who writes "conflagration" for "fire," and "overwhelming disaster" for "slight mishap," would have written it: "And Fuddle, overcome by the intense intensity of his great joy, which literally exuded from every pore of his mortal frame, passionately busted into a torrent of salt tears."] When Fuddle recovered they resumed reading the letters. The next was from a stranger:

MESSRS. PUDDLE AND CUDDLE:—Who are you? What am I? I don't know myself. I think I must be a "criminal news detective." Reserve me a booth all for myself. Bars in front instead of curtains. Let the scenery represent a mysterious murder. At my feet must lie the evidences of the crime, but I will not observe them. I will fasten my gaze on the far distance. Paint the sky red. Deep, blood red, sanguinary red, very red. I will gaze into it and find a clew to the murder. There must be a woman in it. This is always necessary. The only way I can account for my own existence is that there was a woman at the bottom of it. Don't tell nobody "from whence" this came.
Yours. WHO AM I.

The next was from a man known to be enamored of military heroes, and himself possessed of remarkable courage. It ran as follows:

MUDDLE AND BUDDLE:—You bloated vampires, you degenerate descendants of lecherous plundercrats; do you know me? I will consent to take part. I think it would be well to represent some great hero. I admire General Grant above all others. I will personate him. Do you understand, you longitudinal offspring of a vile class? I think the W. P. C. needs a benefit. It would be well to include it in the societies among which the proceeds will be divided. I am short of small change and your enterprise is opportune. Hear me screech!
DENIS KEARNEY.

Fuddle almost fainted. Muddle was calm. He tore open the next letter. Here it is:

METROPOLITAN CIRCUS, Fifth Street.

MESSRS. BUDDLE AND FUDDLE:—I will represent Henry Ward Beecher. We are alike in many respects. I will bear a rifle and a ballot box. Bullets and ballots made me what I am.
Yours, IKEY CALLUCK.

Several dozen communications remained to be read. But enough have been printed to show that the charity ball was bound to be a great success. But a cloud appeared.

The two financiers in an evil moment consulted the lady managers of several benevolent institutions. The management was wrested from them. The last heard of F. and M. was discouraging. The Boston man had vainly tried to borrow a complimentary ticket to the Pavilion, but hadn't got nearer than Seventh Street. The San Franciscan, after nine days, succeeded in dodging the doorkeeper just as the last bell was rung and the gas was turned out. Early this morning the ARGONAUT received the following epistle:

SIRS:—Gone to the springs. Busted. Yours, MUDDLE, FUDDLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1879. BAXTER, B. G.

### Love Letters to Actresses.

Adelaide Neilson has had her share of the love letter epidemic; but in these latter years, although she is still as beautiful as when she was captured by the parson's son, she is too old a stager to be caught by such chaff. Still, however, the letters come—neat missives, carefully worded, delicately perfumed, and all protesting, each in its special method of diction, that "her smile will be paradise, her frown despair," and ending with dark hints that a refusal will plunge the writer into "an abyss of gloom and misery for ever."

"Why," she said, one day, to a friend, "I have received as many as forty-three of these awful love-letters in a day. I tell you some of them were harrowing. But hard, stony-hearted wretch that I am, I only read part of them—perhaps half a dozen—privately; but we had such a game with them. A party of us—all professionals, of course—ladies attached to two or three theatres, came together once a week, in the afternoon, and over a luncheon the letters were opened and read aloud, with comments. Wasn't it jolly though! Could those poor noodles who wrote them have peeped in slyly and seen us at our fun, wouldn't they have torn their hair with wrath? Some of the letters contained photographs of the writers—pretty fellows all of them—fresh from the barber and tailor. One of them said he had been studying "Romeo," so that should I smile upon him we could play the balcony scene together. Another spoon called me the "houri of his undying soul;' and another 'wafted his soul to me, and quivered with the ecstasy of hope when my dark, glorious eyes dulled with their starry brilliance the yellow glare of the stage-lights.' Poor fellows! They think all they have to do is to write and win."

The begging letter-writer can be crushed by silence; the love-letter writer is encouraged by it. He is the one who takes private boxes, and frames himself in white necktie, low cut vest, vast expanse of shirt bosom, and immense spread of lorgnette.

Maude Harrison for a time had a deluge of these letters. Some of them in a spirit of mischief she inclosed in new envelopes and directed to other well-known actresses—one or two she has framed—for the special delectation of her friends. In one of them—the fifth she received from him—the writer who first beheld her "sweet face" at a ball solemnly and tragically declares his intention to cross "the dark platonian shore"—to lave his weary soul in "the stygian depths," and do other idiotic things, born of the invention of misguided infatuation. Whether he "platoed" has not been revealed. Whether he took to extra Mumm, dry, or the marble slabs of the morgue, wet, is one of those things which nobody cares to find out.

Sara Jewett gets these fervent reminders of the regard in which she is held by the rising generation of lovers who wear swallow-tails and drink cocktails in the region theatric; hers are of the sentimental eye-rolling, and cold pale moon variety, and are mild in their degree. A breezy young fellow, desperately in love with the fascinating Sara, thus revealed his grief. "It's of no consequence," he said, with the air of a rectified Toots. "She is callous; she has no soul; it has been burned out of her by the glare of the footlights. She will never love—I would die to save her a minute's pain—but she hasn't even answered my letters. What to her is the homage of a true heart? No, no, no beer for me—give me brandy—brandy. Not a word of this my boy."

Agnes Ethel and Fanny Davenport, while they were in Daly's Twenty-fourth Street theatre, received enough love missives from "all sorts of people" to paper the walls of their respective dressing-rooms—an experiment, by the way, which was once tried by a young Boston actress then attached to the Museum. The dressing-room was not large; she succeeded in two seasons in giving the walls such a fantastic ornamentation of lovers' prayers, intermingled here and there with their photographs, as no dressing-room ever had before.

## CERTAIN WOMEN OF NOTE.

*"Rank, Wealth, and Beauty here converge their rays*
*To kindle Fancy to a triple blaze."*

The young and lovely Countess Vera Koscheleff suddenly disappeared from her palace in the old Russian capital, only two days after her solemn betrothal to Count Heimann, which had been celebrated with festive rejoicing upon an unusually magnificent scale. No one could imagine whither she had gone until her steward received a letter from her written at her chateau in the Crimea, wherein she informed him that "she was going to bathe in the river running through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near which her body would be found in the water. Search was made with all possible promptitude, and it resulted in the discovery of the young Countess's corpse sewn up in a large straw-sack and sunk in the river. The seams were found to be in the interior of the sack, proving that Vera Koscheleff had deliberately sewn herself up in the sack on the river bank and then cast herself into the stream. In another letter, addressed to one of her uncles, she gave as her reason for inclosing herself in a sack previously to drowning herself, her extreme fear of crawfish and water beetles.

A very pretty story from the Faubourg St. Germain. The heroine, a certain marquise, young and beautiful of course, who had recently taken into her service a page, with the honorary title of secretary, as the custom now is. This Parisian Mazeppa of twenty-five years of age is also comely, with almond eyes and a feather head, which had been turned topsy-turvy by the beauty and grace of his charming mistress, who up to the time of the *dénouement* had remained strangely unconscious of his love-lorn antics. The other morning the almond-eyed idiot, no longer able to contain himself, blushed, sighed, fidgeted, blundered, and committed, in short, so many *bêtises*, that he at last roused the attention of the lady, who asked him with the most innocent air imaginable what was the matter with him. Stammered the ambitious one, "I hope Madame la Marquise will pardon me; it is not my fault, but—finally—underneath the *secretary* there is a *man!*" The marquise, in a terrible fright, set herself to screaming and calling all the *valetaille*, holding on all the while desperately to the bell-rope. When the servants entered the room she ordered them in apparently genuine alarm to search the furniture and behind the curtains, for, said she, "Jules has just seen *a man under the secretary.*" The comedy was played with exquisite skill and tact to the end, and the moral conveyed by it was not thrown away on the secretary or the man, the result being that the page has had no more visions.

The Empress of Austria's life at her estate of Gödölö is singularly unlike that of most queens; a large share of her time is spent in her stables and riding-school. This last is a large arena connected with the castle by a covered passage, and having a luxurious tribune for spectators, filled with cushions, hookahs, flowers, piano, and three of the largest mirrors in existence. Leading from this apartment is a ball-room; and the Empress is described as sometimes giving a semi-equestrian, semi-terpsichorean entertainment to her guests, when waltzes and mazurkas are interspersed with feats of horsemanship—the imperial lady herself mounting a wild Arabian horse which has given a great deal of trouble to its trainers.

Writing from Paris to the Washington *Republic*, Olive Logan says: "And while we have been chatting of this two great notabilities have passed. Two ladies of short stature, slender figure, pleasant, dark eyes, and especially amiable expression of mouth. Their equipage is dark and distinguished, their cattle the finest English Tattersall's can produce, their servants dressed according to the most exact requirements. Again, this is mother and daughter—Mrs. Hungerford and the young Countess Telfener. How strange and how unique a position for a mother to have her two daughters married to the two richest men on earth! The Count Telfener is as rich as Mr. Mackey, and the great Bonanza king is richer than the Duke of Norfolk! Oh, a dozen times richer in point of fact if not in point of income than the premier duke, because the latter has a dozen estates to keep up, an army of useless retainers to support, and obligations innumerable dependent upon the title. No doubt Count Telfener has more drains upon him in the shape of Roman palaces, race-courses, villas, and so forth, than Mr. Mackey has, but still he can not be so hampered as the Duke of Norfolk. But I was speaking of Mrs. Hungerford, the mother of the Countess and Mrs. Mackey. She is a wonderfully young-looking lady, with soft, dark eyes like her daughters and a mass of exquisitely arranged white hair. She occupies a most unique position, really historic, one might say, and she bears her honors well. Natural refinement and a good heart save every one of these three ladies—Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Mackey, and the Countess—from that envious criticism which would fain inject some venom in the cup of life, which seems to be for them sweetened so completely, so fully, so unchangeably. All these ladies are good linguists, have distinguished and unostentatious manners, and I venture to assert that no one ever heard a single word pass from their lips in proud allusion to the Pactolian stream which pours its golden flood upon them from every source.

The lady who is now Crown Princess of Germany was, as the child Princess-Royal of Great Britain, a veritable "little witch." A certain distinguished physician, who was often called to Windsor Castle, was always addressed by the merry child as "Brown." In vain the Queen tried to induce her little daughter to grace "Brown's" name with some sort of prefix. At length she was peremptorily informed that if she ever again ventured to make use of this unceremonious style of address, the punishment would be an instant dismissal to bed. The physician reappeared in a day or two, and was greeted by the young lady with these words: "Good morning, Brown, and good night, too, Brown, for I'm off to bed," and she at once beat a retreat.

The German state executioner says that he is constantly importuned by ladies of rank for mementos of dead criminals, such as hair cuttings, or bits of bread from the headsman's breakfast table. To the untitled American [illegible] a ghastly ambition; she is herself content with [illegible] ladies of rank.

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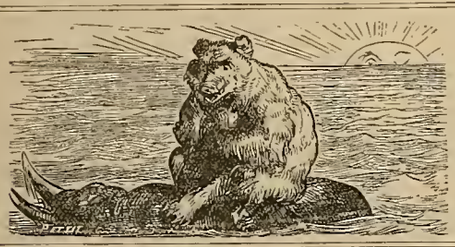

# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.*

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER *of the* ARGONAUT, *thirty-two pages, illustrated, will be published in a few days. It is a special number, apart from the regular weekly issues, and must be separately ordered by dealers.*

While we are fiercely disputing over the right of the General Government to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, it never seems to occur to us that perhaps a republican government as organized nowadays is not such an inestimable boon after all. We do not propose to speak of corruption, which, if the most apparent, is not the most dangerous malady that threatens. Corruption is an incident of all government, and while it seems more rife now than at other periods this is largely due to the enormous facilities for information. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" is not fiercer than the light that beats upon every man who has or holds anything which another man covets in a community that supports a newspaper. When Denis Kearney lifts up his plaintive howl weekly, and it is passed around by his followers, it means principally that they have not yet had a chance to steal. Nevertheless, the passionate denunciations of corruption show an improved moral sense. Algernon Sidney was the model patriot and martyr of the seventeenth century, yet he took bribes from France. Sir Robert Walpole was the main stay of the Protestant succession, held office uninterruptedly for fourteen years, and only fell because he was too imperious to admit any one to the smallest share of power; yet he governed by means of a purchased House of Commons. Imagine a patriot in the nineteenth century who took bribes from a foreign power, and a minister who hired greedy knaves not to ruin their country. Two ills threaten our national life: the disappearance of our race in the seething vortex of nationalities, and universal suffrage. It was a pretty, sentimental idea: America the refuge of the oppressed from other lands; but the oppressed—that is to say, men whose only idea of government is something to be hated and plotted against—of liberty, something unknown but desired with frenzy, which is to redress all the ills of life—are not the best material for a lasting structure. An Irishman, recently landed, when asked his politics, said: "You've a government?" "Yes." "Then, bedad, I'm agin it." On the Southern plantations in the days of slavery there was no overseer or driver so cruel as the slave. The victim of tyranny took a special pleasure in inflicting the evils he felt. In like manner the political refugee is often the readiest to oppress in the land whither he has fled. Witness the Puritans fleeing from persecution in England to hang witches and banish Quakers in Massachusetts; and John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, escaping from an English penal colony to become an editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, the most bigoted supporter and apostle of American slavery, a system far worse in a moral and humanitarian point of view than the rule of the English in Ireland in the days of Cromwell; for what was Drogheda to the black pall which slavery hung over the civilization and Christianity of the nineteenth century? A hospital, a house of refuge, is a grand and humane idea, but we would not go to either for men to settle and build up a wilderness—that is, if we had any interest in the future of the wilderness; and America has been for many years the refuge and reformatory for Europe. And now we have opened a branch establishment to do business with Asia, and the prospects of the new enterprise are very reassuring—for Asia. The truth is, we are not Anglo-Saxons. We are Anglo-Irish, German, French, Italian, Spanish, with a Chinese tail. The grand old race, whose triumphs are the history of civilization, is rapidly being merged in this composite mass. What is it that has made Austria the synonym for defeat and misfortune from the day when the Swiss cantons threw off her yoke to the day when Sadowa released Venice from her gripe? No armies were braver or better disciplined; there have been few better soldiers than Eugene or the Archduke Charles; yet the resources of this great Empire, the growth of centuries, backed by France and Russia, could not wrench Silesia from the iron grasp of the descendant of the Margraves of Brandenburg. And when Hungary had almost freed herself from the hated yoke, the tottering Empire was again propped up upon the Cossack spear. To-day Hungary is only loyal because within her borders Austria has laid down the sceptre. The Teuton has retired in favor of the Magyar. While Austria was humbly suing to the conqueror of the modern world, and offering the daughter of the Cæsars to the Corsican adventurer for his forbearance and friendship, an island about as large as Kansas was defying him, and, having animated coalition after coalition, with her indomitable spirit rising superior to defection, exhaustion, and despair, finally buried this modern Titan beneath a continent. Her government is the product of centuries of civil strife. From the stormy Plantagenets to the stolid Guelphs, revolution followed revolution like the incoming waves. Yet she beheaded a king and deposed a peerage to become the arbiter of Europe under the red-nosed brewer; and when the Prince of Orange landed, at the invitation of all parties, a sharp skirmish between the Life Guards or the Blues and the Dutch contingent of the Prince would probably have brought the fleeing tyrant back in such a whirlwind of national feeling as laid the fruits of the revolution at the feet of his frivolous and vicious brother. What is the distinctive difference between England and Austria? Not race, not religion; homogeneity in one, the want of it in the other. Gilbert, in his good-natured satire, has summed it up in the words, "For he is an Englishman." That is it: an Englishman; not a naturalized citizen, with a loyalty a month old and expressed in a foreign tongue. He may be poor, ignorant, and landless; he may damn the Government and grumble at the social institutions that weigh so heavily on him; but let the hour of peril come, and all is forgotten in the intense, narrow, almost savage feeling of the man who has seen the grass growing where the ashes of his ancestors have returned to the dust for a thousand years.

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The second danger that threatens us is universal suffrage. Naturally the earliest attempt at self-government of which we have an authentic record was based upon universal suffrage. Never has the experiment of a pure democracy been pushed so far as in Athens. Not only did all citizens vote, but they even chose their rulers by lot. Their logic was: "The people are sovereign; but as a government in which "each individual governed would be inconvenient, from the "want of something to govern, let us select a certain num-"ber of persons to exercise the functions which of right be-"long to the whole. It would be a reflection upon this wor-"thy fraction of the body politic to suggest that he is not as "capable of performing these duties as this other fraction. "Let us choose the fractions by lot, and then nobody can "complain." The environment was not unfavorable to self-government. We who rate education by the number of books read are apt to think a people whose books were written with a reed and rolled up on two sticks ignorant. The truth is, the Athenian of the age of Pericles was, in the best sense of the word, a highly educated man. He lived in an atmosphere of art, beauty, and genius. The experiment was a wretched failure. The envy of any superiority, which is the characteristic and logical sequence of a pure democracy, pursued her best men—banished Aristides because it was tired of hearing him called "the just," drove Themistocles into the service of a foreign tyrant, and removed Alcibiades when his military genius would probably have saved his country from the Lacedemonian yoke. The truth is, what failed among a people of such exceptional advantages and such marvelous abilities, must always fail. It is predicated upon a fallacy—that there is something sovereign in numbers, that the virtue and intelligence of a community are greater than the virtue and intelligence of the individuals who compose it. It is natural that the demagogues, who use the people and live by them, should affect a reverence for the will of the people. It must be evident to the thinking man that the people are quite as likely to be wrong as right; that the product can not be better than the average of the ingredients, though numbers may often commit a crime from their sense of irresponsibility and the contagion of passion, from which the worst individual in the mass would shrink in cold blood. This is not an argument against republican government. All power in this age to be stable must be based upon the people. The question is, how shall that power be vested, and what portion of the whole should be entitled to a voice in the bestowal of trust? For if power and office are not trusts to be used for the good of the nation, then we are doomed, and the end will soon come. Suffrage is not a natural right. Every man has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, if he can find it without trenching upon the same rights of others. Voting is a question of expediency. It is already hampered with restrictions. What can be more arbitrary than the clause that only those who have attained the age of twenty-one shall vote. It says: "You may be twenty years eleven months "and twenty-nine days old, but you have not the necessary "intelligence and experience. To-morrow you will have; "but, unfortunately for you, the election is to-day." After that what restriction thrown about the power can be called arbitrary? And that some restriction must be placed is clearly indicated. Macaulay said, some twenty-five years ago: "Wait until men who have not had half a breakfast, "and do not expect half a dinner, begin to ask why they "should starve while other men ride in carriages and live in "palaces." That question has been asked many times during the past two years; and look at it as you may, it is a menacing question growled from hungry throats in a land where the vote of a bummer cancels the vote of a statesman—menacing because there is no escape or appeal from the action of a numerical majority; and what that majority may be like only universal suffrage and naturalization laws which make a foreigner a voter before he can speak forty words of the language can tell. As the poor majority can always outvote the well-to-do minority, how long before it will begin to legislate away property? At present Denis Kearney howls about property acquired by plunder. He brings little proof. The possession of large property is presumptive evidence of dishonesty. He has only one more step to take, one more lesson to learn. Citizen Schwab will soon teach him that all property is robbery. Louis Blanc has been preaching that for thirty years; and when that doctrine is taken up, as it will be by the people (that sovereign power is very prone to embrace delusions), then universal suffrage will have finished its work, and all men will be equal, for all will be bankrupt.

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What remedy would we propose? The educational qualification is plausible. It appeals to the sympathies of every intelligent man. But it would be ineffective. There is no earthly connection between knowledge and right aims. Our worst knaves and most dangerous criminals are educated men. The sowers of the seed of communism and anarchy are educated; and if Denis Kearney were less ignorant he would be more dangerous. No; that is a sentimental idea. The only practical restriction is the property qualification—practical, because it says to the claimant of the right to vote: You must show that you have some interest in the well-being of the community before you can choose those who are to administer its affairs. You may be deserving; you may have failed from bad judgment, or have been the victim of bad luck; but you must not wonder that men who have succeeded where you have failed should object to your having a voice in legislation for them. The bad judgment you have shown in your own affairs would probably influence your choice, and your bad luck make you scratch the wrong name. It sounds Quixotic to talk about this limitation, for how can you expect men to disfranchise themselves. But this is a practical people, and we for one do not choose to believe that it will see the Anglo-Saxon race swamped in the torrent of immigration, or the unrestrained will of a numerical majority confiscate the fruits of ability, industry, and thrift.

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When General Grant was in California, receiving the highest honors that our community ever paid to any man, some of our Republican friends were just a little vexed that, while we united in demonstrations to his honor, we did not withhold expression of our reasons why he ought not to be renominated and reelected President. We were convinced then, and our convictions are since confirmed, that we were being used as a part of the machinery to bring about a political result that we did not desire. We have watched the hippodroming of General Grant by his very able political managers since he left our city, and, while we may admire their genius and give credit to their sagacity, we are still of the opinion that General Grant will not be renominated, ought not to be, and, if nominated, will not be elected. He may go to Mexico or Cuba, be entertained by the President of a republic and the Captain-General of a king, but, of every ten intelligent and patriotic Republicans in the Northern and Republican States, he will lose three votes. He can not carry the doubtful States of New York, Ohio, Indiana, or California. He can not carry that great, intelligent, respectable, and non-office seeking body of German voters, who are of themselves strong enough to determine the electoral vote of Ohio and Indiana, and who avow their determination not to support General Grant in a third term candidacy. This class of Germans left their native land to avoid imperialism; they are not in tune with Bismarckism; they know that a third term makes a life tenure of the Presidential office possible, and the more intelligent German class will not give its vote in this direction. We prophesy the utter failure and discomfiture of this Grant programme. It will miscarry, shrewdly as it has been planned and ingeniously as it has been carried out. It will break down. The Ohio and Indiana vote in the National Convention will be against him. New York elects not a solid delegation in State convention, but by Congressional districts; hence its vote will be divided. One of the indications of the Grant "whoop up" is the statement by so many Republicans, that, while they do not personally desire his election, it is inevitable. "Fate," "luck," "destiny," fill the mouths of those who lack brains. We are great believers in fate, and in luck, and in some men's destiny, but when politicians undertake to forge the lightnings and imitate the thunders they oftimes fail to hit, and never hurt.

## AFTERMATH.

What is known as the debris question is assuming very grave proportions and seriously affecting very important interests. To desist from working our mines of the western Sierra is to arrest one of the great industries of the State. To allow the debris of these mines to fill the channels of our rivers, overflow our agricultural lands, and deposit over farms, gardens, fields, and orchards is a serious injury to the owners of the property and is destructive to an important branch of labor. Added to these considerations is another affecting San Francisco. Suisun and San Pablo bays are already sensibly affected in their depth of water by this deposit, and the danger menaces our harbor of San Francisco, threatening in a few years consequences of a very serious and destructive character. To sacrifice these mining properties that are producing these results would be a hardship to the individual owners, would work ruin to large towns, and would be seriously injurious to all the State. But the working of hydraulic mines is destroying agricultural lands. It is an imperative necessity that their mode of working should be controlled. If they can not be worked except at the cost of valuable farming property, and a destruction of navigable streams, bays, and our great commercial harbor, then work must necessarily be enjoined by law. There is no amount of millions hidden in our Sierra that will justify the destruction of the interests to which we refer. We do not discuss this question—we are not informed upon it; but there must be some scientific and practical solution of the problem; there must be some sensible and reasonable way out of the dilemma. To allow it to become a political question, to allow it to settle down to a chronic law suit, to permit it to become the cause of bad blood and strife between localities, is all wrong and should be avoided. The first thing demanded is an intelligent, exhaustive, and impartial examination of the question by men of sense, who possess enough of practical engineering knowledge to find a remedy. We can not doubt that some mode can be devised to protect the agricultural and commercial interests and still allow the mines to be worked.

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We are getting terribly out of conceit with that class of persons who know it all, or who at least think they know it all. It is our observation that nobody knows quite as much as he thinks he does. Of all the people who most disappoint us, those who claim to be educated to scientfic specialities are the most preplexing. When in the mines, a great many years ago, all the "smart" fellows had their theories about gold deposits; they could talk learnedly about how the gold deposits were formed and when; but there constantly occurred this phenomenon: some stupid idiot, some old tar-backed sailor, or some Pike County conundrum, would come along, pitch in, dig a hole, strike pay, and get rich out of a claim chosen in the most improbable place for gold, while all the "smartics" were starving to death in the most promising of locations. Following up our observation of mines and mining, we think we observe that the scientific person who has graduated at Freiberg, and who is "up" in geology, is about the most unfortunate and unreliable of all possible mining "experts." The old miner of the "locality," who has been in the mine and followed it down from the "grass roots," who has dug in it with pick and shovel, who has panned and horn-spooned its ores, and had them tested and assayed, who knows the dips and angles, can tell more about a mine in one minute than a corps of royal engineers or a body of learned geologists or a whole schoolful of Freiberg professors. We have "experts" upon this coast whose experience and judgment are worth money; but they are practical, working, toiling men, who have stored up in their common-sense brains the results of experience and observation, acquired by the hardest labor. Scientific knowledge does not hurt if it does not make the man who possesses it too vain to build upon it. But of all fools, the most impracticable is the dunce who has been to school.

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We regard geology as a descriptive science—it can describe a mine, or a fissure, or a rock, or a stratum, after the pick and shovel have turned it up or laid it open. What did geology ever discover? Not mines in the Ural; they were found by accident. Not silver in the Andes; a goat-herd found the mines of South America. Not quicksilver at New Almaden; Indians painted their faces with its ores. Not gold in California; Marshall struck it in the tail-race of a saw-mill. Not gold in Australia; a Californian miner hunted for it and was successful. Not diamonds in Brazil, nor at the Cape of Good Hope. What geologist ever found coal, or iron, or quicksilver, or silver, or gold, or precious stones? We have forgotten his name.

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Mr. W. W. Morrow and Colonel Barnes sent to us a nice-looking young gentleman, of the name of Lawrence, to obtain our influence with the Lieutenant-Governor to make him Postmaster of the Senate. We refused to encourage him in his foolish endeavor to get an office, and we blame Colonel Barnes and Mr. Morrow that they should lend themselves in aid of such a crime against a young man who had never injured them. How would either of those persons feel if one of their boys should be inveigled into being Postmaster of the Senate? We told this young gentleman that we would not sign his petition; that the place ought to be given to a woman; that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Better be a porter and sweep out a blacksmith-shop, or assistant engineer to work a sausage-stuffer in a second-rate butcher-shop. Better do anything than to take an office. It would ruin him; three or four months' association with politicians, office-seekers, and lobby loafers would demoralize him to the extent that he would never be good for anything in the world. An old Lazarus, sick and sore, wounded of the world's hard blows, weary of life, and licked by political dogs, might take an office for three months and not be injured; but it would be fatal to an honest, well-disposed, decent boy of seventeen, and we did not sign the petition. We must do something else for our boys, Colonel Barnes, than make them Senate Postmasters.

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It seems to be a serious fact that all the more recent—indeed, we may say, nearly all the more serious—conflicts of opinion now agitating the Catholic Church are among Catholics, and not between Catholics and Protestants. The political difficulties in Italy were of this character. Garibaldi was and is a son of the church; Victor Emmanuel was, and King Humbert is, a good Catholic. The multitude who, in Rome, make fun of cardinals, and dress mules up in red trousers for the procession of Mardi Gras, are Catholics. The controversy in Belgium between the priests and schoolmasters has in it, as we understand, no Protestant element. The clerical party and its opponents are all Catholics. In Germany Bismarck is supporting Dr. Döllinger and the liberal Catholics against the radical and ultra-montane party. When, in Brussels, was being celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pope Pius IX. of his occupation of the chair of St. Peter, it was four thousand Catholic students and laboring men who tramped the streets of that city, in procession, to the monotonous cry of "*A bas le Pape!*" "*A bas le Pape!*" It was a mob of Catholics who, on the *Piazza di Espana* in Rome, on the same night, threw paving stones through a nobleman's windows because they were illuminated in honor of the event. It has always been from Cathnlic countries, and by Catholics, that Jesuits have been driven into exile. It was in Mexico—a Catholic government and people—that monasteries and nunneries have been suppressed. It was from Gautemala, a Catholic country, that certain monks were exiled and came to California.

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Monasteries are being suppressed and their property secularized in several of the European countries where both the government and people are Catholic. France is Catholic, and nearly all its people; and yet it is there that the opposition to the political power and influence of the Catholic clergy is most strongly developing itself. It was over the burial of a Catholic, in a Catholic part of Canada, that the most serious riots have occurred. The controversy in Massachusetts is between a Catholic priest and Catholic parents, as to how and where Catholic children shall be educated. At Holyoke it was a Catholic priest who was sued by a Catholic livery-stable keeper, and mulct in damages for interfering with the hire of his hacks. The last incident, at Ottawa, Canada, that has created a disturbance, grows out of a controversy between the editor of a Catholic journal and the bishop of a Catholic diocese. People who are over timid, and who think they see a menace to our republican form of government from Catholic Church ascendency, and who believe that in its political power there lurks a possible danger, may, perhaps, draw some consolation from the fact that Catholics are quite prompt themselves to resist anything like the encroachments of ecclesiastical power, and that members of that church in America, native-born and educated, may be safely intrusted with checking priestly influence in those secular and political matters that in no sense concern them.

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By way of the Denver *Tribune* we learn that the Utes will refuse to give up the Indians who murdered the agent at White River, unless they can change the venue of their trial from the State of Colorado. They say they can not have an impartial trial in that country. Ouray, the chief, says "the Colorada people are their enemies, and to give them up to be tried would be to surrender them to be hanged." "You, there," meaning Hatch, Adams, and the legal adviser, Valois, "are all my enemies. I am one against three. You are all Colorado or New Mexico men, and a French devil. I have not one friend among you. You will not give me justice, and that is why I want to go to Washington, where I can have at least one friend." The Indians, as a race, have been badly treated. They have been imposed upon, robbed, murdered, and in every way wronged. Our sympathies in all the Indian wars that we have known anything about are with the Indians. The Indian mode of revenge is characterized as barbarous. The indiscriminate murder of of white people to revenge an Indian wrong is denounced as something monstrously wicked, and so it is; but it is the civilized and the Christian mode of doing things. Modern war—all wars—are based upon the same idea. It is not those who die upon the battle-field that have caused the war. It was not the private soldier, the peasant in France or Germany, nor the rank and file in our civil war, that perpetrated the wrongs that made war possible. It grieves us that innocent victims should fall as sacrifices to the grim Moloch of Slaughter. Napoleon Bonaparte, Jefferson Davis, and Captain Jack of the Modocs, are to us types of the same morality. The Ute braves who refuse to give up their comrades to the devilish malignity of Colorada bandits and Indian killers, ring thieves, and swindling contractors, have our sympathy. We believe they are more in the right, and that they are braver and better, and more honorable men, than the average of the political and thieving contractors who live by robbing them.

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The political question that will agitate Congress—that will largely control the next Presidential nomination—will be the financial one. Shall the Government or the national banks make the money of the people? To us it seems most proper that the Government should have the exclusive right to make and issue money, to coin and stamp all gold and silver as money in its mints, to print and issue all the paper money, necessary to supplant the coin, from the Government printing office. It is the good faith and honor of the Government that gives security and value to the national gold notes, after all. Then why not allow the Government to issue her paper money direct? It seems to us that this is one of the things that belong exclusively to Government, and requires no intervention of corporations or individuals.

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Kearney goes to the Democracy or the Democracy goes to Kearney, which ever way this coalition may be interpreted; and which ever way it may be interpreted, we are glad of it. Kearney and his class belong to the Democratic party by birth, adoption, education, association, instinct, and interest. Kearney left his party to make money out of a piece-club, and there were enough—we are sorry to say it—of Republicans to encourage him to a political career by purchase. He has had his day, and in returning to the Democracy, he has simply gone home, and where he belongs.

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Secretary McCrary expresses an opinion, long entertained by us, that our Government has no need of foreign ministers, and that it is an expensive and very nearly useless establishment. We call to mind no time, and no service, since the war terminated, when a resident minister accomplished anything serviceable for our Government. We know of no one of our present establishment that is in the performance of any real duty. We know of no labor that might not be performed by consular agents. Whenever any real question arises, an envoy clothed with specific power, and with fresh instructions from our State department, may be dispatched to dispose of it, or we may receive from any foreign power such special ambassador, and treat with him in Washington With telegraphic communication already established, with a long-distance telephone in the immediate future, with steamships and railroads that will carry a letter or message to Madrid or Moscow in ten or twelve days, we may assuredly dispense with resident ministers at foreign courts, who are, at best, but ambitious and meddlesome politicians, sent to honorable exile, or retired political pensioners, and who are generally ignorant, inefficient, and sometimes very nettlesome. To abolish this whole diplomatic business, which is but a European tradition, and not at all American, would save money and increase the national dignity. There was a time when each sovereign required a spy at the court of every other sovereign. When questions of boundary, of dynasty, of religion, of balance of power, and of marriage, might lead to national complications and to war. That time may yet be in Europe, but the United States have no need for spies, and no demand for political strategists, and no necessity for diplomatic intrigues.

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Why should not John Morton be appointed collector of internal revenue in California? He has lived here, and for nine years has been a registered voter in San Francisco. He is the son of the dead war Governor of Indiana, a man to whom this nation owes as much as to any man who ever lived. Who among the politicians of California is more deserving? This is a small, narrow, mean business, and is unworthy of our delegation at Washington, if it is true, that it has interfered between the President and his prerogative of appointment. To small minds politics is a small business.

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"The Irish National Land and Relief Association of San Francisco" have resolved, "*notwithstanding our own struggles and difficulties*, we can yet extend aid and sympathy to the distressed of Ireland," etc. We wonder what particular struggles and difficulties the Irish labor under in California. We should like to have a bill of particulars, and we think we can suggest a remedy for each individual grievance to which the Irish are subjected in this land of tyranny and oppression.

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The names of the Hon. John F. Swift and the Hon. Eugene Sullivan have been suggested in connection with the Chinese mission. In point of character and ability either gentleman would adorn the place. Both are deserving Republicans. We hope Mr. Sullivan will not get it, as we have placed him upon our programme as Collector of the Port of San Francisco, to succeed Mr. Thomas B. Shann[illegible]

## IN 1979.

One hundred years have rolled away from off Time's lengthened scroll,
And boys have grown to gray-haired sires, and tottered to the goal.
One hundred years since '79, a century ago—
'Twas then my great-great-grandma lived, at least ma told me so.
I found a musty album, and a lot of yellow scraps,
To-day, up in the garret, amongst some queer old traps—
A pile of letters, neatly tied, and dated "'76;"
'Twas then my great great grandpa came, and Cupid played his tricks.
The journal's dated "'79;" it was that year, I'm sure,
Some famous general—Grant, I think—returned from his great tour,
And great-great-grandma's sister Sue strewed flowers in his way.
The people all turned out; I've heard 'twas quite a gala day.
And Edison, and all those men, were famous then, 'tis said;
And yet they failed in many things that we have done instead.
There's Smith has made an air machine that travels fast as steam,
And Brown and Jones together make their butter without cream.
Our walking matches nowadays, I'm sure could not be beat:
Contestants go upon their hands—they're not confined to feet.
Why Billy Jones, upon his hands, but just the other day,
Made splendid time, upon the track, against old Daniel's bay.
And "Webster's Unabridged" was then but two feet square, 'tis said;
Why, dictionaries, nowadays, are large as any bed;
They could not else contain the words that have been coined since then.
Why, two feet square would not half hold the names of famous men!
And here, among the yellow scraps, is one so old and worn,
I scarce can call its meaning—the printing's almost gone;
The writer is Charles Warren S——, I can't make out the name;
It must be Stoddard—that young man who gained such lasting fame
A century and more ago. I think in '31,
At the good old age of eighty-five his earthly course was run.
And Denis Kearney! Who was he? I find his name among
A lot of papers. What is *this?*—the fellow was not *hung!*
Would you believe?—it really *does* relate how people met
To search for old Kidd's treasure-box. They're searching for it yet.
My great-great-grandma, in her time, I'm told was quite a belle;
And at the "Author's Carnival" she cut a dashing swell
As "Lady Leicester Dedlock"—tall and stately, calm and proud—
And here, in this old paper, they ring her praises loud.
Why, just above the mantel an ancient painting hangs,
With puffs of soft, white, fleecy hair, and not those horrid "bangs"
They wore in 1879, that made one look so wild—
And that was great-great-grandmamma, when grandma was a child.
'Tis not much like the brilliant belle that queened it over hearts
In those old days of carnivals, and balls, and Cupid's darts.
They say she flirted desperately with George Fitz-Noodle Brown,
And trod on men's hearts ruthlessly, and trampled feelings down;
And yet she *must* have had a heart, for in that quaint old chest
I found, wrapt up in lavender, deep in its velvet nest,
A quaint old ring, engraved inside: "From Frank." Now grandpa's name
Was *James*—for generations, too, it has been just the same.
It seems so strange that grandmamma could ever have been young,
And wrapped up rings in lavender, or love tunes ever sung.
It seems still queerer, when I think that I shall ever be
A great-great-grandmamma, and folks will talk the same of me;
And wonder, as I'm wondering now, who "Frank," or "Harry," was,
And if they were my lovers, and all; and only just because
They'll find a tiny scrap, or ring, or some old trinket, where
I've laid it, never reck'ning of the bright, young eyes, who'll share
With me my secret so well kept, a hundred years from now,
And wonder where it came from, from whom, and when, and how.
And isn't it strange that *I* should be the first in all those years
To find this treasured trinket with its tale of unshed tears?
I'll put them back—the scraps and all—and lock the old chest tight,
And all my "private letters" I'll mark, this very night:
"To be destroyed unopened." I'll be sure, before I go,
My grandchild, or great-great-grandchild shall never, never know
Their contents. Then I'll rest assured that when a hundred years
Have rolled away, 'midst storm and shine, weighed down with smiles and tears,
*My* great-great-grandchild shall not muse, as *I* have mused to-day,
Why great-great-grandpa's name was *James*, while Frank was in the way.
I've half a mind to neatly fold this lock of auburn hair—
It is *my own*—together with this plain gold ring, that Clare,
My dearest friend, at Madame Sharp's, but just a week ago,
Gave me. My great-great-grandchildren, I'm sure will never know
The difference; and I guess I'd better lay them both away—
And, then, a hundred years from now, I wonder will they say:
"Why, here's a ring!—a lock of hair! Come, girls, come quick, and look!
How *delightfully* romantic! It seems just like a book!
And what is *this?* 'From Clare'—that stands for Clarence—why I know
That was not great-great-grandpa's name—and yet it *must* be so.
But great-great-grandpa's name was—" well, anything you choose,
And the foolish children then will fly to tell the folks the news—
How great-great-grandma was in love—had kept a lock of hair
And a gold ring—a plain gold ring—that "Clarence" used to wear.
And my dry old bones will rattle within their narrow bed,
With laughter, thinking how the world jogs always on. Instead
Of making new ideas they cling closely to the old,
And take the false dawn for the true, the glitter for the gold,
And state as *facts* what none can prove, call wrong conclusions right,
And turn the whole world upside down—turn daylight into night.
For "history repeats itself," and it is hard to tell
That great-great-grandma has not played a trick on me, as well:
Her "Frank" may have been "Frances," a school-girl friend, 'tis true—
But, then, the ring and lavendar! *I* don't think so—do you?

OAKLAND, November, 1879. AL AARAAF.

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A writer in the Detroit *Free Press* relates the following incident of prison life: In the paint-shop there now is a man whom we shall call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel, and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up-stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held out her hands to him and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl banished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half-way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now, you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again he had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far away western home he has a little Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.

## MALOOSIE.

"And you say you have a pair of pigeons, and a lamb, and a little cart, and a big doll-baby? What a happy little girl you must be?"

"Yes, and a little chair, and a china set, and old Mugg."

"Who is old Mugg?"

"Don't you know old Mugg? Why, Mugg is a dog; a great big dog. Maloosie gave him to me when he was little and I was little, and I expect Maloosie was little, too; anyway—"

"But who is Maloosie?—another big dog?"

"Oh, no!" shaking a curly head at him; "I do believe, Uncle Fred, that you don't know nothing at all. You don't know Mugg or Maloosie."

"Oh, yes, you told me about Mugg, and now must tell me about Maloosie."

"Well, then, guess."

"Is Maloosie a kitten?"

The child clapped her little hands, and, laughing merrily, told him he was wrong.

"Maloosie must be a—bird."

"Oh, no, no," shouted the child.

"A squirrel?"

"Oh, mamma," cried the child, running to a lady who now entered the room, "Uncle Fred think Maloosie is a kitten, or a bird, or a squirrel, oh, oh, oh!"

"What have you been telling him, Katie?—what makes him think so?" asked the lady.

"I didn't tell him at all; I told him to guess. Didn't I, Uncle Fred?"

"I'll guess again, little one," he replied, catching the little fairy in his arms and lifting her upon his knee. "Now listen, for we must not let mamma hear."

They held a whispered consultation for a few moments, and when Katie left her uncle's knee, it was with a puzzled sort of look, as if Uncle Fred had surprised her by his reserve of knowledge just made manifest.

This was what had been said: "Maloosie is a beautiful lady, Mugg is an old dog, and what shall I get for my little pet? Would she like a pony?—one that she could ride?"

"Oh, yes!" she had replied in an enthusiastic whisper; "and a little saddle like Maloosie's, and a whip, and a riding dress and hat, like Maloosie's." And after a moment's reflection: "I might ride with Maloosie if she didn't go too fast." She jumped down and wandered off, her little tongue busy with "pony" and "Maloosie."

"Maloosie!" the repetition of the name rather annoyed Fred Sherbourne; the child was so full of Maloosie. Who was Maloosie, anyhow? Some servant, perhaps—the nurse or cook.

Fred Sherbourne was what would be called an old bachelor. He had allowed his thirty-third birthday to pass without any serious thought of changing his condition. He had a nice thing of it as junior partner in a wholesale commission house, and was not going to make the fool of himself that some men did, by hunting up a wife. If he ever fell in love, it would be quite by accident, and no act of premeditated violence to himself or any one else, as he sometimes said.

Mrs. Bailey was his sister—a rich widow with only one child. She had her own views on the subject of his bachelorhood, and had made up her mind to furnish the necessary conditions, and see if something couldn't be done to get Fred married.

He came—unsuspecting victim—to make the long promised visit to his sister. She seemed fully prepared for him. He had only been in the house a short time when the conversation with his little niece took place.

"Lucy Bailey is here," said Mrs. Bailey after Katie had taken her departure. "Since George died she has been here more than at home, and she and Katie are very much attached to one another. I sometimes think the child cares more for her than for me."

"You two are exceptional sisters-in-law; you are the first two I ever saw that liked each other. As a general thing the rest of the family think it their duty to hate the one a brother or a sister marries."

"You have never tried it," returned his sister slyly, "and you don't know. However, Lucy and I were friends before I was married, and she says she will never marry because she is not a man and can't marry me."

"Does she say that?"

"Yes; and declares she'll never marry, but will live for ever with me and for me."

"A good deal of love gone to seed there, I think," was the careless rejoinder. "By the way, do you intend to remain in the country all the rest of your life?"

"Pretty much, I guess, till Katie is grown. I have a horror of city children; premature men and women, and Lucy likes the country best.

"Lucy again! I think the infatuation must be mutual."

"If you knew her as well as I do, you would be infatuated, too."

"Oh, I am impervious to such nonsense," was the reply. "That little girl of yours is a little beauty. I am going to get her a pony, and teach her to ride this summer. How old is she?"

"She is seven."

"She looks older; but then I am no judge of children's looks. Who is Maloosie, that she talks so much about? You have managed to keep Katie very fresh; she has none of the airs and graces of a city-bred miss."

"That is why I stay in the country with her."

"But Maloosie, who is Maloosie?"

"Oh!" said his sister, laughing, "that is Lucy. She did not like to be called aunt by Katie, and I tried to teach her to say Mamma Lucy, which the child has contracted to Maloosie."

"Oh," said Fred, "you are an original crowd. May I ask if Maloosie affects letters; is she a blue-stocking?"

"Y-e-s, that is, she writes children's stories. They are charming, and some of the principles she simplifies would benefit other children, if they would read them."

"An authoress without readers! Well, that isn't as bad as an authoress who has readers, for in the first case she may get over her inclination to write, and in the last she could only become an hopeless egotist."

"Fred, Fred," cried his sister, "take care; you are among Maloosie's friends."

"Do you call her Maloosie, too?"

"Yes, she likes that name best."

"Maloosie, let it be then, only I hope she won't read any of her stories to me," yawning.

"No danger of that; she never talks about them."

"She has a little sense, then."

"She has a great deal."

Fred sauntered off to have a little stroll before supper. The evening was lovely, as only June evenings can be. The air was very quiet, and was laden with the perfumé of roses and honeysuckle. He thought his sister was not far wrong in preferring the country; there was so much dust and dirt, not to speak of heat, in the city at this season of the year.

But Maloosie; he could not get rid of the thought of her, some way. The name was so odd. He felt sure she was ugly, and wore green spectacles. Bah! the thought made him sick; she wrote stories for children.

"'Tell them they need not come wooing to me,'" sang a rich full voice off in the shrubbery, "'for my heart, my heart is over the sea.'"

"Oh, Muggy, Mugg," cried a juvenile voice. "Oh, Mugg, you've spoiled all the flowers. Just look, Maloosie, the wreath around his neck, and the pretty little bunch you tied to his tail, it's all spoilt. *Oh, dear!*"

Fred could not forbear having a peep at the group, unperceived by them. He stepped under the cover of a jessamine bower, and peered cautiously in the direction of the voices. A large Newfoundland dog, bedecked in flowers and green sprays, with Katie vainly trying to remedy a rent in a wreath about his neck, while—

"Good gracious, is that Maloosie?" escaped Fred.

"'My heart, my heart is over the sea!'"

A petite figure, clad all in white, with a wealth of light brown hair that waved, and seemed to frolic on the small uncovered head, while the face, though not regularly beautiful, was full of speaking intelligence, and bright with a wonderful animation.

Be still, Muggins," she cried, as the brute seemed to scent Fred's propinquity, and was with difficulty restrained from rushing toward him. "Kathleen Mavourneen, have you any more string, to tie this little rosebud to Muggins's tail?"

Kate suddenly took her arms from Mugg's neck to feel in the pockets of her pinafore, when that sagacious animal, with a sniff of liberty, sweet to brute as to man, with one bound, that scattered flowers and rosebuds, and almost upset the lady engrossed in the ornamentation of his caudle appendage, amidst shouts and screams, gamboled off, till with a low growl he sank down at Fred's feet.

That gentleman felt himself in a most embarrassing position. He could not move; he was a prisoner, and little as he relished being so found, and rescued by the couple he had been watching, there was no help for it.

"Naughty Mugg!" screamed Katie.

"He tore my dress," cried another voice.

"I shall have to give him a little whippy," cried Katie, abbreviating.

"I shall have to give him a needle and thread, and—"

"Oh, Uncle Fred, Muggy has been so bad; he's—"

"He's just going to eat me up," said Fred, advancing awkwardly and raising his hat. "Miss Bailey, I presume?"

"See," cried Katie, catching the young lady's dress; "he's torn Maloosie's dress. This is Maloosie, Uncle Fred. O Maloosie! he called you a bird."

What could Fred do? He felt very warm, but he caught the little midget in his arms, and, lifting her from the ground, he said with a light laugh:

"You must finish your introduction, Katie. You told me who Miss—Maloosie was; now you must tell her who I am."

"Oh, she knows," said the child, as he once more stood her on her feet. "Don't you, Maloosie?"

"Yes," said Maloosie, extending her hand, "I am sure I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sherbourne."

Fred murmured something, incoherently, about the pleasure of meeting "Miss Maloosie Bailey," at which they both laughed.

"I must apologize for calling you Miss Maloosie—" he began.

"Not at all necessary," she replied, with a light laugh. "Everybody calls me Maloosie here. That is Katie's name for me"

"So I understand. But do you allow strangers to so address you?"

"You forget who introduced *us*," she replied, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "I should not be offended though if you called me nothing else, as I don't think it is a matter of the slightest importance."

It was said in an off-hand, careless manner, and betrayed just as much indifference as is consistent with good breeding.

"Cool," thought Fred. "She is either very deep or very deceitful." He was inclined to think the latter, because, with a man's accustomed vanity, he thought she could not be altogether blind to *Fred Sherbourne's* great and manifold attractions.

"I may call you Miss Maloosie, then?" he queried, interested in spite of himself, and a little piqued at her indifference.

"Yes; but drop the Miss, please; that is a handle to my name that I fail to appreciate."

He thought he saw a mischievous twinkle in her bright eyes, and that dimple in her cheek seemed dancing with suppressed mirth.

"Very well," he answered, loftily; "Maloosie, or Mollie, or Polly, it's all the same to me."

"And to me," she answered, demurely.

"I'll call you Maloosie upon one condition," he said, stopping and confronting her just as they reached the piazza and were about to enter the house.

"Name it," and she looked frankly in his face. There was something so bewitching in that look that he hesitated before he replied.

"That you will call me Fred."

He felt ashamed of himself as soon as he said it, for the roses in her cheeks deepened into vivid scarlet, neck and brow; her eyes drooped, and he saw that she trembled. He had not meant to wound her; he had only intended to repay her deceit, as he thought it, with a thrust of her own weapons. He saw his mistake, now that it was too late to remedy it.

"I—I—beg—your pardon," he stammered. "I have made

a great mistake. Oh, Miss Bailey, forgive me. I did not mean to be rude."

"I understand," she said, hurriedly. "I am not at all angry. Oh, I must mend my dress before supper. Please excuse me, Mr. Sherbourne," and away she ran, leaving him feeling very uncomfortable, and knowing that he had not made any very good impression.

Of course he ought not to have cared; he felt that he ought not, and still he did. He cared so much, and was so vexed with himself, that he went at once to his sister, and told her all about it.

Mrs. Bailey was, inwardly, very much pleased, though she took good care not to let her brother see it. She could not have arranged matters to suit her better to have saved her life. Their thoughts would naturally be of one another—that was a great point. She felt sure that the other little matters would take care of themselves.

She managed to soothe Fred, and told him "Maloosie wasn't a fool," and then went to find Maloosie.

Maloosie had been crying. "Little vixen, to take on so over nothing," Mrs. Baily commented to herself.

"I don't care if you have got a headache, you have got to come down to supper," she said. "What will Fred think if you don't? He'll set you down for a hysterical female"—

"I'll come," cried Maloosie, receiving the thrust on her weak point; "only don't expect me to talk—my head aches fearfully."

The little incident just narrated was never spoken of by either of them through that entire summer. Fred invariably addressed her as "Miss Bailey," and she called him "Mr. Sherbourne." They walked, rode, and drove together; read the same books, sang the same songs, and, possibly, heaved the same sighs; but they never approached the least familiarity.

The summer months sped all too rapidly away, and the first days of autumn were at hand, and on the morrow Fred was to return to the metropolis. He, Katie, and Maloosie went for a last ride; and, notwithstanding the loveliness of the evening, Fred was abstracted, Maloosie was silent, and even Katie's prattle seemed to have received a check.

They alighted, on their return, in silence, ate their supper in silence, what little was eaten, and seemed generally dispirited. The supper had been early, and Fred took himself to his own room to do his packing—for he was to leave by the six-o'clock train and would have to be up at five.

He did not come down stairs till the long twilight was merging into the more sombre darkness of the night. Already things had grown a little indistinct, and he came near falling over Katie, who was sitting on the bottom stair, as he descended.

"Why Katie, my pet! Uncle Fred came near running over the little girl. What, crying? Won't you tell Uncle Fred what has vexed his little darling?"

"I ain't mad," sobbed the child; "only Maloosie, she's crying, and Mugg, he just got up and wagged his tail and looked at me and then at Maloosie and then sat down again, and then got up and wagged his tail and looked at me and and at Maloosie and sat down. He'd have cried if he could, only he didn't know how—oh, oh!"

"What was Maloosie crying about!" asked Fred, with sudden interest.

"About nothin'. I asked her, and she just put her arms around my neck and said, 'Oh, nothing, Katie bird;' and then I cried, too."

"Where is she?" he asked with sudden energy. "Is she crying yet?"

"I don't know; she told me to come here and wait for you, 'cause you were going away, and I couldn't see you any more. What are you going away for, Uncle Fred?"

"I'll come back," he said, soothingly. "Where did you leave Maloosie?"

"She's out by the swing, sitting down, and"—

"Now, run to mamma," interrupted Fred, "and be a good girl till I come in."

* * * * * * * *

"Mary," cried Fred, making his appearance in suspicious proximity to Maloosie, "allow me to introduce you to your sister—that is to be," and he drew the blushing girl toward her.

Mrs. Bailey received her with open arms.

"I saw how it would be," she whispered. "Already a sister, now doubly so," she continued, "and dear, sweet little Maloosie all the time."

"Is it *Maloosie?*" whispered Fred, clasping the tiny hand and using the forbidden name.

"Yes, Fred."

"My Maloosie," and he stooped and kissed the fingers, trembling in his own. UNVILLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 6th, 1879.

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One of the saddest sights in Paris (says a correspondent) is an insane American who tramps the boulevards incessantly and is constantly to be met at the restaurants, where his eccentric behavior and wild appearance throw the guest into consternation. He knows enough to order what he wants, to eat it like a gentleman, to pay the bill, and fee the waiter; but his excited utterances, wild eyes, and cadaverous physiogomy make of him a real skeleton at the feast. The burden of his fearfully painful talks, sad as death at a wedding march, is the groaning and blood-curdling plaint: "*I know what murder is! Three brothers, two sisters, all assassinated in America!*" I was breakfasting at a restaurant this morning when he came in. The proprietor, knowing him and preferring his room to his company, tried to eject him. He was for fight instantly, and hastily produced a passport on which I saw Uncle Sam's protecting eagle.

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A colored man who had contracted a debt some years ago with one of our merchants came to town yesterday and called on his old creditor.

"Didn't you 'splain to me dat if I settled up dat account you would give me a 'lowance?" said the darky to the merchant.

"Yes, I did say so, Sam," said the merchant. "If you are ready to settle your bill now I will make a good allowance," and the merchant waited for the colored individual to pull out his pocketbook.

"Well, sir, I hasn't got de money jus' now, but I thought I'd come in and get de 'lowance; my wife wants a shawl."

## COLD-BLOODED AFFECTION.

**Lukewarm Treacle for the Pard's Passioo.**

OAKLAND, November 20, 1879.

MY DEAR JAMES:—I have just received your kind favor, and you cannot imagine the pleasure it has afforded me. To one accustomed to the hypocritical conventionalities of society it came as a warm wind from the spicy south.. It was like a breath from the perfumed tropics. I know you love me, James; and I know that you do not doubt the woman who has promised to be your wife. It is a consolation to any true-hearted woman to know that she possesses the ardent affection of a good man; and you may depend upon it, James, that she to whom you have surrendered yourself will not prove unworthy of your confidence. You speak of jealous minds. True nobility of character disdains the petty meannesses of envious detractors. What is wealth, education, social position without strength of character? Who does the world regard with the most consideration, the large-hearted, generous, genial gentleman, who may, perchance, have but little knowledge of the niceties of the higher education, or the person, gangrened with envy, who carps at the intellectual deficiencies of the first? The prime requisite of a critic is a knowledge of the subject he is to find fault with. This is the reason why disappointed authors, artists, and actors are such plausible fault-finders. They have obtained just enough knowledge in regard to the particular specialty which they affect to arrive at the conclusion that they are failures, practically, and are content to vent their spleen upon more successful colleagues by becoming critics, and chronicling the small beer of their infinitesimal intellects. Therefore, James, you must not feel aggrieved or down-hearted because people, who have studied your nature only far enough to ascertain that you could never become more than a mere friend to them, seek to pick flaws in your grammar or etymology. It is not the gilded accomplishments of a person that sensible people regard, but the inner nature, the manhood or womanhood, the innate qualities, the nobility of character. And besides all this, James, the critic (so-called) is almost invariably swayed by prejudice. This fact will account for the favorable criticisms that oftentimes appear in the newspapers. This is not criticism, however, in the true sense of the term, no more than the gall of disappointed ambition, which I mentioned in the first place, is criticism; it is puffery. Observe the daily press of this or any other American community, and compare its art, dramatic, and literary criticisms with its "star ads.," its sewing-machine romances, its small-clothes emporium novelettes, its Cheap John epics. You will find that, although the critic of "higher culture" wrote the first, the style of the second is precisely the same, and amounts to an even balance in the ledger of journalism. And it is the same in social life. The splenetic critic observes his subject through a jaundiced vision, while the flatterer gazes upon it through Claude Lorraine glasses. So, my dear James, you must cease to regard those evil minded contemners whose groveling ignorance induces them to pick flaws in your educational abilities. As a candid friend I cannot approve of your poetic afflatus. Neither do I disapprove wholly. There is a golden mean in criticism which partakes of neither utter condemnation nor fulsome flattery. That you are not a poet naturally is not your fault. There are more ambitious rhymsters than you are who cannot be blamed for afflicting the community with their vapid vaporings and insensate nonsense, for in their blissful ignorance they are not so foolish as to wish to be wiser. No, James, yours is not the poetic nature, and your very apt imitation of the literary gruel-drinkers is not worthy of your manhood. Furthermore, permit me to say, James, I do not commend passionate expression of regard for another. The more fervid the heat the more quickly the flame subsides. Love me little, love me long, is all I ask, all I expect, all I can consistently permit, for the even tenor of my own regard never overflows certain bounds. This circumstance may be a defect—I have no doubt it would be considered a defect by the critics I have just been discussing—but I have no desire to remedy it. I feel that love based on cool judgment is more lasting and a thousand times more wholesome than the affection of a stormy, passionate nature. I had no other design in accepting your offer of marriage than a desire to contribute to your happiness. I regarded you as a gentleman, in every way fitted to render the woman of your choice happy and contented. I had studied your character thoroughly long before you proposed to me, and I was satisfied that no woman could regret her choice if she consented to share your home as your wife. I knew that your manly qualities were genuine. Your outspoken manner captivated me, reared as I had been in an atmosphere of hypocrisy and sham. As I found you when we became acquainted, you have always remained; and, having reached an age when the fire of youth has been cooled by the discretion of accumulated years, fickleness will not, with any degree of justice, be charged against you. Having expressed a deep and abiding affection for me, I am certain that you will never deviate from it. My own regard for you increases daily, and my impatience at the delay which time imposes upon us is almost as great as your own. I suppose that your old friend, Mr. Belcher, will act as your groomsman. I have selected as my bridesmaids Miss Clarissa Dinero, Miss Eveline Argenta, Miss Georgia la Place, and Miss Minnie Oglethorpe—all representing the best families of the State. Mrs. Raglin and myself have nearly completed all the arrangements on our side, and you should be present very shortly to attend to the necessary details of your own programme. The ring which you mention does not suit exactly, but when you return we can make a selection together; these are minor details better understood by women than men. We must also make arrangements for our bridal tour. Your kind offer as regards pa is "respectfully declined"—for the present. When we are snugly settled, after the honeymoon, James, perhaps you may be enabled to assist poor pa materially. You will, won't you, James? And now, James, return home as soon as you can, for I am positively dying of *ennui*—absolutely as lonely without you as you claim to be, an assertion that I beg leave to doubt until I hear it from your lips. Hoping that this rambling letter will find you in your usual rugged health and buoyant spirits, I remain,

Yours, affectionately, MAUD TAREOX.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY, San Jose, California.

## LITERATURE.

In *Convict Life*, by a ticket-of-leave man, the author relates that he was put on a diet of bread and water, and detained in prison seven months over his time, because he was detected writing verses on bits of brown paper with a piece of lead. This has an appearance of severity, certainly, considering that the verses were not his own.

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In *Cousin Henry*, Mr. Anthony Trollope has watered his genius even more than usual. In none of his later books does Mr. Trollope seem to know where to leave off. We leave off at the title-page.

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Herbert Spencer is popular in Russia.

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Tennyson has written two poems for *St. Nicholas*. No critic who remembers his immortal lines—

> "What does little birdie say,
> In her nest at peep of day?
> 'Mother, let me fly away,'"

Can doubt that the laureate was intended by Nature for something better than his other works show him to be.

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In *The Street Singer*, a poem, the author who, we believe, lives in that great literary centre, Cincinnati, illustrates the danger of adopting street waifs into respectable families. They may have inherited beauty, sex, and other vicious qualities, which play the antique Henry in well-regulated households. In this instance the benevolent man is eloped with by the adopted waif, struck blind by lightning, and coldly abandoned by his co-sinner. Worst of all, he is taken back by the injured wife. Over the "subsequent proceedings" in that luckless home the recording angel drops a tear, but has not "given the business away" to the poet.

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"It is strange that sweetness of temper seems to be, of all the poetic moods the most difficult to work in."—*Athenæum*. How can a fellow have a sweet temper, mister, when the only rhymes that come can't be made to fit into the thought?

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A new Parisian journal is called *Gil Blas*.

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Victor Hugo never reads, but always praises, the books that are sent to him by young authors. Longfellow does the same. The writer of this has had the advantage of reading about a dozen letters from him to young men of both sexes who have favored him with the first fruits of their genius; and in every instance he commends the work highly. This he can safely do without periling his reputation for critical common sense, for by the time the world will begin to take an interest in these treasured letters the works which they praise will have perished beyond the hope of examination.

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The Swig Swag of Mezareen believes that fashion magazines are worse in their tendencies than the works of Voltaire and Tom Paine.

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Dr. Joyce, the author of *Deidre and Blanid*, is a Boston practicing physician, and composes his verses while physicking his patients. He recently held a sick lady's wrist three quarters of an hour, while throwing three or four poetic fancies into shape, and when he bethought himself to let go, the patient was dead.

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Roberts Brothers publish in covers the story, *Irene the Missionary*, which so disappointed us all in the *Atlantic* recently.

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The most superb of the holiday books thus far is Yriarte's *Venice*, published by Scribner & Welford. The scheme of it is like that of Rousselet's *India*. It is large quarto, gorgeously bound in red, black, and gold. The text comprises a historical sketch of Venice, and a description of its art and industries, and of the modern life of the city. The illustrations are abundant, well chosen, well designed as a rule, and often well engraved, though some of them look hard and meagre.

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From the *Life of Farragut*, by his son, one gets a better notion of that old salt than from the discussion in the newspapers of the momentous conundrum, whether he was or wasn't "lashed to the mast;" though, on the whole, he appears, even in the softened light thrown about him by filial affection, a rather uninteresting character. The human mind is not so much interested in what a man does as in what he is; and many men do great things without being themselves great.

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*Probation* is another of those tiresome stories of factory life with which the reader of to-day is served. It is, of course, by a woman—Jessie Fothergill.

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Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt's newly published poems are, like all her others, in the minor key. Mrs. Piatt is a true poet; but it is hardly so accurate to say that she "sings" as that she "sings out."

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The *Spectator* "can not abide" Shakspeare's little jokes, and wishes them cut out of the acting editions of the plays. Its objection is that many of them are puns. And this from an Englishman!

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A Mr. Sandermann is to give us a book entitled *Ten Months in an Ox-Wagon*. It would be interesting, certainly, if written by the ox.

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A terra-cotta cylinder of Cyrus has just reached England. It describes his genealogy and entrance into Babylon, and is an admirable specimen of the "puff obvious."

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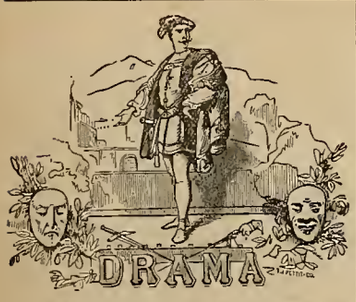
Even a book-worm will turn when trodden on, and the Beaconsfield Government are catching it fiery from the "literary fellers" for the intended withdrawal of the miserable pittance of £3,000 a year to the British Museum to help out an exchequer depleted by the Afghan and Zulu




If the *Babes in the Wood* showed the Colville Company to disadvantage, *Robinson Crusoe* develops an unexpected strength. It is the best thing, as a performance, that they have done yet. As a piece, the new version is much better than the old, especially the first act, which has a great deal of fun and life in it. If the second act drags a little, I think it is partly because it requires the filling up which only comes by degrees. I think, too, that the verdict on the previous piece has instilled into the company an unreasonable fear of comparison, as an evidence of which both Mr. Reed and Mr. Graham seem to suppress themselves. Reed's "Jim Cox" is a much more humorous performance than Mestayer's was when the piece was a success. In fact, I think if Reed would only allow his own humor and originality to break out more frequently he need not fear any actor in his line. Toward the close of the week he has been emboldened to attempt a little judicious gagging, with great success, and "Jim Cox" grows funnier every night. I don't think I ever heard or saw anything more amusing than his Scotch song and dance in the second act; the imitation bagpipe is a happy thought. Graham's "Friday" is the hardest part, for possibly no character ever took such hold of people as Willie Edouin's native. The comparison would be less easy if the lines had been rewritten, because they are so few and pointed that they are easily remembered. But I do not think Graham's "Friday" is so far behind Edouin's as Edouin's extraordinary success would have led us to expect; and I do not see that the possibilities are against Graham, when he shall have played it sufficiently to be quite at home in it. No, it is a very clever and very amusing performance. I do not know why, but Miss Everleigh plays "Robinson Crusoe," and Mr. Colville could not have made a better selection. We associate "Robinson Crusoe" with personal attractions and a goat-skin dress. I do not know any more beautiful costume on the stage, and I know of very few prettier girls than Miss Everleigh, though she has not quite the maturity of charm that Alice Atherton had; but she has a *petite*, graceful figure, a pretty face; she speaks charmingly, and, with a limited voice, sings very nicely. She made much more out of the first act than Miss Atherton, and did a little bit of acting that I have rarely seen excelled in burlesque. And in the second act she became the costume admirably, which is all the tribute necessary to her success. I can fancy that a little more experience will develop her from an asteroid to a star. She is young enough to look forward a year or two without trepidation. Miss Roseau relegates herself to "Sally Hopkins," dissipating some of the unwarrantable stories about her. Whatever adverse criticism may be made on Miss Roseau, I think Mr. Colville will not find many as good for her position on the stage. A *prima donna* for a grand opera is more easily found than a leading lady for a burlesque company. We are tempted to underestimate the requirements of a burlesque actress. She must be physically suited as a central figure, she must sing well, she must dance a little at least, she must be a *comedienne*, and she must have a higher intelligence than the average actress, for burlesque points require a delivery not within the power of everybody. There are many who can do all this in a little way; but since Lydia Thompson, we have had no real star in burlesque. And Lydia Thompson costs as much as a whole company. Miss Roseau, whatever her defects, takes the central place in the company effectively. She does not dance much, and perhaps critics may find her voice uncultivated; but it is a good voice, and she makes the best use she can of it; and she acts so conscientiously, and has so much of the talent called for, that I doubt if there are three burlesque people on the stage qualified to take her place. I was delighted with her "Echo Song" and "Five o'clock in the Morning." But I have heard "Comin' thro' the Rye" from the lips of a Scotch lassie, and perhaps my accurate acquaintance with the Scotch dialect and characteristics makes me sensitive as to the rendering of that song. Miss Ella Chapman is unhappy, palpably uncomfortable as "Angelica Perkins." I doubt if Miss Ella could ever be comfortable in the customary confusion of female garments, invented by tasteless and unscrupulous milliners. I have a strong suspicion that, underneath the balloon cloak that shrouds her on the street, the graceful form is clad in some of the numerous pretty and comfortable costumes she affects on the stage; and as she moves along Bush Street of an afternoon, it would not in the least astonish me to see her throw off that cloak and appear as "The Bad Man." But she makes all that is possible out of "Angelica," all the same. Miss Ada Lee has a little song to sing, and she does it with an air of defiance, and an accent very insular, indeed. I like the "English accent," though, and I don't believe you could find two more fascinating pirates than she and Miss Deacon. If one could only get such lieutenants as Ada Lee, I don't think that the desire to be a pirate, which animates us as boys, would ever yield to age. *Ex. gr.*, the front rows of the orchestra during a performance. Miss Carry McHenry produces a rich tropical sunset effect when she comes on the scene, with her little hatchet. She has only two sentences to say; but she "makes" them both. The costuming is, as usual, very pretty; but the second act wants a little more concerted music.

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Frank Mayo tempted the gods again on Monday night in *Man and Wife*. The piece was well cast and strongly played, a performance worthy of a much larger dress-circle audience. Mr. Mayo has all the requisites for the part of "Geoffry Delamagne," and I doubt if any American actor can play it much better than he. As an English character it was defective, as was naturally to be expected; but it had all the elements necessary for, or intelligible to, an audience in this country; and something more than ordinary praise should be given to him for the impersonation. Miss Osborne was "Anne Sylvester," and she was fully up to the occasion. The part suits her particularly. She has a certain saturnine expression, and a peculiar pathetic *tremolo* in her voice, that seems to be directly connected with the lachrymal glands, that mar some of her best acting; but in "Anne" these were rather effective than otherwise. Some of her scenes were very strong, and she received warm acknowledgments from the audience. But the most satisfactory thing in the performance was the *debut* in the regular drama of Miss Louise Beaudet. We saw her in "The Little Duchess," with Aimée, and there she was so charming that we could only regret the inefficiency of her voice. I was prepared for that grace of gesture and movement, which she had developed as much from French training as from intuitive taste; but I was not prepared to find in one so young such a thorough appreciation of the necessities of the drama; and such a marked intelligence in the elaboration and by-play of the *ingenue*. She has one defect, which at present is really a virtue—an over anxiety to do all that is called for. She can afford to be accused of this till she has no further necessity for it. Miss Louise Beaudet is an acquisition to our stage. The rest of the cast was tolerably satisfactory. Following *Man and Wife* came *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*; but I do not need to say that Mr. Mayo is of far too robust a type for the hero of such a story. Mr. Mayo can never excite sympathy as a poor young man. He is too muscular for that. Last night *The Marble Heart* was the bill.

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At the Standard, Thorn and Darwin are exposing spiritualism. The first part of the performance consists of the usual repertoire of tricks. The second, or spiritualistic part, is very clever, and much of it is novel.

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At Baldwin's they have had a very mixed week. Benefits and *debuts* have mainly occupied the evenings. *Forget Me Not* will be withdrawn this evening, after an unusual success. R.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

After all, we San Franciscans are a good natured lot. I doubt whether there is another city in the world where so many tickets can be sold for a scratch operatic performance, or where an audience will sit through such a one so good-naturedly, giving no sign but one of approval (whenever it can, and frequently one can't see how it possibly can), and come away from it afterward proudly discussing the affair, as though it were not the worst sham and fraud, and as though it—the audience—had not been shamefully swindled out of ninety-nine cents of every dollar it paid for the privilege of sitting by for three hours to hear as many acts of dramatic music ruthlessly torn to tatters. We are truly a good natured lot. We proved it on last Thursday evening, I think, when we placidly swallowed one of the scrubbiest fakes of *Lucrezia Borgia* that was ever put on to a respectable stage, with an orchestra about as large as the one usually employed at the Tivoli, a chorus not as large or by far as good, scenery that was both ugly and entirely inappropriate, and dresses of the queerest. Of course it's just barely possible that we didn't know any better, and that we deserve to have it so because we don't know better, or because we won't show by our disapproval that we don't like this sort of thing; but I don't like to feel that it is so much our ignorance as our good nature that is taken advantage of in such cases. It's not so comfortable.

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Miss Rachel Lowenthal, whose *debut* as "Orsini" was the occasion of this performance, has a *mezzo soprano* voice of very pleasant and sympathetic quality, which she uses with considerable intelligence, and shows a training that is really highly creditable to Signor Bianchi, who has been her teacher for several years—and who, it seems to me, was clearly entitled to some sort of mention of this fact on the bills. With a bright and easy stage presence, Miss Lowenthal combines unmistakable evidence of sufficient dramatic intuition to warrant the hope that she will some day become a very good actress. Whether the voice will ever broaden out sufficiently to enable her to fill the usually arduous and exacting parts of the *mezzo* or *contralto repertoire* only time and hard work can decide. My impression is that the voice is too light, and that she will find her proper field in lighter work. As a first attempt, however, her "Orsini" may be called a decided success, marred only by an abominable costume and somewhat shaky surroundings. The "Lucrezia" was Mrs. de Grant, of Healdsburg, who, together with a beautiful soprano voice and fine stage presence, carried her very well through one of the most difficult parts a singer can undertake, and who, I may say, made a very decided impression. Mrs. de Grant dressed the part correctly, and made a superb figure of the vindictive and unhappy Duchess. Signor Bianchi undoubtedly sang the part of "Gennaro" out of the sort of devotion to his pupil that disarms criticism; twenty years ago he sang it much better. Mr. Makin, who had undertaken the "Duke" at very short notice, made the most of the single act in which he appears; to a naturally very fine voice he added considerable cultivation as well as an easy and occasionally forcible dramatic style that fits him admirably for such parts. I think we may look for good work from Mr. Makin. Mr. Charles Geoffrie conducted and brought his forces safely out together, which, all things considered, was not quite an easy thing to do. Nor always a pleasant one to listen to, either. O. W.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE SICK,
But if you feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing.

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Mrs. Keightley, on the southwest corner of Stockton and O'Farrell Streets, is probably the oldest Dressmaker in the city. For twenty-six years she has made this country her home, striving incessantly to please her numerous lady patrons, amongst whom can be numbered many of our first families. How thoroughly she has succeeded, and how honestly she has gained the esteem and confidence of the public, can easily be ascertained. Mrs. Keightly has also achieved a reputation which ladies should appreciate—that of never disappointing her customers, either on the day of fitting or finishing a dress. She is constantly receiving orders from the interior, many of them coming from as far even as Oregon. She has just completed a magnificent robe for a lady of the *haut ton* of Portland, which is to be forwarded by the next steamer to its destination. The dress is composed of striped pink and brown satin; basque made heart shape, filled in with point lace, the trimmings alternately of pink and brown *plisse*; the skirt is cut princess, draped with the new shades, and a fringe of chenelle. An *Armure* Cloak accompanied this robe, which was a marvel of elegance.

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On Tuesday next, at ten o'clock A. M., Edward S. Spear & Co. will sell by auction at Platt's Hall one of the largest and finest collections of furniture ever offered in San Francisco. These goods are from the principal factories of the East and Europe, and it is not too much to say that in style, make, and finish they represent the highest reach of the art—for an art the making of furniture has now become. Here are none of the old haphazard, make-as-you-please designs that satisfied our good grandfathers—nothing of the spirit that achieved uniformity by making all the pieces of a set alike, and diversity of making no two parts of a single piece conform to the same type or suggest the same century. We have changed all that; over the workman, himself an artist, is a greater than he; the master works out the thought of the master mind. The goods to be offered on Tuesday next show this marked advance in a conspicuous way; they are splendid examples of this new taste; a perusal of the catalogue is a liberal education, a view of the furniture itself a finishing course in æsthetics. It would require some columns of our space to fairly sample this alluring catalogue by enumerating a part of its treasures in wood, and porcelain, and metal, and leather, and rep, plush, brocatelle, and heaven knows what; marvels of carving, miracles of marquetrie and buhl, poems in ormolu and symphonies in glass. The sale of these things (ah, why does not a beneficent Providence furnish them gratis, and let us rustle round for our air, water and sunshine?) is most opportune; it adds a new and tender charm to the holiday season, while it enables us to fulfill the duty and grasp the pleasure of making beautiful and useful presents.

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An incident occurred on the California Street Railroad a few evenings since that illustrated the perfections of its machinery and how completely the cars are under the control of the engineers. We were on down grade, at usual speed, upon one of the steepest declines of the road, when two little girls endeavored to run across the track in front of the car. One fell within ten feet of the dummy. Quicker than lightning the engineer threw off his grip, put hard down his brakes, and stopped the car without touching the child, who jumped up and ran off. Any other mode of propulsion, and any less perfect machinery, and under any less cool and skillful management, the child would have been crushed to death. No accident has ever yet occurred on this line that is justly attributable to defective machinery or bad management.

---

Gentlemen can be accommodated with dress coats for special occasions at the tailoring establishment of J. Cooper, No. 24 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel. *For sale or hire.*

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Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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A fine line Gent's Furnishing Goods at J. M. Litchfield & Co.'s, No. 415 Montgomery Street.

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Dentist, J. N. Prather, 305 Kearny St., cor. Bush.

---

MORSE'S PALACE OF ART, 417 Montgomery St.

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*ANNUAL MEETING.—THE ANNUAL* meeting of the stockholders of the Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company will be held at the Company's offices, Room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of December, 1879, at one o'clock P. M. Transfer books will close on Friday, December fifth, 1879, at three o'clock P. M.
ALFRED K. DURBROW, Secretary.

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CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

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COLVILLE OPERA BURLESQUE COMPANY.
Sunday evening, Dec. 14th, every evening during the week, and Saturday matinee, first production here of the charming burlesque in acts,
PIFF PAFF,
Or, THE MAGIC GUN.
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Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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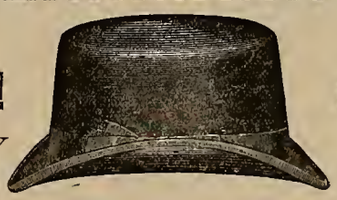
*NOW*  *OUT.*

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### Aspiration.

Ah, let the radiant glow of hope
Suffuse the tear of joy,
Nor let derision's horoscope
Divinest passion cloy;
Oh, float me back to memory's isles,
Upon a mossy log,
And let me with ecstatic smiles
Throw brickbats at the dog.

CANNONCHET, Nov., 1879. ROSCOE CONKLING.

### Penitence.

In her ringlets she wore a blue fillet,
To please her adorer, young Willet;
They were wedded ere long,
He swears he did wrong
When he's fanned on the head with a skillet.

GALENA, December, 1879. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

### Pictures on Rep.

It seems a rich and royal feast,
A dream of the voluptuous East.

On a light blue ground is a lily cup
In undulate beauty rumpled up.

And here is a pansy, here a rose,
And dew drops on them soft repose.

Here is a shimmer of crystal waves,
And the Pasha's dusky turbaned slaves;

And over there by the vineclad wall
A peacock dreams on the velvet mall.

Here a dove in a lilac sings;
Besides, there are various other things;

Including a lover with a lute
And a goat digesting a rubber boot.

BROOKLYN, Nov., 1879. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

### Balked.

The boy sat in the gallery
Of the female minstrel show,
"I'm too far back," he sadly said,
In tones both soft and low.
"I'm too far back," he sighed again,
But he could no further go;
For he saw his reverend father's head
Loom up in the forward row.

LOWELL, Mass., Dec., 1879. BENJ. F. BUTLER.

### Strength from on High.

'Twas Sunday morn and Rev. Jones
Was breakfasting with Gray.
Said Jones, "Another bit of steak,
As I have to preach to-day."
"Guess I'll brace up a little, too,"
Said Gray, his eyes a-glisten,
As he helped himself to a hunk of meat,
"For you know I have to listen.

GRAMERCY PARK, Nov., 1879. S. J. TILDEN.

### Mary's Sheep.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleas were as white as a crow;
And no matter wherever Mary went
The lamb was sure to fol-low.

One day a tramp came along that way
And espied that little lamb,
While muttering "Now, by jingo,
Here's the making of a stamp."

Whereupon he caught the lamb
And stuff'd it under his coat,
While Mary she ——.

While Mary she—now I wonder what Mary did.

NEW YORK, December, 1879. WHITELAW REID.

### Impromptu.

'Tis sweet to love;
But ah! how bitter
To love a girl
And then not git her!

WASHINGTON, Dec., 1879. GEORGE C. GORHAM.

Wanted—A situation by a handy man, at something that will enable him to make a living for his family. He had experience at tanning, hauling cordwood, running a "machine," and can whip any son-of-a-gun that puts his head above water, and wants to secede. Would like to be boss on a railroad or canal. Address U——s S——n Grant, care Postmaster of Galena, Ill.

The editor of the Fort Plain *Register*, proud of the telephone connecting his house and office, shouted to his wife: "Mr. Skidd will dine with us today," and, turning to his prospective guest, said, "Now, you can say a word to her;" but, as he was about to do so, the words came distinctly, "Tell him we don't keep a restaurant on washing day." Skidd made an excuse, and dined alone that day.

A friend of Darwin's came to me—
"A million years ago," said he,
"You had a tail and no big toe."
Said I, "My friend, it may be so,
But I've got one now, I'll let you know."
And I kicked him out.

*Adorer*—"Oh, madame, you do not know how it delights me to hear you say that you find more points of resemblance between myself and your late husband every day—may I ask in what respects I am like him?"

*Young Widow*—"You have all his bad habits."

When Richard Grant White read one of Sarah Bernhardt's letters in which she used the word "applause," he turned up his fine nose and said, "And this is the creature that has turned the head of all Europe! Well, may I be ginswizzled."

If children were taught to say "Mother" instead of "Ma," the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out to see what was the matter with her little darling.


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*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 850 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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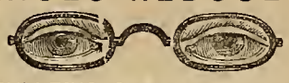
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*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of Nov., 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twelfth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.* Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 17th day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 20) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirteenth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER* Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 9) of two dollars per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room No. 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 11th day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 31st day of December, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

*ANNUAL MEETING.—THE AN-*nual meeting of the stockholders of the Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company will be held at the Company's offices, Room No. 69 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of December, 1879, at one o'clock P. M. Transfer books will close on Friday, December fifth, 1879, at three o'clock P. M.

ALFRED K. MORROW, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 10, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on FRIDAY, December 12, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

*ANNUAL MEETING.—THE AN-*nual meeting of the stockholders of the Ophir Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, the seventeenth day of December, 1879, at one o'clock P. M. Transfer books will be closed on Saturday, the sixth day of December, at twelve o'clock M.

C. L. McCOY, Secretary.

**ASSESSMENT**
—OF—
**LANDS BENEFITED**
—BY—
**WIDENING DUPONT STREET.**

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

**TAXES, TAXES,**
**1879-80.**

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879-80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

**MONTGOMERY AVENUE**
**ASSESSMENT.**

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879-80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.


**EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.**

*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.

FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

**PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,**
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.
*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court. **A. D. SHARON.**

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

**8.00** *A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

**10.00** *A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND* Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

**4.30** *P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER* train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

**5.00** *P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | | | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | To San Jose. | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | | | Change cars at West Oakland. |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 6.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | From San Jose. | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

NORTHERN DIVISION

# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

**8.30** A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

**10.30** A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

**3.30** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

**4.30** P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

**6.30** P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

☞ The extra Sunday trains to San Jose and Way Stations have been discontinued for the winter season.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00

On Freight Trains only.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

Sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

TICKET OFFICE—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, and No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for Los Angeles and intermediate points, as also Yuma and all points east of the Colorado River, will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily

## *SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Fraucisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## *SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commeocing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, (Washington Street Wharf) as follows:

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

**8.15** *A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.

JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

# *ALASKA*

# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**$72** *A WEEK. $12 A DAY AT* home easily made. Costly outfit free, Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**$5 to $20** *PER DAY AT HOME.* Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

**$66** *A WEEK IN YOUR OWN* town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

**$25 to $5000** Judiciously invested in Wall St. lays the foundation for fortunes every week, and pays immense profits by the New Capitalization System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 28 Broad St., N. Y.

## *OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL*

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

GAELIC. BELGIC.

December.....6 | January.....17
February.....28 | April.....10

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## *PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.*

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

## *PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.*

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

# THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

## COMMERCIAL

## *INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

# ROYAL, NORWICH UNION, AND LANCASHIRE

## *FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES,*

430 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

**Combined Capital - - $22,750,000.**
**Combined Assets - - - 28,000,000.**

FALKNER, BELL & CO., General Agents.

## BOUND VOLUMES

.....OF.....

# "THE ARGONAUT."

*Vols. I, II, III and IV.*

*ANY ONE CAN BE ACCOMMO*dated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, 522 California Street.

## *THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO*

*Capital paid up*..... $3,000,000
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*..... 3,500,000

AGENCY AT NEW YORK.....62 WALL STREET
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.

Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.

This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

## *THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,*

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*.....$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

CALIFORNIA

# SUGAR REFINERY,

*Corner Brannan and Eighth Sts.*

**Office, - - - 215 Front Street.**

This company manufactures all grades of

# HARD AND SOFT SUGARS,

And a superior Quality of Syrup known as

DIAMOND S

# SYRUP!!

SUPPLIES ONLY EXPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

## MILLER & RICHARD'S

## EXTRA-HARD METAL

# SCOTCH TYPE

Is used upon the ARGONAUT exclusively.

Address No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.
And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

The Type used upon this paper has had over THREE MILLION IMPRESSIONS taken from it.

## FRANK KENNEDY,

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER*chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, insolvency and all cases attended to. Rents, etc., collected.

# RUBBER GOODS.

TRADE MARK.

**Maltese Cross.**

**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

*FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF* RUBBER GOODS.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER,
501 Market Street, San Francisco.

## JOHN DANIEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Italian and Scotch Granite**

MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Grates on hand and made to order at the lowest rates.

Warerooms, No. 421 Pine Street, between [illegible] and Kearny, San Francisco.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

SEWING MACHINE.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

J. W. EVANS,

No. 29 POST STREET (MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING).

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED

S

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

12 Post Street San Francisco.

HOME INDUSTRY THE MUSIC FIRST CLASS HEMME & LONG PRICES LOW PIANOS 31 DUPONT ST., S.F.

CHICKERING

PIANOS AT COST.

PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

WAKEFIELD RATTAN CO.,

No. 38 Geary Street.

A Magnificent Assortment of

Rattan Chairs,

Workstands,

Waste Baskets,

—AND—

Fancy Articles.

SPECIAL FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

ROBERT COULTER, Agent.

PACIFIC Business College, 320 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

CABINETS $4 AND $5 PER DOZ.

Ormsby

PHOTOGRAPHER,

No. 914 Market Street.

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,

OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.

Office hours, from 12 M. to 2 P. M.

ROSS BROS.'

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

We have just opened our stock for the HOLIDAYS, and exhibit this season the largest and finest assortment of DIAMOND WORK, FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES, and DECORATED SILVER WARE ever offered in this State. Especially do we call attention to the many Gems and Novelties embraced in our assortment. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to examine our PRICES. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no deviation is made.

Goods sent to any part of the country, C. O. D.

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.,

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CHICKERING PIANOS

Perfect in tone, durability, and finish. Over 55,000 in use. Legitimately the Standard Piano of the world. Our new Patent Upright pronounced the very best in use. Sold on easy terms. Exclusive and only agency, 31 Post Street, San Francisco.

L. K. HAMMER, AGENT.

NEW DESIGNS IN JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE!

BRAVERMAN & LEVY,

119 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OFFER FOR THE COMING HOLIDAYS A VERY ATTRACTIVE AND FINE SELECTION OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES AND ORNAMENTS IN JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES, PLAIN AND COMPLICATED WATCHES, AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PLATINUM AND GOLD CHAINS. SILVERWARE, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL, OF THE LATEST PATTERN AND DESIGNS. ALSO, FRENCH CLOCKS.

All goods marked in plain figures at greatly reduced prices.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR

(BRANCH OF NEW YORK.)

No. 727 Market Street, San Francisco.

The quickest, best, and cheapest Tailor in the world. Pants to order in six hours, and Suits in one day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants, from - - $5

Suits, from - - $20

Overcoats, 15 to 50

Ulsters, - 15 to 35

Dress Coats, 20 to 40

Genuine 6 X

TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin

Pants, from - $8

White Vests, $3 to 5

Fancy Vests, 6 to 15

Beaver Suits, $55.

Finest stock of woolens in the world. The only house in the city that receives fresh patterns and New York and Paris fashions weekly. Samples, with instructions for self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with cloth and trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

CARMANY & CROSETT,

IMPORTERS OF

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Rich Neckwear, Elegant Handkerch'fs, Choice Hosiery, French Kid Gloves, Eng. Driving Gloves, Fine Suspenders, Durable Underwear, Newest Collars, etc.

ALSO, THEIR FAMOUS CUSTOM SHIRTS TO ORDER.

No. 25 Kearny Street ..... San Francisco.

MILLINERY EMPORIUM.

PIANO FOR $100.

WE SELL SECOND-hand pianos for $100 and upwards. Every one bargains. We also sell a new Decker of beautiful finish and faultless in tone for $135. Also, a new Fischer Upright for only $200. We will sell a beautiful organ for $100, etc.

We sell only the best goods, all of which we guarantee.

KOHLER & CHASE,

137 and 139 Post Street.

NEW!

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.'S

Manufacture of

AMERICAN

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS

Appear in a New shade of RAVEN BLACK, that now places them in the front rank of Black Gros Grain Silks in Style, Purity, or Beauty of Finish.

Before purchasing see that our name is printed in Gold Letters on the end of the piece.

We warrant them not to Cut or wear Shiny.

Buyers of silks are invited to call upon Col. A. C. Reid, at the Palace Hotel, and examine our samples.

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

An elegant assortment of carefully selected fabrics, well made, and at very Low Prices. Parents need do no shopping this season Come right to

PALMER'S

No. 726 Market Street.

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,

COAL DEALERS.

Office and Yard, 14 Post Street.

Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.

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Opposite California Market.

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UNDER THE BALDWIN.

# The Argonaut.

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## OLLA-PODRIDA.

### Better Grow Smilax.

Out dining, the other evening, the writer heard one of the ladies remark to the hostess the beauty of the decoration of an overhanging chandelier. It was festooned with smilax. During the conversation it transpired that the few sprays necessary to adorn it had cost five dollars. A lady at the table remarking upon the expensiveness of this trailing vine said that she had expended for smilax to adorn her house on the occasion of an evening entertainment three hundred dollars. A gentleman present, who had served upon a committee to give a banquet to General Grant, said that they were charged sixty-five cents per yard for smilax. Smilax is a hot-house plant, but of very rapid growth, and very easy to grow. This note is written as a suggestion to some of our young ladies who are willing to work, and who are desirous of earning money, that here is an industry quite respectable, highly remunerative, demanding no hard labor, and requiring for the construction of a rude glass-house less than the cost of one of the Chickering pianos, or a new and elegant costume from the White House. We can not help thinking that there are many occupations that ladies might engage in, if they only had the nerve to make the effort that would be profitable, pleasant, and honorable. We are sure if any young or married lady would raise smilax, every other lady whose good opinion was worth having, and every gentleman, young or old, would hold her in higher esteem. We do not understand why it is not just as honorable for young women to work and earn money as for young men. We do not understand why it is not as much the duty of a young wife to earn money by her labor, as it is for the husband. We do not appreciate the rule that requires the husband and the father to toil, in order that the wife and daughter may be brought up in idleness. The rule comes from a chivalrous devotion to the sex; the motive that would save women from labor is in the highest degree creditable to men; but for women to accept it, and consent to be mere fashionable and ornamental drones, is not at all creditable to them. The woman who does not know how to work, and who makes no effort to learn, may be marvelously ornamental, but she ought to be thoroughly ashamed of herself that she is not useful. The young woman that will consent to marry a poor man or a man who is compelled to work for their joint maintenance, and will allow herself to be taken to a fashionable boarding-house or hotel, put into a suite of rooms and "kept" in idleness, lacks pride of character, and except for the social code that justifies it and makes it respectable, is not infinitely removed from a class of more unfortunate sisters. It would be more virtuous to grow smilax.

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To allow the husband alone to bear the burden of life, and alone to toil for their mutual support, and alone to endure the anxieties incident to the maintenance of a family, is neither just nor honorable. We are not writing for the man or woman of wealth. A rich man may indulge himself in the luxury of an ornamental wife as he may in any thing else that his purse may buy or his tastes demand. The young lady who is to inherit a fortune may indulge herself in the luxury of an ornamental husband, but the ordinary marriages between the young men and maidens of middle life carry in our judgment mutual duties and mutual obligations as binding upon the wife as upon the husband. We often hear the remark that such and such a marriage is unfortunate, because "he is not able to support a wife." We seldom hear indiscretion charged upon the lady, because she is unable to support a husband; and yet it is not unfrequent that upon the wife devolves the maintenance of both husband and children. Women can work as well as men. It is wonderful, when the trial comes, how resolutely they take up the burden, and how splendidly they bear it. This burden would not be so often cast upon them, and not so often cast upon them in shame and humiliation, if at the altar they took upon themselves the vow to help earn as well as to help spend. The wife that is willing to start in a small cottage, that will cook, and mend, and tend baby, and economize, and have a clean frock, and a cheerful, smiling face to welcome home from daily toil the man that she has wed, has an almost absolute guarantee of a pleasant home, a good husband, and a prosperous, happy life. The failure of such a resulting outcome is an exception. The young wife that takes her bridal veil to hotel or boarding house, or hired house beyond their means; that in idleness is waited upon by servants; that spends money she does not help to earn in adorning her pretty person, and her time in shopping and in social life, had better look out for the first tired, uneasy, and impatient look that the husband brings back from his day's labor, for it is the little cloud that presages to her a stormy voyage and a tempest that may wreck the craft depending for its safety upon but one working hand. There is no other civilized land than America where woman is so loved and so honored; there is no spot on God's earth where men are so chivalrous, and so polite, and so devoted to women, as in the United States of America. In England we see brutality; in Germany, stolid indifference; in France, mere artificial deportment. In America we see everywhere and every day genuine chivalry to women. In our street cars the women are invited to sit. We do not, if we are able, willingly allow wife or daughter to work. A lady may go unattended in car or ship from San Francisco to New York, without a rude word or an insulting look. More than that, if insulted, every man is her defender. It can not be done elsewhere in the world. A modest woman is never insulted in America by a sober man. A woman can not walk the boulevards of Paris at midday without being constantly affronted. In Europe women work in the field and in the shop; they fill all sorts of industrial vocations; and it would be very much better for our American women if, instead of being the pets and playthings of men, they would look life more squarely in the face, and say to themselves: "I will make my own career; I will carve out my own fortune." We have too many young women—and it is the fault of parents—who look forward to marriage as the sole chance they have in life. They learn nothing useful; they can play the piano, can dance, write pretty notes, can manage a little small talk. If they marry, they dump themselves down into the arms of their husbands a dead weight. The husband enjoys the load while they are young, and light, and pretty, but when they grow old, fat, and frowzy he is quite apt to dump them. But if they don't get a husband?—then what? Or if they do, and his strength fails under the burden of an extravagant and idle family, then what? Better grow smilax!

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What an exhibit we could make if we would—but we can't print all the "marriages in high life" that have occurred in San Francisco within the last thirty years. We mean the swell weddings — those which the generations of newspaper Jenkinses have described as "brilliant;" where wealth and fashion have figured. Let each reader go back in his or her mind and call up in long array the gorgeous pageant. What a splendid procession, if we could have the priests in their robes; the proud grooms; the blushing, happy, beauteous brides; the gorgeous bridesmaids, with their trains of lace and robes of satin; the handsome swallow-tailed attendants; the proud mammas and happy fathers; the eager, pleased friends; the bridal banquets and the bridal gifts! And then, what a melancholy procession it would be to recall those drunken, bankrupt, ruined husbands; those sad-eyed, pallid, unloved, desolate wives; those ruined girls; those young men whose lives have been lost; those heart-broken mothers, unhappy homes, unfortunate children! How many are now hid away in obscurity and poverty!—how many disappointed are now divorced or separated!—how many are dead!—how many are worse than dead! Among them all are there five that have fulfilled in results the happy omens of the wedding? We count the fingers of our left hand, and the fingers more than go the round of those that might better have grown smilax.

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And then our girls have such a holy horror of becoming old maids. It is the bare head and bloody bones that lurks in their closets. Not to get a husband frights them worse than the possibility of a man under the bed. The wedding ceremony is their one opportunity of being the heroine of an occasion. Not to be married seems to them somehow a personal mortification—a slight or a neglect; to be an old maid is the greatest of all possible calamities, and the one that most humiliates and mortifies them. To avoid being old maids they will jump blindfolded into the arms of any curly-haired young man who parts his brains in the middle, and who has means enough or credit enough to carry them away, in good style and to the music of marriage bells, from the comforts of a father's home. From independence, luxury, and parental love they will dare the chances of the gravest peril that ever menaces a woman's life. Matrimony is but one of two things—it is heaven or hell; it has no middle ground; along its traveled road there is no half-way house; it has no compromises; and if we had ever known of any single individual young girl who ever paid the least heed to anybody's advice upon this question, or under any circumstances had ever paid the least attention to whatever was said or written concerning it, we would advise her and warn her to go slow—to take time and reflect whether, than to run the risk of matrimony, it would not be safer and more prudent to remain an old maid and grow smilax.

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And just as we had written thus far there came into our office a young married lady and her unmarried sister, and begged that we would notice two benevolent institutions in which they were engaged. The young lady is of the "Flower Mission." She has twenty young associates, organized to obtain flowers and to form bouquets and send them to all the hospitals, to all the sick and poor, wherever they may be found. They have distributed during the past year ever so many thousand bouquets and ever so much fruit. We said: "This is a sentimental labor." The reply was prompt and emphatic: "Yes; but is it not a worthy one to cheer the sick and solitary with bright flowers, and to bear into their sad and desolate chambers the bright sunlight?" We admitted that it was; it was Christian, womanly, splendid. "Then write in your next 'Olla-podrida' that we shall be thankful if the ladies will, from their gardens and conservatories, send us bouquets for distribution. Send them for the Christmas holidays—for all the Christmas week, and for New Year's day. Let them not forget, when their parlors are brilliant with light and music, when in the grate the fire is blazing, when the Christmas tree is laden with gifts and the Christmas table is groaning with delicacies, and all the house is filled with festivities, merriment, fun, and plenty, that in desolate chambers, with dim lights, no fires, no music, no Christmas tree, no health, no home, no hope, there languishes in sickness and poverty men and women who have seen better days and whose memories of better times are kindled by our gifts of flowers." And we said we would, and we now beg our readers who are wealthy to not forget the Flower Mission. "And now," said the married lady, "let me tell you of another charity that is not sentimental: The Young Women's Christian Association. We have one hundred members; we have a place of meeting; our object is to furnish employment to working women, to look them out and aid the sick and poor in their homes. We purchase material, cut and shape the fabric into form for clothing, give it to poor women and pay them to sew, and then give the made garments to other poor women. We aid them with our brains; we give them advice. We look out for situations for poor girls; we help to pay rent, to buy medicine, to get food. We have a diet kitchen, where we make beef tea for the sick, delicacies for invalids. We have no fixed formulas of charity, no iron rules; our object is to do good to sick and suffering poor and honest women. We are glad to be the almoners of rich men's bounty, and to dispense the gifts of those who can give to the worthy poor. Every dollar that comes to our treasury finds its way to some deserving person who needs it." We thanked these ladies that they had called; we think there are pursuits as womanly, as Christianlike, as honorable as growing smilax. That this writing may result in some substantial good to the deserving poor, we commend to all readers of the ARGONAUT that, before or during the Christmas week, they send some substantial gratuity to the Young Women's Christian Association. Men do not dispense their charities with either judgment or economy; women do. Charitable associations run by men are, as a rule, questionable concerns. Women are always honest.

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A lady who might say with Keats—who, by the way, had never been out of England, we believe—

> "Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,"

writes us on a subject which is also briefly touched upon this week by our correspondent, Ganymede, and her remarks would be eminently just if only severe enough:

"Our city seems to have a code of etiquette peculiar to itself, which, compared to that of other cities at home and abroad, is, to say the least, defective in several particulars. With regard to introductions, there could be a decided reform. In Europe the announcement of one's name, as he enters a drawing-room, is considered a sufficient introduction to each person present. The mere fact that one has the *entrée* to the house is a guarantee of his social standing, and it is a foregone conclusion that he is some one worth knowing, or, at least, perfectly respectable; otherwise he would not be there. This pleasant custom removes all unnecessary restraint and stiffness, and promotes conversation and general enjoyment. One may speak to whom he fancies, or may extend an invitation to any lady to dance, without the formality of a special introduction. An acquaintance thus formed is merely for the moment, and may be remembered, or forgotten, at the pleasure of those concerned. People with any degree of tact know, intuitively, when they are mutually congenial. So much for an agreeable European custom. But let a lady or gentleman, in a San Francisco drawing-room, presume to address another without a previous introduction, and he will be glared at as a social monstrosity. The fact is entirely lost sight of, that they are guests of the same host, and that each is, presumably, his friend. I do not mean to disparage particular introductions, but in a large company, as it is impossible for host and hostess to introduce everybody to everybody else, would it not be a boon to the unintroduced (especially to those who adorn the wall) to have the privilege of at least preventing an attack of lock-jaw, by occasionally speaking to their companions in misery? Another point I am in quest of is a prescription for inspiring our queenly leaders of society with a little more graciousness. Some of them seem to be ever on the defensive; and some hostesses actually appear to affront their own guests. I have seen invited guests absolutely crushed by the coldness of the greeting given them by the hostess, and that in some of our grandest houses. Is this unpleasantness due to natural *hauteur*, or is it affectation? Our friend Snaggleby would say 'It is all airs.' The chief attraction of the Princess of Wales is her winning smile; by it she charms men, women, and children. She is never too tired or too much occupied to be gracious. Would winning smiles and gracious manners be less becoming to our lovely women than to a Princess?"

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Landing upon the private wharf of the distillery company are five hundred tons of good merchantable potatoes to be converted into alcohol. It costs the company to deliver these potatoes in San Francisco twenty cents for a hundred pounds—ten cents for a bushel of potatoes. They are raised upon tule lands that will produce one hundred and fifty bags to the acre. Tule lands fully reclaimed can be purchased for $25 per acre. Four acres of tule land will support a family. Potatoes will fatten hogs; one acre of alfalfa will support a cow. There is not a drunken loafer in the State that does not spend enough money each year for whisky, to buy four acres of land, a cow and pig, and seed for a first crop.

## UNDER THE CASEMENT.

What saith the roar
Of the angry winds, filled with the ocean's brine—
Shaking the casement with blustering strength—
"Hast thou brought news of my love at length?"
"Nevermore
Shall those arms clasp love of thine."
Louder the strife—
And so she mourned like a soul whose hope is marred,
Bitterly wailing, though dry the eyes:
"Pitiless ocean, the sacrifice
Is my life;
For loving is evil starred."

The morning sun
Shone peacefully upon a peaceful shore;
Unharmed by the treacherous ocean tides
His ship in the harbor safely rides.
The goal is won;
He waits by the half shut door.
But hark—the tread
Of a stumbling foot, burdened with heavy weight;
Under the casement, full in the light,
Draped in the garments of deathly white—
She lies dead.
And her love returned too late.

II.

Through the open, flower-dressed casement
Came the summer breeze,
Softly, with no displacement
Of the sleeping seas.
"Bring me news, the time is dreary
Till the coming of the ships.
Love is lonely, weary, weary,
Till the meeting of the lips."
"News I bring thee. On the morrow
Fadeth every thought of sorrow."

So, leaning on the casement, all that night
She looked to seaward, yearning for the light;
Harkening to the breezes and the sounds they bore
Of drowsy ripples falling on the shore.
At length day dawned, and, stretched upon the sand,
Tangled in kelp and bound about with weed,
A few small pebbles clenched in either hand,
Stark dead he lay—a prey to ocean's greed.
Warm lips to cold lips press—and all is o'er;
Two corpses lie together on the shore.

DUBLIN, Ireland, September, 1879. HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED PISTOL.

### Cartridge I.

My wife and I were in a crowded parlor. My wife had just finished singing a very sweet song. The compliments were being showered upon her—some genuine, but most of them polite lies. Those who had been conversing during her entire performance were the loudest in her praises, as if to make amends for their inattention.

Still, it was pleasant for me to sit a little back, stroke my beard, and watch my wife's triumph. She triumphed in more than music; her form was tall, willowy, and graceful; her pretty head well poised on beautiful shoulders; her toilet could not be matched in the room. I was proud of her; I was rich; I was happy. But in the midst of my great complacency, my mind took a look backward (every picture has its dark shades) and what I saw—is my story.

### Cartridge II.

Some idea of the magnitude of A. T. Stewart's establishment may be gained, when I tell you that in my youth I was for several years his clerk, yet I never saw the man whose pittance I pocketed weekly. I was an ordinary representative of a very ordinary class. My hair I parted by mental arithmetic. I had a moustache and a smile, which, when used in concert on a lady customer, generally effected a sale. My complexion was superb, my collar the nobbiest, and my ties caused many suicides among the fashionable youths about town. Then I had a way of showing my teeth that recalled, in time, many a non-purchaser. I was, in fact, the "ladies' man" in the store; at home I was the only support of an aged mother, whom, in spite of all my conceit, I loved dearly.

One day I was selling some salmon-colored ribbon (I remember the shade distinctly this very moment) to a pretty girl, and using all my arts, for the ribbon was of a damaged lot, I recollect, and hard to work off. So, when she at last took her parcel and departed, it was my winning smile she paid for—the ribbon was merely thrown in. As I recovered from the parting bow I bestowed upon her, I heard my name spoken at the next counter, and there advanced toward me an entire stranger, a man from the country, evidently.

When, with some agitation, he asked to see me privately, something thick came up in my throat. Alone together in a side room, his excitement increased, as, drawing a pistol and pointing it at my head, he said "Marry my daughter." It was an old-fashioned weapon, and to me, a man who lived for fashion, the sight of it was sickening. Its barrel was long and rather rusty; it seemed to carry a ball as large as my thumb. I find that we are all more courageous than we give ourselves credit for. I looked that pale old man square in the eye. Considering that I had never *thought* before in my life, I did some very hard and rapid thinking.

"I will," was the result of it. The barrel of that pistol was as large as a nail-keg.

"When?" he asked.

I hesitated a moment. It was Thursday.

"Saturday," said I.

He looked at me in doubt a second or two. Then he called off his cannon; we arranged some details, and he departed. As he went away, my breath came back. Nor shall I soon forget his set face and determined eye.

"Pay your bills, Stanley," said Lake, of the silk department, and the other clerks laughed. They thought Helen's father was dunning me. It was but natural; we were all neck and neck with our incomes. I coolly folded away some hosiery, and tried to look unconcerned. So I was to be married, was I? I, Robert Stanley, ladies' man at Stewart's, was to wed this farmer's daughter. It seemed incredible. I pictured Helen as my wife.

She had been on a visit to a city friend, in whose parlors we met. I had seen her but a few times, but alas! too often. Until the startling apparition of her father appeared before me, I had almost forgotten her.

On Saturday I asked for a holiday. A holiday, indeed! Arrived at C——, Helen's home, a party of picnickers rustled aboard the train. I looked eagerly among them for my future wife. Was that she or was it a statue of marble that approached me? Her father was quite hearty and pleasant; he seemed pleased that I had kept my word. Six months before, Helen's brilliant cheeks, dark laughing eyes, and quick, lively manner, had taken my fancy. At the change I saw I grew as cold as the hand she silently offered me. Her face made me really suffer for the first time. I tried to shake off this feeling by being offhand and jovial. I made it about as jolly as sky-rockets in a graveyard.

The train rattled on. I subsided into quietude, and out of the corners of my eyes took an inventory of Helen. I felt like a man, who, by some sudden turn of circumstances, finds himself transferred from the easy life of a vegetable to a stern and serious existence. Feeling that I was in a very bad box, I looked around me, not for escape, but to try and discover some good that might be in it.

There was little consolation in the quiet figure before me. The face was a sweet one; it had the look of being able to suffer for a lifetime; but its inexpressible sadness made my guilty soul uneasy. Chase that gloom away, and my wife was certainly a lovely woman. A felt a thrill of pride in noticing her costume; it was simple; it was perfect. I thought I knew, by this time, a well-dressed woman, and this was certainly one. My wife looked like a lady.

I began to feel pretty sick as I thought of the future. But, at last, I shut my mind up with a snap, and determined to let the misery "come on." When I had reached this resolve, the engineer whistled "down-brakes," the train stopped and the merry-makers dispersed in the sunshine.

Now, so far as appearances went, Helen and I had come to a picnic, so we were forced to join in the boisterous games. I saw my bride pulled and hauled by big-boned country lads, and, in fact, found myself being made the recipient of Copenhagen caresses and vigorous osculations of the fun-loving country girls. At another time I would have reveled in being the pretty man at a rustic picnic, for the cut of my clothes and my irreproachable neck-wear certainly made me that, at this one; but, with all my flat-headed conceit, I felt unclean among so much innocence.

Helen's father, who had disappeared for a few moments, now returned, and, at a signal from him, we followed where he led. A short walk brought us to a minister's house. It was a cottage, almost completely embowered in honeysuckle; the air was heavy with its perfume; the odor at this day brings back to me my marriage hour.

After the ceremony I kissed my wife, and said, mechanically, "God bless you, Helen." Then, turning sharply to the clergyman, I impressed secrecy upon him. He bowed and handed me the certificate. I was about placing this in the pocket of my coat, when the hand of my father-in-law gently, but firmly, took possession of it, saying:

"I'll take that, young man."

I gave him one look, then I rushed away and took the next train to the city.

And thus I married Helen—not to save her from ruin, not because my honor (or the pistol) prompted, but because my mother was old and feeble, and these were the only terms on which I could keep from her ears the disgrace of her son. It would have killed her. We took our little dinner together that night, she, poor thing, little suspecting it was my wedding repast. My heart nearly burst as I choked down the food, and made answers to her mild inquiries as to whether I had enjoyed my holiday. I went up-stairs to my room, and stood before the glass.

"You're married," said I to my reflection.

"You're married," stupidly answered that worthy.

### Cartridge III.

My dear reader, do you love your mother? Is there anything in this world that you would not do for her sake? You can imagine how I felt, going home night after night to that dear, kind face, and those lovingly anxious eyes, with this load of secret sin and disgrace weighing on my heart.

"There is a queer look in your face lately, Robert," she said once—a fact I had noticed in my morning mirror long before. Unconsciously I began to dress in the soberest colors; I affected black like one who mourns for a dear friend.

A year passed, and I saw nothing of my wife. Her father visited me often; I gave him all my earnings, save barely enough for mother and me. A home had been found for Helen in a retired spot in the mountains; here our child was born. All this took money, and her father was very poor.

"Stanley is paying his bills," remarked Lake, noticing my rigid economy.

"Yes," thought I, "with my life."

The change in my face and dress did not, of course, pass unnoticed by my lady customers. I received various well-bred and nicely modulated inquiries as to my health, etc., the sincerity of which I think I gauged correctly. One of our patrons, however, impressed me with the good faith of her attentions. I had cause to feel flattered, for two reasons: Firstly, because she was Miss Kathie Lawn, the daughter of an ex-Congressman; and, secondly, because her avoidance of me, up to the date of my trouble, had been as pointed as was her preference now. Her extraordinary prettiness had turned at least one head behind every counter. When she entered the store—which she did quite often—instead of a general rush being made to serve her, every clerk stood stock still. No one of them dared to assume, by advancing a step toward her, that he would be the favored one that day. She bore down upon us like a dainty yacht rigged in seal skin, and happy was he at whose pier she cast anchor.

Nearly every clerk had his line of customers. Lady patrons have a knack of always having "Mr. Smith," or "Mr. Jones," wait upon them. No one claimed Miss Kathie; she went to Lake one day, Bronson the next, Curtis the next, and so on. To me she never came. She certainly must have worn stockings, but I certainly never had the pleasure of selling her any. Having met with almost unvarying success with lady visitors, this eternal snubbing—if it could be so called—on the part of Miss Lawn piqued me. One consolation lay in the fact that I had no reason to believe that the other clerks noticed the slight.

This being the state of things, you can imagine my surprise when one day I was suddenly aroused from a day-dream by a musical voice saying:

"Mr. Stanley, what in the world ails you?" and before me, in all her beauty, stood our richest patron. An odd look of curiosity was on her face; she seemed more like a curious child asking a simple question than a handsome woman frightening the life out of a poor clerk.

"I am quite well," I managed to stammer, while she still regarded me with a look that seemed to go right through me.

"You are in mourning," she said, a little more gently.

"No, I'm not," said I, rather bluntly. Here I turned my back on her, and busied myself with nothing in particular. I did not care to be catechised, even by Her Majesty. She was not at all disconcerted, however, and immediately opened a conversation with my back.

"You are not a dandy now, Mr. Stanley."

"No," said my back.

"What has caused this change, from bad taste to good?" she inquired.

"Only a fancy," murmured my back.

"That's a fib," very deliberately.

It was no use. I turned around. What *was* she driving at, and whence came her sudden interest in me? I looked into her eyes—the largest, loveliest eyes that ever met mine. It was like taking liquor to look into them.

"You are not used to fibbing; I can see that," said she at last. I simply looked and listened. I had reached that point where I would not have been surprised if she had kissed me outright. But her oddity did not extend that far. Her next remark was a bombshell:

"You have a secret, and I'm going to find it out. Good morning!" and she was gone.

I glared after her in a blank, stupid stare. I ran over quickly in my mind the acquaintance of Helen Heath, my wife. Miss Lawn could not be among them. My marriage had been as close a secret as though the grave itself held it. I thought all the rest of the day, and night, too, of this odd, almost unlady-like, behavior on the part of Miss Kathie Lawn. No way that I could put it could I find any reason for her words or actions. Until she had addressed me thus abruptly I was not aware that she knew my name.

But now I was aware that she came to see me every day. Her manner was in no wise changed from that with which she had treated the other salesmen. She always insisted on my showing her the goods she looked at or purchased; in a quiet way she invested herself with the ownership of me. Our conversation might have been heard by the whole store, it was of that ordinary a character. By neither word, look, nor smile, did she ever allude to that first interview. We intuitively felt that a bond existed between us. I had felt this from the first, and it was a feeling that I might never have entertained with a friend of twenty years' standing.

Then I became conscious that my life was growing more bearable every day. I was glad when I awoke in the morning, and, despite my poverty, I sometimes whistled softly to myself during the day. I began to know that this beautiful woman was my sunshine and my food. I never said to myself that I was in "love;" I merely knew that I was happy, and so let it go on.

One day while we were together Helen's father made his call upon me. I took him aside and gave him some money, and as I rejoined Miss Lawn she asked: "Who is that man?"

My face did its duty well as I answered carelessly: "A friend of mine."

The men in the store were not blind, of course, to the quiet proceedings between Miss Kathie and myself. They marveled greatly, and thought I was a lucky dog. The head salesman took my hand one evening about closing time, and congratulated me on my good fortune. Within his time two clerks had married heiresses, which was no doubt what he meant when he said, with a meaning smile: "So we may lose you any time now, Stanley," and hurried away, thinking he had said something pleasant. Pleasant? Was it pleasant to think of that lonely little wife in the mountains, nursing her fatherless babe? I could never quite banish her patient little face from my mind.

While the lookers-on were thus deciding on the marriage of Miss Kathie Lawn and myself, I saw no evidence of the approach of such a ceremony. Miss Lawn had not yet proposed to me; while in my senses there was no likelihood of my doing so to her. Our conversations in the store had never yet taken a sentimental turn; what we found to talk about would puzzle me now to remember. She was a very sensible girl, with a mind as prosaic as her face was lovely. When, at last, she invited me to call upon her, and discontinued her visits to the store, I felt that a crisis was approaching.

The rain was falling in torrents. Encased in a suit of clothes borrowed from Lake, I rang the bell of one of the stateliest stone mansions in New York city. A servant came to the door. I mentioned my name, and was shown into a parlor, whose gorgeousness made me feel like a beggar. A cheery fire burned in the grate, a pair of easy chairs stood invitingly near it; it would have been a cosy picture, but everything appeared to me uncomfortably costly. After standing around a while, I prevailed upon myself to sit down, even at the risk of ruining one of the chairs.

A rustle of garments in the hall, and Miss Kathie stood smiling before me. She was dressed in a soft wrapper of light blue material, that brought out every fullness of her faultless form. Her neck and hair might have been but of a moment's preparation, yet each in its way was perfect. The chief charm of being perfectly dressed is the unconsciousness of it. Miss Lawn never "fussed" in your presence with her hair or her earrings, or betrayed, by any movement, that she felt she was enchanting. I looked at her long and steadily, as she drew her chair up close to mine with the frankness of a child about to be told a story.

Would I tell her my story? Would I show her the picture I saw in those glowing coals—the picture of a patient little face looking down at her babe? The wind whistled drearily around the corners of the house, the rain plashed against the window, making the fire seem all the warmer, the room all the more cozy. As I absently carried on the talk with Kathie, I felt that but for the picture in the fire, what I saw around me could be mine for ever. A great hate welled up in my heart against that patient little face. The one near me was very sweet; it had love in its every look; if I put out my hand I felt it would be taken.

"Are you as happy as I am to-night, Robert?" asked Kathie.

"Why—yes—of course. Why do you ask?"

"You seem abstracted, that's all. Are you in trouble?"

"No, I'm in something else," said I, meeting her eyes for once.

"In love?" said she, blushing softly.

"Yes."

"With whom?"—looking wicked now.

"You," said I, calmly.

"I knew that months ago," a little defiantly.

I said nothing with my lips.

"And I've been wondering ever since," she continued in a grieved tone.

"Wondering what?" said I.

Dropping her eyes, she answered slowly: "Wondering why you didn't ask me to marry you."

"*Marry you!*" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes; is it so dreadful?" and she laughed merrily.

That laugh awoke me. I sprang to my feet. "*That can never be,*" I cried, determined to end this farce at once.

Her face took on a look of surprise and rorrow that made me pity her.

"I will tell you the secret," I went on, "that long ago you vowed to find out, but which you seem to have forgotten. Know, then, that I love you better than my own life; but that love must be my greatest misery. I am not a free man. I am—"

A violent noise in the hall caused me to hesitate a moment. In another instant the door burst open, and an agitated messenger informed me that my mother was dying.

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Cartridge IV.

I remember the following facts: That when I arrived home my mother was out of danger—she was in heaven. I had been prepared for this; heart disease was in the family; but who is ready to lose the dearest loved on earth? I remember that I rained tears on her dead face; that I called on God to witness my woe—and then I fell unconscious.

Unfortunately, I recovered. Weeks had passed; my fever had been prolonged. Kind neighbors would not let me die. But I wished they had when they told me that a pale young woman, with a pretty babe, had nursed me night and day, and would not give up her charge until there was signs of returning consciousness.

I cursed her in my heart; I cursed the little one; I cursed them both. weak as I was with the fever, as being the cause of all my miseries. And cursing, I got well. I borrowed what money I could; then left for California.

In those days it was a good place for cursers; I found that with a good stock of oaths I was set up in business. The miners all swore, drank, and gambled, but they gave me the palm for excelling in all these virtues. As I could not live my life out, I concluded to swear it out, drink it out, gamble it out. There was a strange vitality derived from this kind of life; instead of dying out quick, I grew rough and tough as a pine-knot. One night, in a fit of drunken frenzy, Bill Ransome, a miner, killed his wife and child with a hatchet. I saw their bodies, stretched on a blood-stained blanket, and the sight became engraved on my soul. The next glass of liquor I saw seemed filled with little clots of blood. These little clots made loathsome every glass I tasted, until at last I swore I would drink no more. Two lives had been sacrificed, but mine, such as it was, had been saved. It was hard work reforming in those days. A man without a certain number of vices was looked on with suspicion. But I persevered, fell and rose again, until Bob Stanley held up his head once more, his eye clear and his hand steady; and then Bob Stanley began to do something which was no doubt very childish for a man of his years, for his hair was turning gray now. He began to fall in love. He fell in love with a memory. It was the memory of a woman he scarcely knew. It was the memory of the patient little face of his wife. Though writing repeatedly he had received but one answer. Helen's father wrote to say that the child had been adopted, and that the mother had disappeared in a night, leaving no trace.

Stanley went to San Francisco. He searched high and low, long and wearily, in places where a young woman might be employed. But no Helen. Still, something told him she had come to California. So his purse ran low; he must give up the search and go to work. The California Street wire road started. He applied for a conductor's position. No, they wanted spruce and young-looking men; but Stanley kept at them, and at last was taken on. So his life fell into a dull monotony, except that his love grew and grew in strength as it became more hopeless.

"What's the matter," asked a platform passenger one night, as he noticed a shudder pass over the conductor's form.

"Oh, nothing," answered Stanley. No, it was nothing. Only he often trembled as his car passed Dupont Street. A thought that is horrible *would* come into his mind. So the days were weeks, and the weeks became months, and Stanley grew a little grayer.

One night, as I leaned on the rail of my car, waiting for the starter's whistle, a woman brushed by me and entered. It was my last trip, and although a late one, it had always been my favorite. On that trip I generally caught the theatre crowd. The beautiful toilets of the ladies brought me nearer to what I was in my youth than anything I saw during the day. But No. 7 had just gone up the hill with the theatre people, which probably caused me to feel interested in this womao traveling alone at such an hour. She was thickly veiled. Going up the hill, I had ample time to critically examine her. She wore a rather smart walking suit, dark veil, dark gloves, and neat little gaiters. The fact that she was about the trim and build of Helen did not excite me; I had been disappointed in a similar way too many times.

But I found myself watching for this passenger night after night. I monopolized the "last trip" altogether, the other conductors being only too glad to change. She was very regular, always veiled, always carrying a little satchel, and always going to Fillmore Street. My opportunity arrived. A book accompanied the satchel this evening. I prayed that she would read it that I might see her face. I turned away, as I saw her about to raise her veil. A great excitement made me cling to the car for support. I turned slowly around. Yes, it was the face of my wife! Changed?

Yes, but for the better; her face had a matured loveliness that seemed to me almost spiritual. I watched her face, as she calmly read the book, with what changing emotions you can imagine. She handed me her ticket without looking up. I went back and stood and watched her again; I felt that I could go on watching her for ever. At Fillmore Street that absorbing book caused her to forget her satchel. With my heart almost bursting for joy, I picked it up and followed her. I allowed her to gain distance, so that I should overtake her under the light of a lamp, a little ahead.

"Madame, if you please, you've forgotten—"

"Oh, thank you, sir," with the old sweet smile.

"You are welcome, *Helen*," said I, deliberately.

With a quick start, she peered into my face.

"Robert!" she almost whispered.

Well, of course, I had to cry over her a while, with her dear face on my heart, but I only hope, dear reader, you will some day be as happy as I was on that last trip. Need I tire you with all we had to say to each other? But I will tell you why Helen always took the "last car." She lived with a kind family, doing light housework, as a return for food and shelter, and in the evening earned good wages as the toilet-maid to the actresses of the ——theatre. Helen had married her second husband, and I my second wife. I believe in marrying again. Now, my riches are such a small item of my happiness, I had almost forgotten to tell you. An aunt of mine away back East, whom I never saw, had the goodness to die and leave me a mortgage, with a small farm attached. God had put a copper mine on that farm, and somebody had stumbled over it. During our honeymoon I received proposals from several persons who wished to work it on shares, buy it, etc., but I quietly lit a cigar with their proposals, and told them I would look into that little matter myself. On the trip East (our "last trip") Helen drew my attention to a newspaper paragraph which stated that the great *artiste*, Miss Katharine Lawn, was first driven to the stage by a "disappointment in love."

"You knew her, Robert, did you not?" asked my wife.

"Slightly," said I, intent on the scenery. But I sold that copper mine for "big" money, and I guess that's all.

Stay a moment. The other day I had occasion to go into a little private sanctum belonging to my wife, to look for something. Among other keepsakes, guess what I found? An old-fashioned pistol!

I picked it up and kissed it. JOHN C. CHALMERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 5, 1879.

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Some New Books.

We are under ever so many obligations to our book merchants. Their favors have been piling themselves up in a mound of elegant books, with gold-leaf edges and in brilliant colors, containing splendid engravings—books of romance, travel, biography, poetry, and pictures—till we wish our paper was as large and many-paged as the new magazine from Melbourne, sent us by Bancroft & Co., and called the *Victorian Review*, that we might give the proper criticism upon the works themselves and the proper acknowledgment to those who write, and make, and sell them. First, to Payot & Co. we are indebted for a nicely-illustrated book of travels through Switzerland, entitled *Under the Fringe of the Alps*, or some such name. Its author has appeared in *Harper's Monthly*. A lady friend, happening to be in our editorial rooms, and desirous of paying to its writer the very highest possible compliment, nipped it and carried it away. We see it announced that the house of Payot & Co. have obtained the printing this year of the delinquent tax list. This is at least a guarantee of good work.

From Billings, Harbourne & Co. we have received ever so many nice books—so many, and for which we pay so small a return in the way of book notices, that we should feel it a duty to apologize, but, in passing their store, it is so full of lady customers that we would feel embarrassed in endeavoring to interrupt their large and increasing trade. From Billings, Harbourne & Co., published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, *The Biography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delaney*. From Houghton, Osgood & Co., *The Other Girls*, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. From G. P. Putnam's Sons, a beautifully illustrated book of poems entitled *In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers*, by those talented young sisters, Elaine and Dora Goodall. From Houghton, Osgood & Co., through the same house, *Life in the Rocky Mountains*, by Isabella L. Bird, nicely illustrated. From G. P. Putnam's Sons, also, *The Fall of the Alamo*, an historical drama in poetry, by Professor Francis Nona. In our advertising columns will be found the announcements of all our leading book houses. We call especial attention of those of our young lady readers who speak and write French to the card of Louis Grégoire & Co., who make a specialty of classic and modern French literature. It is a good French lesson to read the advertisement, and a better one to visit their store. Messrs. Bancroft & Co., Billings, Harbourne & Co., Payot & Co., Louis Grégoire & Co. are richly worth a visit from persons seeking holiday gifts, as nothing is more appropriate for a Christmas present than a choice and valuable book.

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An Idaho man committed suicide the other day. He left as his excuse that he "wanted to get there before all the best claims had been taken up." The rush of murderers to the heavenly ledge is indeed calculated to make even the stanchest Christian feel a little shaky about his prospects.

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It is best to put off till to-morrow things you can not possibly do to-day.

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CVIII.—Sunday, December 20.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Eastern Oysters.
Soup, Julienne.
Shrimp Salad. Potato Salad.
Pigeon Pie.
Mushrooms, Peas, Stewed Celery.
Roast Veal.
Potato Croquette. Lettuce.
Ice Cream, Fancy Cakes, Brandied Peaches.
Fruit-bowl of Grapes, Apples, Pears, Oranges, Bananas, Almonds, and Raisins.

TO MAKE GOOD POTATO SALAD.—Boil six medium-sized potatoes. When cold, slice and cut or slightly chop with a knife; take one slice of boiled ham, or four slices of smoked tongue, one leek, and a small sprig of parsley; chop these very fine, and add to the potatoes; place all in an earthern bowl, put in half a cup of olive oil, half a cup of vinegar—if not too sharp, a tea spoonful of salt, a saltspoon of cayenne and one of black pepper. Mix thoroughly, and let stand an hour. Garnish with pickled sliced sheep's tongue, olives, and sprigs of mint.

## LITERATURE.

Mrs. Oliphant's new story is entitled *The Greatest Heiress in England*. Who is she? We want her.

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Mr. R. H. Horne, the venerable author of *Orion*, has a new tragedy in the press. *Orion*, by the way, is an epic poem which was published ever so many years ago, in penny and half-penny numbers. It had a great vogue in its time, and was famously criticised and discussed. On this side of the Atlantic, Poe, among others, was greatly impressed with its worth. This is no news to the older generation of readers, but who reads *Orion* now?

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After writing *Orion*, Mr. Horne disappeared, and for a quarter of a century or so was forgotten. In '74 he suddenly turned up in London, and since has been doing good work in literature. He had passed the interval in the bush in Australia, sheep-raising, or something. An interesting old gentleman is Mr. Horne—one who rather resents the intrusion of the present generation of men and women into the world, but magnanimously abstains from eating them. *Orion* is worth reading, too.

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G. Barnett Smith's *Life of Mr. Gladstone* is having a great sale in London. Smith is a clever writter and goodish fellow who used to—probably does yet—write for the *Echo*, a half-penny London daily. He is over much given to the disuse of soap, and the sedulous cultivation of horse-play.

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"Sixty sonnets by a brother of Tennyson," is the appetizing description of a new book. We will look about for a descendant of Hazlitt to review them.

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The later "volunteer" crop of the Rosetti-Swinburne school of poets consists of Messrs. O'Shaughnessy, Payne, Gosse, Marston and Marzials.

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Dr. Holmes writes slowly and corrects a great deal. He never makes an end of altering. It is not related of him, either, that when he enters an editor's office with copy he says: "Here's a trifle that I have just scribbled off." That constitutes his greatness—that distinguishes him from the rest of mankind.

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"We know it isn't dirty, but it takes up room," said the old soldiers of the Invalides, remonstrating with the cook for sending up an old cavalry boot in their soup. That is the ground of our objection to Dr. Joyce's new poem, "Blanid."

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Mr. Theodore Tilton's new volume of poems, *Thou and I*, has a good deal of "true inwardness." "What bard," he asks, "can sing except his heart be wrung?" A mule, though, will do his best work if you but bite his ear, and an ox will "buckle down to it" when his tail is twisted. *Au reste*, a fair amount of good work has been got out of Theodore by wringing the heart of him.

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Professor Leuchen, of Moscow, has "supplied a long felt want" by publishing a folio volume entitled *The Mysteries of Hell and its Inhabitants*.

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Beginning with the January number the *Atlantic Monthly* is enlarged to 144 pages, the size of the pages being increased, and larger type being used. Of late the *Atlantic* has appeared to be uncertain of its ground. It has been pressed hard, evidently, by *Scribner* and *Harper's*. These, to their astonishing wealth of superb wood engraving, have begun to give us work of a literary quality not inferior to that of the *Atlantic*, which has latterly turned in the direction of book reviewing, that being the line of least resistance. A recent number was nearly one-half literary criticisms in one form and another. In still another issue the poetic element was entirely dropped out. It has made, too, some not very successful ventures in the domain of politics, finance, and political economy. Altogether, the *Atlantic* has been rather "on the fence," as regards its mission and sphere.

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Official statistics have been prepared in Paris showing the daily circulation of the newspapers of the capital in September. *Le Petit Journal* has a circulation of 865,000; *La Petite République Française*, of 181,000; *Le Petit Moniteur*, of 100,000. Of the larger and dearer papers, *Figaro* still heads the list with 74,000.

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They hanged a poet the other day in Pennsylvania. The laws of that commonwealth are worthy of being copied here.

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Roberts Brothers publish *Holy Songs, Carols, and Sacred Ballads*—anonymous—of which a New York journal is pleased to say: "The lingering echoes of the mediæval churchly spirit which resound from these saintly lyrics strangely contrast with the secular airs of modern poetry. The enthusiasm of the poet bears too deep a stamp of solemn earnestness not to have been inspired by genuine personal experience. The poetry of this volume, in its antique purity, uncolored by the fleeting lights of the day, reminds the reader of the marbles of Pæstum in their lonely beauty, which reflect the splendors of the ancient sun, with no admixture of the evanescent hues of cunning Art." Our contemporary, with noble moderation, abstains from saying that these poems will "live as long as the language."

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Jean Ingelow is forty, has bright, expressive eyes, and wears a sad, timid smile.

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Kossuth is devoting ten hours a day to his new book, which will appear shortly, in five languages. The impenitent old irreconcilable is said to write as well as he speaks.

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The poems of the late George D. Prentice, published by Robert Clarke & Co., are having a good sale. Nevertheless, we think it problematical whether Prentice will be best known, while he is known at all, as a writer of indifferent verses or a writer of forgotten paragraphs.

## PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

I have an irrepressible pupil, and his name is Nicholas. He is a modest youth, is Nicholas, and sweet tempered withal, who works faithfully at his studies, and wrestles manfully with his "Plaidy." He will practice his *scales* and *broken chords* by the hour, and his *études* until he can well-nigh play them backward. "Lebert and Stark" is not too dry or a Bach *Invention* too involved for him to commit to memory if I but suggest that I wish it done. In short, Nicholas is a good boy. But he is musically irrepressible. He *will* go off after strange gods; *will* poke his awkward fingers and unripe musical sensibilities into the mysteries of Raff, Saint-Saëns, Brahms, and the rest of the forbidden fruit of extreme modernism; *will* explore scores of Wagner and Liszt while yet unable to decipher those of Mozart and Haydn. In short, he is a musical colt whom I find it very difficult to keep in the traces. Of late Nicholas has taken to composition. Three or four months ago he asked me to give him some lessons in harmony, and for a week or two worked steadily over his intervals, common chords, and the other simpler material of thorough-bass. I am not sure but we had reached the simpler forms of sevenths when he broke loose with a perfect mania for composition. Songs, rondos, waltzes, even sonatas, were showered at me in lesson after lesson, until I began to wonder when the youngster ever found time to merely write the things out, not to mention ever doing anything besides. Naturally, the compositions were often very peculiar—in fact, I may say *very* queer. So I was hardly much surprised when, one day this week, my irrepressible came into my room at his usual lesson hour, his face wearing the quizzical, half-diffident expression that usually accompanies his announcement of some musical escapade in a forbidden direction, and bearing in his hand a small, carefully wrapped up roll of music. He had "written a little piece," he said; it had "occurred" to him and he "couldn't help writing it down, you know," and some friends had "urged him to print it," and he had taken it to Gray—and, in short, there it was. The title page he kept carefully concealed from me (I began to suspect a dedication), and even on the inside I found the author's name defaced. I credited Nicholas with a sudden and overwhelming attack of modesty, however, and began to look at his work. The boy had really done something. He had evidently caught from some of the thinner composers of piano-forte music that cheap trick of patching together a number of chords in such a way that with a liberal application of pedal, and an occasional *sforzando* or *marcato* effect, one gets quite the semblance of having said something; a sort of getting over it without having any theme to speak of, or any definite treatment—a little sugar, a gram or two of spice or cayenne (for piquance), and plenty of water. I had begun to point this out to my pupil, and was warning him of the evil consequences of wasting his time and talent in this foolish manner—assuring him that nobody would be either benefited by his writing such stuff, or deceived for a moment into taking it to be genuine composition, or the work of a musician—when my attention was arrested by some peculiar things about the piece itself. On the second and fourth lines of the thing there stared at me the biggest, ugliest, and most unnecessary sort of "open fifths," the fourth line had a "false relation," a modulation that was none at all—in fact it was *too* bad. I looked up at Nicholas; he was smiling sadly. "I know," he said, "that the *fifths* ought not to be there, you told me that in one of my first lessons. I see now that if I had resolved the *seventh* properly in the eighth bar I should have avoided the ugly *fifths*, and that in the fifth bar of the fourth line I ought to have followed my first chord with a dominant of B minor and avoided the ugly and meaningless G sharp; also, that in the sixth bar of the same line I could have taken F natural as the tenor of my second chord, and thus have been rid of the stupid *fifth* with the bass; but, you see, I didn't know. Some of the things are misprints; really they are. The F natural at the beginning of the eighth bar of the fourth page—where it should be E sharp—isn't a misprint, neither are the ugly octaves between the fourth and fifth bars of the last line on the same page, nor, for the matter of that, the unresolved F sharp in the bass of the fifth bar, nor the false octaves between the fifth and sixth bars of the third line of the fifth page, nor the awkward part writing of the second bar of the fifth line—same page—nor the leading tones left flying in the air in the first and last bars of the fifth line on the sixth page, nor—" Nicholas was out of breath. I looked up at him, a little astonished; firstly, at his having committed all these childish errors in such a trifling piece—errors that are really unpardonable in a pupil of six months—and secondly, that, having committed them, he should bring the piece to me to look at. "It's the misprints," he said, "that bother me; I thought I had read my proof carefully, and here are the most childish things staring me in the face in every other line, and making the thing read like utter nonsense. I can't begin to count them or account for them—I——" and he giggled. Giggled? He screamed, he shook his sides, and jumped up and down like an insane gymnast, and as he did so dropped his piece of music. I picked it up, and the cat was out of the bag. There, staring me in the face, was the title-page of Nick's "little piece," and it read "Christmas Bells: *Morceau Caracteristique* for the Piano, by F. Boscovitz, op. 112!"

Last Tuesday's soirée of the Schmidt Quintet—the fourth—brought the last movement of the Rubenstein Pianoforte Quintet (op. 99) which forms a fitting close to a noble and beautiful composition, for the production of which our music public has cause to be grateful to Mr. Schmidt. The performance was thoroughly satisfactory. Another delightful novelty was the *Adagio* from the Rheinberger *String Quartet*, op. 89; in this number the quartet was heard at its best, which is *very* good. The *Scherzo*, a somewhat overstrained and affected composition, was less well given. The first movement of Schubert's grand *Quartet in D minor* suffered also from an over elaboration of the points; the exaggeration of *piano* and *forte* becomes wearisome in a compisition that calls for breadth rather than *finesse* of treatment; the effect is puerile and belittling. Mr. Clifford Schmidt played two of the Brahms-Joachim *Hungarian Dances* very bravely and with neat precision (but also with an almost grotesque exaggeration of points), and Miss Alice made a bold venture of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*, and failed utterly. It was an enormous task for this young lady to undertake, one which in time she will undoubtedly ripen into coping with much more successfully. But at present she is not ready to play such compositions in public (though she may *study* them with great advantage), and in doing so she only makes an unfortunate exhibition of her want of ripeness and good judgment. Miss Landesmann, who sang for the second time, has a pleasant sympathetic *mezzo* soprano voice with which she sings *soprano* arias in an unsatisfactory manner. The songs within the proper range of her voice (given as *encores*) are really enjoyable. But I can not say this for her *Batti batti* from *Don Giovanni*, which was as dry and uninteresting as it could well be made, and was accompanied so that it sounded as though both singer and pianist were made of wood, and of a peculiarly hard sort at that. Mozart is a very good composer for mediocre singers and players to—let alone.

In his new volume, *L'Eglise Chrétienne*, M. Rénan says of the New Testament: "A second Bible was added to the old one, much inferior in classic beauty, but of much greater efficacy for the conversion of the world. The old Hebrew tongue, a marvelous aristocratic instrument for the expression of poetry, passion, the sentiments of the mind, had been dead for ages. The patois of Palestine, that popular Greek which the Macedonian conquest introduced into the Orient, and which the Alexandrian translators of the Bible elevated to the dignity of a sacred tongue, could not serve as the organ for literary *chefs-d'œuvre*. But in place of genius the new Bible had goodness; in lieu of writers it had men full of Jesus, who conveyed to us his mind. The New Testament introduced into the world a new idea—that of popular beauty. It is the book which has dried the most tears—made better the most hearts. We can not speak in a general manner of the style of the New Testament, since its writings are in four or five different styles. All, however have something in common, and that something is precisely what has made them strong and successful. They are written in Greek and conceived in Semitic. Those absolute forms, rigid and unshaded—that language wherein all is white or black, sunlight or gloom, which for 'I prefer Jacob to Esau' says: 'Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated'—have conquered the world by their stern grandeur. Our races were not accustomed to this Oriental largeness, this energetic one-sidedness, this method of proceeding as in a mass and by swoops. They were conquered, and, as it were, crushed; even to-day this style is the great force of Christianity—that which fascinates souls and wins them to Jesus."

Mark Twain complains bitterly of the new order of the Postmaster-General regarding the subscription of letters passing through the mails:

"I wrote a letter to a friend at the Windsor Hotel, New York—surely that house is prominent enough, ain't it? But I could not precisely name the side streets, neither did I know the name of the back streets, nor the head cook's name. So that letter would have gone to the Dead-Letter Office sure if I hadn't covered it all over with an appeal to Mr. James to take it under his personal official protection, and let it go to that man at the Windsor just this once, and I would not offend any more. Observe this—I have been ciphering, and I know that the following facts are correct: The new law will compel 18,000 great mercantile houses to employ three extra correspondents at $1,000 a year—$54,000—smaller establishments in proportion. It will compel 30,000,000 of our people to write a daily average of ten extra words apiece—300,000,000 unnecessary words; most of these people are slow—the average will be half a minute consumed on each ten words—15,000,000 minutes of the nation's time fooled away every day—say 247,400 hours—which amounts to about 22,000 working days of ten hours each; this makes eighty-two years of 300 working days each, counting out Sundays and sickness—eighty-two years of the nation's time wholly thrown away every day! Value of the average man's time, say $1,000 a year—now do you see?—$82,000 thrown away daily; in round numbers, $25,000,000 yearly; in ten years, $250,000,000; in a hundred years, $2,500,000,000; in a million years—but I have not the nerve to go on; you can see yourself what we are coming to."

The editor of a local newspaper—an esteemed contemporary, to be explicit—was heard, the other night, addressing the clock on Anderson & Randolph's store as follows: "Say, you illuminated clock up there! I'm talking to you, I am. Your face is like my nose. It begins to redden early in the evening, and keeps on growing red until midnight. You are an old fraud, you are, with your hands folded like a Pharisee; you would strike twelve times when a man is down, and I am almost always down at midnight, and that is when you strike twelve. You are a dead beat. You beat Old Father Time. It's time your career was wound up. Everything you do is on tick, and you run your face all over town. If you wasn't choke-full your skinny hands would freeze. Why don't you put on a pair of gloves, put out your light, and go home. I can not stand that rebuking red eye on me much longer. Hello! there's the moon climbing right up over your head—and, by Jupiter! there's two on 'em. Two moons is extravagant. It exceeds the appropriation. Wonder where they got that other moon? Looks a little sickly, as though it had been shut up in a lunatic asylum. Well, I'll be chawed up by crows if that ain't the Great Dipper up there. How I would like to souse it into the milky way and skim the cream off of a constellation or two. Good night, everybody. Guess I better crawl into that sugar hogshead over there.. It reminds one of 'Sweet, Sweet Home.' Good night."

We are informed by the Sacramento *Record-Union* that the position of the British forces in Afghanistan has become exceedingly serious and critical, and that the condition of things at Cabul is very grave. General Roberts's disposition and handling of the army under his command does not meet with the approval of the editors of that journal. It does seem to us so strange and so inexcusable upon the part of Lord Beaconsfield that he should imperil British interests by choosing inefficient commanders when he could so easily remedy all these difficulties by consulting with the editors of the Sacramento *Record-Union*.

Fall fashions—Coal-hole covers are worn smooth.

## A WORD FROM ADA VEN.

San Francisco, December 18, 1879.

My Dear Helen:—I hope you will not be disappointed should my letters not always be filled with accounts of glittering splendors, upon which to regale your fancy. The Oriental magnificence which has characterized our entertainments this winter must necessarily be confined to the comparatively few possessed of their millions, and those less favored by fortune must illustrate their hospitality in a less costly, though not less agreeable, manner. I wrote you last week something about the party at Mrs. Wilson's, but thought that, after sending you my letter, you might wish fuller particulars, so I will endeavor to repair the omission by giving them now. I will not undertake anything so idle as an attempt to enlighten you with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, their names being so closely identified with the history, legal and social, of our city, and their hospitality having been too often enjoyed, to need comment of mine. You are aware that the two elder sons are married, and reside under the paternal roof. Mrs. Russell Wilson assisted in the reception of the guests, and her joyous smile and cordial greeting argued well for the pleasure of the evening. Among the familiar faces present was your friend, Miss Gwin; her merry, musical laughter, and bright conversation, make her always a welcome guest. Miss Mizner and Miss Coghill were the types of widely different styles, who, in their loveliness, exemplified the fact that extremes meet. Miss Crocker and Miss Crittenden were two charming representatives of California Street. Miss Coleman and Miss Flood were centres of gravitation to a large number of our most desirable beaux. And now from the memory of those admiring the latter I will "pluck a rooted sorrow," with the authoritative announcement that there is no truth in her reported engagement to Ulysses Grant, Jr., and that for the present, at least, she is "fancy-free." Miss Susie Crockett was there, and graced the ball-room with her stately presence—you remember her splendid figure and charming manners. Miss Fall's bright smile and known love of dancing secured her many a gallant partner. The legal luminaries of the evening shone resplendent. First, the host, Judge Lake, Judge Sawyer, Colonel Thornton, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Heydenfeldt, etc. When you read this list I know that you will admit that they represent, in the aggregate, sufficient legal lore to prove satisfactorily to the most exacting that a porphyry horse contains an inexhaustible bonanza, and that the murderer of his mother is a mild saint, actuated by the noblest motives.

I will begin a brief mention of your society friends, by stating that I hear Mr. Shepherd is in love, and consequently looks as solemn, as mysterious as Moses and Mahomet when imparting their respective creeds to a benighted world. The frolicsome Greenway no longer attends balls, and takes no part in the frivolities in which he formerly delighted. I hear he is absorbed in studying for the lyric stage, upon which he hopes to appear when the "Amateur Opera Bouffe Company" shall have perfected themselves sufficiently to favor us with a public performance. I have seen somewhere the expression, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!" now, my wish is for a thousand ears, and a corresponding number of eyes, to properly appreciate the beauties of *opera bouffe* as interpreted by this troupe. An acquaintance of mine, recently from New York, told me he saw our friend, Mrs. Coit, at the opera in that city, looking as nonchalant and bright as ever. It is said she will return to San Francisco next spring; I hope she will, as her coming is always eagerly anticipated by a host of friends.

Gov. Stanford arrived in the city on Tuesday evening; Mrs. Stanford and Miss Lathrop will spend the winter in Albany. Mrs. Shillaber still continues to have a "matinée française" every Friday. These receptions are very popular with the ladies and gentlemen occupying the "Récamier Salon" during the recent "Carnival," and also with others sufficiently versed in the French language to make it a medium of conversation. It would have amused you infinitely to hear on the one hand the proverbial flow of Gallic volubility, on the other the stately, measured march of Anglo-Saxon will, contending desperately, though against fearful odds, with the intricacies of a foreign tongue. On New Year's evening Mrs. Fry gives a large party; I expect, however, the young ladies of our acquaintance will not attend in as full force as at the McMullin's and Wilson's, for the reason that many have promised to receive with other lady friends or wish to remain at home to see their own individual visitors. Miss Coghill will receive with Mrs. Fry during the day, and of course remain for the festivities of the evening. Miss McDougall will grace with her presence the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Shillaber, where she will doubtless have the opportunity to exchange that ever agreeable, though time-worn, salutation: "Happy New Year," with many an admirer. I must not fail to write you that our friend Mrs. McMullin will be surrounded with a perfect bevy of youthful beauties, and I shall warn my acquaintance among the young gentlemen to beware, lest a random glance should implant a thorn not easily extracted; this danger will be readily appreciated when I mention the names of some of the ladies who will be present: First, the lovely trio, daughters of the house; then Miss Solomans, Miss Wilkins, Miss Hammond, Miss Pugh, Miss Porter, and others too numerous to mention. I will not fail to keep you posted as to the events of the holidays and New Year's day. Yours, affectionately, Ada Ven.

Voltaire was in company with several gentlemen who were vying with one another in the narration of dreadful robber and pirate stories. It came to his turn, and he gravely related: "There was a Farmer-General of the revenues." We commend this brief and terrible tale to the publishers of Christmas reading for boys.

The Brooklyn *Union* says Sarah Bernhardt has been convinced that "her *répertoire* of four children and no husband would not be popular in America." True—what she would need here would be four husbands and no children.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's new lecture is called "The Learned Women of Bologna"—and if the intelligent compositor doesn't add "Sausage" to the title, he will miss one of the greatest opportunities of his life.

## MARAH.—A SKETCH.

Years ago, when I was a little girl, my home was in one of the northern counties of this State. The country was in a state of primitive wildness, and through the mountain passes and the valleys the Indians roamed, untouched as yet with the white man's greed of gain or suffering from his scorching presence. Of course, in a place like this, where but few white people had found a way, there would be individuals of more pronounced characteristics than in civilized communities where the attrition of society wore off rough edges and suppressed unusual developments. Man left to himself seems prone to ragged growths, assimilating to the unpruned forest trees and the rough, uneven mountains that are his constant companions; and it may be a question with some as to which is the best—picturesque naturalness, or growth by the line and plummet. Living in such a situation, I grew familiar with queer specimens of my kind, and many are the memories associated with those early times, but not one seems to me more pathetic than the one I now recall. One evening just after sunset, when the long summer twilight was beginning, a woman came to our door and asked for food and a place to sleep. As we had plenty of room, and she was a woman, her request was granted. My father was not at home, but my mother was a brave woman and never thought of danger as she bade the poor creature sit by the fire while some supper was being prepared for her. During the conversation between her and my mother, I had been looking with astonishment and awe at the person who had claimed our hospitality. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; but there was a look in her eye that told of an unsettled mind. I shrank from her roving glance, though she seemed to like my presence, and kept on talking in a strange, broken way, that did not tend to calm my fears. She was young—not more than twenty years old—clad in an old calico dress that was full of gaping rents where briars and bushes had torn it as she passed. Her head was bare, and her glossy, gold-brown hair hung in wild, tangled curls about her shoulders; her features were perfect in their mould, and, though the sun and wind beat unheeded and unbroken on her head, her skin was fair and smooth as a child's. I was fascinated by her strange appearance and great beauty, and, in wonder about her, forgot in a measure my first feeling of fear. At the first opportunity I whispered to my mother to know who she was. "It is poor Marah Araña," said my mother, and I said no more, for had I not heard that name often? I had longed to see Marah Araña, and she was to sleep under our roof, for one night at least, and she had spoken to me! Awe-struck I gazed at her, and all her sad story, that I had often heard rehearsed, came back to me with a new interest and power.

She was born in one of the adjoining counties, and had grown up in the shadow of great pine-clad mountains, living a simple, sweet life, untouched by care, and having no knowledge of the outside world. I can imagine that the spring flowers were her friends, and that the wind in the branches told her gentle stories of beautiful things; the birds must have loved her, for she was lovely and innocent, and no wild beast—there were plenty about her home—ever harmed her. So she grew to that fair line "where the child and woman meet," and yet I think that even then a shadow lay in her eyes, a presage of her mournful fate.

In those days girls did not lack attention from the young men of their acquaintance, and I have heard that Marah had many suitors for her heart and hand. Among them was a Spaniard of intelligence and cultivation, by the name of José Araña. Araña was a tall, fine-looking man, imperious, and strong-willed, and these qualities, so different from what Marah was accustomed to, won her love. They were married, not without opposition from her father and mother, and he bore her away to a home farther up among the mountains. Nothing was heard from them for some years, but one day Marah appeared at her father's home, travel stained and haggard, a child at her breast, and an incipient wildness in her eye. Fortunately the baby did not live, but in the long watches above her wasting, dying child, Marah's mind gave way, and she saw it laid to rest with a dumb, strange look, like that of a dog in pain. After a time her husband succeeded in tracing her, and tried to induce her to return. She finally yielded to his entreaties, and they rode away together, but she was doomed to a new disappointment. His cold, selfish nature could not slumber long, and the poor, weak-brained creature fled again to the shelter of her parents' home, where she seemed to grow better. She was harmless, and as the months went by she grew restless, and started over the mountains alone to visit some friends nearly a hundred miles to the north. She reached them, and was tenderly cared for, but nothing could soothe to quiet the mind that appeared ever to yearn and reach for something just beyond its grasp. For years she wandered through those mountains, sometimes on horseback, often on foot, sheltered in some house if there was one, and if not, sleeping under a bush, while her horse grazed near by. In wind or rain she went, bareheaded and alone, some vague pain ever urging her on, and seemingly protected by invisible hands. Her sad story was known far and wide, but if it had not been, her beautiful face, combined with her youth and state of mind, would have moved the coldest to compassionate help.

I have heard this story from various sources, and now the stricken wanderer was eating at our table, and I could gaze my fill at her lovely face. She grew restless under my glances, and after supper kept moving about—now on the porch, now near the fire—with a piteous movement of the hands, that showed the uncertain working of her mind. The next morning she wrapped her faded shawl around her shoulders and started among the hills to the south, for she said she was going to see her mother. I watched her out of sight with a new feeling at my heart, for I dimly discerned that He who watched over the sparrows had her in His care. It may seem strange that her liberty was not restrained; but I do not know that in those early days we had asylums for such as she; and, besides, she was so harmless, and had inspired such a feeling in all who knew her or had heard of her that it would have seemed almost sacrilege to lay hands on her. She was cunning, too, as all in her state are, and would have eluded the care of ordinary keepers; and, also, anything like restraint might have developed violent action where there was only harmless gentleness.

I have often wondered what thoughts passed through her troubled mind as she wandered over the mountain paths, or across the wild valleys that lay in her track. Perhaps her baby's voice called her through the lonely days and nights; perhaps she thought herself a child again, looking for flowers under the waving trees; or the ghost of her love, dead and buried, rose before her poor stricken heart in all its early beauty, and led her on, ever reaching to grasp its blossoms in her pale fingers. V. SAVELLI.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1879.

### More About Dress.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 17, 1879.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—It is very good of Mr. "Olla-Podrida" to preach—and he preaches well, no question of that—about simplicity and inexpensiveness in costume to us society ladies. It is all very well for him to urge a conspiracy on our part to be pretty in lawn, and sweet in muslin, and no jewelry admitted. But, Mr. Editor, hadn't he better first secure the influence of the ARGONAUT to help along the movement? With that to strengthen our hands we will some of us enter upon the campaign against over-dressing with serene confidence of winning the battle. The attentions of the young men—of all men—we can well dispense with at parties. Let them hover about the dowagers in diamonds if it please them, and pay court to the wealthy and extravagant *creatures* with ten-thousand-dollar gowns from Paris as much as they will. "We girls" will clothe ourselves with modesty as a garment—it's cheap—and sit in a pretty row against the wall, smiling at our toes, and supremely happy in our privation of male society as we tranquilly reflect that the next Saturday's ARGONAUT will praise us and our simple dresses, with never a word about the gorgeous apparel of the enemy. Won't it be delightful to speculate, as wall-flowers, on what "Hebe," or "Ganymede," or "Ada Ven" will find that is "real sweet" to say of our costumes of unsophisticated sheetings and ingenuous burlaps? Seriously, will you either stop denouncing the extravagance of our ladies' party-dresses in one column of your charming paper, or stop praising them in another? Don't put me off with a pretty compliment like that with which you stopped the mouth of "Lel" last week, "but define your position," and send the compliment by mail. MEL.

M. Charles Monselet, one of the most delightful of Parisian writers, and an authority on matters of gastronomy, has contributed to a new *edition de luxe* of Brillat-Savarin, a preface in his happiest style, in the course of which he discusses the important question of the condition and prospects of French cookery. He is opposed to roasts which come from the oven, and tells a touching story of an old and worthy cook who, finding himself bereft of resources, went out one day, hiding as well as he could beneath his coat something long and slight, wrapped in paper. He directed his steps toward the *mont-de-piété* in the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, the central establishment, and there approached one of the compartments and placed the parcel before the clerk.

"What is in this?" asked the clerk.

"Ernestine—the faithful companion of my life," murmured the cook, wiping away a great tear.

"Unwrap it!" said the clerk. The cook obeyed, and brought to light a spit, a keen and shining spit. "The queen of spits," he sighed.

"We can't lend anything on that."

"I beg your pardon."

"The *mont-de-piété* does not take spits on pawn."

The cook remained motionless, not understanding, while the clerks around him laughed.

"Come, I say, take that thing away—it's in the road," said the clerk.

"What am I to do with it?" sighed the poor man; "there is no longer any cooking done anywhere."

"Take it away, I tell you."

"Oh, Ernestine, what is to become of us?" And with this cry, which would have softened the wild beast of the jungle, but which had no effect upon the pawn-clerks, the unhappy man took his spit, and, without pausing to wrap it up, strode out. In the streets people turned round to watch this desperate man, brandishing that spike of shining steel.

When fate is in an ironical mood she enjoys herself. Her latest mockery has been at the expense of one of the guild. Fernand Poirot, aged twenty-one, wrote a comedy and called it *Les Viperes*. He submitted it to a Parisian manager, and it was rejected. Another, likewise; and so on through the list. Then he sought influence. *Les Viperes*, rewritten, was one fine morning accepted. The manager wrote to the author to attend the reading as soon as possible. "Poor fellow," he thought, "how happy he will be, after awaiting this moment so long."

The messenger returned.

"Well, did you see M. Poirot?"

"No, sir."

"He was out, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you left the letter."

"No, sir."

"But why not, stupid?"

"Because he is dead, sir."

The posthumous piece was nevertheless mounted. If the dead man could turn in his grave, it would be to find himself famous. In the place of the young author moving nervously about on the first night, there sat, buried deep in the mournful obscurity of a dimly lighted box, a black-robed figure whose eyes never left the stage, following the action of the piece from beginning to end. Where the world rendered floral tribute to the work of the cold hand, this figure's oblation was tears.

It was the author's mother.

*Music Teacher*, to scholar—"You see that note with an open space; that's a whole note. Can you remember that?" *Scholar*—"Yes'm; a whole note is a note that has a hole in it.

If a hunter will hunt long enough he will be sure to pull his gun over the fence by the muzzle, and from that day the game will have no more fun with him.

## GANYMEDE'S CUP.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18th, 1879.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—The party entertaining epidemic, that was inoculated into our veins upon the arrival of General Grant, continues to rage with most disastrous effects in some quarters. Give us a rest, that we may gain strength to enjoy Christmas and New Year's day. Mrs. J. D. Fry has invited six of her lady friends to receive with her during the day and evening. Mrs. Robert Graves will keep open house. Mrs. Charles Crocker and daughter, with Miss Arnold, will welcome their friends during the day. Mrs. Henry Scott will be assisted by Mrs. George Prescott, who is one of the most entertaining ladies I have met in your city. Mesdames Swift, Shillaber, and Oulton are to be at home. Pretty, musical Mrs. Robert Barton will see her friends; and Dr. Stone's daughters—Miss Kate and Mrs. L. L. Baker, will extend the hospitality which makes their home so delightful. Mrs. C. J. Hooker, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and daughter, Mrs. Dr. Bucknall, assisted by Mrs. John C. Hall, *née* Perry, Mrs. A. J. Holmes, Mrs. Capt. Eldridge and daughter, beautiful Mrs. Bandman, Mrs. Judge Dangerfield and daughter, with many others, begin the new year with open doors, and a will to be gay and happy that even the newly discovered lake in Nevada can not drown out. But I, alas! am not happy, for I can not understand some of the familiar manners and customs of your State.

A few evenings ago at an elegant entertainment, I chanced to be seated by the side of a gentleman acquaintance, who was conversing with a young lady. I ventured to join in the conversation, whereupon the lady glared at me as though I were a Patagonian chief about to tomahawk her—glared as my old cat would at an insect that had crossed his path hesitating whether it should be gobbled up with one unerring stroke of the velvet-covered claw, or annihilated by a glance of contempt. The gentleman took in the situation of things and said: "Mrs. Anthony G ——, are you not acquainted with Miss Selectschool?" "I have not the pleasure;" and the necessary form was gone over. Now, I had a vague idea derived from lessons taught in my youth, that when Miss S. and myself accepted Mr. and Mrs. Steelback's invitation, we were supposed to be equals while under her roof, certainly to the extent of exchanging a few commonplace remarks. Why are women so disagreeable to each other? The same thing has happened to me on more than one occasion, when I have been calling on a reception-day. Few of your ladies understand the art of entertaining more than one person at a time; and if five, ten, or a dozen chance to meet, they must browse round for themselves. I like to try and make myself agreeable to those I am near; but the rebuffs I receive sometimes incline me to be as rude, icebergy, and snobbish as the people I meet. Gentlemen, as a rule are polite to each other; women should be. Life is so short and hobbly; why not try and smooth it over a little with kindness and politeness.

Can you not, in your own delicate way, suggest to your numerous readers among the lords of creation that, if boot-blacking is cheap in this country, party dresses are not? I have seen many beautiful dresses ruined by a single dance, or promenade, by the side of freshly besmeared boots. What would my lords do if the ladies wore something that destroyed the grace of their much-loved swallow-tails the first time they were under party gas? Answer me! oh, answer me! Patent-leather shoes are much cheaper than full-fledged boots, and they are always ready. Would it not be well to put under the "R. S. V. P." the letters, "N. B. B. A."—no blacked boots admitted? People who don't know anything by instinct or education must be made to know, if they are tolerated, how these few letters, if observed, would save much growling—and, possibly, swearing—by the heads of families; much vexation of mind and body. You see, dear ARGONAUT, I have worked myself into a stifling snarl over these and other matters, and use you as a safety-valve.

I have missed clever, talented Mrs. Jo Austin, and am glad to hear that she is convalescent, after her long illness. How very sad was the death of Rozelia Gore Locan—so beautiful as a young lady, so charming and devoted as a wife and mother! How hard it will be for those near and dear to her to learn to do without her! Such a heart could not go hence without rending and tearing its way out of the hearts that loved it. Yours, GANYMEDE.

### Obscure Intimations.

E. B. N., Indianapolis.—Thanks. We know now pretty nearly as much about the burial of Moses as any newspaper in the country. Could you send us a report of Aaron's funeral?

OLD '49ER, Boston.—We did not mean that we would *publish* anonymous communications. We like them only because they instruct, refine, and ennoble us, prepare us for the battle of life, and (commonly) remind us of that which one is apt to forget—the existence of better men than we. As for Mayor Prince, we do not know him, out here.

M. B. S., New York.—We have no room for them, charming as they are.

ROBIN, Vallejo.—Such a line as "My fancy raised a fair idol," put into a stanza of iambic lines, needs better defense than the "displacement of accent for rhythm," whatever that may mean in this instance. We do not like the verses, anyhow. Ever write prose?

PIPE, Reno.—If you remember the last stanza, say it over, real slow, and let us know if you think there is a rhyme in it. These are the final words—you may have forgotten: "Physician," "heaven," "done," "come." Beats *us!*

M. D. Stockton.—If that fellow Owens really delivered himself of such a "lecture" you ought to have him arrested for indecent exposure of his mind. It is obvious that we can do nothing in the matter.

JAMES F.—It must have cost you a good deal of trouble to make your handwriting so ingeniously illegible. When you are older and wiser you will have learned a trick that will be worth money to you in writing for the press. Here it is now: In the competition for editorial approval legible manuscript starts with an enormous advantage in its favor. The odds are against it, in any case, but legibility removes, say, twenty per cent. of the editor's natural antipathy to his contributors. Brevity will remove thirty per cent. more; and by the time that it has dawned upon his mind (so called) that the thing is neither a story nor poetry he is prepared to judge it almost fairly, on its merits.

SAMUEL, Nevada City.—We already have several copies of Grant's grateful letter to the generous tailor, but it is not up to our standard. Let Grant publish it his own self.

## ELEGIES AND IDYLLIC SORROWS.

How Different Poets Deal with such Matters.

It is a matter of curiosity and interest to observe the different modes in which poets express the quality of grief. These modes vary in dignity, in fervor, in pathos, in art, not with reference to the intrinsic merits of their subjects so much as to the mental idiosyncrasies of the poets themselves. If Milton or Pope, Byron or Poe, choose to be lugubrious, their sorrows are the mirrors of their own qualities. It is as impossible for any one poet to strike the minor key on any other's instrument as it would be to take on his features or habits; each deals with his subjects in his own way, tinctured by the mannerism of the age he lived in. It would be impossible, in a brief sketch, to examine the peculiarities of any other poets, whether ancient or modern, than those speaking the English tongue; nor would it be easy to reproduce and interpret, by translation, the differences among them. I shall, therefore, only cite a few instances from the better known poets of our language; nor shall these be recondite, but such as are familiar to ordinary readers.

In Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece," the mighty hand of the master has portrayed the two great griefs of nature—grief for the death of beauty and grief for the death of honor. He invades both the moral and physical world in the themes of these poems, and with comprehensive breadth looks at both subjects in every possible light, so that we are surprised and pleased by the varying and exhaustive quality of his grief. It is instructive, too, to note the subtlety and knowledge of nature he displays in choosing women, and not men, as the prime actors in poems which he doubtless meant to be thorough exponents of this emotion. Woman is better adapted than man; it is more natural for her to indulge the more yielding emotions. Passion is her sphere; action, man's; and sorrows like those of "Orlando Furioso" excite only the merriment of practical humanity. Throughout his plays Shakspeare exactly suits the extent of the grief he pictures to the nature of those who exhibit it. "Timon" writes his own epitaph in a manner suitable to his misanthropic condition; while "Prince Hal" can not help feeling sorrow on viewing "Falstaff's" mountainous flesh lying in supposed death on Shrewsbury Plain, and his regard for the old reprobate, by exclaiming:

> I might have better lost a better man.

But Shakspeare would supply materials for a volume on this theme alone; so let us turn to Milton. This renowned poet has not left us without a poem dedicated to regret and sorrow in his "Lycidas"—a lyric elegy written on the death, by drowning, of one of his early college friends. It is constructed, as was the fashion of the day, after classic models, and imitates more nearly than anything else the style of the pastorals of Virgil. It is only genius that can afford to trifle with such models, but the clay of the Roman poet became plastic in the hands of his successor:

> Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
> Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
> For neither were ye playing on the steep
> Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
> Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high;
> Nor yet where Deva spreads his wizard stream—
> Ah! me, I fondly dream.
>
> * * * *
>
> It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
> Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
> That sank so low that sacred head of thine.

Milton's sorrow keeps measure with his genius. It is dignified, sonorous, grand, abounding in noble imagery; yet we feel that it is not artificial, but perfectly natural and human.

With the rise of the Reformation and the progress of philosophy in Europe, English poetry takes on, and holds through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a stilted and artificial aspect—manner in many respects receiving equal consideration with matter; but in our present nineteenth cycle simplicity and truth have again overridden the bounds of conventionality and mere art. The Stuart dynasty does not seem to have been favorable to the production of poets, nor do we find the seventeenth century, as a whole, to have been illuminated by any brilliant poetic splendor. As a specimen of the elegiac poetry of the period I will cite a few lines, as evidence of the philosophic turn which the muse was taking—lines which are not wanting in force, but which yet seem artificial:

> Daphnis is dead, and, while the great watch goes
> Of loud and restless time, takes his repose.
> Fame is but noise, all learning is but thought—
> Which one admires, another sets at nought;
> Nature mocks both, and wit makes much ado,
> But Death brings knowledge, and assurance, too.

In the eighteenth century grief which was not couched in elegant and polished phrase would have been considered, if not insincere, at least vulgar and boorish. Sorrow had to tread the grave and stately steps of the minuet to the nicest adjustment of melody. Rule was everything, simplicity and natural effects very little. Pope, as being the poetic mirror in which the century was glassed, shall afford an instance, and it shall be taken from his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," where he describes the sorrows of Orpheus at his second loss of Eurydice:

> But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes,
> Again she falls, again she dies—she dies!
> Now under hanging mountains,
> Beside the falls of fountains,
> All alone
> He makes his moan,
> And calls her ghost
> For ever, ever, ever lost.
> Now by furies surrounded,
> Despairing, confounded,
> He trembles, he glows
> Amid Rhodope's snows;
> Now wild as the wind o'er the desert he flies;
> Hark! Hœmus resounds to the Bacchanal's cries.
> Ah, see, he dies!
> Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung,
> Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
> Eurydice the woods,
> Eurydice the floods,
> Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

The rhythm, the modulation, and the music of these lines are unexceptionable, but the subject possesses little human interest. But is Pope to be blamed for having sensibly or insensibly permitted his genius to be moulded by the tastes of his age? Had he lived earlier or later he would doubtless have excelled in the qualities demanded by the time.

Just as the poetic realm, in which Pope was whilom autocrat, was about to be overrun by the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns of poesy—as the modern school, comprising such leaders as Byron, Scott, Shelley, Tennyson, and others, were at first considered—arose Gray and stood in the gap. No finer poem than his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," dealing with the emotion of grief, is to be found in any language; and the best evidence of this fact is the popularity which it maintains in the hearts of the public ever since it was simultaneously translated into all the languages of Europe on its first appearance. It combines dignity of expression and exquisite polish, with depth of thought and an appeal to a common natural instinct. Where all is so undeniably perfect it would be as invidious to make a quotation as it would be useless in the case of a poem so well known.

Turning to the poets of our own times and habits of thought, we are first presented by Byron, whose verse is characterized by no qualities greater than grandeur, nobility, force, and pathos, with two short stanzas such as no pen but his could have written:

> Oh, snatched away in beauty's bloom,
> On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,
> But o'er thy turf shall roses rear
> Their heads the earliest in the year,
> And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom!
>
> And oft by yon blue gushing stream,
> Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
> And feed deep thoughts with many a dream,
> And lingering pause, and lightly tread,
> Fond wretch! as if her step would wake the dead.

Byron, however, possessed another weapon which he could wield mercilessly and vindictively, and that was satire. Witness those lines in the "Vision of Judgment" wherein he refers to the obsequies of George the Third, which may, perhaps, be considered by some, and Americans especially, in the light of a fitting elegy:

> A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
> A worse king never left a realm undone;
> And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low
> It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
> The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

Byron certainly availed himself of that freedom of speech which is the prerogative of the Anglo Saxon race to its fullest capacity in this animadversion on the dead monarch; yet George the Fourth didn't shoot him!

While in the Byronic vein of thought I am wafted across a separating ocean, until my attention rests upon the page of Poe. Poe possessed much of the gloom, much, too, of the sublimity, of Byron. The two poems of Poe which mark the widest range of his intellect are both poems of sorrow for the dead—of grief—elegies, so to speak. I refer to "Annabel Lee" and "Ulalume"—the one as light and graceful in its imagery as if from the pen of Shelly; the other dark, gloomy, weird, penetrating abyssmal depths unsounded even by Byron. I cannot help reproducing the opening stanza of "Ulalume:"

> The skies they were ashen and sober,
> The leaves they were crisped and sere,
> The leaves they were withering and sere;
> It was night in the lonesome October
> Of my most immemorial year;
> It was down by the dim lake of Auber,
> In the misty mid-region of Weir—
> It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
> In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

What a ghastly, shadowy scene, under a cheerless sky, can not the imagination conjure up as the poet strikes this mournful cadence on his melancholy harp!

It is not a difficult transition from Poe to Matthew Arnold, one of whose gems I have never yet seen in any published edition of his works. It is an elegy essentially of the present day:

> Strew on her roses, roses,
> But never a spray of yew,
> For in peace her soul reposes—
> I would that mine did, too!
>
> Her mirth the world required,
> She bathed it in smiles and glee,
> But her heart was tired, tired,
> And now they let her be.
>
> Her life was turning, turning,
> In mazes of heat and sound,
> But for peace her soul was yearning,
> And now peace laps her round.
>
> Her cabined, ample spirit,
> It fluttered and failed for breath;
> To-night she doth inherit
> The vasty halls of death.

A pen-picture of the unsatisfied lot of the nineteenth century girl of fashion—at least, if she has any heart or soul—is here etched by a master hand.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam," written on the death of his college friend, Arthur Hallam, is by many considered the finest monument of its author's genius. Full of sincere grief, and deep, philosophic reflection, it occupies a niche in English literature filled neither by the "Lycidas" of Milton, nor the "Adonais" of Shelley. As a specimen of the class of reflection, at times gloomy, at others hopeful, we append two stanzas which convey a very forcible idea:

> O father, wherever thou be,
> Who pledgest now thy gallant son,
> A shot, ere half the draught be done,
> Has stilled the life that beat from thee.
>
> O mother, praying God may save
> Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed
> His heavy-shotted hammock shroud
> Sinks in his vast and wandering grave.

This train of reflection, correct though it undoubtedly is from one standpoint, is happily not the measure of Tennyson's usual buoyancy of spirit. My reference to Shelley's "Adonais, or Elegy on the Death of John Keats," calls to my memory a stanza of a more spiritual and noble cast than the passage quoted from Tennyson. Keats died young, his delicate, nervous organization and shrinking temperament being unfit to combat the keen shafts or sarcasm leveled against him by the hands of Jeffreys, Brougham, and other writers at that time connected with the *Quarterly Review;* as is tersely and caustically put thus by Byron:

> Who killed Keats?
> I, said the *Quarterly*,
> So savage and tartarly,
> I killed Keats.

But Shelley was his friend and admirer, and, after laying his remains in the little Protestant graveyard in Rome by the tomb of Cestius, he commemorated his genius in splendid verse, well represented by the following quotation:

> The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
> Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
> Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
> Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
> Yet faded from him. * * *
>
> And many more whose names on earth are dark
> Though their transmitted effluence can not die,
> So long as fire outlives its parent spark,
> Rose robed in dazzling immortality:
> Thou art become as one of us, they cry;
> It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
> Swung blind in unascended majesty,
> Silent, alone, amid a heaven of song;
> Assume thy winged throne, thou vesper of our throng.

It is one of those inexplicable problems of human nature how such a genius could bring his glorious imagery and transcendent imagination to describe a state of things which he affected to believe did not exist: for did he not register himself "Atheos" in the visitors' book of a certain hospice in the Swiss Alps? Yet which does more credit to the poet, and best satisfies the desires of human nature, the *bravado* of the entry or the soaring aspiration of the verse?

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879.

## LA CRÊME DES CHRONIQUES.

This is what the alleged wits of Paris find to say in the N. Y. *World:*

Alphonso Karr, in his *Livre de Bord*, tells a nice little story of Auguste Romieu, a well known writer on *Le Figaro*, whose practical jokes made him famous all over Paris. One night Romieu, having dressed himself for his part in a provincial costume, entered awkwardly a watchmaker's shop, and, with a timid bow and an apology for disturbing the tradesman, began: "Pardon, monsieur, but what are those little round things hanging up there?"

"Those are called watches."

"Watches! What are they for?"

"To tell the time of day."

"Why, they must be real handy. Do they cost much?"

"From two hundred francs down to twenty-five."

"Bless me, I could afford to buy one. Does it take much trouble to make them go?"

"No; all you have to do is to wind them up every day—this way."

"That seems very easy—but when should I wind the watch—I think that is what you call it—up?"

"In the morning."

"In the morning—why?"

"Because you are always drunk at night, M. Romieu, and you'd break it if you tried to wind it up then."

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Said one of "Cham's" friends to him once upon a time, pointing to one of the wolves of the Bourse that happened to be passing: "When I knew that man first he was honest!"

"I never thought you were so old as that!" said the caricaturist, coldly.

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A peasant halts before the show-case of a photographer, and gazes upon a production of Rauch's famous group of "The Three Graces."

"Oh, those women—those women," sighs the honest man; "they were too poor to buy a stitch of clothing, but they could find money to get their pictures taken!"

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*Client.*—Yes, sir; my husband is determined on a separation. You see, he had forbidden me to receive Gustave, and when he came home unexpectedly and found Gustave in the sitting-room he got mad and went to a hotel and sent for all his things next morning.

*Advocate.*—Humph; why didn't you face it out and swear the young man had called on some business, or that you had refused to see him and were just ordering him out, or something?

*Client.*—Because if I had he'd have gone into the dressing-room for his slippers and found Ernest there; and he'd forbidden Ernest the house, too!

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Dialogue between two old schoolfellows, one of whom has sold with the wolves while the other has bought with the lambs:

"Well, old fel, fortune has favored me, while luck has been decidedly against you. I'm going to retire now and settle down. Suppose you come and live with me at my country-seat?"

"Oh, you're too good!"

"There is a nice little lodge, where the woodbine twineth, down at the gates that I'll have furnished. How would that answer? I know you would feel more independent and at your ease if you had a little snuggery of your own."

"My dear fellow, your generosity is equaled by your delicacy. Excuse these tears of grateful joy."

"That's all right—that's all right; between old friends like us, you know —— Besides, you will have it in your power to repay any little services I may be able to render you."

"Name it—only say how—and if my heart's blood"——

"Well, you see, being down near the gates, if any packages or letters come you might take them in for me; all you'd have to do would be to pull a cord I'll have fixed up for you with a nice little ring at the end of it, and as you'd see me going in or out you'd be able to tell any inquiring friends whether I was at home or not, and"—

"But, I say, you want me to be your porter!"

"Can you think so unkindly of me as to think that? Why, I would pay a servant wages!"

## THE OLD SON ACCEPTS.

And Reads the Pard a Homily on Women and Mules.

FRISBIE'S, December 9, 1879.

OLD PARD :—You've got 'em bad an' no mistake. It's better'n a side show to a circus to read thet las' letter o' yours. The idee of an ol' bald headed galoot like you a rampin' round 'Frisco blin' drunk half the time, an' only sober enough to set 'em up the other half! Jim, ye oughter be ashamed o' yerself. Yer ol' pard's a whisperin' to ye now, an' w'at he considers off color mus' be cussedly out o' jint. But afore I start in lively I'll jest hand out my "kindest regards," ez they say in the fust circles, an' accept the proud honor o' standin' up 'ith ye at the dove tanglin' bizness—the weddin' hurrah, ye understan'. But to tell ye the truth, Jim, I've bin calc'latin' on gittin' rid o' my hog herd this winter, an' I've slipped up on it. The cons'quence is I've run short o' collat, an' ez Frisbie's jest got in his stock o' spring bourbon an' summer calicoes, he's short too, an' the rest o' the boys havin' bin cleaned out at draw by Newt. Taylor an' Injun Dick, they're busted higher'n Gilderoy's kite. So ye see, Jim, it's a groun' hog case 'ith me, an' ef I'm to jocky up to the wire 'longside o' you an' yer filly I'll hev to raise the wind to the tune of nigh onto two hundred dollars or so. These gilt edged weddin's is more expensive 'n they was w'en me an' the ol' woman grabbed paws, an' lied to the preacher 'bout lovin', honorin', an obeyin' each other 'til death jumped the claim an' slid us into the tail race o' nowhar. I've bin thar, Jim, an' w'at I don't know 'bout wimmen ye could cram into the slasher columns o' the *Zaminer*, an' leave a big place fur clippin's from the Okolona duck's blizzards. Ye can't fool me on wimmen, Jim. W'en it comes down to a squar assay o' the opposite sex I'm thar ev'ry time. I haint got my pints in a day, Jim; no, sir; nur I didn't larn 'em in a week, or a month, or a year. I've made a study o' thet part o' the human family ez wears dimity ever sence me an' my ol' woman hed thet row about w'at made the biscuits yaller. I soured on 'em from the minit her coffee cup landed on my eyebrow, an' from the day ol' Jedge Nickerson tol' us both to go about our biznesses, an' not hev nothin' more to do 'ith each other, I've bin tacklin' the question o' females an' the use they are to mankind. I've got the thing down to a fine pint, an' kin hist out more solid sense to the square fut 'n mos' men kin in a lifetime. You're only jest settin' out in the go-as-ye-please fur knowledge o' the wimmen, an' a few pints sech I can shovel out to ye 'll help ye along like dope on a snow shoe. In the fust place, wimmen is more like a mule 'n anythin' else on the footstool. Wimmen hez ther tantrums, an' so hez a mule. An' the man thet kin tackle a mule 'ith his temper up is safe to be trusted 'ith a woman on the rampage, or vicey versie. Take 'em in ther tantrums.

The mule sets his ears back and bucks like an earthquake; a woman sets her'n back an' unlimbers her tongue, or goes fur ye 'ith the fryin' pan. The best way to gravel a mule is to let him kick an' rare; thet is, ef it is a valooable animal an' ye don't feel justified in murderin' him. W'en ye want to blow cold to a woman's hot temper jest let her alone; thet is, ef ye don't think it's safe to choke her 'til she squeals, w'ich I'm thinkin' is the best way arter all, though it's a little risky for a man thet ain't got his hand in. You hevn't got yer hand in, so I wouldn't advise ye to choke her off on the fust start. It ain't a safe game to grin w'en a mule's ears lie back on his mane, and its about ez dangerous to show yer teeth w'en a woman's a slidin' round on her ear. A mule is the most knowin' brute in creation, an' he's better acquainted 'ith the meanin' of a well-defined grin 'n anythin thet walks, crawls, or flies. Ef he gets it into his head that yer grinnin' to make fun of him, it goes to his heart like an empty bucket to the bottom of a shaft, and it's a safe two to one bet thet he'll drive thet grin clean down into the lower levels o' yer throat 'ith the but end o' his heel quicker'n a sage hen kin wink in a san' storm. It's jest the same way 'ith a woman. Let her ketch ye grinnin' w'en she's on a flare, and I wouldn't give a Piute's cuss fur w'atever beauty ye might a bin born 'ith. Then thar's the mild an' gentle mule 'ith his dove eyes an' his deceitful ways. I'd rather make a break to put a cinch on a mad mule, single-handed, 'n to swing a halter 'ithin two hundred yards o' one o' those cow-eyed critters. The honest mule rares an' bucks an' kicks on principle; but the other devil is all cussedness from the point of his nose to the end of his tail. He's like a Bodie flea; w'en ye've got any bizness to transact 'ith him he's thar, but it's in sech a permiskus manner thet ye don't git no satisfaction out o' the interview. He'll look at ye ez if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, an' the fust thing ye know it's bin a week sence they began to patch up w'at was left o' ye. An' jest so 'ith wimmen, its the cow-eyed critters thet kick the hardest once they git started. My ol' woman was one o' thet kind. She'd grin like an angel, and the fust thing ye knowed she'd land ye one on the jaw thet 'd call for seven doctors an' a county hospital. She'd smile like a villain, and chuck the pantry at yer head. It's the dove-eyed wimmin thet're responsible fur all the wars an' rumors o' wars thet've turned loose sence the days o' Jezebel. Ol' Mother Eve was cow-eyed, and I'll bet a pocket mine against a bogus picayune thet she grinned wide enough to swaller the gates o' Paradise w'en she shoved thet apple under Adam's nose. Ef she's one o' this kind, Jim, I'm sorry fur ye. Ye might as well turn nigger and go to Cuba fur yer health. The only way to conquer a mild-eyed mule is to club him to death, and it ain't no use to fool along 'ith a mild-eyed woman more'n a month at the most.

Then thar's the dumpy mule. He ain't ez dangerous to tackle, and ef ye kin keep out o' reach o' his heels ye kin manage him purty easy. W'en a mule or a woman is given to dumps, soft solder 's the best thing to fetch 'em. The thicker ye lay it on, the quicker they come round. There ain't bustin' round and smashin' things 'ith the dumpy sort, and ez long ez ye don't twist ther ears, so to speak, yer safe from the wrath to come. The wust kind is the cunnin' mule, an' the same remark 'll apply to wimmen o' the same breed. 'Ith the cunnin' mule 'taint his ears, or his eyes, or his tail thet ye've got to keep a look out on. It's his hind heels. An' the fu'ther yer away w'en yer takin' observations the better it 'ill be fur you. I'd ruther study the pints of a cunnin' mule through a long range telescope 'n I would through a hole in a stone wall. An' I'd ruther read about a cunnin' woman in the noosepapers 'n to run aginst one in the biggest mob thet ever started in to wade knee deep in blood, because they couldn't make ez much money ez a Chinaman. The best thing fur a man to do w'en he finds thet he's got a cunnin' mule or a cunnin' woman to tackle is to emigrate. But, ez a gin'ral thing, ye don't know anythin' about it till yer struck. I don't want to discourage ye, Jim, but I'm afeard thet it's one o' the cunnin' kind thet's got hold o' you, an' the widder's o' the same opinion. But I'll come down an' risk it, pervided I kin make the riffle fur about two hundred. Ther's store duds to be got, an' a plug hat, an' a hundred other fixins, an' ez my hogs isn't saleable jest now I reckon I'll hev to borrer on my note. I s'pose ye'll hev somethin' to eat an' drink? I b'lieve it's the reg'lar thing to spread a hot lunch, ain't it?

Then ye'll hev to go off on a weddin' tower, I s'pose. How'd a trip down to the Farreleones do fur a starter? They say them blue eggs is fust class eatin' biled or fried; taste like a codfish om'lette, I b'lieve. Ef Dick Stoker kin sell his pocket mine atween now an' Chris'mas he'll be on hand; an' ef Bill Waters isn't too busy I reckon he'll put in an appearance, too. I was speakin' to Ike Potter an' Ned Rodgers the other day over in Sonora, an' they promised to git Ned Parsons to mix a bucket full of egg nog specially fur the benefit o' those friends o' yours who can't git down to the bust on Chris'mas. They're goin' to call it the Snaggleby julep, an' Hi Forshner's goin' to ladle it out to the boys. Fred Faxon 'd come down, he says, but thet las' break o' Belcher's hez weakened him to sech an extent thet he can't travel. Poor Fred, it's a pity he's so pious, ain't it? Now, Jim, don't furgit w'at I've said about mules, an' recollect thet a woman's the mule o' the human race. An' another thing, Jim, afore I cut it short: ef ye'r ever called on to perpose matterimony to another woman, don't make sech a fool o' yerself ez ye did on this racket. Ez soon's ye make up yer mind to jump, don't wait to be kicked. This beatin' round the bush won't pan out 'ith the most o' wimmen, an' once they think yer a skeered o' them it's all up 'ith ye. It's the same way 'ith mules—ther's only one in twenty bands thet'll stan' still to be coaxed arter they see the halter in yer hand. Ef I kin raise the dust, I'll be on hand like a thumb jint married to a felon.

Yer ol' pard, BILL BELCHER.

To JAMES SNAGGLEBY, Oakland, California,
Care of Phil Raglin.

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### What They Know About Everything.

When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
June it was jolly,
O! for it's folly!
A dancing leg and a laughing eye!
Youth may be silly,
But Wisdom is chilly,
What can an old man do but die? —*Thomas Hood.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon.*

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most like it least.—*Lemesle.*

Misery is a famous school mistress.—*Emile Souvestre.*

Desire is the parent of power. Whoever strongly desires is sure to obtain.—*Chateaubriand.*

Better heresy of doctrine than heresy of heart.—*J. G. Whittier.*

Virtue and pity are but self-love in disguise.—*Countess Guiccioli.*

Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
As they will do like leaves at the first breeze;
They are but bad pilots when the weather's rough,
Doctors less famous for their cures than fees. —*Byron.*

Those who love are but one step from heaven.—*James Russell Lowell.*

We rarely like the virtues we have not.—*Shakspeare.*

A man will lay down his head or peril his life for his honor, but let us be shy how we ask him to give up his ease or his heart's desire.—*Thackeray.*

The good die first, and they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust burn to the very socket.—*Wordsworth.*

Heroes are men who set out to be demi-gods in their own eyes, and who end by being so in certain moments, by dint of despising and combating humanity.—*Georges Sand.*

Lutheran, Popish, Calvanistic, all these creeds and doctrines three
Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be!
—*Longfellow.*

The malediction of man is more terrible than that of God. One can hope from the one, the other is without pity.—*Balzac.*

Ridicule dishonors more than dishonor.—*La Rochefoucault.*

What we gain in experience is not worth what we lose in illusion.—*J. Petit-Senn.*

A truth that is not comprehended becomes an error.—*Desbarolles.*

The misfortune of happiness is satiety, and the happiness of misfortune is hope.—*Champfort.*

Young, one is rich in all the future that one dreams; old, one is poor of all the past that one regrets.—*Rochepèdre.*

The pleasures of thought are consolations for the wounds of the heart.—*Mme. de Staël.* N. B. S.

SACRAMENTO, December 8, 1879.

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It is a mistake to think your interlocutor is listening to what you say. He is thinking of what he is going to say.

It is a mistake to suppose that everybody is thinking of you. You do so much of that kind of work yourself that you exhaust the subject.

It is a mistake to suppose that your children will profit by your experiences. You didn't accept your father's, but preferred taking a term in the same expensive school.

It is a mistake to suppose that the dismally pious man has had a change of heart. The change is in his digestion, if anywhere.

It is a mistake to suppose that your friend is consumedly interested in your eloquent description of your liver troubles. On the contrary, he is excessively anxious to tell you of his catarrh.

## THE OTHER POETS.

### In God's Acre.

Thou art alive, O grave—
Thou with thy living grass,
Blown of all winds that pass;
Thou with thy daisies white,
Dewy at morn and night;
Thou on whose granite stone
Greenly the moss has grown;
Thou on whose holy mound,
Through the whole summer round,
Sweetly the roses thrive—
Thou art alive!
O grave, thou art alive!

Answer me, then, O grave!
Yea, from thy living bloom
Speak to me, O green tomb!
Say if the maid I know,
Sepulchred here below—
Say if the sweet white face,
Hidden in this dark place—
Say if the hair of gold
Buried amid thy mould—
Say, O thou grave, her bed,
Is my love dead?
Oh, say, are the dead dead?—*Theodore Tilton.*

### Wouldn't You?

He told me my face was the fairest
And purest he ever had known;
The bobolink envied my singing,
The nightingale mimicked its tone;
My dimples they quarreled with cherries
Just under eyes' tender blue,
My tresses they angered the sunbeam—
I half disbelieved. Wouldn't you?

He told me my fingers were dainty,
My lips only modeled to kiss,
And "would I give one of the sweetest
For such a poor bauble as this?"
May be I should not have done it,
But he looked so pleading and true;
The ring was so pretty—I took it,
And gave him the kiss. Wouldn't you?

He told me there was a dear cottage
Just down near the rocks by the sea,
Where sweet roses nodded a welcome,
And mocking-birds waited for me.
With himself, of course, for the master—
'Twas made plenty large for us two;
I forgot what I said, but I'm thinking
I kissed him again. Wouldn't you?

### Roses.

A VILANELLE.

There are roses white, there are roses red,
Shyly rosy, tenderly white;
Which shall I choose to wreathe my head?

Which shall I cull from the garden bed
To greet my love this very night?
There are roses white, there are roses red.

The red should say what I would have said;
Ah, how they blush in the evening light!
Which shall I choose to wreathe my head?

The white are pale as the snow new spread,
Pure as young eyes and half as bright;
There are roses white, there are roses red.

Roses white, from the heaven dew fed,
Roses red for a passion's plight!
Which shall I choose to wreathe my head?

Summer twilight is almost fled;
Say, dear love, have I chosen right?
There are roses white, there are roses red,
All twined together to wreathe my head.
—*L. S. Bevington.*

### At Last.

Will the day ever come, I wonder,
When I shall be glad to know
That my hands shall be folded under
The next white fall of the snow?
To know that when next the clover
Wooeth the wandering bee,
Its crimson tide will drift over
All that is left of me?

Will I ever be tired of living,
And be glad to go to my rest,
With a cool and fragrant lily
Asleep on my silent breast?
Will my eyes grow weary of seeing
As the hours pass one by one,
Till I long for the hush and the darkness
As I never longed for the sun?

God knoweth! Sometime it may be,
I shall smile to hear you say:
"Dear heart! she will not awaken
At the dawn of another day!"
And sometime, love, it may be,
I shall whisper under my breath:
"The happiest hour of my life, dear,
Is this—the hour of my death!"
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

### The Doves.

"My little blue doves were born,
Were born in the windy March,
Up in the tapering larch
That laughs in the light of morn;
Oh, so high o'er the meadow,
Oh, so high o'er the glen!
And they sit in the leafy shadow,
The joy and delight of men,
Cooing, with voices flowing
In melody soft and sweet,
Their necks with the rainbow glowing,
And the pink on their silver feet.

"My little doves lived together,
Unwecting of woe and pain,
Through the days of the wind and rain,
And the sunny and fragrant weather;
And the lark sang o'er them in heaven,
And the linnet from banks of flowers,
And the robin chanted at even,
And the thrush in the morning hours
Caroled to cheer their wooing,
And the blackbird merry and bold
Answered their cooing, cooing,
Out from the windy wold.

*PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.*

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879.*

*The first edition of the Christmas number of the* ARGONAUT *will be issued early next Monday morning, December 22d. It will contain thirteen full page illustrations, by Rix and Strong, of scenes and picturesque views in and about San Francisco, Oakland, and Alameda, the Chinese quarters, etc. Also a double-page bird's-eye view of San Francisco, the bay, and the surrounding country to the Sierra Nevada. Stories by Edgar Fawcett, Margaret Collier Graham, J. H. S. Bugeia, and others.*

*A Christmas song—the music specially composed and written for this number by Oscar Weil.*

*The* CHRISTMAS ARGONAUT *is something that every one will want to send to friends in the East.*

*Be sure and secure your copies early on Monday, as the first edition will hardly last through the day.*

*For sale by all dealers, and at the publication office, 522 California Street.*

The future of the Comstock Lode can not be a matter of indifference to any intelligent man of property or business upon this coast. Its yield, its mode of mining, and its management must be matters of importance to all who are interested in the future welfare of San Francisco or California. What this lode has done for our advancement or our injury, and what it will do for our benefit or hurt, we can not be indifferent to. The silver discoveries in Nevada have been important factors in developing and directing events in this State, and the working of silver lodes on the eastern Sierra will continue more or less to shape the destiny of our coast. It is undoubtedly true that we are every year becoming more and more independent of silver mining, or any mining, or any one industry; our resources are becoming more and more varied, more extended; manufacturing, commerce, and agriculture are asserting their influences and working out results altogether independent of our mines. We are coming to that period in our history when the failure of one mine, or of all the mines, would not be to us a fatal blow. We do not contemplate the failure of any mine. The mines of which Herodotus wrote are still worked; the mines of the Ural and Andes are not exhausted; the mines of Peru and Mexico await new development by new machinery. The Sierra will be mined for a hundred generations; science will overcome all difficulties of heat, depth, and drainage; our mines are not yet prospected. New ore bodies will be discovered; and whether the Comstock is to be worked or abandoned, whether the curbstone gamblers that infest our city are to earn trinkgeld and grub money by calling the turn on stocks, is a matter of very little consequence and will cut very little figure in the future of our coast. Mining is one thing; stock gambling is quite another.

Mr. James G. Fair came to San Francisco from Virginia City one day of the week before last to take formal acceptance, from Mr. Irving M. Scott and his associates, of the largest steam engine yet constructed in San Francisco for mining purposes. It is one of the engines for the North Con. Virginia shaft—now the "Union" shaft—owned by the Sierra Nevada, Union Con., and Mexican Mining companies, operating on the Comstock lode. Just how many tens of thousands of dollars have been paid for these engines, or just how many hundred mechanics and their families have been supported by their construction, and for how long a time, we have not been at the pains to inquire. Several hundred, however, on Mr. Scott's pay-rolls have, through this one item, found the means to settle with the grocer and the landlord during months past, and lay something by. Not many weeks ago Mr. Fair made San Francisco a visit for the purpose of accepting a similar set of machinery on behalf of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company. On that job, too, Mr. Scott's mechanics, to the number of several hundred, had subsisted for another period, laying something by. And prior to that job, other engines, for the "C. & C." shaft and the "Osbiston" shaft; and again prior to those, the heavy sets of machinery and vast equipment of the Con. Virginia and California Mills had in turn given employment, subsistence, and something laid by, to these hundreds of mechanics and their families. The money paid to Mr. Scott for his engines and machinery, and by him to the mechanics on his pay-roll, was contributed from the pockets of fellow-citizens: that part of it which paid for the two mills from the pockets of four of them—Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair; that part which paid for the other jobs, from mining stockholders—among whom the heaviest holders (themselves nearly equaling, perhaps, all others combined) have been three, namely: Flood, Mackay, and Fair. These men dug out of the Comstock the millions they have since returned to it—much of the sum so returned taking the form of wages paid out in San Francisco; while of the remainder of this fund, paid out as wages in Virginia City, the larger part is repaid at once to California through mercantile channels. Mackay, Fair, and Flood have mined and are mining on the old ground right regally. That grand metaliferous channel yielded to their combined energy and good fortune its crowning deposit, and from the fortunes thus bestowed they have loyally contributed to the development of its future. In doing this they have paid and are paying their debt in full—their debt as miners due to the Comstock, their debt as trustees to their fellow-stockholders, as citizens to their fellow-citizens of the States of California and Nevada.

Mining stockholders pay this year for assessments the sum of fifteen million dollars—nine millions of which has been withdrawn, directly and indirectly, from the earnings of general industries outside of mining, for six millions only of this enormous sum has been provided by mining dividends. This sum is equal to a profit of nine per cent. on an annual trade of one hundred million dollars—an amount exceeding one year's trade in California. This circumstance is unexampled in the history of our people. At no time prior to the output of the big bonanza would an unremunerated expenditure on this scale, or anything approaching this scale, have been possible at all. Such resources as we were then possessed of would not have sustained it; and the strain on even the enhanced resources of our present has been severe. The trying events on the Stock Exchange during the past two weeks are only one evidence of this. Some newspapers have from time to time called attention to the abundance of money in our market, and the ease in rates, as evidence that the amount of means available for mining enterprise has been unrestricted. We dissent from this opinion. We have believed for months past that the amount of means available in this direction has been stringently restricted, and has grown less month by month. Money for other purposes has been abundant enough; it has not been wanted, and the rate for its use has consequently ruled low. But the portion of the cash means of any community that is open to employment in a single direction—whether for mining, railways, discount, or on the Stock Exchange—has a definite limit. In San Francisco we are satisfied that the mining fund—the fund that people are prepared to embark in that line—has been subjected, by the assessment levies of the current year, to a drain greater than it was able to bear and at the same time continue to float its burden of stock values. These appear at last to have fairly grounded. How much, if any, deeper they may yet settle into the ooze is a problem we are not concerned to answer. It suffices that all should be able to see now, if they will, that a Stock Exchange collapse like that of the early part of last week, was one of those consequences toward which the course of events has inexorably tended during months past; a result plainly enough pointed to by the published monthly summaries of the assessment drain, uncompensated as it was by any sufficient fund derived from dividends. The simultaneous result at the close of this exhausting year is, that the lower depths of the Comstock are now attained at the time the mining fund appears to be approaching depletion, and the assessment draft an enforced termination. The process of repleting begins with the dividend from the Ophir mine, just paid.

This posture of the operations on the Comstock has been brought about under the management of Messrs. Mackay, Fair, and Flood. The works on which no small part of those fifteen million dollars have been invested were laid out and have been carried out by them, and with them rests a professional responsibility for its expenditure, as theirs, too, will be the credit of its results. We are given to understand by those who are entitled to profess opinions on subjects of this class, that the location and sinking of the Union and Yellow Jacket shafts are the keys to the whole scheme of operations; and that these two works, undertaken three years ago, evince a mining foresight and judgment of the highest class, and have been carried on in a way worthy of their conception. For all this, however, Messrs. Flood, Mackay, and Fair have been just now receiving their share of hearty anathema from the betting brotherhood, both on and off Pine Street. It may yet turn out that a portion of their expenditure shall fail of yielding adequate returns—a problem that rests with the future to decide; and there may be those who will then feel that they have a just grievance on this score; but in no case are the betting brotherhood objects of sympathy. If John Doe, having first informed himself as to what he was about, invested money—his own money, not his broker's—at a rational figure, in Sierra Nevada stock, with a view to dividends and with a firm resolution not to resell at a profit to Richard Roe; and has paid his assessments since, and it shall appear hereafter that a part of his funds has been wasted, then John Doe will be righteously wroth with the bonanza firm, and should command sympathy in his grief. John Doe would be entitled to throw the first stone; but then it is only such as John Doe that are entitled to throw any stone at all. The betting brotherhood are a different lot; viewing their relations with the curbstone and its allied gutter, their buzzing suggests rather

> the bug with gilded wings,
> That painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings.

A friend of ours was in England a few years ago arranging mercantile connections, which he established, among others, with the great house of Frederick Huth & Co., the London office of which was then managed by a very old man. "Now, X.," said the patriarch, "don't gamble; remember, if you buy ten thousand bales of cotton that it is an operation—you may do that; but if you buy two hundred bales, that is gambling—don't do it." This aged merchant spoke reason—to buy or to sell a relatively large quantity, whether of a merchandise or of a stock, may contribute to make the price which the operator anticipates, and which realizes his profit. To buy or sell a relatively small quantity is a pure bet. The man who is able to buy twenty thousand shares of Con. Virginia stock on Pine Street, or a similar block of Pacific Mail or Western Union stock on Wall Street, will be very sure, in the first place, of what he is about; and his operation will contribute, in the second place, to produce the result he counts upon. It is mere misuse of language to term such an operator a gambler, or attempt to stigmatize as gambling operations which are identical in kind with, and therefore as distinctly legitimate as those of the merchant who buys twenty thousand cases of canned salmon, or cleans up the market on nails. But the man who buys five hundred Norcross or Erie for the turn, or five thousand sacks of wheat for a rise, lays his money on a cold gamble. When overtaken by a gambler's luck, let him have a gambler's sympathy, and no more. But he will "curse Flood," or Vanderbilt, or Gould, or Keene, as the case may be.

Our friend, S. P. Dewey, has lost his money stock gambling, and takes his turn at mud-throwing. Mr. Dewey has made a public statement of his case, and told the curious story of his loss. He made figures, he says, on the reports of the underground work in the Con. Virginia mine, and the result brought out by his sum in arithmetic "warranted the conclusion that that mine would yield its stockholders a product of *many hundreds* of millions of dollars." This is the talk of a four-years child. He made figures? His has been but an indifferent school in which to acquire the art of mining or a mastery of its problems. If one of our tape-and-edging dealers, or the editor of this paper, should proclaim that he had undertaken to form an original judgment on a proposition of this kind, our friend Dewey would be prompt, we fear, to pronounce that the bobbin-sharp or the scribe did write himself down, Ass. "I made," says Dewey, "large purchases of the shares of the company, not on speculation, but as an investment." This will *never* do. When Mr. Dewey bought a handful of stock out of a capital of a half million shares, he can not designate his little gamble an "investment." He laid a frozen bet on the turn, and the turn went against him. He attempted to play "smarty;" but panned out only "smarty from Mud Springs." When Pharoah had raked his pile he was anxious to shift his seat to the other side of the table, and solicited the privilege of handling the case. In his written memo., given to Mr. O'Connor, he has himself told the story:

> Through misinformation I was made to lose in a transaction in the "bonanzas" the sum of $52,600. That information, coming from an official source, and being a question of fact and not of opinion, I claim that the loss ought, in justice, to be made good to me; *hence my intention to pursue it.* But, as you have been pleased to remark, "that course leads to an estrangement of old friendships, as well as of business and social relations, and the matter had better be accommodated by mutual concessions, if possible," I am willing to treat it in that interest, and will make the following proposition for a compromise of the whole matter, viz: I will sell to your friends 1,000 shares of "California," which I hold, for the above-named sum of $52,600, *which will divide the loss,* with the understanding *that thereupon our old social relations shall be renewed,* as if nothing had occurred to interrupt them, and that counsel or friends—on either side, however intimate—shall know nothing more of this matter than that explanations mutually satisfactory to all parties have been made.

As this proposal was rejected, Dewey afterward instituted suits for some millions of dollars against the man whom he begged to join as a partner in a scheme distinctly specified by himself to fleece the other players, viz: to stand in and make a market (as he expressed it orally), *i. e.*, a factitious market; or, in other words, to set up a questionable game—as he, from his own stand-point, regarded the business. In this game, he engaged to sell out his own friends—"neither counsel nor friends on either side, however intimate,' should be permitted to know the truth. We do not call Mr. Dewey's legal proceedings "blackmail suits," but we should like to know what he calls them.

## AFTERMATH.

The National Republican Committee has organized by the election of Don Cameron of Pennsylvania as chairman, by a majority of one in full vote. His election is regarded as a Grant triumph, a victory of the stalwarts, and an indication of a heroic campaign. It is significant that in a political committee General Grant can obtain just an even half of his party. In a general election it is presumable that he would carry more than a moiety of Republicans, and, could he get one-half the Democratic vote, would be triumphantly elected in spite of a defection of German Republicans, Greeley Republicans, and all those people who think that if General Grant's election would not smack of imperialism that it would smell of that party machine that now controls the Republican party in the interest of those who enjoy it honors and reap its emoluments. Notwithstanding the infamous political character of Mr. Gorham, the fact that his personal unpopularity has twice sent the party to defeat, the fact of his open repudiation of the party platform and the gubernatorial and State ticket, and the fact that the State Central Committee unanimously protested against his retention upon the national committee, no attention was paid to the party protest of this State. This indicates that the Washington machine, at least that part of it that is intriguing for the renomination of General Grant, does not want the vote of California. It indicates a contempt for our electoral votes and our political influence that must be, and necessarily is, mortifying to our pride. The party of California has said, and the feeling is an overwhelming one, that this person does not represent the Republicans of this State. The machine says: "You shall have him in spite of his political infamy, his party treason, and your wishes." Not only did it say this, but it said it in a most contemptuous manner. It did not even notice the protest. Perhaps it was the fault of the delegation in Congress; perhaps Mr. Horace Davis had not the nerve to present to the national committee the wishes of the party as he was requested to do. If so, he is both cowardly and contemptible. Perhaps Senator Booth lacks the force or the courage to resent personal insults and party abuse, the nerve to move against one who has omitted no opportunity to assault and defame him, not only in his political and public career but in his private and personal life. If so, we shall lose our estimate of the Senator's moral bravery, and think better of that Christian spirit that prompts him to turn the other cheek, heap coals of fire, etc., forgive his enemies, speak well of those who despitefully use him, and such other things as will distinguish him more for his Christian virtues than for those elements of character that adorn the statesman and give value to other qualities.

It might happen that the vote of California would turn the balance of a Presidential election. It might happen that even so small a fly as Mr. Gorham, lighting upon an evenly-poised beam, might determine a political result in this State, as he has determined it before. In such an event, the National Republican Committee might have cause to regret that it treated the Republicans of California with such marked contempt. Whether Mr. Gorham is right, and the Republican party of California wrong; whether the feeling against him here is deserved or not; whether or not this prejudice against him is illiberal, unjust, ungrounded, and unwise, it nevertheless exists; and it is, and it will be, an element in the next Presidential election. Ours is an evenly balanced State, and the party that demands its vote can not be doing well in antagonizing its best and most influential party leaders, its wealthiest rank and file, its most eloquent speakers, its most efficient workers, and all the Republican party organs, and all the most respectable of the independent press within the State. There is a large class of Republican voters which does not follow well, and which can not be driven at all. It is for this class we speak, and not for office-seekers, federal officials, nor those who look toward Washington for their daily bread.

Since we have been making history in San Francisco, the Emperor and the Empress of France, in the interest of their son, have endeavored by French arms and a French Marshal, to establish an empire in Mexico, and to place upon its throne an Austrian emperor and empress. The scheme failed; the government collapsed. Napoleon, too, having lost a battle, also lost his crown, and died in exile. His consort, a widow, childless, inconsolable in her grief for the death of her son and the wreck of her ambitious hopes, seeks a refuge from the world in religious seclusion. Prince Louis Napoleon was killed by Zulus on a distant battle-field. Maximilian was made a captive of war, and shot. Poor Carlotta, his empress, soon after lost her reason. Marshal Bazaine lives disgraced, dishonored, banished from France, a traitor in exile. What a sermon is this brief story of the emptiness of fame, the vanity of life, and the worthlessness of human ambition.

We sometimes speculate as to how the Vanderbilts, Floods, Stanfords, and other well abused citizens who have succeeded in life, take the buzzing of these creatures that swarm after them. Do they hear, or mark, or feel them? It would gratify a natural inquisitiveness to know. It does gratify us to know the same kind of thing concerning men who have conquered fortune in other lines of endeavor. There is the familiar figure of Napoleon—emperor and arbiter of nations—reading, with distorted features, an English libel on his person and family. There is the great Duke of Marlborough, the prime figure of his time, pinnacled on glory—his life made one long misery by Grub Street lampoons. And, by the way, we do know now that the younger Vanderbilt (William H.) is cutaneously susceptible. He has just sold two hundred thousand shares of his New York Central Railroad stock to a syndicate, and, in an interview, has confessed to a motive which we have no doubt is partially true. "I got tired," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "of being kicked and cuffed about on all sides, and concluded I'd have some others in to share it with me. They've been crying out against the 'one-man power.' Well, it isn't a one-man power any longer. Besides, I thought it well to bring support to my road. Now they can't complain any longer of its being run for one man or one family."

It is remarked as a coincidence in point of time, that within a week of the date when Mr. Vanderbilt in New York yielded to the popular clamor raised against him there by newspapers egged on by competing operators, Mr. Flood in San Francisco took a similar step under significantly similar circumstances. Occurrences that have taken place since appear to have been moderately disastrous for Mr. Coll Deane's admirers and friends. Flood has not yet given forth to any interviewer as much as Vanderbilt has, but perhaps he, too, has known a yearning for some one to share with him the kicks and cuffs that are going. The bellowing monarch of the fields has but a sore life of it in fly-time. Vanderbilt, Sr.—the redoubted Cornelius—may have secretly felt some atom of poison cunningly pricked into him by the New York *Herald*. It is not impossible that Flood may have been touched upon a raw by our newspapers. Any pismire can sting.

It is now, we believe, an open secret that Mr. Flood contemplates retiring from ownership and control of the Comstock mines, to withdraw his capital, and allow this property to pass into other hands. As to whether this change will prove beneficial or disastrous we have no opinion to express. The Comstock may or may not develop new bonanzas; it may or may not find new capital to continue its working to greater depths. The first result of this rumor of Flood's retiring has greatly depressed the market, and some who have very loudly criticised his management may find occasion to regret if the capital, mining experience, and engineering skill of the bonanza firm is withdrawn from the Comstock mines. That these mines are to be abandoned is not at all probable. The existence of mills, railroads, the Sutro tunnel, and other accessories, will justify for many years the working of low grade ores, and we have no reason to doubt that mining upon the Comstock will a long time continue a prominent and leading industry of our coast.

Another very beastly exhibition of vulgarity, rudeness, and drunkenness has occurred in fashionable society. The party was an elegant one, the house is spacious, and furnished in a costly manner. The supper was served at the usual hour. Every thing that wealth and generosity could command was provided for the guests. Champagne was unlimited. It was a spectacle for the Plutonian gods to observe the herd as it rushed forth to feed. The miracle of the devils entering the swine, and the swine rushing down a steep place into the sea was not a more marvelous sight than the greedy enthusiasm of a portion of this polite society to surround the supper table. The siege of Jerusalem by Titus, the siege of Londonderry, the siege of Paris never presented, after the capture, such an anxious, hungry, voracious, greedy, ravenous mob. How it did feed! How it did struggle! How it did crowd, and jam, and plunge, and dodge! How it did load plates and unload them! How it did uncork bottles and empty them! How it did take wine and victuals through ranks of well-dressed ladies, slopping, and spilling, and greasing! How it did pile dirty plates upon centre-tables and satin chairs, and how a set of most vulgar young gentlemen did swill themselves to complete drunkenness by the unusual indulgence of wine, for which they were not compelled to pay nor get credit! This rude voracity of men and women at several gatherings is something that demands notice—an abuse that demands correction. People with good houses will not much longer endure this monstrous vulgarity that stains its carpets with terrapin soup, pours ice-cream over damask hangings, and floods furniture with wine.

We have some suggestions to make in the direction of a needed reform. First, let our party-giving ladies withhold wine. If society has a class of individuals that attend social gatherings for the opportunity of getting drunk, let society make an effort to get along without them. Let cigars be withheld till the hour of departure, and then let a servant offer *one* to each departing guest. If the banqueting hall be not a large one, let young people remain in the reception and drawing-rooms until the older guests are first served; if the supper is served during the evening, let the younger guests be not the first to precipitate themselves upon the tables. No gentleman should allow himself to help himself while ladies are unprovided. It should be borne in mind that to eat and drink is not the chief end of man. It is not admissible to take plates full of food without the supper-room to other parts of the house, and it is especially vulgar to turn the drawing-rooms into a restaurant. The fact is, our society needs weeding out, and we suggest to our ladies to first mark for exclusion those gentlemen who get drunk at social parties, and those other persons who feed with both fore-feet in the trough.

If we could make the Democratic Presidential ticket, and were compelled to take the Presidential candidate from east of the Rocky Mountains, leaving to the Pacific Coast the Vice-Presidential candidate, we would choose Bayard, of Delaware, for President, and Milton S. Latham, of California, for Vice-President. If we could have accorded to us this side the mountains the Presidential candidate for the Democracy, we would name for President the Hon. Stephen J. Field, of California, and some level-headed southern statesman for Vice-President. We thought when Mr. Bayard first announced his views upon the financial question that he might have periled his chances for a nomination by the Democracy. We are not so clear now that he has not made a politic move in thus identifying himself with the more conservative financial interests. Mr. Latham for Vice-President would have great negative strength upon the ticket, and in event of his election would dignify the position of presiding officer of the Senate. By negative strength we do not mean that he would be available because unknown, but available because now for some years he has been out of the arena of active politics, and would not arouse those resentments that are likely to arise in more active party conflicts. Mr. Latham has been in Congress, in the Senate, Governor of California, and Collector of San Francisco, thus gaining a wide experience in political affairs, and retiring from official life with an unstained record. We hear, and with pleasure, that Mr. Justice Field is regarded in political circles at the East as a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination for the Democracy. Whether the unpleasantness of the Tammany contest, that identified Mr. David Dudley Field with the opposition to Governor Tilden, is likely to become a barrier in the path of Stephen J. Field's ambition, we do not know. We should be very glad indeed to have California represented either by a first or second position on the Democratic ticket, and then in event of our man getting the Republican nomination, we should hope it would be defeated; but if the Republican convention does not go our way, we should accept the election of Mr. Justice Field or Mr. Milton S. Latham as a defeat over which we should be half pleased.

So it seems that the Irish agitators, Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, Rea, Davitt, Killen, and others are coming to America. We presume they will not get to this side of the continent, and are sure they will not unless the Eastern Irish fill the hats of those Irish beggars with coin—in which event they will come overland for more coin. We shall hear now in a few days of these political adventurers landing in New York, of processions, music, rosettes, scarfs, speeches, shamrock, banners of the green above the red, of Saxon tyranny, of feudal oppression, of meetings at the Cooper Institute and in Union Square; and all the newspapers will be filled with speeches, and all the political demagogues will be in open-mouthed wonder and admiration of these Irish patriots, and what will all this talk amount to? A simple swindle of poor and laboring people to pay for the vagabonding of a set of very questionable Irish politicians. Messrs. Parnell, Biggar & Co. will travel, eat, drink, strut, and swell at the expense of servant girls and working men, and not one cent will ever reach the Irish cottage where women and children starve.

American sentiment and American sympathy are with tenants who, after years of honest toil, are unable to pay rent and maintain their families; for this class every intelligent person would hope there might be some solution of the problem of land tenure. But for a set of unscrupulous demagogues, who would incite a violent and revolutionary movement for the subversion of the rights of property and the overthrow of order, there is no intelligent and healthful sympathy in America. From this kind of agitation and this kind of agitators the peasant class receive their severest blows. It is the same kind of men that find cause for discontent in America, where land may be had as a free gift, and where every blessing is attainable by industry and sobriety. If St. Peter should admit this kind of Irish within the celestial gates, they would revolt against God in order to find a pretext for stealing all the golden harps.

The new Western monthly magazine, *The Californian*, appears to have jumped into an assured success the first number. The edition of six thousand five hundred copies, which was supposed to be sufficient to more than meet the demand, has already been exhausted, and electrotype plates are now being made for a second edition. This is a pretty fair test of the principle on which the magazine was started, *i. e.*, to get close to the reading public and edit the publication for "a popular rather than a severely literary constituency." It is this principle that has made *Harper's* and *Scribner's* such wonderful successes, and time will demonstrate the proposition for *The Californian*.

## TO DAISY T., ÆTAT. V.

Little lady, how much brighter
Than the gilded cross and mitre
Are thy hazel eyes, and laughing
While thy devotees are quaffing
At thy shrine, thou little airy,
Darling, dazzling, floating fairy!

A few years hence thy lovers, dear
(Elate with hope, now faint with fear),
Will listen for the faintest sound
Of liquid love from depth profound;
Quaffing much, but thirsting often,
Each will hope thy heart to soften.

Daisy, Daisy! have a care,
Tempt them not with smiles too fair;
Love is sweet, and rich, and rare;
Thou may'st need it yet. Beware!
Love is heavenly in its birth,
Worship ne'er was meant for earth.

MARYSVILLE, November, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

### The Zittermadchen.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STORM.

To-day, but to-day,
Am I so fair;
To-morrow comes sadness,
And woe, and despair!
But this little hour
Have I for my own;
Then death, cruel death!
And I face it alone.

OAKLAND, November, 1879. R. B.

## A SUNDAY RAMBLE.

### Record of a Sentimental Journey to Fort Point.

About two years ago I made up my mind to have a long walk some Sunday when the wind was fair. I will not say that the wind was not fair during that time, but I wanted determination. Oh, how many men have been upon the brink of happiness who have not had the determination to fix it securely. [From Job.] When I retired last night (Saturday) I rigidly determined that I was to walk the very next day. My mind had run me long enough, and I was to create a new era in my being by running myself awhile. The first difficulty I encountered in my walking excursion was with my outfit. My wardrobe is limited to a Sunday suit and a common suit. Now I could not insult my Sunday clothes by taking them rambling on the Sabbath, so my old suit was pressed into service. There was one defect in these latter clothes: a hole, about a large as a pin's head, in the sequel to the trousers, and, as I am very cautious of small things, especially when they lead to so much, I sent them to the tailor. My directions were that the filling-in should be of the same material as the trousers, or, if that were impossible, at least with material of the same color, and that it should be done with all possible neatness and dispatch. You may well imagine my consternation when, on returning home in the evening, I was confronted by two moon-like patches of white cloth (the trousers were dark), each a foot square by sixteen inches. I was indignant; but as, with my customary foresight, I had paid the tailor in advance, I was without remedy. What was I to do? My coat—a small sack—could not cover such watermelon patches as these; and to appear on the street thus would be lingering suicide.

I conceived the happy idea of suspension. Having an old pair of suspenders, which could, from circling an ox, be made to clasp a tooth-pick, I brought the back and the front of my waistband so high with them that they could easily admire each other over my shoulders. The lower ends of the legs I fastened to my shoes, so that in case of emergency the odds should not all be against me. Taking down an old straw hat, that served my father in the Revolutionary war, and, a pair of doeskin gloves that I have had ever since my great-grandfather's great-grandfather was a little boy, I started for Fort Point, over the hills, walking briskly, and the fresh air making me a new man. Street after street was passed, and when I topped the hills overlooking the bay it was glorious. I sat down and began to muse. My thoughts took a back action, and I thought of the times when the Golden Gate knew no ship's keel, and when San Francisco had no being, when the street cars running below me were stalwart trees spreading their graceful branches to the western winds, when those raw-boned old car horses now plodding mournfully through the mud were reveling in these fields of wild oats—which have been so feelingly painted by the ancient poets, basking in the summer's sun around perennial founts. This was the golden age, when Emperor Norton ruled, and when there was no sin. It was the memorable time when the Chinese, bound for China, then an unknown land, stopped to ask Denis Kearney what he thought of General Grant. These days are past, to return to more.

What crowds visit Harbor View, arrayed in all of Sunday's luxury! One lady looks particulary charming. How daintily she raises her dress to show that white skirt. Her young husband plods along by her side, carrying the baby. Suddenly, around the corner corner, comes a car—a common horse-car, clothed in dirt and drawn by a bobtail horse, with a red-headed man driving him. Come on, Macduff, and Macduff he comes on, plunging through a mud-pool. *Tableau*—Lady, white shirt, mud, husband, baby. She faints, skirt ruined. I descend from the hill; I attempt to feel her pulse; young husband cautions me about taking liberties with his wife; I hold on, find she is recovering, recommend soothing syrup, put my hand on her brow; husband falls on his knees, tears in his eyes, and implores me, in the name of heaven not to ruin the peace and happiness of his domestic health; the tears roll down his cheek; I take my handkerchief and put it to my eyes, then leave, greatly pained. Had I remained dozing on the hill I would have been a gentleman. Moral: Beware, young man.

But now I leave the distressing scene, and I am soon walking over the Presidio road. It is splendid. I make my largest spurts—fly through the turnstile, past the barracks, all the ladies in camp looking at me through telescopes, the soldiers rushing to the windows, crying "There he goes!" "You'll get there!" "When does it come off?" I look indignant. Down the hill I run, immediately welcomed by the mules feeding in the bottom, who, with banners flying high in air, quickly encircle me. The reception over, I betake myself to the seashore, they to grass. I cry, "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!" And it does roll on, and, before I can get away, into my shoes, and fills them ankle-deep. This is a damper to socks and spirits. I seek shelter behind a hill, and hang my stockings to the gentle zephyr's play. Circulating wash-house—no Chinese need apply. Meanwhile I take out an old paper and read the following story:

"'Tis midnight, and wicked dreams abuse the curtained sleep, and bright o'er hill and dale sparkles the orb of night, and on the wood-shed roof. Soon a cat, a big tom-cat, with cautious tread, steps upon the roof, and sits him in the bright soft glimmer of the silver light; and soon another, and never followed disaster faster than another. Still they come, and form a circle on the moonlight roof. Noble one hundred! 'Tis the dead of night, when graveyards yawn with Hecate's palest offerings. When suddenly bursts upon the night the direst yell! 'Tis from two Thomas cats, Anicus Gallus and Cilicus Christophorus, renowned in story. They it is who murder sleep, and hurl their savage musings to the wind in deadly encounter. On they come, Gallus with unfurled tail and lifted high in air comes on, with upturned back and portentous. Then springs Christophorus, and knocks his assailant down and paws his breast. Look on, ye gods immortal! They buckle to. Spit! Spit! But hush! a light is seen. A curtain slowly rises, then the window, and upon the scene appears a cross-eyed man with a light. "'Scat, there! he yells. 'Sicker, boy!' get out of here! sickum!' The cats fly. A death-like silence rules; the cross-eyed man withdraws, and is soon resting in the arms of Morpheus. But soon a second yowl, more deadly than before, comes in. First appearance of a curly headed man with a fire extinguisher; second appearance of the cross-eyed man with a musket. Sees fire extinguisher. Fires! kills man. Cats escape, crying 'saved! saved!' Trial. Acquittal. Cross-eyed man not responsible for his aim."

I come to my senses. My stockings, where are they? The wind, sighing, responds: "On yonder sand-hill struggling." I pursue and find them within a mile of each other. Once more upon the road. I climb a stone wall, and determine to take my physician's advice about inhaling sea air. I take off my hat and coat, unfasten my vest, and loosen my neck-tie. Then, standing erect, I let the air slowly out of my spacious chest. I sink, sink in my shoes—how can they hold me?—down, down I go, almost to my knees. Then I commence to rise. I take in, in. I make a tremendous effort to take it *all* in. When I recover consciousness, I am trying to balance myself off into the sea, my shirt ripped, and O fate! a button gone from my suspenders. If the other one gives out before I get home, I will be completely undone, and in my next I will tell you all about it. OLIO.

### Holiday Things.

We cut from a New York journal the following notes about toys, and the like. If one can not obtain all these pretty articles here one can at least read about them, and that is the next best thing:

Celluloid cigarette cases, made to imitate real shell or malachite, appear among holiday goods.

Pretty shopping bracelets have pencils attached, either of silver or gold, and frequently these are richly jeweled.

A pretty new toy is the "cunning mouse," a perfect imitation of that little animal, which runs about the floor just like a real mouse.

"Peculiarities and Comicalities of Letters" is a new toy alphabet puzzle game for children, just out. It is cheap, being priced only twenty-five cents.

Among novelties in bracelets some of hammered gold show small indentations of the hammer over the surface; others are set with diamonds and other jewels.

A lace pin, simulating a piece of crumpled lace, formed of small diamonds and pinned with a pearl-headed golden pin, makes a tasteful and costly Christmas present.

Laces for fans are sold separately as Christmas gifts in some cases, and in others are richly mounted with gold loops and a diamond, or sapphire, or a ruby at the rivet.

An amusing and instructive toy for a boy is "the old log cabin," with a fence and old oaken bucket. The whole is packed in parts, which can be put together and taken apart.

Gypsy rings are plain rounded gold bands, set with a ruby, a sapphire, or a cat's-eye in the centre and a diamond on each side. These stones are buried in the gold, showing only the surface.

Ivory or celluloid toilet sets, consisting of combs, brushes, and hand glasses, make serviceable and beautiful presents. They are sent, of course, in a satin-lined morocco or Russia leather box.

A pretty novelty, suitable for a present for a gentleman, is a drinking-cup of silver-plate, representing a thimble, enclosed in a Russia leather case, on the outside of which are the words, "Just a Thimbleful."

Oliver Twist is one of the new and cheap parlor games for boys and girls. It is played with sixty cards, twenty-six of which are illustrated with colored engravings of the principal characters of Dickens's story of that name.

The latest and best combination toy is a menagerie cage, with wire gratings, on wheels. The cage is so arranged that the animals can be put in various positions—can be taken out, made to lie down peaceably together, or engaged in fierce combat.

A new treasure-box contains a dozen toys in one package—a wagon, a top, a hedstead, two chairs, a wheelbarrow, a mallet, a bench, a table, a puzzle, a set of A B C blocks, a group of nine domestic animals, and a pretty village.

Among hot-air toys for attachment to a stovepipe or lamp chimney (the current of hot air setting the toy in motion), we find frightened goat riders, millers with grist mills, churning Chinamen and milkmaids, negro banjo players, wood sawyers, and monkey coffee grinders.

## A MEDICAL ALMANAC.

Inconsiderate people may smile at the seemingly prejudiced taste that acknowledges an almanac as its necessary complement. But, besides the Bible and Shakspeare, I am aware of no literary production so varied in its contents and so complete in its numerous parts. Aside from the exhaustless fund of information therein contained, it serves as a remarkable illustration of human contrivance, and awakens to each perusal new thoughts and striking emotions. I must confess to deriving much comfort from an almanac. If I am in the dumps, I open its pages, and, by the paucity of its wit, I am excited to laughter; if I feel merry, and wish to recover a proper sobriety of feeling, I read its gloomy dissertations on the innumerable diseases that afflict mankind, and straightway I am sad again. In short, it acts as a sort of balance-wheel to the humors of the mind, and keeps up a perpetual vibration between laughter and tears, melancholy and pleasure. It adds gravity to seriousness, and merriment to joy; and all the intervening shades of emotion are reflected in its pages. Who does not consult it? Hither comes the housewife, to see what time the sun climbs over the hill, and to rudely trace her each day's reckoning; hither hasten the sick, to learn what their troubles may be and the remedies that are certain to cure; and here gather the superstitious, to gravely inquire in what propitious phase of the moon their potatoes shall be planted or under what stellar occultation they shall perform their various acts of surgery. It is an oracle, and prophesies what is to come; a physician, whom you consult in your extremity and are made whole in a single sentence. It regulates the weather; and at its dictation to-morrow shall be fair or foul, cold with frost or dark with condensing clouds. It is an encyclopedia of universal information; a full-grown tree of knowledge, that yearly sheds its fruits to satisfy the appetites of mankind. On one page it gives us a recipe for apple dumplings, and on another a love song from Aldrich; in one paragraph we are instructed how to be virtuous, and in the next how to cure a diseased liver. It tells the merchant when to launch his ships, the farmer when to sow his grain, and proclaims to the world at what time the rising moon shall hide her light and the noonday sun be extinguished in darkness. And all these good things are presented gratis, and come with as much regularity as the fourth day of July or the first Sunday in Lent. I should as soon expect to see Christmas dropped from the calendar as to miss my annual gift of an almanac.

I can not sufficiently admire the ingenuity exhibited in the construction of an almanac. It displays a fertility of invention, an adeptness in strategy, an insight into human nature, that strikes me with a pleasing awe. By its insinuating sophistry, it firmly convinces me that I am diseased past all human recovery; but by its flattering commendations of a porous plaster, or unctuous extollings of a sarsaparilla, I am equally convinced that though I had all the ill that flesh is heir to, I should straightway be cured. By its volubility I am made to wonder at the resources of the language; and by its adroitness in conducting me, by several stages or degrees, into an imaginary Eden of human happiness, where sickness and sorrow are held in abeyance by the mere display of a patent medicine, I am caused to marvel at the art that can thus fascinate and persuade.

The editor of an almanac must be a man of stupendous brain, of infinite resource, of exhaustless energy. No common erudition will serve; his mind must be as tall as a cedar, as fruitful as the pumpkin. Who lives that is not beholden to him? He is a monitor to the young, a constant friend to the aged. His productions are a part of our lives, and follows us from infancy to old age, through all our peregrinations and pilgrimages, from Vernal equinox to Winter solstice, keeping by our side like a shadow, and as much a part of ourselves and our lives as a hat or a pair of hose. Of all literary works, his must be pronounced the most excellent, for it is the necessary companion of all—the farmer, the mechanic, the editor, the critic; each consult its pages for information that can be found in no other book. Its sympathies are universal. It addresses the infant, who lies puling in its mother's arms, with an inherited longing for soothing syrup; the mother, whose maternal instinct cries aloud for a healing balsam; the father, who walks the floor o' nights, appealing to heaven for a bottle of bitters. Without an almanac, a house is unfurnished, a trunk unpacked, a fort ungarrisoned, a library incomplete. We may do without Longfellow, or Whittier, or Bryant, but an almanac we must have. Holmes is useless, Harte may be knocked down to the highest bidder, Emerson extirpated from the groaning shelves, but the almanac we must retain. "Banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for old Jack Falstaff, banish not him. Banish plump Jack and banish all the world."

The Bible, Shakspeare, and the Almanac! Especially the almanac—that graveyard of age-worn jokes, which, having suffered all the buffetings of a prolonged existence, here come to repose their weary bones, and which always tempt me to exclaim: "After life's fitful fever they sleep well;" the almanac—that antithetical repository of palsied humor and pills, dyspeptic eloquence and plasters, figures of rhetoric and sketches of bilious mortality. Here is the compiler, the statistician, the astronomer, the man of letters, and the physician. What is it that its author is not? He cites important events, and therein is he an historian; he mourns the uncertainty of human life, and therein is he a philosopher; he discovers the path to longevity, and therein is he a benefactor; he presents us with an herbarium of fragment wit, gathered from all sources under heaven, and thereby teaches us not to despise small things; he searches out bitter herbs and nauseous roots, and admixes therefrom a compound for the dry throats of mankind, thus helping us to avoid all strong drink; for having once tasted his wares, we are therefore perfectly content with cold water. In short, though he prevaricate with the devil, we learn much from him to our personal advantage; for which all true men should yield thanks.

The Bible, Shakspeare, and the Almanac! What more would you ask? Deity shut in a book; humanity bound in calf, and all else in the yellow covers of a pamphlet! A bowl of wine, Sempronius; the stupendousness of the thing overcomes me! FRED LEWIS FOSTER.

SIERRA NEVADA, December 5, 1879.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

They had their usual evening quarrel as they sat by the hearth. On one side lay quietly a blinking dog, and on the other a purring cat, and the old woman pleaded with her growling husband. "Yust look at dat gat und dat tog; dey nefer gwarrels nor fights like us." "Yah," said the old growler, "I knows dot; but yust tie dem togeder one dime, und den you see wot!"

Philippart's flight recalls to a *boursier* the case of a financier who was lately tried for embezzlement. "But he was acquitted," says one. "True," replies the *boursier*, "but with extenuating circumstances."

Persons who wear red flannel underclothing should pull down the blinds before retiring. A red glare in the window has often called out the entire fire department.

A Paris journalist, having spent the morning in proving that capital punishment was abhorrent to human nature, went into the streets and found two children playing with a toy guillotine.

As the guests are leaving a club where there is a good deal of card playing for high stakes, one takes another aside and says to him: "Sir, I have been watching your play for some time, and have at last become convinced that you cheat. That accounts for your success." "Sir, you shall answ—" "Bah! I wasn't going to expose you; I was only going to propose that we play partners to-morrow night and hereafter."

My son, emulate the mule; it is backward in deeds of violence.

Around the cheerful fire they sit,
Five bright and happy faces,
And not an angry word is said
Until somebody beats three aces.

The witch-burners of Salem were as fond of baked bein's as their descendants in Boston now are.

The liar may succeed for a time, but justice is sure to overtake him. A Chicago man told the burglars around his bed that he hadn't a dollar, but when they put a candle to the soles of his feet he shelled out $150.

People who take moonlight strolls on railroad tracks shouldn't be offended if the Coroner doesn't recognize them.

How charming the ladies look in seal-skin sacques. But a young man who opens oysters for a living may be just as happy.

Proctor believes this world to be 500,000,000 years old, but none of us care to go back farther than the days when watermelons tasted as they never will again.

Every man is the architect of his own fortunes. That's the reason a fortune always costs him fifty per cent. over and above his estimates.

Appletons publish the *Homes of America*. Do they mean Oliver Wendell? *From "Town Talk—Gossip of the Clubs and the Street," in a Weekly Paper called The Boston Courier, published in Boston, Massachusetts.* [This acknowledgment of the origin of the foregoing sharp saying is made in compliance with the wish of its author, who pants for recognition, and sets his face like a flint against our practice of not crediting these chips to their respective blockheads.—*The Hewer of Wood.*]

He flirted with his handkerchief, and tipped a wink so sly, when the old man, who was up to snuff, kicked the misguided youth about forty-five feet by the town clock and said: "How is that for high?"

Sending a Christmas turkey to a poor family is not the same thing as giving a penniless man a watch needing five dollars' worth of repair before it will go.

"Yes, thank you, dear Jamie, 'tis excellent sherry,"
She said; "'tis refreshing and nourishing, very:
I never take water, you know, with my dinners,
Because, since the flood, it has tasted of sinners."

Pressed ferns make a very nice table ornament, but they won't save a single ounce of butter with the children. A small picture-book at each plate will answer the purpose much better.

There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

It is said to be far better to be an ignorant man and ride in a carriage than to know heaps of things and have to stand on the hind platform of a street car. We don't know; we were never ignorant.

Professor Proctor says Saturn is still young, and in millions of years his rings will be broken up, and the planet fit to support life. We can wait.

A Frenchman, living in Louisiana, whose wife deserted him, amused his neighbors by telling how he got her back without trouble. "Did I run after her and beg her to come back?" he dramatically asked. "No, I did not run after her. I zhust publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn fifty tousand dollaire in ze lottery, and she vas back much quicker zan in no time!"

An emaciated humorist, who had been sick for a long time, was required by his doctor to have a large mustard plaster put on his chest. "Look here, doctor, isn't that a great deal of mustard, when the quantity of meat is taken into consideration?" asked the sufferer.

A Scotchman made a tour in the United States, and when he got to Chicago he was very anxious to see a typical American, with his slouched hat, big boots, belt with revolver stuck in it, and so on. He could not find one for a long time. At last he found a man who exactly came up to his ideal, and, entering into conversation with him, he said, "Have you been long here?" "No," was the answer, "I'm jist a month frae Glasca."

Political principles change, kingdoms are overthrown, and religions alter, but four aces hold an undisturbed preëminence in their own peculiar line.

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It will probably please Mr. Salmi Morse and Mr. James O'Neill to know that the Commune of Oberammergau has built a new theatre for the representation of *The History of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus*, which will be given in the famous valley next year. The following account of it has appeared in the Berlin *Börsen-Courier*: "The part for the spectators, which will accommodate between 5,000 and 6,000 persons, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, the greater portion being uncovered, and only the part near the entrance, where the better places are, being roofed over. There are 100 rows of seats, each row to contain 60 persons. The cheaper places have wooden benches. The better places, which are raised, will have cane-bottomed chairs. Exactly as in the great theatre built for the Wagner festival at Bayreuth, the orchestra will be placed quite out of view of the spectators. In front of the stage, which will be closed in on three sides and covered, is that great space at the two sides of which the choruses will be ranged. The new building has cost the commune up to the present 40,000 marks ($10,000), which has been defrayed from local sources. If we add to this the expenses which must be incurred for providing new dresses, scenery, etc., we may put the cost of the production of the Passion Play in 1880 at from 60,000 to 65,000 marks ($15,000 to $16,250), without exaggeration. The admission prices will range from 1 to 8 marks (25c. to $2), according to the position of the places. The number of persons who will be engaged in the performance, including children, will be between 650 and 700. Of these, 19 will be actors and solo singers. The orchestra will consist of 30 performers. Almost the entire population of the district will have some share in these gigantic representations. Inquiries made at Munich relative to the cost of providing the new wardrobe having resulted in proposals which seemed too high, and which the villagers did not think they could prudently risk, it has been resolved that all the new dresses shall be made on the spot."

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In one of the English reviews Professor Max Müller replies to the charge of certain German writers who assert that, however large an amount of political liberty is enjoyed by England, it enjoys but little intellectual freedom, and in replying pays a tribute to those ancient seats of learning, the English universities, which we can not forbear to quote in the earnest hope that some Müller of the future may say the same of our so-called university at Berkeley. Mr. Müller says that among the teachers at Oxford are thinkers who have grappled with the systems of such giants as Hobbes, Locke, and Hume, and who are not likely to be frightened by Büchner and Vogt. In fact, the mediæval and modern universities have been from century to century the homes of free thought. Here the most eminent men had spent their lives, not merely in retailing traditional thought, but in extending the frontiers of science. This was the original purpose of the universities, and the more they continue to fulfill that purpose, the more they will foster that "human development in its richest diversity," which Mill, like Humboldt, considered as the highest object of all society. This is the true academic stage in every man's life, when he works from pure love of work, and for the highest of all purposes, the conquest of truth. Only those who have passed through that stage know the real blessings of work. "To the world at large," says Müller, "they may seem mere drudges, but the world does not know the triumphant joy with which the true mountaineer, high above clouds and mountain walls that once seemed unsurpassable, drinks in the fresh air of the high Alps, and away from the fumes, the dust, and the noises of the city, revels alone, in freedom of thought, in freedom of feeling, and in the freedom of the highest faith."

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Ethan Allen, whose misfortune it was to have a termagant for a wife, had deserved a reputation for courage of the leonine kind. Some wags thought to frighten him once; but they mistook their man. One of them, arrayed in a sheet, stepped in front of him in the road late one dark night when he was on his way homeward. Ethan stopped, looked at the spectre, and without a moment's hesitation, exclaimed: "If you come from heaven, I don't fear you. If you are the devil, come home and spend the night with me—I married your sister."

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## THE SPHINX.—A VISION.

Once, when half awake, half sleeping
Where the noon-tide breeze was creeping,
Up Sierra's sides, and sweeping
All the cares of life away;
Lightly o'er my drowsy vision
Swept a scene almost elysian
And its quaintness, its precision,
Haunts my waking hours to-day.

Cool Sierra's pines and larches,
Left behind in weary marches—
High above me rose the arches
Of the soft Egyptian sky;
Fair before me grew the story
Of that ancient nation's glory—
Rose her ruins, grand and hoary—
Grand as in the days gone by.

Far I looked adown the ages—
Backward o'er Time's misty pages,
Conning legends which the sages
Long had left in ruin's tomb;
While I saw as in my waking
Hours, the grand palms softly shaking
In the breeze, that was partaking
Of the sweets of lotus bloom.

Fair, amid the waving rushes,
Flowed the Nile, suffused with blushes,
Kissed by moonbeams as it rushes
Onward to the silent sea,
Through wide plains with verdure laden,
Paradise of earth—an aiden—
Yet I saw nor man nor maiden,
Naught but wild beasts roaming free.

Far beyond, the desert dreary
Spread its sandy breast uncheery,
Where the mist-wreaths, pale and weary,
Slowly, dimly, upward curled,
Where the white sand, ever drifting,
Where the hot sand ever shifting,
Its white waste, was ever sifting
O'er a burning, desert world.

There the pyramids of ages—
Books of time, whose granite pages,
Laugh to scorn the lore of sages—
Rose, in awful silence, when
The soft moon, its face revealing
Through the rifts, came shyly stealing
With a timid glance, appealing
To the shadows falling there.

Then before me, grim and hoary,
Seemed the Sphinx of ancient story,
Crowned with warm, refulgent glory
By the glowing soft moonbeams;
And my brain seemed dazed and shattered
As I gazed upon the battered
Form and robe, and crown all tattered,
Glowing 'neath the silver gleams.

Then the eyes of stone seemed gleaming,
But the moonbeams, softly streaming,
Gave to them a kindly beaming,
As my timid steps drew near.
Then the curved lips seemed to open,
Soft I heard, in accents broken,
(Sweet and low the lips had spoken)
"Man of earth, why art thou here?"

"Art thou here by Furies driven?
Hath thy soul been passion-riven?
Would'st thou find what time has striven
To conceal from mortal eyes?
Seek it not! The mystic river
Rolls between the gift and giver—
I may tell thee whatsoever
Man may know before he dies.

"Listen thou unto the story
Of a vanished nation's glory,
View the ruins, old and hoary,
Proudest yet that e'er bad birth;
But the builders and the nation—
First-born of the Great Creation—
Worshiped gods of lowly station,
Fell, and passed from off the earth.

"Once this desert waste was beaming,
Bright with fairest verdure teeming,
But the evil eye was gleaming
On the builders and their land;
Afric's god with anger burning
At the people, for their spurning,
With his breath the hot blast turning,
Buried all beneath the sand.

"But too late; they had erected
These, their altars, and elected
Me to guard the shrine selected,
Me to guard the sacred fane;
In my breast they placed the treasures
Of the race—its sorrows, pleasures—
Symbols of its laws and measures,
Of its history and name.

"Listen well, for when the gleaming
Of the sun's first rays come streaming
O'er my lips, they close in seeming
Death, till Hermes claims his own—
Never more to wake or open—
Never more shall man have token
That these lips have ever spoken,
That my heart is aught but stone.

"Goddess of a race departed,
Form of stone and stony-hearted,
From their Queen forever parted,
I am still her resting place;
Though of stone, I still inherit
Of Semiramis the spirit,
And for that, O man, I merit
Recognition by thy race.

"Though of neither sex nor nation,
I am part of His creation,
Bearing close and true relation
To a portion of mankind—
Like to him whose country's glory,
Present, past, and future story,
Fades before the cold Aurora
Of a dark, ambitious mind—

"Like to her, who, all unblooded
Clasps her corsage, diamond studded,
Crushing pure love newly budded
For the love of flashing gems—
Like to her who sells her honor,
Takes the dark, damned stain upon her
Once pure heart, that she may don her
Velvet robes, with golden hems—

"Like to her who God-forsaken,
Who false vows to Him hath taken,
Whom no love-light can awaken—
Wife and mother, wanton still—
Like to him who still divining
Pure affection's tender twining,
Sells his heart, and, yet repining,
Drinks of Lethe's stream his fill.

"I could curse the race that bore thee"—
Lo! the sunbeams creeping o'er me,
Closed the lips, and swift before me
Swept another wondrous scene.
From the East a human river
Flowing onward, pausing never,
Claimed the land its own for ever
Led by one of princely mien.

Tall and strong—of martial bearing—
With a heart for noble daring,
On his head a circlet wearing—
Emblem of the rising sun.
From the pyramids ascended
Sacrifice, with incense blended.
Egypt's first life thus had ended
And her second life begun.

Onward sped the circling ages,
Swift I read Time's hoary pages,
Marked the great change which engages
Mystic work of spirit hands.
From the land the Past had perished,
Cities rose and grew and flourished,
Egypt's gods again were cherished,
Hermes, second, ruled the lands.

O'er the land this people wandered,
O'er the mighty ruins pondered,
Of the strange inscriptions wondered,
Marveled that the land was lone.
I awaking saw the glory,
Read the weird inscriptions hoary,
Saw the sphinx of ancient story
And the pyramids of stone.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879. H. WA[illegible]

## THE DRAMA.

San Francisco, December 18, 1879.

I have not been to the play for a month. In that time no new star shot into the firmament, but it chanced that one of those dramas held the stage which lure crowds to the theatre for a fortnight or more, and whose interest is so vivid as to set all the world to talking about it, to analyzing its plot, dissecting its character, speculating upon its motive, and to condemning or approving its *finale*. Thus I have seen *Forget-me-not* through at least twenty pair of eyes not my own. Forget-me-not! A trivial name for a play which comes so near to being a tragedy. I have observed that men liked the play better than women; also, that those who went to see it first were better satisfied than those who went to see it last. That, however, is easy of explanation, for those who went first sat through it unintentionally with pleased surprise, amazed to have discovered something good, while those who went last fretted with mild disappointment through three hours because it had been overrated. "What did you think of *Forget-me-not?*" I asked a maiden of nineteen summers, who had had a bad seat at the matinee; whereupon she favored me with this choice bit of incoherent criticism: "Oh, it was perfectly horrid. Of course Jeffreys-Lewis was nice, you know, and she wore a beautiful dress, trimmed with forget-me-nots in the first act, and that lovely "Zicka" dress in some other act. But Mollie Revel looked like a lady's maid in a long dress, and Eleanor Carey is such a flat. They did nothing but talk against time, and the dialogue was so wishy-washy, and there wasn't anything on earth for James O'Neill to do!" This last appeared to be the main grievance. "And what do you think of *Forget-me-not?*" I asked Jack, as he came in with the spell of the play still so fresh upon him that he was conjuring up Quixotic schemes from the depths of his imagination to force a cruel world to extend a helping hand to all penitent women. "Finest play I ever saw in my life," spoke Jack, quite as sweepingly as the nineteen-year-older; "Jeffreys-Lewis has the whole business in her own hands, and she plays it for all there is in it. She is immense. She is the greatest actress in the world. Of course, Eleanor Carey is very nice and pretty, and O'Neill and the others fill in very well, but Lewis is the play and she is superb!" Other comments were not quite so wholesale as these two. It was admitted on all sides that Miss Jeffreys-Lewis's "Stephanie" was the most remarkable piece of acting that she had ever done in her life. Her fault is a too great and all-pervading intensity, but she has a thrilling way of speaking now and then, and, in a good strong part, she can hold an audience breathless at her will. But one of unimpeachable judgment avers that in her best situation—in that much quoted line which nightly brought down the house, the old, ever new protest of the fallen woman who struggles to rise—she did not compare with the silent bit of acting at the last, when she crosses the stage with the terror in her face of a creature whose life is hunted. Many have urged this dreadful fear, this clinging to life, to be an anomaly in the character of one steeped to the lips in crime and hardened as only such women can be. And yet it is only within a few days that, looking over the latest periodicals, my eye caught a line from a popular story writer:

"He clung to life with all the desperation of those baser creatures of the lower grades, who so love to live."

While in another story yet I found this:

"Janet, do you suppose the love of life was as strong among the old savage nations as it is with later and more civilized people?"

Janet answered: "It is possible that the added luxuries and pleasures of civilized life may make us feel that we want to live as long as we can to enjoy them. The old Romans were fairly civilized, yet they did not hesitate to commit suicide. Life seemed to lose its charm for them easily, and they evidently had little fear of death."

"That is a fair argument; that would show that their love of pleasure, or of what the future might have for them, did not incline them to live any longer. But has not the love of life increased because we have been taught to respect it in each other? We are brought up to think that each man has a right to his life, that it is a precious possession; and has not that increased the love for it?"

"I have never arranged my thoughts, but—but I suppose the love of life to be one of the strong instincts originally planted in our natures—not an outgrowth of any improvement in living."

"It may be so—one of those blind instincts implanted in us by an unknown power; an instinct which makes the unhappiest wretch put out his hand to save himself, although reason says to him: Death can not be worse than life."

Therefore, who shall question the *motif* of *Forget-me-not*, or ask why "Stephanie" should dread to die or love to live? Even theologians declare, through all the narrowness of their interpretations, that it is better to be born and be forever damned, than never to be born at all, so much to them is what the poet calls "the exquisite joy of living." It is a little far-fetched that "Stephanie's" avenger should come in the shape of a Corsican *vendetta*—an article which is well enough in a story, but has an element of absurdity in a play; and nothing could be more preëminently ridiculous than to hear the Corsican go whining about, seeking an opportunity to tell his story. A Yorkshireman, whose vengeance is quite as patient, as subtle, and as sure, would have kept quiet and finished her ladyship quietly when she fell in his way. Not so your warm-blooded Corsican, who is quite as dramatic in his instincts as he is earnest. Perhaps Merivale and his collaborator were right after all. Who knows? At all events they made a strong drawing play of it, which, foolishly enough, was withdrawn just at the wrong time. It cost a dollar and a half to see *Forget-me-not*, and no one murmured. It costs a dollar and a half to see *Courtship*, which they say to be worth not a penny, and but a bit of Byronian rubbish. The best of writers scribble rubbish sometimes, but playwrights should always keep it for burlesques. There it is at home, and shines with a borrowed refulgence quite like the real article.

It is astonishing how really well an awfully bad joke sounds in burlesque. The Folly Company are singing and dancing the year away with an apparently exhaustless *repertoire*, and little Miss Everleigh has made a reputation. Odd, isn't it? She sang and danced through the *Magic Slipper*, and *Oxygen*, and *Babes of the Wood*, in a blithe little way, and she was thought very nice, but no one remarked her any more than they did little McHenry, with her shrill, dreadful voice and her delightful curves, or Ada Lee, who it seems can really do nothing but look well. But when little Kate Everleigh put on the white goat-skin of "Robinson Crusoe," presto! she became the rage for a week. Is it the goat-skin costume, which no woman with a respectable pair of legs can look badly in, or is it that the new prominence has brought out talent? Let us believe the latter, for she has a merry English face which inclines one to her, and if she can only half way sing, what matter? The singing honors all fall to Miss Emé Roseau in any case, excepting when Miss Leighton now and then disputes the palm, as in *Piff-Paff*. The music in *Piff-Paff* is rather jolly, for every one is humming it, wildly out of time as a matter of course, and with that dead certainty as to the words of the first line, and utter haziness of of idea as to what follows, which characterizes the parlor singer who attempts burlesque music.

And we are to have *Blue Beard* for a Christmas spectacle, a moral lesson on the evils of feminine curiosity. They have been reading these lessons to us in most attractive guise this long and many a year, but is there less of female curiosity since Eve unwisely dipped into pomology, because we yearly relearn the story of "Blue Beard," or less of vanity since Eve first saw herself in a pond, because of the old, old story of "Cinderella," or less of vaulting ambition, because Jack found a grim ogre at the top of his beanstalk? They are pretty stories still, when set with music, and lights, and pretty girls, and eccentric comedians. So, ho! for Blue Beard

Betsy B.

## THE NEW REGIME.

Let people who are disposed to sneer at the writers on household art hold their peace; the homes of this country are now, for the first time, becoming fit for cultivated people to live in. Contrast the furniture and upholstery of an ordinary family residence of to-day with what they were ten years ago; that is enough. Even the trash which is still found in our dwellings is a better kind of trash than we had before. The improvement is due, first, to the writers aforesaid; second, to the dealers who have had the sagacity, money, and taste to cater to the new demand. Among these the California Furniture Manufacturing Company is preëminent. At their rooms, 224 and 226 Bush Street, one may have the advantage of seeing how the finest and noblest designs in furniture—music stands, cabinets, easels, desks for office and library, bouquet-stands, pedestals, tripods, tables, jardinières, etc., in infinite variety—have been executed by the hands of artists as great in their way as the designers in theirs. The richness, variety, and splendor of this holiday collection are admirable. It must be a severe and fastidious taste, indeed, which can not be gratified, nay, delighted, by these charming goods. In prices they range, of course, from high to low, but not from dear to cheap, which is not the same thing. The most expensive are as cheap as the least are. That such articles can be had in California at such prices is surprising. Five years ago they could not have been had at any price.

## FASHION GOSSIP.

With all the varied cosmopolitan phases of San Francisco, perhaps no feature is so particularly attractive as that of the brilliant appearance of our streets at certain hours of the day—the bright and inviting look of the different shop windows, reflecting the dazzling rays of the sun and mirroring the happy look of the many curious feminine faces who stop to cast admiring glances at the goods so temptingly displayed therein. Our ladies have been accused of attiring themselves in gayer style than those of any other city of either America or Europe; yet it seems in perfect keeping with the almost luxuriant tropical climate of this coast. Dresses of all fabrics can be worn the year around, and never be entirely out of place. But the most curious, and yet the really reconciling, feature of all the modes of wearing apparel are the many peculiar hats, bonnets, turbans, etc., worn by the ladies of San Francisco. Some of these coverings lie flat upon the head, others are daintily perched on the formidable *coiffure*, others coquettishly tilted back on the head as far as it is safe, others, again, almost hiding pretty eyes. In fact the latitude allowed by Dame Fashion in regard to the head covering is as boundless as the dictates of every feminine heart. For the very reason that the climate allows of straw, velvet, chip, felt, and other materials as being *en regle*, some few ladies have an absurd idea that to be well dressed, or in the extreme of fashion, they must import their clothing, if not from Europe at least from New York. In this they make a mistake, as, for instance, in the millinery line, no better goods can be found in the world than at Mrs. Caswell's, 28 Post Street, who is acknowledged the very first milliner of this city, her custom being almost entirely confined to the *haut ton*. She exports extensively, and, perhaps, at her establishment is the only place where the velvet ribbon, hand-made by the peasants of Rhenish Prussia, can be found. It is a known fact that Mrs. Caswell's patterns are procured from abroad and displayed by her before the season opens, either in Europe or the East. The question naturally arises, Why should our ladies send their orders out of San Francisco?

Then, again, as regards dress materials, one might safely venture to assert that in no part of the world can be found a finer or more costly selection than at the "City of Paris," on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter Streets, under the Occidental Hotel. This house, for tastefulness, and elegance, and grace of arrangement, has never been equaled. Nothing new, either in Europe or America, is thrown upon the ever-bubbling spring of fashion but it speedily finds its way to this establishment. Ladies delight to gaze upon the wealth of fabrics here displayed, and one may visit day after day and still find something new—something to wish for and something to purchase. This house has its permanent agents in all the great centres of continental commerce, and those ladies who import their goods receive them long after this establishment has placed the same fashions before the public. The truth of this statement can be easily ascertained.

There are also ladies who imagine they can not appear among the *elite* in a fashionable ball room in any other dress than one brought direct from Paris; and, in nine cases out of ten, when the costume arrives it does not meet the expectation of the owner; the result is, one of our own dressmakers has to remodel it. A few weeks since a costume arrived which was ordered in London, to be worn at one of the late balls given in this city. It required some additional trimmings, and the lady took it to Mrs. Lewis, who has her parlors in Thurlow Block, on Kearny Street, for the embellishments. Mrs. Lewis had on hand at the time four dresses which were to be worn at the same reception; and the contrast between those and the imported one was so severe that the lady, not to be eclipsed in her toilet, sent her dress home and ordered another one on the spot. Mrs. Lewis is possessed of rare taste and discernment in the selection of combinations, and for an effective achievement she is unsurpassed. With her, not only complexion is studied, but the stature and even the character of the customer, so that when a dress from her hands is worn it proves a very index to the heart and mind of the wearer.

Another erroneous idea of Americans is that all toilet articles must bear a foreign stamp to be appreciated, and ladies even go so far as to send on to the perfumers at Paris and London orders for powders, soaps, and scents, when, in truth, our Yosemite perfumes excell the imported ones in purity and delicacy of odor. Even the foreigners themselves are beginning to recognize this fact, if one may judge from the orders Mr. Slaven (of the elegant drug store under the Baldwin Hotel) receives from abroad. The writer was informed by one of Mr. Slaven's clerks that he exports almost as much Yosemite Cologne as he sells in San Francisco; and a letter coming from New York city was shown, complimenting this house on the unique and beautiful style in which his Cologne was put up. The bottles are covered with the loveliest tints of satin, upon which are painted the Yosemite Falls in most life-like appearance. His satchet powders are put up in the same beautiful design, as well as other delightful toilet articles.

One might remark *en passant* that Mrs. Irlan, of Thurlow Block, has done some of the finest painting on dresses which has appeared during the season. This lady is an artist whose studio is well worth visiting, where may be seen specimens of her art beautifully executed on fans, mouchoir cases, screens of all sizes, and silk jewelry—of which she was the first to introduce the design in San Francisco. The lady is now finishing a dress which is to be placed on exhibition in one of the Kearny Street windows the early part of next month. This dress is to be worn in Sacramento, at a grand reception which is to take place about the middle of January. She is also finishing an order for a screen which is twelve feet wide and six feet high. It certainly is a marvel of beauty.

## OLD AND NEW HOMES.

Could our grandmothers revisit us they would scarcely recognize the homes in which they once lived and took so much pleasure to decorate in holiday times. A hundred, nay, fifty years ago, a wife was pleased with even a ten-dollar china dinner set, or a child looked forward to the coming of Santa Claus, and the youthful heart was gratified to find in the little stocking a bunch of raisins, a handful of almonds, and some home-made joy, and a fifty-cent doll was something out of the ordinary Christmas presents. But now, what a change! Now, when one enters a first class emporium he becomes bewildered with the many beautiful and dazzling things temptingly set out; and in no establishment is one more interested or instructed than in that of O. Lawton & Co., situated at 609 and 611 Market Street, under the Grand Hotel. Seeing the demand there would be this season for both the beautiful and useful in his line, Mr. Lawton went himself abroad to superintend the purchasing of his goods, which have recently arrived; and here may be found whatever the heart may desire or the purse can afford. China sets, from ten dollars to hundreds of dollars, beautifully painted in fruits and flowers, exquisitely hand-painted shells in odd devices, ebony and gilt jardinières, statuettes in bisque—perfect marvels to look at, lacquerware of every description, porphyry and Pyrenees marble clocks with the celebrated Racknier movement and cathedral chimes and beautifully tinted dials; Persian and galvanic bronze boxes for jewels, gloves, etc., etc.; Kioto pottery, Awater, Awadji, Banko, and Karatsu ware, besides many other Japanese goods. Here also may be found the celebrated majolica ware, the royal wedgewood, and the Italian faïence.

Oleographic art has attained perfection at the hand of Mr. William Harring in the productions of Edward Bosqui & Co., entitled "The Grapes and Grapevines of California," and we observe with pleasure the notice of the issue of single plates for sale to the public. This work has not only received the indorsement of the artists of this coast as very superior, but in London, Paris, and other art centres of Europe, where they have been seen, they are criticised as marvels of color. In the printing of these plates they pass through the press and are exposed to the air some twenty-five to thirty times; and any elements of the atmosphere which are deleterious to color effect each tint and dim the work. An atmosphere being particularly pure and clear at times facilitates tint-printing. Framed with *passepartout* and the designs of moulding which are the reigning taste, the grapes make lovely dining-room ornaments, which are even more beautiful than the water-colors from which they are copied. The California Novelty Works, whose offices are in rooms 45 and 46 St. Ann's Building, No. 6 Eddy Street, opposite the Baldwin House, have contracted for the exclusive sale, and a very large number are to be sold in the Eastern States and Europe, so our famous grapes will become favorably known, through these beautiful pictures, all over the world. The extensive issue will make extremely low prices possible. The proofs are already on sale at the offices of the Novelty Company, and the city is being canvassed for subscriptions.

As far back as the memory and traditions of men recall, it has been the custom of the wealthy to clothe the beautiful voteries of fashion in the most elegant and costly fabrics. We read from ancient chronicles that the wife of Hwang-ti, a wise Chinese emperor, who reigned 2600 years B. C., daily wore a magnificent robe of silk. Time has not lessened the desire for this charming material, for to-day, whether it be Pagan or Christian, it is always found in the abode of wealth. The merchants of San Francisco are well aware of this fact, and each vie with the other in importing the finest fabrics of European woofs, and in this city none have displayed such rare judgment or finer taste than J. W. Davidson & Co., more generally known as "The White House," whose line of goods in this particular are without parallel, not only on the Pacific Coast, but in America. The most distinguishing feature of this establishment is the suit department, where one's eyes rest on nothing but what is beautiful—the grace and repose of a costume (added to which, a peculiarly lovely combination of shades) when sent out of this house immediately shows and proves it at once. The house has also achieved a reputation acknowledged by all that the visitor, whether she be robed in the most fascinating and costly raiment, or whether she be clothed in humble attire invariably receives the same kind, courteous attention.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, indicating torpid liver—"Billiousness"—Hop Bitters will safely cure you.

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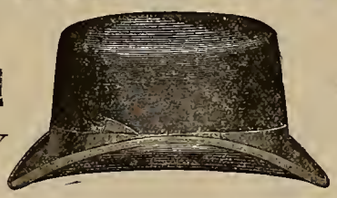

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

### The Last Fly.

With chilly feet and drooping wings
He hangs upon the window pane,
And hoarsely he his death-song sings;
He hath a sort of window pain.

Outside the earth is robed in white:
No coal inside, for coal is high,
With prospects dark he must alight
While winter takes him on the fly.

The man who said, "O dumb the flies,"
Has got his wish, for he is dumb;
But gaspingly in death he cries,
"There is no word so sweet as hum."

And he who blew all kinds of meat
Now murmurs with a dying tone,
"Though I retain my carcass sweet,
I find myself a poor fly blown."

The wind that blew hath made him blue,
And cold his skin doth mottle;
If nicely corked and wintered through
He'd be a big blue bottle.

All summer long, in shining robes,
He probes the flowers and mosses,
But now, alas! he cannot probe,
For froze is his proboscis.

Poor fly, his buzziness is o'er,
Alas! his hum is in the dust;
His corpse will float on tea no more,
Nor pass for cloves in cake, I trust.
—*A. T. Worden.*

### The Sea Serpent.

Egregious monster of the sea,
That wast, and art, and yet shall be,
Newspaper men make sport of thee,
With scocring squiblets.
They cao not quite ignore the news,
Wheo they are told that thou art loose,
But print it, adding weak abuse,
In inky driblets.

Thy being they presume to doubt,
Thy thickness and thy length they scout,
And at thy fearful form they flout,
As 'twere a feather.
They dare deride thy head aod tail,
And style thee nothing but a whale,
Or seaweed gathered by the gale
Aod rolled together.

But thou, grand monster of the main,
Regardest still with calm disdain
The lies, or partial truths that stain
The printed pages,
Pursuing thy appointed way,
And seeking thy allotted prey,
As thou, since thy creation's day,
Hast oae for ages.

If man, vast serpeat of the sea,
Be all he boasts himself to be,
Why don't the braggart capture thee,
In whole or pieces?
With giant ships and monster guos,
He ought to gobble thee at once;
But still, to stamp him as a dunce,
Thy tribe increases.
—*Unknown Liar.*

### Unappreciated.

I sang my songs. Ye would not hear,
And yet I sang them sweet and clear;
I sang of joy, I sang of sorrow,
Of tears to-day and smiles to-morrow.
For you, my country, was my song;
You said I "made them poor and long."

"Farewell, my native laod; you'll hear
No more my songs so sweet and clear;
To other lands my bird goes wingiog,
And they shall hear its matchless singiog;
And now my tuneful pipes shall be
Let loose upon the great South Sea."
—*Attributed to Hector A. Stuart.*

"Uncle Ike, did you see de shootin' stars las' night?" "No, Alick; but I sot up, an' spent de ebenin' shootin' cats. De wood-shed was kivered wid 'em, an' when Old John belched, de a'r was filled wid 'em—hit rained cats fo' er while," and old Ike went on singing:

"De famine hit am ober,
An' de bugle it am a-rollin,
An' yer don't know how happy dat I am;
O, Hanner, punch de hah,
Kase de tow-boats am er comin',
An' we'll have de coal a plenty, bress de Lam'."

It is becoming the fashioo at distinguished weddings in Paris for page boys to be substituted for bridesmaids. They are all dressed alike, mostly in red or blue velvet or satin, with silk stockings and gold buckles; and, for their business, have to attend oa the bride, carry her prayer book and bouquet, support her traio and veil, and generally be at her bidding all day. Young brothers or relatives under twelve years of age are usually selected for the office.

As an ordioary thing, we have some sympathy for a mao who is deaf and dumb, but he sometimes goes too far. For instance, when he gives us such taffy as the following:

The beautiful birds are singing,
And not a sound to me appears;
The trumpets yet are ringiog
Io silence to my view.

Who wrote this? "We often see the advertisement: 'Hands wanted oo female underwear.' It's a wonder that they have to advertise in that way, when there are so many nice young men around doiog nothiog."

A bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with one chair in the room," said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

The weak point of all State Constitutions is that they do not provide enough offices to give every reformer a place.


**WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.**
SHIPPING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
218 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

*AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.* Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashton & Son's Salt.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON
PACIFIC
**SAW MANUFACTURING CO.**
17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

*SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION* on hand and made to order. Agents for C. B. Paul's Files.
Repairing of all kinds done at short notice.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
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**W. W. DODGE & CO.,**
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

**TABER, HARKER & CO.,**
*IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE* GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. L. DODGE.....L. H. SWEENEY.....J. E. RUGGLES.
**DODGE, SWEENEY & CO.,**
IMPORTERS,
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....AND....
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 114 and 116 Market, and 11 and 13 California Sts.

**C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.,**
**Commission Merchants,**
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*OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR* Street.
☞ Liberal advances made on consignments.

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Agents for the
SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET LINES.
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**N. GRAY & CO.,**

*UNDERTAKERS, NO. 641 SACRA-*mento Street, corner Web. Connected by Telephone with all the American District Telegraph Company's offices.
☞ Embalming a Specialty. ☜

**HOLCOMB BROS. & CO.**
Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of
**CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,**
**Phaetons,**
HARNESS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.
Repository and Salesrooms, 411 and 411½ California St.

**SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.**

*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 859 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

**PRICES REDUCED!**

MULLER'S OPTICAL DEPOT,
135 MONTGOMERY, NEAR BUSH,
Spectacles, their adaptation to the various conditions of sight, my specialty for thirty years. Established, S. F., 1863.

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,
**COAL DEALERS.**
**Office and Yard, 14 Post Street.**
**Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.**
BRANCH OFFICE.
**J. Middleton & Son, 419 Pine Street,**
Opposite California Market.
All kinds of coal at lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

**AN ETCHING AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.**

*FINE ETCHINGS, SUITABLY* framed, make very acceptable presents. They are the original works of fam us European painters, and proofs cost from $2 to $4 each. W. K. Vickery has a large collection of rare Etchings and rare Engravings, and will be glad to have visitors call and inspect them at Room 8, Thurlow Block (126 Kearny Street), San Francisco. Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and evenings.

**BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS**

An elegant assortment of carefully selected fabrics, well made, and at very Low Prices. Parents need do no shopping this season Come right to
**PALMER'S**
**No. 726 Market Street.**

CABINETS $4 AND $5 PER DOZ.
Ormsby
PHOTOGRAPHER,
No. 914 Market Street.

*CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-*ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of Nov., 1879, an assessment (No. 39) of one dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-second day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the twelfth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.*
Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the 17th day of November, 1879, an assessment (No. 20) of one ($1) dollar per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-third day of December, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the thirteenth day of January, 1880, to pay the delinquent assesssment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada Block, San Francisco, Dec. 13, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 34) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, December 22d. Transfer books closed until 23d inst.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Dec 13th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 51) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, December 23d, 1879. Transfer books closed until 24th inst.
A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Dec. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 50) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, December 20, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

*OFFICE OF THE BODIE CONSOLI-*dated Mining Company, Room 62 Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal., December 17, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a d vidend (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the company, payable FRIDAY, January 2, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the Transfer Agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Saturday, December 20, 1879, at 12 o'clock M.
WM. H. LENT, Secretary.


## ASSESSMENT
—OF—
## LANDS BENEFITED
—BY—
## WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

## TAXES, TAXES,
## 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879-80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

## MONTGOMERY AVENUE
### ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879-80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.


**EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.**

*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.
FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.
*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court.
A. D. SHARON.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

**7.00** *A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

**8.00** *A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Gait with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

**10.00** *A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

**4.00** *P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

**4.30** *P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASS*enger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

**5.00** *P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ..... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ..... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ..... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ..... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ..... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ..... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ..... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ..... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ..... |
| ..... | 7.00 | 6.00 | ..... | 6.30 | | | |
| ..... | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ..... | 7.00 | | | |
| ..... | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ..... | 8.10 | A. M. | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ..... | 10.30 | *10.30 | ..... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ..... | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ..... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 7.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ..... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ..... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ..... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ..... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ..... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ..... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ..... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ..... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ..... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ..... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| | | | 5.40 | ..... | 4.00 | ..... | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ..... | 5.00 | ..... | 9.10 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | A. M. | 7.50 | ..... | 6.03 | ..... | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ..... | B*7.20 | ..... | ..... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ..... | B*8.30 | ..... | ..... |
| | | 1.30 | ..... | ..... | *10.00 | ..... | ..... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—8.40—B6.30—7.20—3.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—3.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

# NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

**8.30** A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

**10.30** A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

**3.30** P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

**4.30** P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

**6.30** P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

☞ The extra Sunday trains to San Jose and Way Stations have been discontinued for the winter season.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....$1 00

On Freight Trains only.*

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

Sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

TICKET OFFICE—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, and No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for Los Angeles and intermediate points, as also Yuma and all points east of the Colorado River, will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily

## *SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

## *SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, (Washington Street Wharf) as follows:

**3.00** *P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

**8.15** *A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.

JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.


# *ALASKA*

# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

*$72 A WEEK. $12 A DAY AT* home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

*$5 to $20 PER DAY AT HOME.* Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

*$66 A WEEK IN YOUR OWN* town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

**$25 to $5000** Judiciously invested in Wall St. in stock fortunes every week, and pays immense profits by the New Capitalization System of operating in stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & CO., Bankers, 28 Broad St., N. Y.

## *OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL*

STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | BELGIC. |
|---|---|
| December.....6 | January.....17 |
| February.....28 | April.....10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

## *PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.*

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO.....December 27, March 20.

CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

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## DECORATIVE ART.—A NEW DEPARTURE.

It is little wonder that in this community the decorative should take precedence of the fine arts to a great extent. Decorative art is more practical, and hence more fitted to the utilitarian tastes of a new people, such as this of ours. The indulgence in high art is a luxury which the wealthy alone can maintain, but the great army, of which the middle class is composed, look more to the pictorial, in the matter of picture-buying, than to high artistic values. This tendency seems to have been taken advantage of by those whose business it is to cater to the art tastes of our people, even in the matter of picture frames. The time was, and that not long since, when engravings, etchings, and prints, of all kinds, were framed and glazed in the most simple manner. It is not so now. Upon the principle that fine feathers make fine birds, the frame-maker's art is expected, and does, add not a little to the decorative value of a picture. There is no branch of trade where such improvements have been made, as in that of picture-frame making. It is not yet twenty years since a simple paper mat around an engraving or photograph was unknown, and but little later when the now popular and indispensable passe-partout came in vogue. At first they were made of thin pasteboard, which gave them a cheap and shallow appearance, and rendered them liable to wrinkle, and become an eyesore instead of an ornament. A few years later the foundation for the passe-partout was made of wood, which rendered it practical to apply this unique style of framing to the largest engraving. For many years they were covered with plain paper, decorated with simple lines; now, however, the decorative in art has seized upon the popular passe-partout, and the most elaborate designs are applied to them. These are aimed to be in keeping with the picture to be framed. Some, of course, approach the grotesque in character, some are oriental, and others religious. There is very little in object painting which can not, now and again, be utilized with advantage in the decoration of passe-partouts, even birds, bugs, flies, and spiders with their webs, are adopted; while fans, horse shoes, trowels, triangles, vases, and similar objects, are exceedingly effective; miniature landscapes and foliage painting is also used with fine effect. Nor is it long since velvet was used, to any extent, in the manufacture of picture frames; now, very rich frames are made of combinations of velvet, ebony, and gold.

Foremost among the art dealers of San Francisco is he house of SNOW & CO., No. 20 Post Street (formerly Snow & May, No. 21 Kearny Street). The appropriate framing of pictures has been a specialty with this house. They originated the idea, now universally adopted, of making passe-partouts of wood, and their work can not be excelled, Any design suggested can be applied with facility. A look through their stock at this season is a treat. Their importations for the holiday trade have been extensive, and embrace all the novelties in Velvet Goods, Ebony and Carved Frames and Brackets; the latest Engravings, Photographs, and Panel Pictures; of Christmas and New Year's Cards they make a fine display. They keep in stock a full line of Artists' Materials. The house was established in 1849, and has an enviable reputation.

## THE DIAMOND PALACE.

### A SKETCH OF THE PLACE AND PROPRIETOR.

In the year 1500 there was born at Florence Benvenuto Cellini, a famous gold worker and designer of jewels in metal. For a quarrel he was banished from Florence and went to Rome. There, by his skillful engraving of a gold medal of Clement VII., he secured the favor of the Papal Court. He was a soldier as well as jeweler, and distinguished himself for personal valor in defense of the Castle of San Angelo when assaulted by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon. He fell into an affray at Mantua, and the city was too hot for him. He fled to Naples, and from Naples back to Rome; from Rome to Paris; always in some broil, always in some gallant entanglement; the associate of great artists, of Princes, Popes, Cardinals, and Kings; a worker skilled in metals; a writer whose literature still lives as a classic. His greatest renown was acquired from his embossed shields, cups, swords, and dagger hilts, clasps, medals and coins, some of the specimens of which are still preserved in the famous art galleries of the world. If this were the year 1500, and the age one of wars and personal adventure, of chivalrous daring, of wealth and luxurious display, Colonel A. Andrews, our famous jeweler of the Diamond Palace, would be the Benvenuto Cellini of the age. We are quite confident that the Florentine artist, in his palmiest days, never in Florence, Rome, Naples, Mantua or Paris, had such a store and such a stock of rare and costly gems, as are displayed at No. 121 Montgomery Street, and we are quite confident that Colonel Andrews has designed and produced art gems as beautiful in design and as skillful in execution as the richly ornamented salt-cellar of Cellini, in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, or the magnificent shield at Windsor Castle. It is a treat for the lover of the beautiful to examine the exquisite designs and costly jewels of the Diamond Palace. It is a veritable treasure-house of precious stones. But it is of Col. Andrews as an artist that we more especially write. Any merchant of great wealth or great credit may display costly diamonds, rubies, and other valuable jewels; but not every diamond merchant or jeweler possesses the artistic faculty to design and create works of art. This faculty Colonel Andrews possesses in an eminent degree. Everything that emanates from his brain is distinguished for exquisite taste and beauty of design. His rivals in trade may say of him that his work is not the creation of his own hand. Skilled workmen are employed to elaborate his ideas. This is true; but it is also true that Michael Angelo did not chisel the marble with his own hand, but employed skilled artisans to produce what he had fashioned in clay. The life of Colonel Andrews has been one of adventure and romantic incident. Born in London, he has been from his earliest youth an American citizen. In 1846 he enlisted and served in the army during the Mexican war. Commencing as Lieutenant, he came out as Captain in the Second Ohio Regiment. He was an early pioneer to California, partaking in all the strange and curious adventures of that eventful era. First a gold digger, he soon resumed his early avocation in Sacramento, and there established the jewelry firm of Hiller & Andrews, so extensively and favorably known to all the early citizens, and so widely patronized by those early and successful miners who could not return eastward without a watch and cable chain of marvelous weight and size. With a fortune he traveled to the East and Europe. When our civil war began, he was accepted and appointed Major of the Second California Cavalry, under command of D. D. Colton, who was to have been its Colonel. This failing, Col. Andrews declined the commission, and we next hear of him as a caterer in the line of public amusements. He exploited the theatrical business—opera, magic, drama, and burlesque—in San Francisco, Guayaquil, Ecuador, Lima, and Chili; then a merchant in Callao, Ecuador, Panama, Cuba, and the West Indian Isles. He became in turn a diamond broker in London; followed the Emperor Maximilian to Mexico; engaged in stock-broking in New Orleans, Chicago, and New York; till finally he brings up again in San Francisco, promoting concerts and giving a successful send-off to the Mercantile Library lottery, and then settled down to his last, most permanent, and life-long work at the Diamond Palace. We will not undertake to elaborately describe this gem of a store, its floors inlaid with marble, its mirrors, its fluted columns of ebony and gold, its vaulted and frescoed arches, its revolving pyramids of glistening jewels, and its show window of prismoidal form, so constructed of mirrors that the gems are reflected on all sides. Upon the inside mirrors are so arranged that the glittering reflection runs out into infinite space. We need not describe the Diamond Palace, because it is open to the inspection of all. Nothing more delights the Colonel than to have visitors pay him the compliment of inspecting his beautiful store; and he is a merchant so thorough-bred in his instincts, and a gentleman so sincerely courteous and polite, that it is no vexation to have gentlemen or ladies examine his jewels and his Diamond Palace, which is a veritable jewel-box. To describe the contents of this store would be to give a catalogue of everything in the line of jewelry, silverware, bronze ornaments, and beautiful things. With all this business upon his hands he is still restless, adventurous, and enterprising. In politics he was, and perhaps is, a Democrat. In the last Presidential election he commanded a McClellan Legion one thousand strong. When General Grant visited us he gave the most unique, successful, and elegant *bal masque* that has ever been given upon this coast. The invitation presented to General and Mrs. Grant, a gold card in a silver envelope, drew from the Ex-President an autograph letter of acceptance. And now we learn that the Colonel has in contemplation a masquerade to be given on the evening of February 21st, that shall in all respects outdo in brilliancy and beauty anything that has ever been attempted in the way of fun upon this continent. Now, if Benvenuto Cellini can show a more varied and adventurous life than our Colonel Andrews, we do not see it. If he can show work in the precious metals more original in design or more beautiful in execution than Colonel Andrews displays in his cases and reflects in his mirrors, we shall confess the fact. But we are pleased to think that the famous jeweler of the mediæval age was not more justly famous than our hero of the Diamond Palace is destined to become, when, after four hundred years, his jewels shall be shown as heir-looms and his true and impartial history be written. To his many other and varied attainments, the Colonel adds that of languages. He speaks with ease and precision all of the modern European languages, conversing with great fluency with French, German, Spanish, Italians or Portuguese who may visit his store. This gives a decided advantage over all his rivals in trade, and gives him almost a control over the jewelry trade of Mexico and South America. One feature of the Colonel's business is that he is so universally and so favorably known among the more wealthy families and those of the higher official circles in all the States of Central and South America and Mexico, that they have now fallen into the custom of ordering jewelry from him, leaving the matter of selection entirely to his taste and judgment. This is a tribute to his integrity and fair dealing that he has acquired by a rigid adherence to that best and highest maxim in trade, that honesty is the best policy. In a recent visit to his store, we were shown an order from a gentleman of high official position and great wealth from Peru, ordering a schedule of personal ornaments and an elaborate silver outfit for—said the order—"a wedding present to our daughter Inez," leaving to Colonel Andrews' discretion the whole matter; simply giving a list of the particular ornaments, and limiting, within a given amount, the money to be expended, to a certain number of ounces. The Colonel has a singular knowledge of human nature, and declares that he can so read the face of any stranger, that he will give or withhold credit with almost unerring certainty. Two instances of this came within our knowledge. The first occurred about one year ago. A lady entered his store, examined his goods, and expressed herself as more than pleased with the character of his merchandise and his prices. She was richly but plainly dressed, had the air and bearing of a lady. She laid aside such articles as seemed to strike her fancy to the extent of nearly $4,000, when, turning to the Colonel, she said: "Will you be kind enough to lay these aside till I send you the money for them?" "No, Madam; I will not," replied the Colonel; "it is against the rule of my store." She looked her surprise. "I will hand this parcel to your maid, and you can send me the money at your leisure." "But I am a stranger," said the lady. "No, my dear Madam; ladies are never strangers in the Diamond Palace." A few hours thereafter, the maid returned with a bundle of crisp Bank of England notes, with a note of thanks, upon which was stamped a coronet and bearing a titled name. An English gentleman, who was recently passing through San Francisco on his way from Australia, stepped into the Diamond Palace, an entire stranger to Colonel Andrews, and having admired a very elegant diamond brooch, remarked that he would purchase the jewel, except that its price and the condition of his letter of credit would render it inconvenient. "Not at all," said Colonel Andrews; "you are an Englishman. Give me your draft for the amount on London." "Do you know me?" asked the stranger. "Perfectly well," replied the Colonel. "I do not know your name, nor your occupation; but I observe that you are an Englishman, and I see by your manner that you are a gentleman, and by your face that you are an honest man." The stranger smiled, and while the Colonel inclosed the jewel in its package, drew his pocket book and wrote him a draft upon a well known leading bank in London, whose senior partner he was, and in whom was recognized the familiar name of a distinguished member of Parliament. A specialty in the Diamond Palace work is that of California quartz jewelry. This is work the like of which has never been produced, so far as our knowledge goes, in any other age nor in any other country. Gold-bearing quartz was first used for being fashioned and polished into jewelry in the year 1851. The first specimen came from a mine in Mariposa County, known as the Marble Spring Mine, and was made for Judge Roderick N. Morrison to be sent as a gift to Daniel Webster. It was in form of a watch seal, as was fashionable to be suspended from the fob in those early days. Colonel Andrews seemed, at an early time, to appreciate the peculiar beauty of this quartz crystallization, and ever since he has been doing business in San Francisco has made a specialty of this work. It does not rank with the precious stones in value, but for all purposes of mosaic and inlaid work, for match cases, chains, caskets and jewel boxes, it is unsurpassed in beauty. This *chef-d'œuvre* is a mosaic of all colors and varieties of our gold quartz and minerals in pyramidal form, originally intended for exhibition at the Exposition Universelle at Paris; but the elaborate character of the work, and the extent of the labor upon it, so delayed it that it still remains in his stock. It was the Colonel's intention to have presented this exquisite piece of workmanship to General Grant through the agency of a grand concert to be given at the Grand Opera House in this city. The scheme failed by reason of General Grant's trip to Oregon. The foregoing description gives but a faint and inadequate idea of a character—we may say genius—that is too familiar to our daily sight to be duly appreciated. It does not do to confound Colonel Andrews, of the Diamond Palace, with the ordinary tradesman and bourgeoisie. As a merchant he takes rank with the best. He is more of an artist than merchant. He is a generous, enterprising, brave-spirited citizen, of the kind that gives character to any city in which he does business. He has public spirit and enterprise. We must not be understood, in giving to the Colonel this artistic character, to detract, in any degree, from him such qualities as are essential to the successful dealer in the merchandise of his class of goods. Soldier, manager, politician, citizen, he is always attentive to, and never neglects, the minutest detail of his business; he is ever present at his place, giving his personal attention to his customers, equally attentive and polite to the plainest country woman as to the ladies of the most fashionable society; just as hard working now—the period of his greatest prosperity—as when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb; never losing heart, never despondent, never blue, and never admitting that, with him, "trade is dull." The Diamond Palace, with its beautiful mirrors and its complicated devices for giving beauty to the interior, its arrangement of reflecting glasses, its panels, its vaulted ceiling, its frescoes and painted figures with real jewels set into the canvas as personal ornaments to the artist's figures, is of his conception, and is altogether the most beautiful store, we think, in the world. There is not in London or New York, Paris or Vienna, Berlin or Amsterdam, any retail jewelry store that at all compares with it in beauty; and, we are informed by the traveling partner of one of our leading jewelry houses in the city of New York, that there is no house in America that carries so extensive, well selected, and valuable a stock of goods as does the Diamond Palace. We have given this extended notice of Colonel Andrews and his enterprise, because he deserves it; he has earned it by a long life of honorable dealing, and we look upon his store as an ornament to our city, of which we have a right to be justly proud.

The ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY, having recently put in a Cottrell & Babcock two-revolution press, built expressly for fine work, are prepared to make contracts for large jobs of printing, especially where fine cut work is required. Press rooms, 522 California Street.

When promenading the principal streets of the city we are effectively reminded of the approaching holidays by the handsome displays made in the several show-windows. Not the least prominent among them are those containing articles possessed of qualities which are calculated to gladden the hearts of the little folks, and, as a sequence, those of adults. We could not resist the temptation of stepping into one of the leading establishments in this line, and, by the polite assistance of the proprietors, had an opportunity to inspect a large and most elegant stock. There were toys for little girls, such as Dolls, from the plainest to the handsomeet, real models of art, Tea, Dinner, Toilet, Wash and Laundry Sets in endless variety, Rocking Horses with ladies' saddles, Dolls' Houses and Carriages, Pianos equal to the best Steinway, Trunks, Bath-rooms, etc. Then those for little boys: Complete Mechanical Minstrel Troupes, Locomotives, Steamboats, Goat Wagons, Jumping Frogs, etc., Soldiers', Hunters', Jockeys', and Archers' outfits, Punch-and-Judy and Opera Theatres, Tool Chests good enough for a carpenter, Horses, Teams, Wagons, Coasters, Velocipedes—our memory fails to mention them all. For the benefit of those interested we give the address of the firm: F. M. L. PETERS & CO., 207 Montgomery Street. Do not fail to go and see the sights.

They were riding on the "dummy" of a California Street car, going smoothly down the hill. He sat on the lower side of her, and when a man at a crossing held up his stick and said "Hi-hi," he reasoned that the car would stop for that man. So he braced himself and prepared his arms to receive her when the sudden stopping should jolt her into them. Then he smiled triumphantly and licked his lips in anticipation. But there wasn't any sudden stopping; there never is on that road. Moreover, she looked around and saw the disposition of his arms. It gave him away. She now rides up and down that charming road, enjoying the gliding motion, but he has glided out of her life, and his place on that lover's throne, the "dummy," is occupied by another young man. And the view is as grand, the moonlight as inspiring, and the other cooing couples are as happy, as if that discomfited admirer were not shinning along in the shadows of the houses, afraid to embark lest he should meet her and she should smile.

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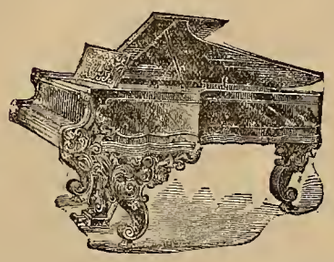

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# NATALIE.—A STORY BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

WRITTEN FOR THE ARGONAUT.

"We want to go and see the animals," said a polite little gentleman to Kent Josselyn, in excellent French. "Can Monsieur direct us what course to take?"

"I am going there myself," replied Josselyn, in the same language. "I will show you the way with great pleasure."

This brief dialogue took place, one delicious May morning, just at the Fifth Avenue entrance of Central Park. The broad, circular grass-plots, clad with short verdure, gleamed brilliant under a cloudless sky. On one hand loomed up the dense, fresh greenness of the Park foliage; to the south lay the stately vista of the avenue, flanked with its luxurious edifices of dark stone, except where one dazzling length of white marble structures lifted itself against the limpid blue air. Equipages were rolling past, each moment lost from view as the hard, resonant carriage-way wound among balmy trees. A pretty nurse, in a fluted cap, was pushing homeward a small wagon of dainty basket-work, wherein lay a rosy little baby, fast asleep.

The Frenchman who had addressed Josselyn looked excessively pleased; perhaps his satisfaction sprang chiefly from the admirable French with which he had just found himself addressed. He turned to the fair, pale, tall girl by whom he was accompanied, and exchanged a quick smile with her. "We shall be very much obliged to Monsieur," he presently went on; "we are not long in this country; we have only been here three months. It was such a beautiful day, that we thought we would come and see the animals, which we have heard about."

Josselyn had intended a stroll in the less frequented part of the Park. He had formed no intention of going to see the animals. But something in the young lady at the little Frenchman's side had made him feel like suddenly changing his mind. Her pallor had nothing sickly; it was a warm, even tinge, covering equally her grave, firm face, and her slender, yet full throat. She had dry, crisp hair of a brownish-gold hue, that looked as if it would defy any sort of combing with the curliest rebellion. Her eyes were brown, too, but they had not a shade of softness. It struck Josselyn that she did not look at all French. She seemed to him perfectly self-poised, and also a trifle bored. But he could not help making the rapid conclusion that she was exceedingly beautiful. Her dress narrowly escaped actual shabbiness, though it revealed an exquisite figure. He might not, as the phrase goes, have "taken her for a lady," if he had at all seriously deliberated this point; but then, on the other hand, he would have been far from identifying her with the ordinary unlettered throng.

The Frenchman, her companion, had a sallow, seamed face, black, blank eyes, and an iron-gray moustache that looked as if the hope of each separate hair had been remorselessly nipped in the bud by a sharp scissors. He had a prodigious superficial blandness; you saw at once that he wanted to be immensely civil.

"If you are from Paris," said Josselyn, "and have seen the *Jardin des Plantes*, you will not care much for this collection."

"Oh, yes," said the Frenchman, "we come straight from Paris. But I am very fond of looking at menageries. *Mon Dieu*, I ought to be. I—"

His abrupt pause surprised Josselyn, who suspected immediately it had been due to some invisible interference on the part of the young girl. As he glanced at her face, she at once began speaking, for the first time. And she increased his surprise by speaking in English. It was English, too, with only a slight foreign accent.

"So far, I find this park very beautiful," she said. "It is so well tended; it is full of so many adornments. I thought it would be almost like a wild wood. But it seems full of arbors, bridges, little pleasant pathways. I am astonished to discover that it is so charming."

The Frenchman turned toward Josselyn a face that beamed with smiles. "That is a great deal for her to say about America," he exclaimed in his native tongue. "I understand English quite poorly; I do not speak it at all. But I know that she is admiring your park; and it pleases me that she is satisfied with anything in this country."

"Oh," answered the young girl, relinquishing her English from this time forward, "I am prepared to like everything that is worth liking in America. But we have seen so little as yet. We are just beginning to look about us."

They presently reached the inclosure in which the various beasts are kept. A marked change was now gradually observable in the Frenchman's manner. His yellowish face grew very serious; all semblance of a smile had left it. A dull spark fired his opaque eyes. He went from cage to cage with an air of earnest absorption. He seemed quite to forget Josselyn and the young lady—a fact which her new escort found by no means distasteful. "Are you fond of looking at animals?" she asked, turning upon him her sweet, cold eyes.

"Yes—I paint them," said Josselyn.

"Oh, you come here to make sketches?"

"Sometimes. I was not going to sketch to-day, however. I was merely going to look and observe. There is a splendid leopard. What magnificent spots!"

The young girl shook her head abruptly. "I can take no interest in these fierce, treacherous creatures," she said. "Where is Monsieur Larrue? Oh, he is yonder, before the tiger's cage."

"You call him Monsieur Larrue," said Josselyn, with involuntary curiosity. "Then he is not your father?"

"My father? Oh, no." She gave him a rapid glance, and he saw that her color was deepening.

"Pardon me," said Josselyn, politely relentless. "I have then made a mistake, and he is your husband?"

She started, looked annoyed for a second, and finally burst out laughing. "My husband? Oh, no, indeed! He is only a friend."

"I suppose you will think me very curious," said Josselyn, laughing in turn.

She made no answer, for they had now reached Monsieur Larrue's side, and the latter, perceiving them, broke into a series of excited Gallic exclamations. "That is a superb tiger," he declared. "What an eye! What glorious stripes! He is worth a fortune! I never saw a finer specimen. It is a Royal Bengal with a vengeance. Ah, you beauty, I should like to stroke you!"

"I should pity you if you got the chance," laughed Josselyn.

"This gentleman draws tigers and leopards," said the young French girl. "He will let you stroke some of those."

"I'm afraid they could not support the illusion," said Josselyn. "They are too little like nature."

Monsieur Larrue gave the speaker a quick, challenging look; his former suavity was quite fled; the whole man seemed radically altered. Then he glanced at the great, lissome majesty of the tiger again, while it stood staring at nothing for a moment, with luridly ruminative eyes. "You must be a fine artist," he said, under his stiff moustache and with a sharp accent of incredulity, "to take the portrait of a brute like that!"

A little later Josselyn and the young girl were together again, while Monsieur Larrue gazed fixedly into the cage of a handsome brawny lion.

"This sort of thing seems to bore you," he said to her.

"I don't like it," she answered. "I want to get out into the open air—to see more of this delightful park. I enjoy watching the carriages, too. There are some fine horses in this country; I have noticed them."

"So you are fond of horses?"

She took no notice of the question. "We have been completely shut up since we arrived here," she said. "The weather, you know, has been so bad; we have almost done nothing. I came to America with Monsieur Larrue and his wife. Madame is a sort of invalid; she rarely goes anywhere."

There was a little silence, and then Josselyn said, with a gentle candor that suited his dark, kindly, thoughtful face: "I am going to tell you my name. It is Kent Josselyn, and I have just returned home after several years of wandering through Europe. I draw and paint animals as a sort of pastime. Pray, now, will you not now tell me something about yourself?"

She met his gaze calmly; he wondered if it would be possible to put anything except indifferent gravity into the brown composure of her eyes. "My name is Natalie Duchesne," she said. "I had been living for a number of years in Paris with Monsieur and Madame Larrue before we came to this country." A smile, bright, fleeting, inscrutable, edged her lips and then vanished. "That is all my history which is worth telling you," she added.

Her serene self-possession irritated Josselyn, he could scarcely have said why. She had aroused his interest, and not many women did this; but something that was either apathy or unconcern seemed to clothe her about like armor.

Not long afterward they left the animals, and went forth among the gladsome vernal charms of the park. Josselyn, with a conscientious desire to do his full duty as *cicerone*, mentioned that an assembly of monkeys could be found in an adjacent building. But Monsieur Larrue only shrugged his shoulders in silent contempt, and Natalie made no response whatever. So the domain of monkeys remained unvisited.

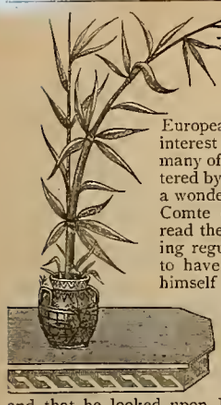
By degrees, as they strolled among the sprouting shrubberies, looked at the ornate causeways, the shining artificial lakes, and the countless rustic embellishments of the park, Monsieur Larrue resumed his previous demeanor. The spell of the lions and tigers somehow fell away from him. Josselyn soon discovered that he was a very ordinary type of Frenchman, clad with superficial courtesies, and often feverishly volatile. The young man knew French people so well that Larrue was not hard to place. Naturally observant and rather quick-witted, he nevertheless belonged among the lower classes; there were scraps of rank vulgarity interspersed amid his conversation that soon betrayed the secret. But Mademoiselle Natalie was a much more baffling study.

Under other circumstances Josselyn would very soon have dropped the garrulous little Frenchman's company. As it was, he managed to spend a very enjoyable morning. He afterward wondered how it was that Natalie had attracted him into doing so. She had not thawed the least in the world. She had not even spoken very often. He and Monsieur Larrue had done nearly all the talking. But somehow she had been a personality whose very silences struck Josselyn as alluring concealments. Some little while before he bade her and her companion good-bye, he felt that he would give a great deal to have some one fill in that vague sketch of her past life which she had made for him; he discredited her suggestion of its colorless unimportance.

In a way that he afterward congratulated himself upon as being something quite socially adroit, Josselyn contrived to make his sketches a reason for Monsieur Larrue to ask that he would pay himself and Mademoiselle a visit. "I shall take the greatest pleasure in examining your animal-studies, Monsieur," said the little Frenchman, "and I am sure that they will repay study."

Josselyn left his new acquaintance at one exit of the park, and then retraced his steps toward that by which he could himself most conveniently leave. "The foxy little hypocrite," he said to himself, thinking of Monsieur Larrue; "either he was brought up almost in the Paris gutters, and has merely caught his present *façon*, which, by the way, he sometimes unconsciously drops, or I know nothing of the curious people that he springs from. But the other one—Natalie—she is of different breed altogether. I shall go and see them."

Josselyn was at present living in the household of an aunt, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who had received him most kindly after his return from Europe, and whose husband had extended toward him the present invitation to sojourn at their home. Josselyn did not quite like this arrangement. He had ample conveniences in his aunt's house, but then, notwithstanding his generally conventional impulses and settled though moderate income, he was a Bohemian, in a mild way, and a lover of what is called bachelor freedom. Besides, he was not over fond of his uncle, Mr. Oscar Van Rensselaer, who had always seemed to him a sort of bloodless snob. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had lived for a long time abroad previous to her marriage; she had been married in Paris, a short time after her mother's death, which left her wholly without protection. It had been commonly understood that Miss Abercrombie had more than once refused Mr. Van Rensselaer during her early girlhood in New York, and that when they had met abroad a persistent resumption of his wooing had at length induced her to accept her old lover. Mrs. Van Rensselaer was now a thin, pale, timid-looking lady of perhaps seven-and-thirty. Her marriage had thus far been childless. She seemed to Josselyn as the weakest and most vacillating of human creatures. She always appended a viewless interrogation point to her least unemphatic sayings. But nothing about her was emphatic. She had a narrow, pathetic, wistful face, and a voice with a plaintive ring in it. Josselyn could never quite tell whether she loved her husband or not, but he felt a substantial certainty that she was afraid of him. It was a whim of Mr. Van Rensselaer's that she should always dress in the most tasteful and expensive garments of the latest foreign fashion. He evidently had a prodigious fondness for her, and she was, no doubt the only fellow creature for whom he had ever felt anything that resembled a passion. Her complete, childlike subjection never gave him the least cause for jealousy, but if this had not been the case he might have made her days wretched from suspicious vigilance. He was a potential Bluebeard, but Fatima was, in this instance, the most decorous of mortals. He pursued no active business, and was reputed to be quite wealthy. He had a tall, meagre frame, sharply cut features, aerial blonde whiskers, and that accentuated baldness often seen in men who have well cleared forty. His hands were long, white, and beautifully proportioned, and he tended his fine filbert-shaped nails with a tireless appreciation of their merits. He had taken a fancy to Josselyn, who was always lazily *commode* in the matter of rebuffing people, though this avuncular liking was far from being reciprocated. The nephew considered his uncle intolerable company; he was one of the few men with whom Josselyn found it impossible to gain any common foothold of congeniality. Mr. Van Rensselaer was fond of saying that he took the world precisely as he found it. This was simply another way of declaring that he saw nothing in the



world but propriety, and that he carried conservatism, in all departments, to the bounds of a genteel, inflexible bigotry. He had an immense reverence for European traditions, and he took a keen interest in the British peerage, a great many of whose complexities he had mastered by heart. He thought Mr. Disraeli a wonderful statesman; he regarded the Comte de Chambord as a martyr; he read the *Almanac de Gotha* with unfailing regularity. "I wonder why he likes to have me here," Josselyn had asked himself on a certain evening, not long ago, when, at dessert, over some delicious claret, which he sipped like a *connoisseur*, Mr. Vans-Rensselaer had told his nephew that he considered Mr. Gladstone's measures wildly ruinous, and that he looked upon Mr. Herbert Spencer as a most unhealthy atheist. "I declare," concluded the nephew, "I have a great fancy to get away." But Josselyn did not go. He had been asked to remain with the Van Rensselaers through the spring, and then to accompany them for a few weeks to their country-seat on Long Island Sound. After all, one owed certain civilities to one's kindred, and his aunt was very sweet and hospitable.

As may be supposed, he made no mention to his host and hostess of the recent meeting with Monsieur Larrue and Mademoiselle Natalie. Mr. Van Rensselaer would merely have raised his *mauve* colored eyebrows in patrician amazement at his nephew having consented to pick up the acquaintance of two unknown foreigners, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer would only have heard the whole recital with an unsatisfactory, lifeless repose. Josselyn had of late been convinced, however, that something had happened of a nature considerably to ruffle this characteristic quietude on the part of his aunt. About a week ago he had chanced to enter the house a little before nine o'clock in the evening, and had gone up stairs to his own apartments. While passing his aunt's door he had seen that it was wide open. The heavy velvet carpet must have drowned Josselyn's step, for Mr. Van Rensselaer, who stood in the centre of the chamber, not far from where his wife was seated, wore an expression of intense sternness, holding before him something that looked like an outspread letter. At the same moment the passer caught these words, uttered in a voice that could ill be recognized for the usually suave tones of Mr. Van Reasselaer:

"This thing must be ended at once! At once, Letitia—do you understand me?"

Then there had come to Josselyn a rapid glimpse of his aunt, who sat with covered face and half-bent figure, as though overwhelmed by some violent distress. He walked directly onward, and did not again see his uncle till an hour or so later. Mr. Van Rensselaer then wore his ordinary neat serenity. Mrs. Van Rensselaer did not reappear that evening. Josselyn would perhaps have thought nothing more of this circumstance if he had not observed in his aunt, during the days that followed, signs of a doleful depression, against which the lady seemed to struggle with weak, ineffectual efforts. He might have made some discreet inquiry regarding her trouble, if she had not evidently been so anxious, in her fluttered, abortive way, to conceal its existence. But as matters now stood, Josselyn felt that inquiry would narrowly miss impertinence. Perhaps this conviction was strengthened by the unrelaxing watch which Mr. Van Rensselaer, who was nearly always present when he met his aunt, appeared to direct upon the lady's slightest actions.

Josselyn allowed five days to elapse before he made a visit to Monsieur's Larrue's abode. By this time he had admitted to himself that his desire of once more seeing Mademoiselle Duchsne was no less keen than unaccountable. He took a portfolio containing some of his best sketches, and had himself driven in a cab to the address which the Frenchman had given him. This address directed him to Waverly Place, not far from the shady tranquillity of Washington Square. As the cab rolled past this green domain, with its massive trees, and its glimpse of the whitish castellated University Building through their branches, Josselyn asked himself whether Natalie ever indulged her love for nature here among these grassy purlieus. He saw several seedy idlers seated on the benches; one appeared like a Frenchman, and had, perhaps, strayed thither from the adjacent French quarter, as it has grown to be called, among the regions of South Fifth Avenue. He looked like a very disreputable Monsieur Larrue, unshorn, with no collar and a crumpled crimson handkerchief thrown across one knee. Josselyn felt a silent thrill of thankfulness that the custodian of his charmer was so many degrees better than this dingy *flaneur*.

Monsieur Larrue's residence was one of a row that had formerly been occupied by prosperous and aristocratic citizens, but was now fallen upon evil times. The houses had mostly become third-rate boarding houses, and all wore that air of graceless neglect which shows itself in tarnished brickwork, ill-cleaned window panes, and dusty vestibules. Their weighty granite porticoes, built in antique, pillared fashion, had a look of forlorn majesty. Josselyn rang a bell that woefully needed replating, and soon found himself conducted through spacious, yet shabby, hallways to one of the upper apartments. A stout, elderly brunette opened the door to admit him. She seemed past fifty years old; she had a swarthy face, whose unwholesome tinges suggested impaired health in spite of its fullness. She wore big gold earrings, and her black, coarse hair was combed behind her ears. She was a very unprepossessing person, and looked exceedingly French. Josselyn addressed her in that language as he entered the room, and inquired for his new acquaintance.

"My husband is out, Monsieur," she said, offering a chair; "but Mademoiselle is at home. I will send her to you at once."

She then disappeared, leaving Josselyn alone. The room was cheaply carpeted; but it wore incidental touches of refinement that made its present observer suspect the adorning hand of Mademoiselle. Josselyn waited only a few minutes, and then Natalie herself appeared from an inner apartment. She wore a dress of some dark-blue stuff that closely fitted her delicate yet exuberant figure, and gave her sweet blonde head an enchanting conspicuousness. She shook hands with Josselyn, not seeming in the least embarrassed. Then she seated herself at his side, telling him that Monsieur Larrue was not at home, and would probably be absent nearly all the afternoon.

"That is a pity, too," she added, "for I see that you have brought your sketches."

"Oh, it is of no moment," said Josselyn; "and you, Mademoiselle," he went on, "how have you passed these beautiful spring days since we last met?"

"Well," she answered slowly, "since you ask me the question, Monsieur, I must say that they have not gone very happily.

Josselyn had already seen a careworn look on her face, which seemed a deepening of some vague despondency that he had before noticed there.

"You are discontented here?" he said. "You are weary to return to Paris?"

She shook her head.

"No—not that. I wanted very much to come to America. I had a reason—a supreme reason for wanting to come. But all that is past now. My hope has perished; it died a speedy death. Perhaps I should only be more keenly reminded of my loss if I returned."

The still waters were disturbed at last. She had shown him what he had from the first suspected lay behind all her languid placidity. Her brown eyes were no longer cold; she had half averted her face, but her lips were quivering. Josselyn leaned eagerly forward.

"I am so very sorry for you," he said, with more feeling than he knew. "If I could only help you!"

She gave an abrupt start. "You can not," she said, with one earnest, fixed look straight into his face.

"Ah," said Josselyn, "I wish you could make me think so! There would be some satisfaction in that. But I am a most pertinacious fellow. I never believe a wound incurable till I have looked at it."

His soft-spoken yet decisive words did not displease her. She smiled, and watched him for a second with her head slightly sidewise in a really bewitching attitude.

"Mine is incurable," she said, with an accent of almost thrilling melancholy.

Josselyn had the gift that in some men is a great danger when they deal with women. He could be unconsciously winning and persuasive.

"There would be no great harm," he said, "in letting me know what it is that makes you so unhappy."

Again she started; again she met his eyes with the same fixed look, though one that faintly wavered before she withdrew it from his own.

There was a little silence. The charm of his unstudied, manly directness had strangely wrought upon her. She lifted her eyes now; a humid star was swimming in the brown depths of each.

"I came here to find my mother," she said. "I remember her very indistinctly; she was an American lady who had married in France. She had eloped with my father; his station was below her own—much below it—the marriage sprang from a girl's infatuation for a handsome Frenchman. Her people hushed up the affair; my father died a violent death soon after the marriage, and they took the young widow back into her own ranks of life. But they would not let me come with her—they kept us separated. My mother would sometimes visit me; I was only four years old when I saw her for the last time. She married again, and came to America. I have not always lived with the Larrues; for some time I was in a French *pension*. I knew that my mother's husband was bent upon never having me recognized. He had learned the whole story before his marriage. But I believed that I could prevail upon him to let me see my mother. That was why I took the journey here. Monsieur Larrue was coming—on affairs of his own—and offered to let me accompany him. But the man who has married my mother has a heart of stone. There are few real proofs of my birth, and he knows it. By some hateful chance, the records of my mother's first marriage were destroyed in the burning of the French church where her wedding took place. Still, I could make my claim good, perhaps, if tried. But that is not what I want; I do not specially care for that. I want to see and talk with my mother—to clasp her in my arms, and to hear her once call me daughter! But this hard man stands between us. He came here not long ago—he offered me money—oh, Monsieur, I felt almost like killing him! But I wept and pleaded to him instead, for my love made me politic—I knew that if I could only touch his heart my cause was gained. But he has no heart to be reached; he is merciless as death itself!"

If Josselyn had not been wrung by the pathos in Natalie's voice and face while she spoke thus, he would have felt pierced with admiration by the splendid tragic change which her recital produced. The still waters were indeed still no longer; they had been broken into a passionate, turbulence. The agony of a bleeding heart blent itself with her pale, rare beauty, and made a picture of memorably appealing power.

"This man is doing you a shameful injustice," Josselyn said, unaware how shaken were the tones he used. "Tell me his name."

Natalie rose in alarmed haste.

"No, no," she said, with sudden command. "You can not know his name. I suppose that many people might say that he was right, if—if they knew all."

"Knew all? Then you have not told—?"

"I have told you all that you need to know," she exclaimed. "And more!" she went rapidly on, looking at him with an abrupt frown. "Ah, Monsieur, why have you sought to learn *anything?* It could have done no good!"

Josselyn had also risen.

"But for heaven's sake," he cried, "do not conceal from me a portion of your story after telling me half! Surely, Mademoiselle, when you say that the course taken by your mother's husband might be defensible in some eyes, you cast no reproach upon yourself?"

He thought that she now grew paler.

"Reproach?" she repeated, in a sharp, impetuous way. "No, indeed! *I* have not been to blame. There was no other course for *me* to take. The money that educated me was his—I found that out—and I could not be dependent upon the man who would not let me even see my mother!"

"All this merely mystifies me!" exclaimed Josselyn.

"You mean—?"

Her face grew almost stern as she met his questioning gaze.

"It means, Monsieur, that we are to drop the subject," she said. "Let me look at your sketches. I am not so good a judge of animals as Monsieur Larrue, but I can, at least, give your talents some appreciation."

For a quarter of an hour longer Josselyn sat beside her while she examined the contents of his portfolio. But he scarcely heard any of her comments. He saw that her hand trembled while she turned over the leaves. He was himself in a state of the most unhappy bewilderment. But the direct veto in her recent words kept him gravely silent. Just before rising to go he said, with a meaning directness:

"Since you will not let me help you, Mademoiselle, you will, at least, allow my coming here again?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

That day Josselyn left his sketch-book in Natalie's charge. He was glad so to leave it; the arrangement seemed like a sort of tacit pledge, on the part of circumstance, that he and the young French girl would soon meet again. All the rest of that day, and for two days that succeeded, Josselyn felt himself tormented by a desire to explain the mystery at which Natalie's incomplete narrative had so bafflingly hinted. But no good came of his studious endeavors to pierce its darkness. In what way could her ignoble step-father make his conduct seem justifiable to any fair or humane mind? And yet Natalie, though she had called him a man of stone, seemed to admit, after all, that his course was a permissible one.

Meanwhile, in his present home, Josselyn found the metallic high-breeding of his uncle quite unaltered, and felt a little more bored than usual, perhaps, by Mr. Van Rensselaer's devout conventionalisms. As for his aunt, she now wore the dazed, irresponsible demeanor of one who has surrendered to another all exercise of will; it appeared to Josselyn as if she had concluded to do no more thinking for herself on any subject whatever. He overheard her husband, one afternoon, quietly directing her what dress to wear for the evening. She looked more fragile than ever, and her face seemed to have grown narrower and more timid. She would sometimes sit for ten minutes at a time with her eyes fixed upon her husband, who always preserved the same bland, icy decorum. Josselyn thought that he had never seen so pitiable a state of servitude. But he began to suspect that his aunt was a yoked creature given to unpleasant lowings, and that his own presence in the house acted as a preventive against these dolorous manifestations. Now and then the doctor would call upon Mrs. Van Rensselaer; she sometimes remained absent from meals, and not seldom, when she did appear, she would complain of being quite without appetite, sitting languidly before the dainty, untasted dishes, in her superb, modish toilettes.

"We think of going to Shoreside in about a week," said Mr. Van Rensselaer to his nephew, one day. "The air there usually freshens your aunt up, and you have perhaps noticed that she has drooped a little of late. Of course, Josselyn, you will come with us. I want you to see the place; I am sure you will enjoy being there."

Josselyn, however, had no intention of leaving town at present. He promptly told his uncle that he preferred not making so early a departure, but would be glad to visit him during the summer. Mr. Van Renselaer may not have liked this plan, but it was annonnced with too much gentle decision for any protest of his own to wear a good grace. At the end of the week he went away with his wife, and Josselyn procured other quarters.

Meanwhile there had been several more visits paid at the residence in Waverley Place. Once or twice Monsieur Larrue was found at home; he had taken great pleasure in Josselyn's sketches; there was one crayon drawing of a lioness which had so charmed him that its author made him a present of it. Natalie's manner was what her own country people call *journalière*. To-day she would be a delicious burst of social sunshine, saying witty things and brimming with careless, facile gayety; then again Josselyn would find her in sombre pensiveness. She had become equally charming to him in either mood, for she had now won his heart, and he owned it. He was irrevocably in love with her.

One day he found her looking very serious; for the first quarter of an hour after their meeting she scarcely spoke, except in brief, preoccupied sentences. Josselyn had brought her a French novel, for which he had an enthusiasm, and which he desired her to read. While he spoke eloquently in its praise she sat very quiet, but with a look on her face that made him almost doubt if she were listening to him. At length, when he had finished, she said:

"I shall send you back the book when I have read it; or did you mean to have me keep it?"

Something in the words startled him.

"I meant for you to keep it," he replied.

"Thanks. It will be a pleasant *souvenir* of our acquaintance."

"How— a *souvenir?*" he asked.

"I am going away. We must bid each other good-bye today—good-bye for good and all."

Josselyn felt almost like leaping from his chair; but he sat perfectly still.

"You are going back to Paris?" he asked.

"No—but I am going away."

The next instant his face was darkly clouded.

"You cannot mean this!" he cried. "You can not be so cruel!"

"Cruel!"

"Yes!" He rose and came toward her; he was stretching out both hands. "Have you not seen it, Natalie?" he said. "Have you not guessed that I love you?"

She rose, then. Her face had a look of sudden agony—such a look as he had once before seen there.

"No, no," she faltered; and now her voice grew very firm and determined as she strove

to wave him back with one uplifted hand. "You must not speak of love to me. I forbid it!"

They looked at each other for an instant. Josselyn's hands were still outstretched.

"I want you to be my wife," he said.

She grew pale; but he had never seen her face so hard before.

"You honor me, Monsieur Josselyn," she murmured. "But it is impossible."

"Why?—if you love me."

She shook her head.

"Have mercy, and ask no more."

"Tell me if you care for me."

Again she shook her head.

"If I cared for you a thousand times better than I do, I should still refuse what you now ask."

"But you do care," persisted Josselyn.

She turned away from him; her voice sounded hollow; her face was averted from him.

"Yes; I do."

"But not enough—"

"Not enough," she cried, wheeling round toward him with a sort of fiery despair in her gaze, "to make you hate the hour you ever met me! No! If this is what you would call love, Monsieur, then I do not feel it!"

As the last word left her lips she turned again; an instant later the door of the next chamber had closed upon her disappearing form. Josselyn felt sure that she did not mean to return. He left the house not long afterward, with his heart aching and his mind in a bitter turmoil.

That night was sleepless, and for several hours of the next day he felt almost unconscious of outward things. Suddenly, however, he burst the fetters of this lethargic anguish. "I will see Larrue," he told himself; "I will find out what unhappy mystery rules this girl's conduct. To know the truth may be to gain substantial hope. Why have I not thought of that course before? Why drown without making an effort to save myself?"

Josselyn now hurried to Waverley Place. Here a pitiless disappointment awaited him. He learned that Monsieur and Madame Larrue had gone away that morning before eleven o'clock. The young French lady had accompanied them. They had left no new address with any one at their former lodgings. It was impossible even to say whether they were still in New York or not.

Josselyn felt that his doom was sealed. There was no use crying out against it; and yet he did cry out a great deal, in a mute, miserable way. He was irretrievably in love, and his pain was of piercing bitterness. But he fought hard against it, and tried to make his stoutest philosophic tenets practically serve him in his present hard straits. He remembered his uncle's standing invitation for him to visit Shoreside, and he went down there one afternoon, quite unexpectedly. He found his aunt a little improved in health, his uncle the same proper paragon as of old, and both very well pleased at his arrival. Shoreside was a fine estate. Its broad lawns swept down to a noble expanse of water, and the large, commodious house was striking in its palatial elegance.

It was now past midsummer, andthe shortening days had begun to hint of autumnal coolness; Josselyn took long lonely strolls about the country, past flowering swamps, full-pennoned corn-fields, and cottage gardens where the salvias had already lit their scarlet clusters, and all the ample bloom of September promised a brilliant re-awakening. He would sometimes drive out alone with his aunt, who had a fondness for this amusement. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's society was somehow no longer irksome to him. He felt drawn toward her by a stronger kinship than that of blood. He became assured that she had a settled sorrow, and constantly caught himself wondering whether it resembled his own in poignance. He began to tell himself that after all she was a woman of peculiar charm; he could understand how her mental fragility, pliancy, and dependence had won a man of his uncle's entirely opposite temperament. She seemed to allure his confidence with an irresistible gentleness. He set out by pityingly aiming to amuse her, and ended by a sort of filial yearning for her sympathy. It chanced, one evening, that they were returning together from quite a long drive. The horse moved along with an easy, quiescent gait; the wheels of their light vehicle rolled soundless over a turfy road; the early darkness was all about them, and the overhanging boughs of stately trees showed glimpses of tender blue heaven where a few dim stars were sparkling. In her low, mild voice Mrs. Van Rensselaer was speaking to Josselyn of his mother.

"I was much younger than Gertrude," she said. "I often regret that she married when I was only a little girl and lived here so many years while mother and I were abroad. You were not with her when she died, Kent, were you? That must have been a great trouble for you."

"It was," Josselyn answered; "and now it all seems so long ago. But it is scarcely ten years."

"We outlive so many things."

Josselyn was silent for a few minutes as they drove through the perfumed dusk. "I think that there are some things," he said, "which we never outlive."

"Oh, indeed, yes. But *you* have no such sorrow as that, Kent." She put her slender hand for a moment on his shoulder as she spoke.

He turned, but he could scarcely see her face, the light was so vague.

"Yes, Aunt Letitia," he said, slowly, "I have had very great sorrow."

"Don't you want to tell me about it?" she asked.

Josselyn began and quietly told her everything. He did not leave out a single detail of the story. For some little time he felt his aunt's hand on his shoulder, but presently it was withdrawn again. At length he came to the sad fact of Natalie's sudden departure with her two guardians. After this had been narrated there was nothing more to tell.

He turned toward his aunt, expecting some sort of comment. But none was given. Josselyn now saw that her attitude had something strange; her head seemed to have fallen sidewise against a corner of the carriage. At first he thought that the indistinct light was deceiving him. "Aunt Letitia," he said.

There was no answer. Just then they passed into an open part of the road; Josselyn put out one hand and touched his aunt's face. It was deathly cold.

He knew then that she had fainted. Fortunately they were near home. He made the horse quicken its speed. Mr. Van Rensselaer stood upon the piazza as he came rapidly up to it. "Aunt has been taken ill," he said, leaping down from the carriage, while a groom in waiting secured the horse's head. The insensible lady was borne indoors. She had had one or two similar attacks within Josselyn's recent experience. No one seemed specially alarmed, and she presently recovered from the swoon. But she did not leave her room through the whole of the next day, and for several days afterward her condition was extremely feeble.

Josselyn wondered whether anything in the story he had told her could have produced results of a too agitating effect. But he abstained from further reference to the subject during their after meetings. As for his aunt, he began to perceive, past any shadow of doubt, that she strangely avoided being alone with him. During the hours of meals, too, she sat in constrained silence, stealing fitful, restless looks at her husband, but never letting her eyes meet Josselyn's face. Her health had now grown seriously worse. "I think I must take your aunt somewhere for a change of air," said Mr. Van Rensselaer, one morning, to his nephew. "She seems quite depressed and miserable."

The brisk days of autumn had now set in. During one of his walks Josselyn passed through the neighboring village and saw that it was aflame with circus posters. A traveling circus had arrived, with monster menagerie accompaniments. The famous French lion-tamer, Monsieur Charles Duvernay, was everywhere visible in gaudy designs, wearing a dress of oriental splendor and having one foot valiantly placed upon the neck of a prostrate lion. Then there was the airy form of Mademoiselle Adrienne Duvernay, the matchless equestrienne, as she rode with painful insecurity tiptoe on the haunch of a flying steed. Josselyn looked at these staring prints as he passed along. How utterly removed he felt from the boyish susceptibility that had once made announcements of this sort a delicious excitement to him! How many a young heart here in the village was yearning for the delights of to-morrow's performance! Ah, what a precious thing a young heart was! And he had grown so old!

Josselyn and his uncle dined alone together that evening. "Your aunt is feeling very unwell," said Mr. Van Rensselaer, in explanation of his wife's absence. From something in the tone which accompanied these words, and in his kinsman's after demeanor, Josselyn suspected some recent domestic storm. Perhaps the old disturbance, whatever its cause, had broken out afresh. Mr. Van Ransselaer wore a slight pink spot on either cheek, and his delicate white hands trembled noticeably while he carved the roast. "Has the captive clanked her chains with too much violence," sped Josselyn's bitter reflection, "in the face of this *dilettante* jailer? I am beginning to suspect that my uncle is somehow the mysterious excuse for all her misery. Well, as long as the truth remains hidden, I may as well give him the benefit of my doubt."

After dinner Josselyn went out and smoked upon the piazza. The day had closed with lazy, Indian-summer languor, and the night, broken by innumerable pleading cries of katydids, was full of breezeless repose. The darkness closed around Josselyn where he sat alone. Perhaps an hour had passed when he saw a slight form steal along the piazza and pause at his side.

"Kent," said his aunt's voice, low and feebly, "it is you, is it not?"

"Yes, aunt," he replied, rising.

"Hush, Kent; don't speak loudly. *He* is in the library; he thinks me upstairs; I do not wish him to hear us." She had caught her nephew's hand in her own; its frail, clinging hold burned feverishly. "Kent," she went on, in unsteady whisper, "I have made up my mind that I *would* tell you. This Natalie Duchesne is . . . is my daughter."

"Good heavens, Aunt Letitia!"

"Hush! you have no idea how sharp his hearing is. I think he suspects that I want to tell you. It is the truth. That was her name—Duchesne—her father's name. He was a rider in a Parisian circus. My marriage was a great disgrace—oh, I do not deny it! But I loved him—I could not help loving him. He had been reared a gentleman, Kent. He was the handsomest, bravest man I ever met. He was killed, one night, in falling from his horse. They hushed up the affair and took from me my child; my child that I loved so dearly! She wrote to me last spring. Mr. Van Rensselaer read the letter, and then, of course, there was no hope. I could not see my child—he would not let me. She had become a circus-rider, too. Perhaps but for that he would have let me meet her—my poor Natalie!"

"She? Impossible!"

"Oh, yes, there is no doubt. That Larrue admitted it when Mr. Van Rensselaer saw him, and afterward Natalie admitted it herself."

A silence followed. "You should have seen your child," said Josselyn, breaking the pause. "You should have seen her at all hazard."

"Oh, it is easy to say that. But I am a very weak, cowardly creature. I did not dare offend him. But I may see her yet, Kent, through you."

"Through me?"

"Yes. You will find her. There must be some clue. You will find her, and then you will help us to meet. I leave it all in your hands."

"But I cannot find her."

"Oh, you have not tried half enough. You have let her slip away. Promise me that you will use every effort. Why not? It is for your own sake—you love her!"

Weak and cowardly as she had called herself, this woman knew how to touch the right chord. "I will do my best," presently came Josselyn's answer.

He felt a pair of groping lips pressed against his cheek in the darkness. "God bless you!" said Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "I am afraid to stay longer," she went on. "He may go to my room to see if I am there. He is always watching me."

An instant later the dim figure had flitted away. Josselyn sank back into his seat again. For a long time he could not shake off the impression that he had been dreaming some strange dream. He spent half that night, and all the next morning, in trying to devise some definite plan of search. What he had heard about Natalie solved the mystery of her curious conduct, and at the same time shocked all that was fastidious in his own nature. But then incredibility constantly visited him. He could not believe that Natalie had ever courted favor in that Amazonian way. She had never admitted it; Mr. Van Rensselaer had framed the malicious falsehood for his own selfish ends.

By evening Josselyn had made up his mind. He would depart for town in one of the late trains. His uncle's society had grown almost a torture to him. He resolved to leave quietly, and have his baggage afterward sent him; the mere thought of taking Mr. Van Rensselaer's hand in anything like even a formal farewell was bitterly obnoxious.

A little before dinner-time he left the house, as though for a long stroll. It was a fresh, bracing evening, and he walked into the village, which lay but a short distance from Shoreside. On arriving there he found that he had miscalculated the hour of the next train for town. It did not start until considerably later than he had expected. He wandered here and there among the darkening village streets. At length he found himself near a great lighted tent. Groups of people were gathered round a certain entrancee, which did not seem, however, to be the principal one. A rough-looking man in a slouch hat was driving back a troop of curious boys. "There's nothing to see here," cried the man. "Go about your business, you young scamps!"

Just then a quick-moving figure brushed past Josselyn. The light from within the tent flashed momentarily upon its face; then it disappeared within the opening. "That's one of 'em," said an eager voice from the crowd. "He's the feller that goes into the lion's cage."

Meanwhile, a terrible recognizing thrill had swept through Josselyn. He had seen the face of Monsieur Larrue.

For a little while he stood motionless. Then he walked rapidly toward the main entrance of the tent. The glare of light that now fell upon him must have showed his extreme pallor. But no one noticed him while he bought his ticket, except a very little boy, with big, exhorting eyes, who murmured, looking up at him: "Pass me in, mister, won't yer?" Somebody officially thrust this boy aside. Josselyn had neither seen nor heard the suppliant. He went inside. The tent had a fine, spacious interior. It was an affair something better than the ordinary village circus tent, that like a monstrous white mushroom springs up in a night amid our rural districts. Josselyn took a seat and waited. The performance began. There was a spangled young man on a spotted horse, who jumped through paper hoops, in haughty unconcern of a gaudy clown and a tyrannical ring-master with a long, snapping whip. The clown convulsed the audience with wit as old as Shakespeare, while he leapt about in great apparent misery at each crackling of the stroke of the lash. Then came a recalcitrant donkey that would let nobody ride him, and least of all the ill-starred clown, whose tumbles were a fresh delight to his watchers. Then there was an infant prodigy in a pink skirt, who rode an ambling pony and looked almost small enough for the decorative fairy on a plum-cake. Then, amid an awed hush, it was announced that the wonderful French lion-tamer, Monsieur Charles Duvernay, would enter the cage of the African lion, perfectly unarmed, in full view of the audience.

A draped cage was wheeled into the arena, and a tawny, majestic shape presently gleamed forth between its bars. When all was ready, Monsieur Charles Duvernay appeared. Josselyn scarcely recognized him at first, as the urbane Larrue, whom in former days he had seen so differently attired. He was now clad in rosy tights, and wore a brilliant middle-cloth of purple and silver. His splendor did not prevent him from seeming a very rash little person to dare make familiar with the maned monster inside the cage. But after perfecting one of the most graceful of bows, he opened the door of the cage and sprang nimbly within. The beast stared at him and he stared at the beast. Then he put forth one hand and patted the lion's dreadful head. A little later he had uplifted one of the colossal paws, and soon afterward, as though in imitation of the legendary Samson, he had taken either mighty jaw of the lion and had spread them widely apart, while a burst of tremendous plaudits rang through the tent. "He'll get eaten some day," said a man at Josselyn's side. "That's the way these fellows always end."

But to-night Monsieur Charles Duvernay was certainly not eaten. He withdrew from the cage in triumphant retreat, and bowed himself out of the ring with saltatory grace. There was now a slight lull in the performance. The lion was wheeled away, and the band, which had been playing with vehemence, became significantly silent. People looked at their programmes. Josselyn, who had no programme, sat in expectant dread. The very air about him had seemed to grow thick with calamitous omen. He felt the small beads of sweat steal out on his cold forehead.

The ring-master appeared once more. Long afterward Josselyn remembered the voice in which he spoke; he was an evident Englishman, with the most cockney contempt for the letter *h*. He informed the assemblage that the world-renowned equestrienne, Mademoiselle Adrienne Duvernay, would now have the pleasure of exhibiting before them her marvelous powers as a horse-woman.

A faultless black horse was next led forth. The clown remained absent; the ring-master stood alone in the centre of the arena; a single groom was at the head of the beautiful, glossy, nervous steed. Presently a woman's shape appeared. It was clad entirely in white, without the least touch of ornamentation. As it bounced upon the horse Josselyn recognized Natalie. . . . A momentary mist swam before his sight. She had completed one circuit of the ring before he had distinctly seen her.

Perhaps a few eyes beside his own perceived the matchless ease of her riding, the statuesque harmony of her postures, and the wondrous flexibility

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.]

*(TO JAMES N. HASTIE.)*

# A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY OSCAR WEIL.

*From a Poem by Edmund H. Sears.*

With broad simplicity.

*Molto Moderato.*

Non legato, e poco pesante.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old, From
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come with peace-ful wings un-furled, And

an - gels bend-ing near the earth to touch their harps of gold, The world in sol - emn still - ness lay to hear the an - gels sing, The
still their heavenly mus - ic floats o'er all the wear-y world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains they bend on heavenly wing, And

Poco a poco crescendo.

world in sol - emn still - ness lay to hear the an-gels sing:.... *f* Peace.... to the earth.... good - will.... to men,.... from
ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds the bless-ed an-gels sing:....

Sempre Cres.

*ff*

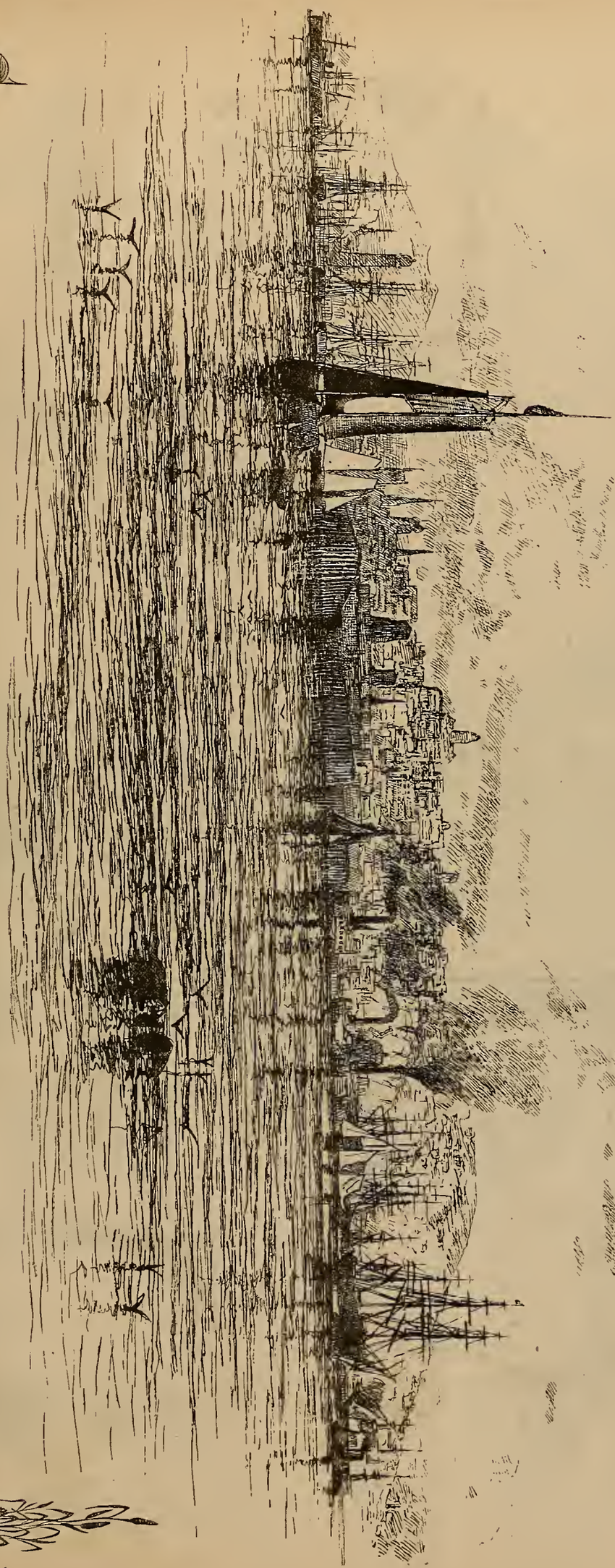
1st.. 2d.

Heaven's..... all-gra-cious, might - - y King.... might - - y King....

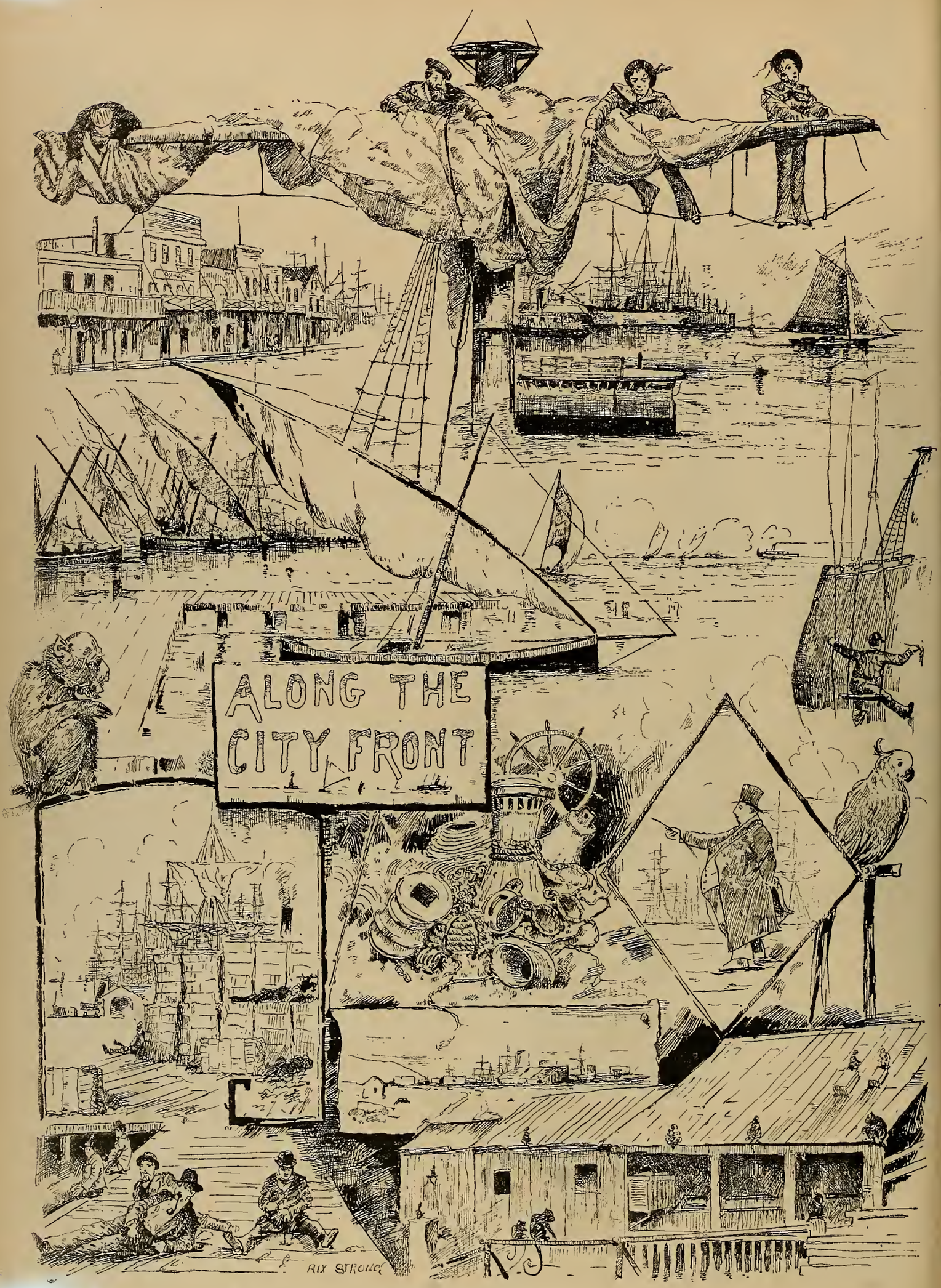
Poco Rit. *p* *pp* Ral. *p*

col 8va. 8va.

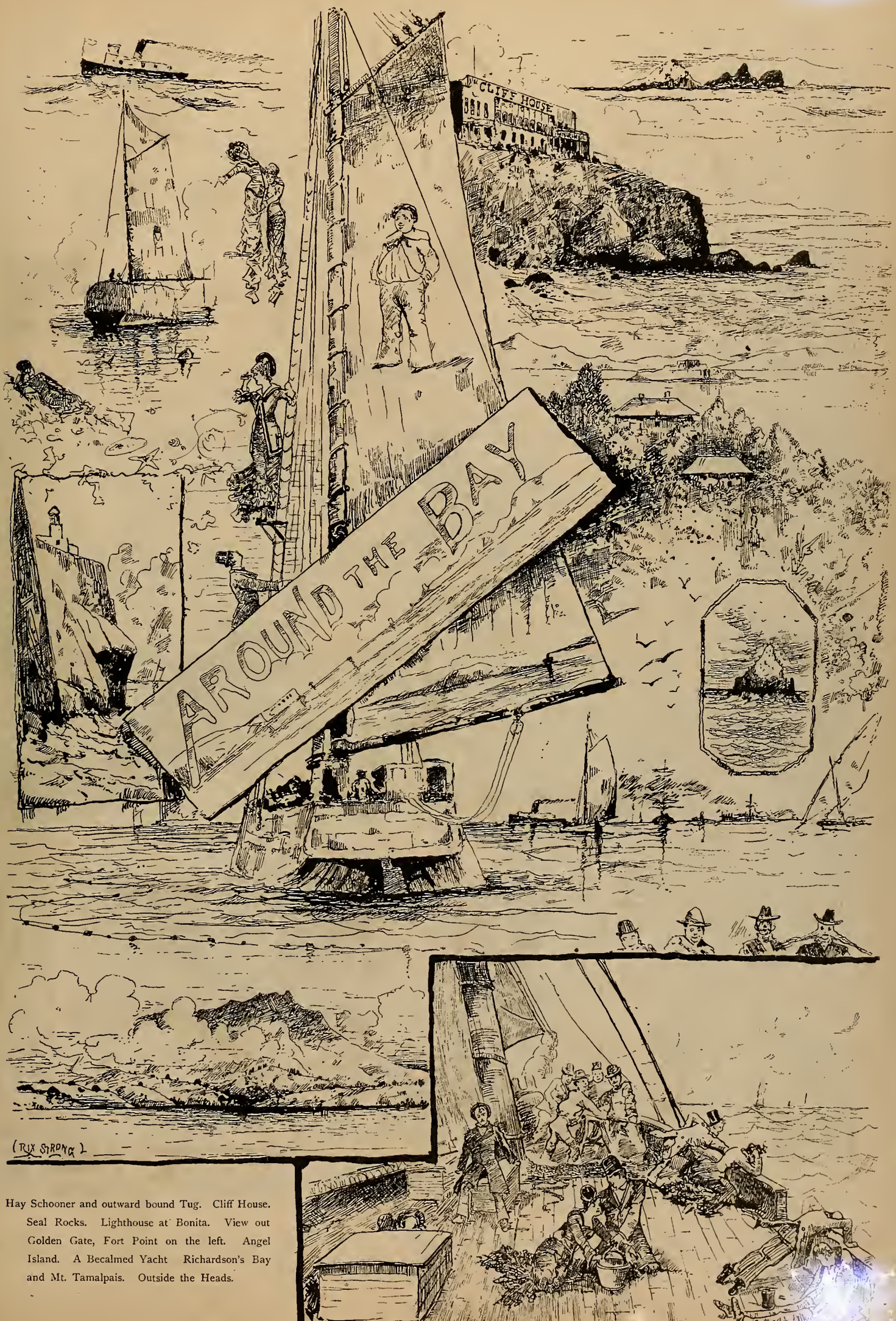
(Copyright secured.)



GENERAL VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO FROM GOAT ISLAND.

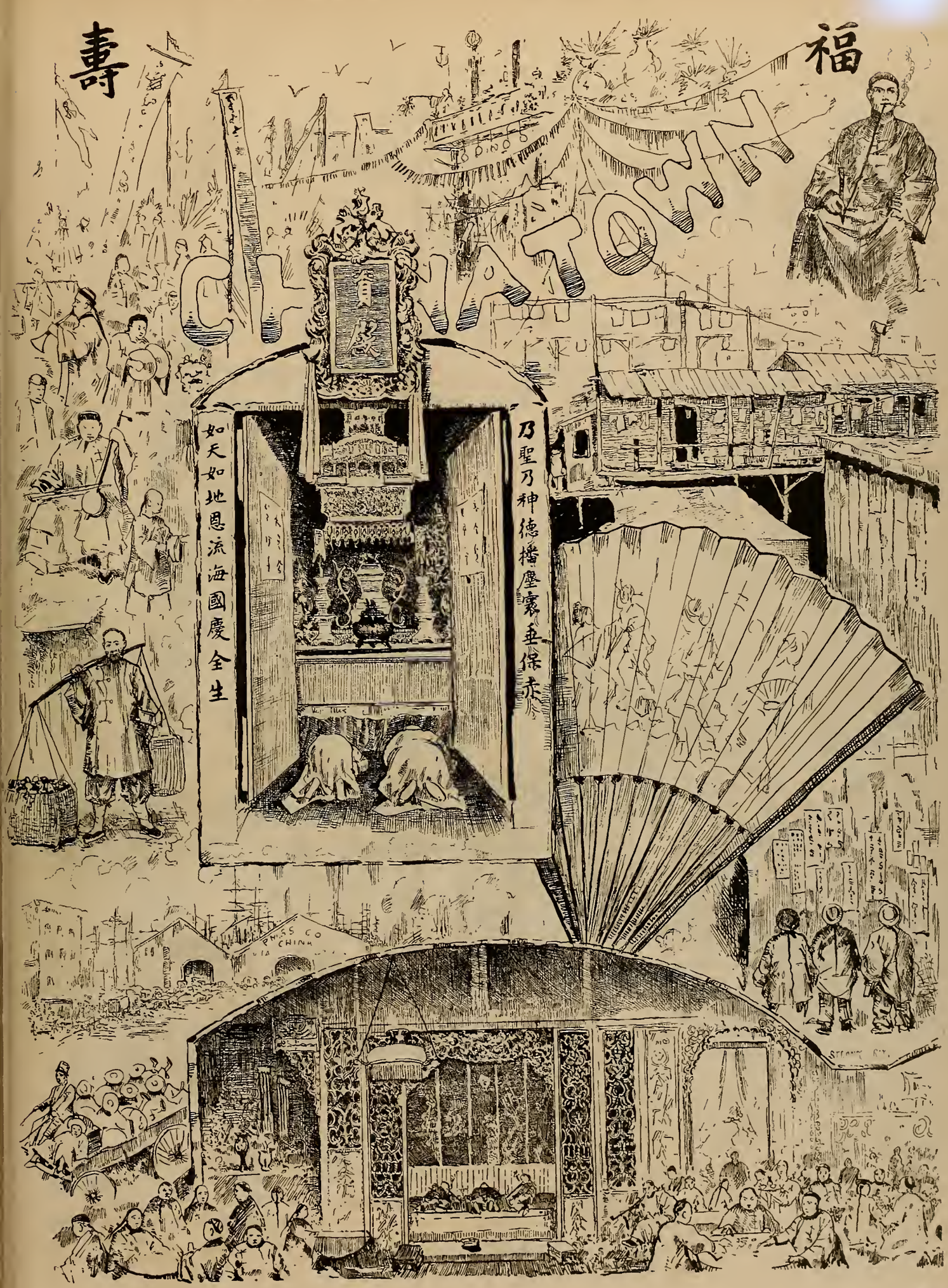



Street on Water Front. View along the Docks. Italian Fishing Fleet. Hay Bunkers. North Beach.




Hay Schooner and outward bound Tug. Cliff House. Seal Rocks. Lighthouse at Bonita. View out Golden Gate, Fort Point on the left. Angel Island. A Becalmed Yacht Richardson's Bay and Mt. Tamalpais. Outside the Heads.

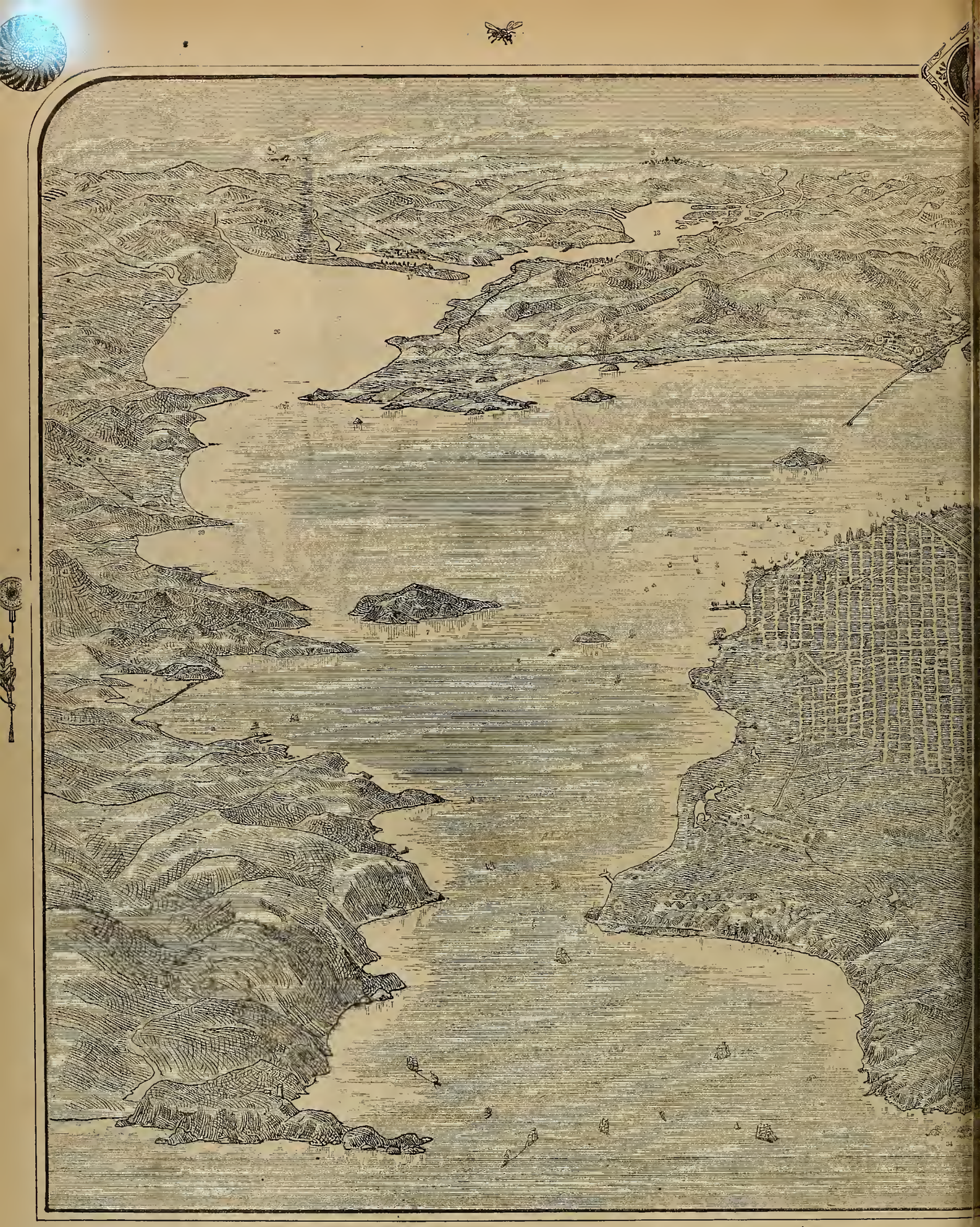
Old Globe Hotel, now Chinese Lodging House, sleeping 1600 Heathen. The Celestial Landlord. Latest News from China. Chinese Fishermen on the Bay. View over the Roofs of Chinatown. Picturesque Alleys between Jackson and Pacific Streets. Barber Shop. Entrance to Opium Den and Gambling House. Fish and Meat Market.




One of the Swell Merchants. View between Streets. Inner Sanctuary of a Joss House. Vegetable and Fish Peddler. A Fresh Invoice of "our Asiatic Brethren." Reading Rewards offered for the Assassination of objectionable Moon-eyed Citizens. Interior of Fashionable Opium Smoking Parlors. A Way-up Game of Fan-Tan

Nob Hill, the Residence Ground of the Millionaires. This hill rises directly from the business centre of the city, and is accessible by a wire-cable line of road running up California Street. The Stanford Crocker, Hopkins, and Colton mansions are located on the east and south. Flood and Fair, the bonanza magnates, have also graded lots to build upon. Nob Hill boasts the most costly and elegant private residences in the world. The above view is taken from Union Square, Trinity Church tower in the foreground.

Sunday Morning Scene in front of What Cheer House. Street-preacher putting in a powerful petition. The Beer Brigade. A *petit souper* at the Maison Dorée. Close of a Performance at the California Theatre. Saturday Night Scene, Barbary Coast. A Clear Case of Speculation. The Starting-point of the California Street Cable Line. The Boys celebrating a turn in the market. Home from the Matinée.



BIRD'S-EYE SKETCH OF SAN FRANC

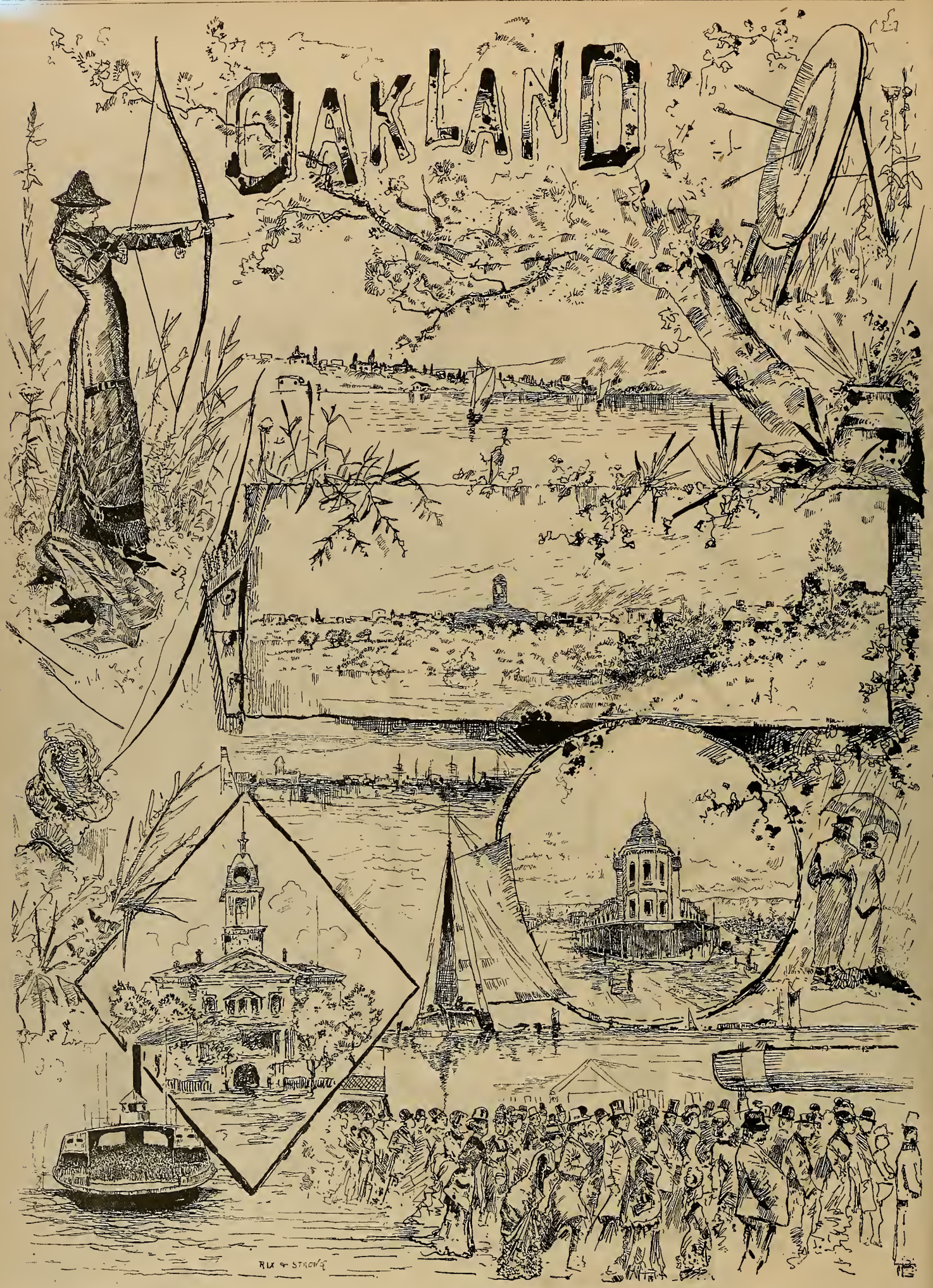
1.—San José.
2.—Stockton—San Joaquin Valley.
3.—Sacramento—State Capital.
4.—Marysville—Sacramento Valley.
5.—San Rafael.
6.—Saucelito.
7.—Angel Island.
8.—Alcatraz Island.
9.—Goat Island.
10.—Alameda.
11.—Oakland—R. R. Wharf.
12.—Berkeley.
13.—Suisun Bay.
14.—Martinez.
15.—Benicia—Carquinez Strait.
16.—Vallejo.
17.—Mare Island–Navy-Yard.
18.—Sacramento River.
19.—San Joaquin River.
20.—San Pablo Bay.
21.—Lower Bay.

AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

22.—Hunter's Point.
23.—Potrero.
24.—Mission Bay.
25.—Ferry Landings.
26.—Market and Montgomery—Business Centre.
27.—Palace Hotel.
28.—New City Hall.
29.—Telegraph Hill.
30.—Black Point—Military Headquarters.
31.—Presidio—Barracks.
32.—Fort Point—Golden Gate.
33.—Cliff House.
34.—Seal Rocks.
35.—Golden Gate Park.
36.—Ocean Beach Drive.
37.—Ocean House.
38.—Lake Merced.
39.—San Quentin.
40.—Mt. Diablo.
41.—Mt. Tamalpais.
42.—Sierra Nevada Mountains in distance.

STOCK BROKERS & MEN AROUND TOWN
YELLOW JACKET
LADY BRAYN
JULIA
CHALLENGE
MUD
JUSTICE
I.O.U.
MORE MUD
RIX

View on the Edge of Bay. "For of such is" Oakland. Coming down from the Upper Deck. Home from the Train. At the End of Long Wharf. *En route* to Piedmont.




Lake Merritt. A Novice with the Long Bow. Distant View of Oakland from the Foot-hills. A Glimpse of the Creek. The Beginning of the Avenues. The County Court House. The *Capital* with a Picnic Party aboard. An Afternoon Boat discharging Cargo on San Francisco side.

Scenes along Shore. The Local Train. A Beer Garden under the Oaks. View Down the Creek to the Landing. The Sand at Low Tide. In the Tanks.

# A ROMANCE OF THE HARBOR.

To the thousands of people who daily pass backward and forward upon the ferry-boats between San Francisco and Oakland, Goat Island—or Yerba Buena, as we prefer to call it, in the more pleasingly suggestive language of early days—is a familiar object. Few, however, among the busy throngs that crowd the decks, know that a romance is connected with the spot—a story recalled to the mind of the writer by the recent reports of a proposed swimming match, in which the contestants are to cross the Bay of San Francisco.

In the year 1847, Yerba Buena Island was a very lonely place. The seasons came and went, and no human footstep ever touched its shore. On every side the beautiful bay stretched away to the hills as it does now, but the white sails, tall masts, and cities on either hand, were things of the future. Occasionally a stray bark would steal in through the Golden Gate, linger a while, and then spread its wings and fly away like a frightened bird.

In the summer of the year mentioned, a vessel belonging to one of the companies engaged in the northern fur trade entered the bay and dropped anchor off the town of Yerba Buena—now San Francisco. She had run short of water and provisions, and had come in for a supply of such articles as could be obtained, before continuing her voyage to the south, around the cape. Among the crew of this vessel was a young man by the name of Lee, a son of one of the owners, who had accompanied the ship on her cruise, prompted by a love of travel and adventure. He was a light-hearted, strong-limbed fellow, a favorite with his shipmates, and withal one of those lovable chaps whom we occasionally encounter, and toward whom we gravitate without exactly knowing the reason why. Making the most of his liberty while in port, he spent a part of the time on shore between the old mission town of Dolores and the more modern settlement of Yerba Buena, on the bay. The attractions of these places were soon exhausted, however, and securing the vessel's boat one day, he started out with the intention of visiting and exploring the islands. A light breeze rippled the surface of the water, and throwing his little craft before it he was soon across the channel and skirting the southern end of Yerba Buena. Turning northward at the point he steered into the cove where the Government wharf now stands, and dropping sail, effected a landing among the rocks. Cut off here from the breeze, the air felt warm and sultry, and giving himself up to a drowsy feeling he stretched himself out on the rocks and went fast asleep. On waking he was surprised to notice that the afternoon had passed to its twilight, and, what gave him greater cause of uneasiness was the discovery that his boat had been drifted away by the rising tide. Calling down a mild execration for having failed to properly secure the boat, he began to climb rapidly toward the highest point in the hope of being able to signal his companions on ship-board to come to his assistance.

When about half way up, and in the midst of the scrubby grove of trees that comes down on the eastern slope of the island, he suddenly found himself in a little opening in the wood, and beneath a tree he was surprised to notice evidences of the presence of a human being. The embers of an almost extinct fire sent up a faint curl of smoke, and lying around upon the ground were mats and skins and cooking utensils. Lee was somewhat alarmed at first on making this discovery, but, seeing no one, he approached and examined the spot more carefully. A jar of water stood against a tree, and close to the dying fire was a covered *olla*, from which issued a subdued odor of *frijoles* and onions not yet cold. On the ground beside the *olla* was a pile of crisp *tortillas* carefully covered over with a rude tule basket, or *chiquihuite*. Lee was hungry, and the discovery of this unexpected repast overcame his caution. Seating himself upon the ground, he proceeded to double one of the *tortillas* into an impromptu spoon, and was about thrusting it into the mouth of the black jar when a rustle of dry leaves startled him, and turning quickly he found himself confronted by a woman, who stood in the edge of the underwood and looked at him with black and wondering eyes. For a moment they gazed at each other in mutual astonishment. Lee was the first to recover his self-possesion. Removing his hat, he bowed low before the apparition. "Señorita," he said in his gentlest Spanish—for he was master of the tongue—"I fear you have caught me in the act!"

"Who are you?" she asked.

Lee stated the circumstances under which he came on the island.

"You are an American?"

"Yes."

"You want to return to your ship?"

"Yes."

The woman paused a moment, as if in in decision, andthen, taking a step closer to Lee, she said in a quiet but firm tone:

"Señor, I can not permit you to return to your ship. You must remain with me for the present;" and with that she placed her hand significantly on the handle of a pistol which hung at her side.

Lee was dumb with astonishment. Half of his dumbness, however, was admiration. The woman before him was a perfect Hebe. She had evidently been bathing, for her hair fell loosely down her back in a luxuriant and graceful flow; her superb bust was covered only by a single cotton garment, loose at the neck, and leaving her brown arms bare. A short skirt fell below her knees, exposing firm, well-shaped feet and ankles, which were encased in moccasins and daintily-fitting buckskin leggings. On her head she wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, which shaded regular features, and lustrous black eyes.

"Why should this wild thing want to take me captive?" was Lee's thought as he caught the words and the threatening gesture of the strange creature before him; but quickly collecting his faculties, he replied:

"You will need to use no force, señorita, to keep me at your side. Your weapon will sooner be employed to drive me from you."

The gallantry of the reply, together with his manner and his excellent Spanish, seemed to reassure the maiden. Besides, Lee was a golden-haired, handsome fellow; and it is difficult to say how much weight an accident of this nature may have on the feminine judgment.

"I will tell you," she said, "why I do not want you to return. You would inform your shipmates and the people on shore of my presence here, and I should no longer be safe."

"I would lay down my life first," Lee replied, his interest increasing; "but may I not know the reason of your being here, and the probable length of my captivity?"

"Until my brothers come," she replied.

Darkness was now closing rapidly about them, and Lee saw that even if he felt disposed and his captor permitted, he could not get back that night to his ship; so he resolved to make the most of his queer position and await developments. Besides, the novelty of the adventure had a charm for him. He had been at sea for months without seeing a woman of any description, and now to be suddenly associated with one, and to occupy a whole island with her, and be obliged to stay by force of arms, was too attractive an adventure to be lost.

A half hour's conversation served to so fully reassure Guadalupe—for such was her name—of the character and intentions of her chance visitor, that she threw off all mistrust and confided to him the history of her strange position, and the circumstances which led to her being left alone on a barren island.

California was agitated at that time by political events. The war with Mexico was in progress, and feuds and bitter feeling existed between the American settlers and the native inhabitants of the State. A difficulty of this character in the Sonoma Valley determined the family of Guadalupe—consisting of herself and two brothers—to leave for more congenial surroundings in the neighborhood of Monterey. They were traveling southward, and had reached a point on the eastern shore of the bay near where the city of Oakland now stands, when the brothers suddenly decided to return, to bring away some horses which had been left behind. Not desiring to be encumbered with their sister, on a forced march, a place was sought where she could be left with security until their return, and the island was finally selected as a spot affording the greatest seclusion and safety. This course had been suggested by the discovery of a stranded boat upon the beach, evidently broken loose from some vessel which had entered the harbor. Paddles were improvised from drift wood, and the party crossed over in the early morning. After making their sister as comfortable as possible, the brothers left, promising to be back inside of three days. When Lee landed upon the island, she had already been alone two days, and was now looking anxiously forward to the morrow in the expectation of their arrival.

All these facts Lee learned during the course of the evening—and a queer evening it was to him. They had built up a small fire, and its light fell on the face of his fair captor as she talked. Her voice was low and musical, as is the case with nearly all the women of her people, and Lee was surprised to find, as the evening wore on, that instead of the Amazonian queen which he had supposed her to be, from the circumstances of their introduction, she was gentle and womanly. It was self-defense which had prompted her first belligerent act, and consequently it was heroism. This, at least, was Lee's theory, and he was confirmed in his indulgent mood, when, from somewhere in the bushes, she produced a small *bandolon*, and, seating herself on the ground, began to thrum its strings before the fire.

Lee's contentment was supreme; but, when the fire had burned down, however, and his fair companion bade him good night and retired to her blankets, a realizing sense of his perplexing position began to force itself upon his mind. His shipmates would be looking for him. If they found his empty boat, they might sail away without him, as he knew the vessel was nearly ready for sea. On the other hand, it would not be pleasant to encounter Guadalupe's brothers, if they should put in an appearance on the morrow; and, besides all this, Guadalupe herself was a most charming creature—and he glanced to where her fair outline was faintly discernible in the shadows. In the midst of these reflections he went to sleep.

When the morning dawned a thick fog hung over the island and the bay. Guadalupe was already up and raking together the embers of the extinguished fire, when Lee awoke with a sense of cold and discomfort. Together the two descended from the wood and climbed the promontory overlooking the Contra Costa shore, where the little round tower now stands. Here they watched and waited for the expected boat; but noon came, and the long afternoon wore away, and there were no traces of it.

All this time Lee's vessel was in sight, and he might have attracted her attention by some sign, but Guadalupe persuaded him to wait.

"We will part soon enough," she said, rather sadly; "when my brothers come and have taken me away, there will be time for you to signal your companions."

So Lee was persuaded, and the day came to an end without any sign of the expected boat. On the following morning Lee rose early, and climbing to the topmost point of the island, was startled to notice that his vessel was nowhere in sight, nor was there a sign of boat or sail on the broad expanse of the bay before him. The discovery filled him with consternation. Descending to the camp, he told Guadalupe of his apprehensions. She also was in distress at the delay of her brothers, and the outlook seemed gloomy enough for both. In addition to this the supply of provisions left for Guadalupe by her brothers was nearly exhausted, and but a few pints of water remained in the *olla*. Lee saw at once that the situation was becoming desperate, and as the day went by bringing no traces of the missing boat, he made up his mind that some desperate measure would be required to extricate himself and his companion from their precarious position.

"Senorita," he said, "before I get weak from hunger I must do something, or we will starve to death. For over an hour I have been trying to attract the attention of the people on shore, but the air is so hazy and they can not see my signal." They were sitting on the cliff where the lighthouse now stands. She turned an inquiring glance towards him, but did not speak.

"I think," he continued, "that I can swim the channel."

"No, no!" she cried, starting as if fearful that he was already about to throw himself into the sea. "You can not do it."

"It is our only chance," he answered. "Do not fear. I am a strong swimmer and can not fail, for it is more than one life that I will swim for."

Her only reply was a grieved and troubled look.

Early on the following morning Lee put his project into execution. Selecting a time when the tide was low and almost at a standstill, so that he would run no risk of being swept out to sea, he sprang off from the rocks at the extreme western point of the island, and struck bravely out for the Yerba Buena shore. It was a long, hard pull; but he had a stout heart and a strong arm, and the thought of another life depending on his effort nerved him to almost superhuman exertion. Three hours after the start, faint and well nigh exhausted, his foot struck the bottom near what is now called Hunter's Point; and dragging himself out upon the beach, he lay a long time more dead than alive upon the sand. Finally recovering himself, he hurried along the beach and over the barren sand hills as best he could until he arrived at the settlement. Here his entrance created a sensation, for it was not a common event to see a nearly nude white man stagger into town, and, besides this, he was at once recognized as the man supposed to have been drowned, and whose boat had been found a few days before drifting in the bay. Every kindness was shown him, however, and the few foreign traders residing at Yerba Buena did everything possible to make him comfortable. Lee's first thought, however, was of his companion upon the island. After partaking of food and a little rest, he procured a boat and several assistants, and returned at once to where Guadalupe waited on the shore overcome with joy at his safe return.

As the brothers had not yet returned there was no telling what mishap had befallen them, Lee determined to take Guadalupe overland to Monterey to her friends, and for this purpose he had little difficulty in procuring an outfit at Yerba Buena. He also had hopes that his vessel would touch at that port, and he thus be able to regain her; and this expectation was realized, for, a few days afterward, when his little caravan clattered down into the streets of that city by the sea, the vessel lay quietly at anchor before the town.

Before the week was done Guadalupe's brothers came in. They had been delayed, they said, by the escape of their horses, and had been thrown into great consternation on reaching the island to find their sister gone; but crossing over at once to Yerba Buena, had learned the particulars of her removal.

After spending a few merry days in Monterey, Lee sailed away. Tradition has it that he came back again, however, that and there is now living in one of the southern counties a large family of brave young swimmers, who would think nothing of imitating their father's example in swimming across the Bay of San Francisco, especially if nerved to the task by similar circumstances.

D. S. R.

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Marchant, in his *Betrothals and Bridals*, suggests the following code of signals for girls:—"A ring on the first finger to denote poverty and willingness to get married; on the second finger, money and a disposition to listen, though nothing is promised; on the third finger, 'Already engaged, and so you needn't trouble yourself;' on the little finger, deliberating."———The only housework that some girls do is when they begin to dust around after a beau.———Speaking of nautical terms, was Noah's wife his first mate? From an Hibernian standpoint, Ham was all the "mate" there was in the ark.———There are two things that a fellow can't do at the same time—hold a good-looking girl on his lap and not kiss her.———A Baltimore girl ate chalk to make her complexion white, and she succeeded. People who looked into the casket said that her face looked like marble.———Womankind is like cider—sweet when first squeezed, but growing more vinegar-like after laying around a few years.———Eve never had an opportunity to tell her side of that Garden of Eden story.———A girl who can shed three tears at a critical moment and follow them up with a quivering sigh, can marry all around a good-looking blonde who does nothing but try to blush.

# THE FERN FAIRIES OF CLEAR LAKE.

Have you never seen Clear Lake? Well, you have something yet to see that will stir even your calm pulses. It lies in a valley among the Coast Range Mountains, just north of the bay. Dark pines clothe the surrounding summits, while the slopes and ravines are green with *chemisal* and oaks, whose lighter, softer green are in pleasant contrast to the open spaces covered with grass, and the deep green of the *coniferæ*. The cold mountain streams come eagerly to pour their waters into the bosom smooth, unruffled lake, and along their channels the firs and cedars make the twilight where great bowlders, soft with mosses, dream the centuries away. Shy birds with strange voices chirp somewhere out of sight. There is a gentle stir of insect, bird, and beast, a rank growth of low plants, and a balsamy, earthy smell, that is new and delightful. Below, margined by valley and wood, the lake lies, full of moods and changes. Konockti, lofty, isolated, and silent, looks down on the sleeping beauty, that heaves and ripples beneath his gaze or sighs in his shadow. Seen a thousand times there is always some new beauty in this mountain water, cradled in old Indian legends and superstitions. There is a sense of mystery in the air; old voices seem to thrill through it, but they are unheard, though one may often turn and listen, seeming almost to grasp what we feel is passing by.

Far up on one of the surrounding mountains there is a leaping, crystal stream. The waters are icy cold, black in the deep, shady pools, green and gold in the shallows, and foamy white where it frets the rocks. Having a legion of voices, glad, complaining, sombre, tricksy, asking, wild, the waters roll through thickets of ferns that lean from either bank.

Ages ago the Fern Fairies dwelt here, the spirits who had never known sorrow, nor beheld a mortal. They understood the language of all birds and beasts and plants, and listened to the music at night far up among the stars. When the wind rocked the ferns they knew all it said, and when the heavens grew black with rain clouds, and the thunder rolled and echoed around Konockti's head, when the lightning shone bright and awful through the night, they smiled from among the ferns, for they understood it all. The season of buds and grasses, of thrills and stirs everywhere, came over the land. The daisies spread a golden flood across hill and valley, and the Fairies roamed smiling and happy over all the country. One day they heard a strange voice through the soft spring air, but, as they knew all languages, they understood it.

"I am weary, my father," it said; "let us rest in the shadow here. I can go no farther, and I would see the land that is to be our home. Is it not beautiful? I shall pine less for the place my childhood knew, for I love fair things. Truly the Mighty Spirit has prepared us a pleasant place."

The voice was sweet as the west wind and sad as the voice of the pines, and the Fairies all crept to see what this new being was.

Seated close to their home was a beautiful creature, formed like themselves, though towering above them in height, and with a look in her soft, dark eyes to which they were strangers. The first feeling resembling human sadness they had ever known came over them, and they felt dimly that here was something they had never imagined and could not comprehend. They gazed with surprise at the deep eyes, the smooth form, and the dark falling hair that shrouded shoulders and arms in its flow; but they did not know what this being was that seemed, and yet did not seem, like themselves. Near by, sat another figure, in shape resembling the first, but much less lovely, and deeply bent and wrinkled. The hair, too, was full of frost, and the eyes dim. It spoke now, and the voice was deeper, with a complaining tone.

"Yes, my child, the land is fair, but I am old, and my heart can not learn to love anew. The visions of my youth and my native country can not be replaced by this alien scene. You will yet find one to love, and form new ties dearer than those of the past. It is the way of youth—you are young, and I am old."

These two beings were mortals, the first that ever trod Konockti, or were seen by the Fairies. Many miles away there had been war among the tribes along the Pacific, and these, the only survivors of a large kindred, were driven into exile, never to return on pain of death. Wahnohin and his daughter, Olookah, thus came to Clear Lake and gazed upon its waters. When the council was held that decided their fate, there was a young chief who strove in vain to induce his tribe to adopt the old man and his daughter. This chief, whose name was Tohluki, had felt a great passion rise in his heart when he first saw Olookah, proud and grave, a prisoner in the hands of his people. The most powerful chief of the tribes had an imperious daughter, who long had loved Tohluki, and she saw, with the quick eye of jealousy, why he was so interested in the fate of the prisoners. She determined they should be driven away, to die a slow death among the wild mountains of the interior; and, woman-like, she set quietly to work to accomplish her designs. Of course, she prevailed; and Wahnokin, with his daughter, were driven forth into the wilderness alone. They wandered for two weeks, not knowing where they were going, and often weak from hunger. As they saw Konockti rise in the north, they said that beyond its walls they would make a home. So they sat, full of thought, looking out over the calm waters of the lake, the wooded valleys and foothills, and the blue, encircling mountains. The water-fowl chattered among the flags and grasses, or flew, with rapid strokes and shrill voices, from point to point, dropping into the water with a soft dash, and rocking about among the ripples as they looked, with quick eyes, for their favorite food. The Fairies gazed and wondered at the strangers, who soon spoke again:

"Daughter," said the old man, "did you think strangely of the friendship shown us by the young warrior, Tohluki?"

"Yes," answered the girl, not turning her eyes away from the lake; "yes, the warrior was good to his enemies, but his counsels prevailed not—we are here." Her eyes were still on the lake, and it was impossible to tell her thoughts from their expression.

"My father, the night comes on, the mountain is high, and we must sleep in the valley. Let us go."

They slowly passed down among the trees, leaving a trail over the grasses and flowers; and at sunset a woven bower of leaves sheltered their evening meal of fish and fowl, caught from the lake that rippled just below. Here they lived through the spring, and often the Fairies saw the lithe form of Olookah among the oaks and willows, or rowing over the smooth lake. Her eye had lost some of its gravity, and sparkled as she found new nooks, full of lovely weeds and frail flowers, sheltered by the strong trees that touched their brows together in the sunlight above.

One evening she rowed down the lake after a day spent on its waters. The sun shone through the trees, making long level lines of gold among the green, and powdering with gold and purple and crimson the tree-tops, the water, and the mountain. The wild ducks were flying in to the shore to sleep among the tall grasses, and there was a subdued twitter in the thickets as the birds settled themselves to rest. As Olookah pushed her boat high on the bank, and turned to lay her paddle under the willows, some one spoke to her. A warrior, tall and quiet, stood by her, and she saw that he was the brave Tohluki.

"Has the light-footed Olookah no word for her friend?" he said.

The girl showed no surprise; only keen eyes might have seen a faint added color on her cheek, and a rise and fall of the breast that was instantly controlled.

"Olookah is glad to see the friend who saved her life, and would have made her a place among his people. Her father rests in his wigwam, and he will give Tohluki a welcome. We will go to him."

The old man was glad to see the young brave, for his shrewd eyes detected the reason of the visit. What would lead a chief away from his people, over mountains and through forests, straight to the object of his search?—what, but love? And the feeble father rejoiced that his name would not die, and that his child would be protected when he went out to where his people wandered in the Happy Hunting Grounds. So he gave Tohluki welcome, and, later, promised him that Olookah should be his wife. Tohluki had not looked for such success in his wooing, and he was secretly glad that Wahnohin would soon leave him alone with the maiden, who kept him aloof and gave all her time to her father, leaving him to provide their food. Juicy venison and plump fowls sent up a rich odor from their camp-fire, and white-fleshed fish smoked on the coals.

Not till the summer closed did Wahnohin die. He went out as the stars appeared in the sky, and, after mourning him, his funeral pile was heaped just by the lake that sighed among its grasses; and the two hid their faces as the flames roared about the senseless body. Olookah cast some of the ashes on her head and wailed: "Wahnohin! Wahnohin!" till the mountains seemed full of soft, heart-broken cries. She turned to Tohluki in her sorrow, and was comforted.

The Fairies watched all this, and gradually they lost much of their gay, happy ways, and a strange sadness entered into them. They could not comprehend what they saw, but these new beings were working changes for them through the medium of sympathy, and they never again were the same Fairies who laughed among the ferns. Olookah and Tohluki made to each other the vows of their tribes, and became husband and wife. They decided to remain by the lake till spring, when they would return to the coast; and Tohluki trusted to his power to insure his bride a welcome. It was a long winter, and the rain poured down over the lake and mountains, and drenched the valleys, and not a ray of sunlight, for weeks, brightened the landscape. The great, bare trees made ghostly pictures against the sky, and filled the air with sad sounds. Drip, drip, the rain fell, through the naked thickets, and the dead grass lay pale and wet against the ground. On the north side of the trees the moss spread in beauty, and the great boles of the oaks were subdued to mellower tints by the soaking rain. Far up on the mountain tops the snow lay white, and the wind, coming down the lake, troubling the waters, and dashing up "white caps" here and there, was keen and cold. Yes, it was a long, dreary winter; but there is no winter in Love's rose-lit skies, nor do storms brood above his mountain peaks; and to Olookah and Tohluki the spring came all too soon. When the west wind and the south wind met, smiling over the valleys, they prepared to return to their home across the mountains.

Their preparations were nearly ended, when, at the close of a lovely day, the Chief's daughter, who loved Tohluki, stood at their door. Her story was that she went with a hunting party from her tribe, and, following a deer for some hours, found that she was in a strange place, lost to her party and utterly bewildered. She had traveled for three weeks, now in one direction, now in another, but never able to find a familiar scene. Her appearance seemed to prove her tale a true one, for she was thin and worn, with a weary look that told of suffering. She was kindly received and made to eat and sleep, and in a few days she seemed herself again. She appeared pleased with all she saw, and heard, with apparent indifference, that Wahnohin was dead and his daughter Tohluki's wife. The homeward journey was deferred for her sake, that she might fully recover her strength, and every day she was with Olookah through the woods or on the lake, helping to obtain and prepare the food for the long way to be traveled before the coast was reached. The Fern Fairies did not like the new comer, and daily they glided among the trees and bushes, or hid in the grasses to watch the two women on their excursions. None but the Fairies saw the weird look that sometimes came over the face of the stranger, and though it made them feel full of strange emotions, they did not understand what it all meant. One day Olookah and her visitor went out on the lake to fish, above the point that runs down and helps form the "Narrows." Here were good fishing grounds, and, supplying themselves with food, they prepared to stay all day and come back in the moonlight. Or, if Tohluki returned early from hunting, he was to come out and meet them.

All that day the Fern Fairies were about Tohluki; they crossed his path and made strange noises, coming and going as if full of unrest and desire. He could not hunt successfully, though he followed his favorite paths till sunset and the shadows grew dusk in the hollows. Tired, and with a strange sadness upon him, he returned to the wigwam and found it empty. Looking up the lake, where a silver rippling broke through the black waters, he could see no boat coming down from the Narrows. A strong wind had sprung up since sunset, and all the lake was rolling and heaving beneath it. Olookah was perfect in the management of a boat, and he did not fear to have her come through the rough waters, yet he was uneasy. Pushing out from the shore, he was soon passing the headland that hid the fishing ground from sight. No boat could anywhere be seen, though he looked long and closely. With swift strokes he paddled here and there, shouting the name of his wife and pausing to listen for her reply; but no sound save the roar of the lake and his own voice echoing from the mountain side was heard. Till midnight he searched and called, but in vain.

Around Konockti's summit a storm began to rage, and the loud rattle of the thunder reverberated among the rocks and was echoed from the neighboring peaks. Quick flashes of lightning burst through the blackness, and the lake rolled and rocked in the glare. Suddenly one of those squalls that make Clear Lake dangerous burst down the mountain and struck the water as with a giant hand. The wind raved and roared and whirled the water into deep troughs and ridges. Tohluki's boat was right in the path of the gust, and it was lifted and tossed like a weed in the torrent. Tohluki was a strong swimmer and brave-hearted, and he hoped to breast the blast and make the shore safely; but the fury of the elements appeared to increase, and he was chilled by the wind and the cold water of the lake, and his heart grew weak as he struggled vainly against the power of the storm. As a far, sad sound came upon the wind he sank, and the waters closed with gurgling dash above his head, while a fierce flash spread from east to west across the mountains.

Next day the Fern Fairies found Olookah's boat on the western side of the lake, drawn upon the shore, the paddle lying beside it. A footprint went out in the grass and disappeared.

The Fairies never saw Olookah and Tohluki again, but they were changed beings from this time. A power for sadness was theirs, and now when a storm rolls over Konockti the sad voices of the Fern Fairies mingle with the roar of the wind, and though people who live in these days have not power to see the Fairies, nor to understand what they say, they can hear the tones of their voices and feel that something is in the air they can not comprehend. Many a night as the storm-clouds made the darkness deeper have I heard through the wind the strange call that I was long in understanding; and just how I learned this story I will not tell you.

So, my reader, if you ever go to Clear Lake, do not fail to rest in Konockti's shadow, and tell me if you hear the Fern Fairies. To one as gentle as you they may, perhaps, appear. One thing I know, if you have a sorrow that can not be healed, you will hear some stormy night a sound that is not of the storm; a sound that you will comprehend, and by which through subtle sympathy you will be comforted.

V. SAVELLI.

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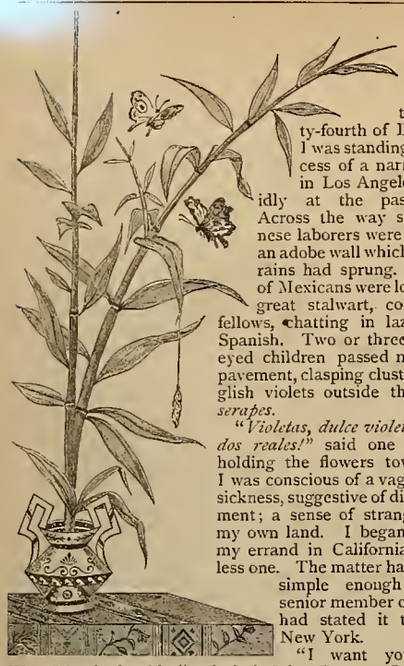
This is the season of the year that delights the heart of the sentimental maiden of thirty-five. Carefully cleaning the "wishbone," she places it over the sitting-room door and awaits the advent of the first man who passes beneath it. He will be her future husband if the old saying is true. She is a little frustrated when an old widower, with seven children, enters the door, but at her age, etc., etc.——Sir Cresswell Cresswell, late Divorce Judge, observed that the feminine petitioners in his court nearly always were blue-eyed, while the naughty respondents almost always were light gray or black-eyed.——Talk about Massachusetts "culchah." A young lady in a history class at Westfield told her teacher, "I have often wanted to ask whether Mary Queen of Scots and the Virgin Mary were one and the same person?"

# UNCLE JACK CAVENDISH.



It was the twenty-fourth of December. I was standing in the recess of a narrow street in Los Angeles, gazing idly at the passers by. Across the way some Chinese laborers were propping an adobe wall which the early rains had sprung. A group of Mexicans were looking on, great stalwart, comfortable fellows, chatting in lazy, musical Spanish. Two or three lustrous-eyed children passed me on the pavement, clasping clusters of English violets outside their black *serapes*.

"*Violetas, dulce violetas, señor, dos reales!*" said one of them, holding the flowers toward me. I was conscious of a vague homesickness, suggestive of discouragement; a sense of strangeness in my own land. I began to think my errand in California a hopeless one. The matter had seemed simple enough as the senior member of the firm had stated it to me in New York.

"I want you to go West," he had said, "and find John Bunyan Cavendish; his brother is dead and has left him a fortune. Draw on me for necessary funds, and don't fail to find your man," and with that he had dismissed both the case and me.

I had set out upon my mission with a lively sense of enjoyment. In addition to the novelty of fishing with such tempting bait, there was the agreeable sense of being the bearer of good tidings.

Whoever and wherever John Bunyan Cavendish might be, he was likely always to regard me as in some way his benefactor; a view of the matter which I was not inclined to despise. More than this, the field of my investigations was peculiarly attractive and picturesque, and altogether I was disposed to consider myself a fortunate individual. I say the matter seemed simple enough, and yet, after several months of patient search and interrogation, I had failed to learn anything whatever concerning the missing man. I had visited countless mining camps and interviewed innumerable grizzly pioneers, with the same discouraging result. Once, indeed, I had got upon the track of a Cavendish, who, after leading me a will-o'-the-wisp journey of two hundred miles, proved to be a debilitated New York divine in search of health, and bearing among other burdens the name of Obadiah; a fact which he regretted, even more deeply than myself.

Gradually my zeal had disappeared. There had come to be a painful monotony in paying for advertisements which brought no response; indeed, I had gone so far as to indulge the reflection that in carrying about with me a letter from my deceased client to his kinsman, I was the bearer of tidings from one disembodied spirit to another, a reflection which it will be readily admitted was not enlivening. And yet I could find no proof that the man was dead. Of his early life I had ample information, but later than that I knew little save that he had started for California suddenly and alone, during the early gold excitement, and had not been heard from since. A thousand possibilities were in the long, tedious journey and intervening years, possibilities which magnified themselves into unconquerable facts and made me impatient to go back to something more tangible and satisfactory than chasing the whim of a dead miser.

"Difficulties that don't yield to such sunlight as this are entitled to respect," I said to myself, and turning with a half resolution to give up the pursuit, I found myself face to face with a man who had evidently been sharing my niche for some time unobserved. He was by no means an attractive personage; a shabby, loosely-built figure, leaning against the doorway in an attitude of habitual idleness, and gazing up and down the street as vacantly as myself. Just as I became aware of his presence, he took a step forward and laid his hand rather unsteadily upon the arm of a stout, elderly gentleman, hurrying by.

"You're just the man I'm looking for, Governor," I heard him say, drawing his victim into the entry; "just the man, and no mistake."

"Is that so, Uncle Jack? It's too bad. I'm in a tremendous hurry this morning. Wouldn't another time do as well?"

"No, sir," said his persecutor, solemnly, balancing himself by the lappels of his companion's coat, and looking him confidingly in the eye. "No, sir, time's money, Governor. *Time is money*," he repeated with leisurely emphasis; "an' a man in my position can't afford to wait."

"Well, Uncle Jack," returned the other resignedly, "what is it now?"

"It's just this, Governor," lowering his voice to a beery confidential whisper, "it's just simply and solely *this:* that I've struck it at last; struck it richer'n hell, and you're a lucky man!"

"Indeed! Well, now, I'm greatly obliged to you, Uncle; I've no doubt it's a big thing; can't you drop into the office and talk it over by and by?"

"No, sir," replied his tormentor promptly, tightening his grasp and crushing the tuberose in his companion's button-hole until it sent its divine fragrance toward me; "no, sir, I don't do nothing o' that kind, an' you don't crawfish out o' this thing in no such style, Governor. I've had my eye on you, an' the minute I struck this lead says I to myself, there ain't none o' my old pards that I'd rather set up in business than old Governor Digby; that's what I said, and you know what it means when Uncle Jack sets down on anything." Evidently the Governor knew. "You'll want to put about ten thousand into the concern, and in six weeks' time you won't speak to your own relations. How does that strike you, my boy?"

"I must say it sounds well. Where is the claim, did you say?"

The embryo bonanza king relaxed his hold upon his companion's coat, and fell back against the wall with folded arms and an air of compassionate, but unyielding, dignity.

"Where is that claim, did I understand you to say, Governor Digby? Well, sir, that claim, Governor—that claim is like the grave of Moses; *it's between the Lord God Almighty an' me!*"

The Governor made good his escape with a friendly laugh and a wave of the hand, and I was left alone with the man of mysterious wealth.

"That man," said he, turning toward me with an air of old acquaintanceship, "that there man used to be Governor of the State of California, an' he hasn't got no more eye to business than—than you have! Fact. I've knowed him since fifty-three; nice, friendly lad, too; but he don't know a big strike when he sees it—queer, ain't it?"

"He has a rather comfortable look," I suggested; "like a man who is not accustomed to want."

"Oh, no; I reckon the old Governor's collected a good deal o' stuff 'round him, in a small way, you know, stranger; but he's never done anything big; an' he's had chances—by God, he's had as good chances as I've had, stranger!"

"You seem to be well acquainted here; did you ever know a man named Cavendish—John Bunyan Cavendish?" I asked the question with one of those sudden impulses which we are always ready to call inspiration, if successful, and forget if otherwise.

My new-found acquaintance shut one eye and directed the other heavenward, as if the names of all old residents were written above.

"That's a very peculiar question, 'Squire," he said, slowly; "a very peculiar question; an' I'll tell you why: *my* name's Cavendish—Uncle Jack Cavendish; but the rest of it," he added, shaking his head, reflectively, "John Bunyan Cavendish, did you say? damned if it don't sound as familiar as an old psalm tune! Look here, 'Squire, if you'd struck me on this about three hours ago, I'd have panned out better; but a man that's got the amount o' business on his mind that I've got, always gets muddled 'long about noon; like enough if we's to have something to take—eh, 'Squire?"

I had taken his arm and stepped out upon the pavement. There was not a doubt in my mind concerning his identity. Where we went was a matter of small importance. He pushed open a pair of swinging green shutters, and I followed his unsteady steps across the saw-dust floor. The saloon was empty. When my companion had drained his glass, I motioned him to one of the tables a little aside.

"Now, my friend," I said, "I want to have a little conversation with you about that mine of yours; you see, I couldn't help overhearing what you said to the Governor out there. I trust you'll pardon that, to begin with."

"There's no further apologies necessary between you and me, Judge; I know a gentleman when I see 'im, an' I know a judge of liquor, an' by God, Judge, I don't know 'em apart!"

He drew a bit of ore from his pocket and laid it on the marble surface between us.

"Do you see that?" he said, leaning toward me confidentially, and gazing at his treasure with melting fondness; "if you had the grip, Judge, you could squeeze that into a fifty dollar slug with your fist. Well, sir, that mine is just full o' that. All it wants is workin', an' I tell you, Judge, there's men in this here town'd give everything but their wives an' children for the chance I give Governor Digby this morning—fact!"

I brought my limited knowledge of metallurgy to bear upon the specimen before me with the air of an expert.

"It is simply immense," I said; "a man doesn't walk into a thing of that kind without skill; you must have been in the business a long time, Mr. Cavendish."

"Uncle Jack, if you please, Judge. Well, sir, I've been at it nigh thirty odd years—not steady, of course—off an' on, you know. It's just this way, Judge, if you can take a broad view o' things, and want to get rich, mining's the thing; but for a small mind, an' daily expenses, there's nothing like a trade—that's what I said when I went into the book-bindin' business."

"Where did you come from, may I ask?" I was fingering the bit of ore indifferently, as if more interested in it than in his reply.

"From York State, Judge, yes, sir; I come from York State; let me see, in fifty-one, an' I hain't seen no puttier piece o' dirt than that since I struck the slope. I tell you, sir—"

"It is prodigious," I interrupted, gravely; "I don't wonder at your enthusiasm. Did you leave any brothers in New York?"

His face altered strangely.

"There was two of us," he said, quietly, "Jamie an' me."

All at once it occurred to me that the letter in my pocket, addressed in James Cavendish's angular hand, might be something more than a mere legal document. I had seen the writer often—an austere, reticent man, bent upon gain; at least, so they said who knew him best. If his life had ever known a breath of romance, it must have lain cold and still for years, like a bit of moss in the heart of an agate.

"Just Jamie an' me," repeated my companion, musingly; "we was orphans, an' I was the oldest. I'd looked after him a good bit, an' sent him to school. I haven't spoke of him for thirty years, Judge, but somehow the lad's been runnin' in my mind ever since you said that name a while ago. John Bunyan Cavendish. Do you know, Judge, I believe to God that's my name? Yes, sir. I tell you, it's a queer thing for a man's own name to come up and slap him in the face, like a ghost, isn't it? Yes, sir; it's a devilish queer thing! John Bunyan Cavendish," he repeated, slowly, looking past me with a strangely tender, [illegible] absent gaze. "Do you think Jamie'd know me, [illegible] Judge? A man roughens a good deal in thirty year don't he?"

"I think I have met your brother," I said, thoughtfully. James Cavendish, of Albany!"

The man leaned toward me with a startled, eager face.

"Met Jamie? Do you mean that you've seen the lad, Judge?—a straight, slim young fellow, with cheeks like a girl, an' eyes—my God, Judge, they don't make 'em handsomer than that boy's—I remember just how he looked, the night I come away; it was down back o' the house, an' I was puttin' up the bars into the south pasture. Jamie come up to me in the moonlight, an' leaned against the fence.

"'Jack," says he, 'are you goin' to California with the boys?'

"Two or three fellows had been at me to go across the plains with 'em, but I didn't like to leave the lad, and—" he stopped with a quick, nervous tremor of his heavy, unshaven chin.

"There's things a man don't mention, even after thirty years, ain't there, Judge? 'No, Jamie,' says I, laughing a little; for I knew he'd understand, 'I can do without gold better'n some other things.'

"He waited a bit till I'd put up the top bar, an' then he turned kind of away, an' looked out across the pasture 'I've been over to 'Squire ——'s, Jack,' says he, 'an' it's all settled. I wanted you to know it first, an' so does Mary.'

"I took hold o' the fence, and held on a minute an' shut my eyes. The ground slipped from under my feet. I don't know whether the boy knew what it meant that he'd said to me or not. I hope to God he didn't. I came away that night. An' you think you know Jamie, Judge? Well, now, who'd thought it? Damned if this isn't a startlin' world, isn't it?"

"Yes, I know your brother well." I said, "I shouldn't be here if I hadn't known him; but he isn't living, Uncle Jack, he has been dead almost a year."

I was watching his face anxiously for the look of intelligence that had come and gone since his brother's name was mentioned. He fixed his eyes on me with a queer, puzzled expression, as if fighting his way from a long stretch of forgetfulness into the present.

"Dead?" he said. "Jamie dead—my little brother? I guess there's some mistake, Judge, the lad was always well enough. Dead?" he repeated after a pause, "I wish you'd go over it all again, Judge; go over it slow, I don't seem to have a grip on things, somehow."

I went over it all as he said, slowly and carefully. His brother's past life so far as I knew it, his death, and his will. The latter was short and easily stated. Everything was left to his only brother, John Bunyan Cavendish, if living; in the event of his death to be divided, share and share alike, among the children of the late Mary Ormsby, of Perth. My companion listened with a silence that I sometimes feared was stupor. When I had finished, I drew from my pocket the letter, grown suddenly so sacred, and laid it on the table before him. He raised his eyes and glanced from it to me.

"Judge," he said, quietly, "I don't want to read that letter here. I don't like the look o' things. I want to go someplace where things is growin' an' there's a fresh, countryfied smell, you understand, an' I want you to go along."

I would willingly have left him alone with his dead, but I did not dare to, even then. So we walked silently through the narrow, crowded streets to one of those quaint hillsides overlooking the calm verdure of the valley, and the wintry snows of San Antonio. My companion sat down, and motioned me to a seat beside him.

"Now, Judge," he said, hoarsely, "I want you to read that letter to me; you've stood by me this far, and I think you'll see me through."

I read the letter. It comes back to me distinctly even now. The scent of the orange blossoms below us, the attitude of the man beside me, the strange sound of my own voice, even the words that I said:

"DEAR JACK:—When you read this I shall be dead. All these years I have been afraid to look you in the face. You know how I wronged you and Mary; she knew it before she died. I don't ask you to forgive me. I didn't ask her to. I only ask you not to hate my memory. I thought I could make her love me, but she never did. She never loved the man she married; she never loved anyone but you, Jack, and I knew it. I would have laid down my life years ago to right the wrong I did, but it was too late. I ruined your life and hers, and yet I loved you both, and love you still. JAMIE."

My listener did not move or raise his eyes. How long we sat there I do not know, but our shadows lengthened on the hillside, and the air grew chill. What the old man was thinking, God only knows. When he spoke, his voice startled me.

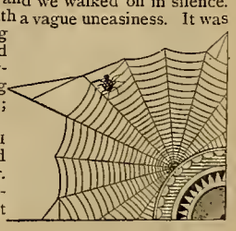
"I've got a good deal of business on hand, Judge, an' if it's all the same to you we'll go down town. I've been thinkin' about the children. Do you know anything about 'em, Judge?—Mary's children, you know."

"Not much. They are orphans, and very poor; the oldest is a girl, and works at some trade. They are not together, I think."

"Jamie's little pile goes to them when I'm gone?"

"Yes."

He made no further inquiry, and we walked on in silence. I parted from him that night with a vague uneasiness. It was Christmas Eve and everything was ablaze with light. I walked up and down among the hurrying throng in the hope of seeing his face, grown familiar already; but it was not there.



Very early in the morning I went to his rude lodgings and knocked gently at the door. There was no answer, and pushing it softly on its hinges, I went

in. Uncle Jack was sleeping quietly on a low bed in the corner. There was a bundle lying on the floor, and beside it a roll of blankets and an oaken staff. On the table a spent candle was flaring in its socket, and beside it lay an unfinished letter, inscribed to me in a large, unsteady hand.

"I am going across the mountains to look after the mine. Take the money back to the children, and tell them it's a Christmas gift from Uncle Jack. Tell them to stick together, whatever happens. If I had stood by Jamie—"

That was all. The window was open, and a soft flush was stealing over the gray dawn. In the east lay San Antonio like a great uncut amethyst. I went to the bedside and touched the sleeper's forehead. It was icy cold. I laid my hand on his breast. The poor, loyal, broken heart was still. Uncle Jack was keeping his Christmas across the mountains.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

## "LIBERTY ALL."

FROM THE GERMAN.

So sang the little birds, so hummed the little bees, so buzzed the little gnats, so whispered the breeze. "Liberty all," so, too, sang the flowers in the large flower-bed before the summer-house, and, indeed, they were not tied by anything. They forgot that they were attached to the earth by their little stalks, that, although they were very thirsty, they had to wait patiently for a shower of rain, or for the gardener with his watering-can, because they had not the power to go themselves to the brook to drink. They did not think of all those things; they sang their little song so long and so freely, that the company in the summer-house became attentive to it, and came out to admire them. Suddenly there appeared a long, hard, sharp thing, and touched the delicate little stalks; crack—and the poor little flowers fell deadly afraid and painfully wounded into a braided basket. A dizziness came over them, and as they recovered they found themselves diving in a porcelain basin in company with inferior sisters, whom they, in former times, would not have honored with a look. Fancy a dahlia next a violet, a sensitive twig next an open moss rose, a little branch of wild asparagus among the leaves of a white lily! Even enemies were obliged to tolerate each other, and the former song, "Liberty all," was at an end—no, it was changed into an elegy. This was perhaps the reason why the pale lady with sad eyes felt attracted by them; at least, she was stooping over the basin, and a saltish drop—not of rain—wetted the little leaves, but did not refresh them. Was it a caress or a punishment, they asked each other; certainly not a punishment, for against this unknown visitor they had done no wrong. So they took it for a caress, but they liked much better the caresses of the wind, or the kisses of the dew.

Otherwise, it was splendid enough in that room, and they heard music which they could not forget. As a favor they were sometimes placed before the open window, where the canary bird, in his little gilt cage, was always in the neighborhood. So at last they began to get used to their new lodgings and manner of life, yes, even became proud of the experienced distinction, when, meanwhile, their beauty began to fade, and they were placed in the kitchen. Well had Madam said that they were spoiled, but the servant thought them yet too good to be thrown away at once. So they arrived on the kitchen table, before the looking-glass, as in mockery, in a broken milk-jug filled with a little pump water. They were compelled to see the smoke go over them, they must bear their perfume to be mingled with the odor of all kinds of pastry and roast meat. Now the sweet melodies were also replaced with quarrels and nicknames. What a degradation! And it is easy to understand that they *sang* no longer, but *groaned* their song "Liberty all." At last they began to displease the kitchen princess; and one day the jug was emptied out of the window.

From these they were driven where accident led them. One lost its leaves, another its stalk, yet another was driven on, and stuck fast. It was grievous to behold! Were these the same bright flowers of former times? What became of them afterward is not easy to define. According to some people one of the leaves was attached to a ship, and made a long voyage with it. According to other people they were gathered under a bridge where they sought consolation amongst the water-lilies; some of them were detained on the bank to be trodden under foot by the same people who had once admired them so much. We lost sight of them, but if they had lived some time longer they certainly would have learned prudence from experience. Thus was Aunt Gertrude's tale, told in the nursery where at the same time with the last words, disappeared the last tiny foot under the blankets. "Now, you must be good children, and go to sleep directly," she said; and left the room to go down stairs. But at the door she met Geralda, the seamstress, who had listened to what she had said, and who uttered in a hasty, but clear tone of voice: "Miss, I will do my best, and you shall see that it will go on much better." "Certainly, Geralda; I have no doubt, and I expect much good of you." And suddenly she disappeared, after having shaken hands in a very kind manner. Who was Geralda? Well, the seamstress of Madame L., the mother of the children who were sleeping up stairs. She had a very pretty face, and attracted the people's attention more than was desirable, and liked fine dresses. Latterly her behavior had been the subject of conversation, and she had given just cause for it. Did Aunt Gertrude know all this, and did she hint at it in her tale? Perhaps so; at any rate Geralda thought so, and had taken the resolution to correct herself. She was so fond of the young lady, and she would show her that she deserved her good opinion. And she kept her word, though the young people teased her with her piety. She lived irreproachably, and she herself had daughters, to whom she told Aunt Gertrude's tale; then her husband laughed, and said she always told the same tale; but she asserted that a time too often was better than otherwise.

M. B. R.

## NATALIE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.]

of their changes. Her light-hued, crisp hair haloed her head in lovely abundance; the coarse *banalité* of our modern circus seemed something utterly removed from her classic, unstudied sweetness. There was no conventional cracking, now, of the ring-master's whip. She and the horse which she rode seemed in perfect yet mysterious sympathy. His gait grew more and more impetuous as the mood of his rider caught added fire. She looked unconscious of all gazers; her form swayed and pulsated with a soft, glorious plasticity; the wild gallop with which the animal now shot forward seemed typified by her who invisibly urged him; together they made an ethereal, poetic ideal of speed, of courage, of untrammeled liberty. It was the spirit of freedom and daring, incomparably portrayed by a wondrous artist. Once, amid the headlong flight, Josselyn gained a clear view of Natalie's face; its nostrils were quivering with a sort of noble excitement; he saw in her the power that animates all grand dramatic conception. Again and again the black brute dashed along his circular path. Josselyn, wholly rapt and enthralled, was leaning forward in his seat. Suddenly Natalie's eyes caught his visage; in an instant another half of the ring was completed, but when that instant passed she had reeled and fallen sidewise. Her hand clutched at the mane of the horse with a fierce but failing grasp. The ring-master sprang forward, but it was too late. Her form swerved to the ground, and one hind hoof smote her a blow in the breast as the horse still sped onward, only pausing when he had power to slacken his own impetus.

A wild commotion ensued. People leaped from their seats with shocked cries. Some few forms grouped about the fallen, senseless girl; nearest to her among these was Josselyn. He remembers what now happened very dimly. Somebody thrust him aside, and he saw two men raise Natalie. He followed them as they passed from the arena, and then again he was driven back. Whatever appeal he may have made, his swift words had no effect, and he was again repulsed. Abruptly Monsieur Larrue's face dawned upon him, amid a concourse of others. Larrue must now have spoken, for Josselyn's progress was no longer opposed. They bore Natalie into an inner compartment, closing its entrance. Josselyn remained outside, waiting. Larrue had now disappeared. He did not hear the comments that passed around him, though everybody was talking of the accident. One overpowering thought absorbed him—had the fall and blow had been fatal?

Perhaps twenty minutes passed before Monsieur Larrue reappeared; he was the Larrue of old days, now; not the radiantly clad gentleman who had recently bearded the lion. He looked very pale and distressed. Josselyn hurried up to him. "Is there great danger?" he asked.

"The doctors say that she cannot live," was the answer. "There has been some horrid internal injury."

"Is she conscious?"

"Yes, Monsieur. But she has grown very weak."

"Does she seem to suffer?"

"Hardly any."

"I wish to send her a message." Josselyn put his hand on Larrue's shoulder; it was to the Frenchman, a sort of sacred hand; it could draw lions' and tigers' portraits so finely. "You will not refuse to take my message, Larrue."

"Oh, no, Monsieur."

Josselyn wrote against the wall, on a slip of paper: "*Can I see you for a little while? Kent Josselyn;*" and handed it to the Frenchman. Monsieur Larrue took in the paper. He remained absent quite a little time. When he returned it was to tell Josselyn that Natalie would see him.

He presently entered the chamber where she was lying. The light so fell upon her head that it made her hair look like a soft, yellow mist. Her face was perfectly colorless. She nodded for Josselyn so come nearer, as he paused at some distance away, profoundly agitated, watching her.

He went nearer, and she smiled as he did so. There were two physicians close at hand, besides Madame Larrue. It is possible that Larrue himself was now instrumental in making these people leave Josselyn and Natalie to a few moments of low-voiced and unheeded conversation.

"I am glad that you came," she said, but so faintly that he could just hear her and no more.

"Tell me," said Josselyn, steadying his voice, "did you fall because of seeing me?"

"I think so—it may not have been that, however . . . . I can't say."

"Good God," he murmured, "how can I forgive myself?"

"Oh, it was no fault of yours . . . . how could it be? Had you gone in by accident, or did you know I was to play?"

"I chanced to be in the village this evening. I caught a glimpse of Larrue's face as he was entering. Then I suspected that you might be here, too."

"But you had not heard that I was—"

"Yes, I had learned it; but I don't think I believed it."

"Who had told you?"

Josselyn was silent for a moment. Then he leaned down very close to Natalie's wan, altering face, and slowly said,

"My aunt had told me. My aunt—Mrs. Van Rensselaer—at whose country-house I am now staying. She is your mother as well; I never knew it till last night."

They looked at each other steadily, and for many moments there was not a word spoken between them.

"I wish you could bring my mother here," Natalie at length said.

He had already seen that she could only whisper, but she seemed to do this without difficulty.

"I will bring her," said Josselyn. "I will go at once and get her."

He moved away from the bed, joining Larrue, who came forward to meet him. They talked together for some moments. Josselyn rapidly explained his intended mission, in tones not audible to Natalie. The two men now left the the room together.

"And her mother is so near this place! What a strange circumstance!" said the Frenchman, as soon as they had passed outside.

Josselyn was silent as they walked on. At length he said, "Do the doctors give no chance? You are quite sure of that?"

Larrue burst into tears. This man who was brave enough to tame wild beasts, had suddenly grown weaker than any child. "*Parbleu*, no! She may last only a few hours—that is all. Oh, the thing is horrible!"

"You can get me some sort of conveyance?" asked Josselyn.

"Yes, Monsieur."

Larrue kept his word promptly. Before long Josselyn was driving at full speed to Shoreside. Soon reaching the estate, he hailed a man whom he met on its darkened lawn. The man held his horse while he went inside.

He entered several of the lower rooms, finding them vacant. At last he came face to face, in a certain doorway, with his aunt. Mr. Van Rensselaer sat not far off, by a lamp, reading.

Josselyn took one of his aunt's slim hands and held it firmly between both his own.

"I have found your daughter," he said, in quite loud tones. "But she is ill—very ill. She wishes greatly to see you. I have a wagon ready. It is not far off. Will you go with me to meet her?"

Mr. Van Rensselaer rose in haste from his chair.

"What is this?" he cried, sharply, before his wife had uttered a word.

Josselyn was still holding the lady's hand. He looked at her husband across her shoulder.

"I am addressing my aunt," he said, in tones of frigid clearness, "not you."

He looked again at Mrs. Van Rensselaer. She had grown ashy pale; her lips moved, but she did not speak.

"Aunt, will you come?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

The master of the house walked quickly toward them. She shrank away at his approach. Josselyn threw his disengaged arm about her figure, and so stood facing his uncle.

"If you interfere," he said, with measured defiance, "it will be the worse for you."

The two men stared at each other.

"My wife has no daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Van Rensselaer.

"That is a lie," said Josselyn, quietly.

A kind of white fury overspread his uncle's face. He clenched both hands, sprang forward a step or two, and then stood quivering in every limb.

Josselyn watched him with an unconscious sneer.

"She has a daughter," he said, "from whom you have kept her separated for years, like the miserable tyrant you are. Now that daughter is dying, and demands to see her mother. And if you make the least attempt to keep them parted at such an hour as this, I warn you, sir, that I will make you repent it!"

For a moment the fury on Mr. Van Rensselaer's face seemed to deepen and grow whiter. Then he turned and hurried toward a hand-bell on the table near which he had been seated. As several loud peals rang through the chamber, Josselyn caught up his aunt's frail form and hurried with it out upon the piazza. By an effort which scarcely over-taxed his strength, he raised her into the waiting vehicle. Then he leaped in, sat down at her side, and laid a vigorous whip-stroke across the horse's back. They had cleared one of the lawn gateways before he turned toward his companion.

"Aunt," he said, "did I not do rightly?"

"Oh, yes—yes," was the wailed, broken answer. "You said she was dying, Kent—oh, where have you found her? What did you mean? Tell me about it."

He told her, as they hurried along. She was clinging to his shoulder and sobbing when he had finished.

"We are there," he said. "Come, you must make an effort, and be courageous."

Monsieur Larrue met them as they alighted.

"She is worse!" he said, in answer to Josselyn's question.

They moved through a sort of canvas passage-way that was thronged with people belonging to the circus; some of them still in their flaring professional garments. The little chamber where Natalie lay was soon reached. Josselyn glanced at his aunt's face as they entered; it was pale but tearless, and it wore an eager, yearning pathos that stabbed him with pity.

The few occupants of the chamber withdrew after they had appeared. Even Larrue did not remain.

Natalie's brown eyes were wide open. She smiled a full, sweet smile as Mrs. Van Rensselaer knelt down beside her.

"Mother," she whispered, speaking the word in English.

"Natalie!" said the kneeling woman. There was no other sound for a long time. The mother was kissing her daughter on brow, lips and checks, with silent, hungry kisses.

"Oh, you would forgive me, my darling," she at length murmured, "if—if you knew all!"

"Hush," said Natalie, "I do forgive you."

She looked up at Josselyn, seeming to see him for the first time. "You said you would bring her," she went on, "and you kept your word. It was very good of you—" again she looked down at her mother. "I know it was a wrong life for *your* daughter to lead, but *he* drove me to it. I would not be dependent upon the man who kept us apart. No, I could not endure that . . . and my riding seemed the easiest way for me to put myself above want . . . . I suppose it came to me with my father's blood . . . ."

Her voice had grown so faint that Josselyn had to bend down very low in order to hear it. She looked up at him once more, and tried to lift her hand for him to clasp, but weakness made it fall heavily backward. Josselyn saw the piteous gesture, and softly lifted the incapable hand to his lips, holding it pressed there. Many moments of perfect silence went by. Then suddenly a tremulous moan of "Natalie!" broke from the kneeling mother.

"Yes, mother."

"Oh, Natalie, you have forgiven me, but how can I forgive myself? I should have fought my way to you, in spite of everything! But I was so cowed down by *him!* Ah, we foolish, feeble creatures can suffer, though! There have been times when I would have been willing to die a moment afterward, if I could have had my arms about you for just a little while as I have them now!"

Josselyn glanced at the speaker's face. He could see it well, for it was slightly lifted above Natalie's, drawn a little backward so that the girl's features might

be viewed with greater clearness. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's look never afterward escaped his memory. It wore a supplicating misery, which appealed for compassion with entreaty that was in itself atonement. The despair on those haggard features had no touch of remorse. It was as if in woeful admission of her own past cowardice, she had been spurred to rebellious reproach of the powers which had so dissonantly mixed maternal craving with a nature that had not dared to gratify its sacred promptings. She seemed to ask, in her distracted penitence, by what fatality she had been so wrought that while life's holiest instinct had burned within her breast, a few wretched physical qualms had changed such divine impulse into the most ironical of mockeries. The worm had turned at last, but not in rancor; it had challenged the hidden forces of creation with that desolate, exacting question: "Why was I made a worm!"

Perhaps the daughter never heard those last, passionate words. For while her countenance was now transiently hidden from Josselyn, as his gaze remained fascinated by her mother's almost unearthly desperation, a sudden terrified moan broke from the kneeling woman's lips.

Josselyn let fall the chill, inert hand that he was holding. The agony in his aunt's cry told him what had happened, even before his eyes had time to search Natalie's face, which now lay upon its pillow, as still and pure as unbreathing sculpture.

## FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living,
Heaven is both more and less than just,
In taking and in giving.—*R. H. Stoddard.*

A man, however malicious he may be, never says as much evil or as much good of women as they think of themselves.—*Balzac.*

Delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal waking.—*Thackeray.*

Prudery is the hypocrisy of modesty.—*Champfort.*

Upon examination, we find in this human mixture of good and bad, that the good is so abundant that habit prevents us from taking notice of it, whilst the bad strikes us precisely by its exception.—*Souvestre.*

Jealousy is the thermometer of the heart.—*Countess Guiccioli.*

Poets are fools to give to the son of Venus a torch, a bow and arrows. The power of this god lies only in his bondage. —*Ninon de Lenclos.*

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done as the fear of consequences.—*Le Rochefoucault.*

'Tis the world's righteous fashion,
With a sneer to cover a smart.
Better to give up living,
Than not to play your part!—*Harvey.*

Whoever has loved once knows all that life contains of sorrow and of joy.—*Georges Sand.*

Obstinacy and vehemency of opinion are surest proofs of stupidity.—*Grattan.*

God who made, and the Devil who mars, alone understand women.—*Thackeray.*

He who believes nothing is not far from believing everything.—*Chateaubriand.*

There are but few souls who are organized so vigorously as to be able to uphold themselves in the calm of a strong resolve; all honest consciences are capable of the generosity of a day, but almost all succumb the next morning under the effort of the sacrifice.—*Georges Sand.*

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we can not be driven.—*Eliot.*

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.—*Pope.*

Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small
Some—it is not recorded,
Why they were born at all!—*Carleton.*

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it—anything but live for it.—*Edmund Burke.*

We should beware of sacrificing the part of our being which loves to the part which reasons.—*Chateaubriand.*

Absolute ignorance is neither the greatest of evils nor the most to be feared; but an accumulation of ill digested knowledge is infinitely worse.—*Plato.*

The world prefers a vice which amuses it to a virtue which bores it.—*Talleyrand.*

Foul practices turn on their authors.—*La Rochefoucault.*

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.—*Shakspeare.*

Life is complete when one has loved once.—*Ch. Nodier.*

Be careful that ye make nae strife
Wi' meddling tongue and brain,
For ye will find enough to do,
If ye but look at hame!—*Burns.*

Wild oats are the only crop that grows by gaslight.—*Billings.*

Life is a long shipwreck, of which *débris* are friendship, glory, and love.—*Mme. de Staël.*

What is life but dreams and death but sleep?—*Eliza Cook.*

There is an infinite number of errors necessary to the happiness of life.—*G. de Nerval.*

Tell a woman once that she is pretty, and the Devil will repeat it to her ten times a day. —*De Finod.*

Human reason can cure illusions, but it can not cure sufferings.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Love is the selfishness of two. —*Emilio Castelar.* N. B. S.

## CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming! there's life in the sound
Of Time's rapid coursers, that o'er the crisp ground
Are dashing and clattering—reckless of rest—
To bring to our borders the right welcome guest.
For Christmas, glad Christmas, warm greeting be given;
The time-honored stranger, bluff, hearty, and strong;
Dull care for a while from each bosom be driven,
To hail his returning with joyance and song.
Merrily, merrily
Troll we our rime;
For Christmas, glad Christmas,
With carol and chime!

Christmas is coming! What frolic and glee!
What festive achievements of high minstrelsie!
Carousings, and revels, and lays of quaint rime
Cheered his advent far back in the good olden time;
Through the castle's arched gateway proud cavalcades rode,
The lordly board groaned 'neath its generous load,
While thronging retainers, with wassail and shout,
Rehearsed their bold ventures at battle and rout.
Cheerily, cheerily,
Pealed their blithe song;
While roof and red rafter
The cadence prolong!

Christmas is coming! Glad news for the Poor!
For sordid abundance will then from its store
Bring gifts to enliven the lowliest cot,
To soften the rigors of penury's lot.
Aye, blessings on Christmas! He opens the heart;
He bids all its kindred warm sympathies start
From the fast-frozen fountains, insensate and drear,
To gush forth in rivers of bounty and cheer.
Merrily, merrily,
Troll we our rime,
For Christmas, glad Christmas,
With carol and chime!

Christmas is coming! When yule fires shall glow,
And parlors grow green with the mistletoe bough.
Around the Church column, through chamber and hall,
Athwart the broad chimney, and over the wall,
Let evergreens cluster in wreath and festoon—
The work of soft fingers—a holiday boon;
Let myrtle, and holly, and noble old pine
In leafy redundance their foliage twine.
Daintily, daintily,
Weave the dense screen,
To robe merry Christmas
In mantle of green!

SAN FRANCISCO. JOS. W. WINANS.

## HANG UP YOUR STOCKING.

Laugh, little bright-eyes, hang up your stocking;
Don't count the days any more;
Old Santa Claus will soon be knocking,
Knocking,
Knocking at the door.

Through the key-hole slyly peeping,
Down the chimney careful creeping,
When the little folks are sleeping,
Comes he with his pack of presents.
Such a grin! but then so pleasant
You would never think to fear him;
And you can not, *must* not hear him.
He's so particular, you know,
He'd just pick up his traps and go
If but one little eye should peep
That he thought was fast asleep.
Searching broomstick, nails, and shelf,
Till he finds the little stocking—
Softly lest you hear his knocking—
Smiling, chuckling to himself,
He fills it from his Christmas store,
And out he slips to hunt for more.

Then laugh, little bright-eyes, and hang up your stocking;
Don't count the days any more;
Old Santa Claus will soon be knocking,
Knocking,
Knocking at the door.

SAN JOSE. MADGE MORRIS.

The sketches in and about San Francisco, Oakland, and Alameda, presented in this special number of the ARGONAUT, were designed and executed by Mr. Julian Rix and Mr. Joseph Strong, two of our local artists most skilled in such work. They give a picturesque idea of our surroundings, and of what can be accomplished by an artistic use of the pencil. The birds-eye sketch of San Francisco and surrounding country was taken by permission from the large lithograph view published by Snow & Co., the art dealers. The plates were engraved by the French etching process on zinc, and for a first and somewhat hurried attempt the work is very creditable. The type and printing is from the ARGONAUT'S new publishing establishment. Those desiring to send copies of this special number to friends in the East are advised to order immediately, as the first edition of 20,000 copies is very likely to be exhausted within a few days after publication, and the printing of a second edition will require time.

"I wish you a merry Christmas," is the salutation you are expected to make this holiday week to every dull, stupid, or uncharitable person you meet, even though it be the lawyer who has sued you, the girl who has jilted you, the doctor who has nearly killed you, the newspaper fellow who has made mince meat of you, the Chinese laundryman who has been robbing you right and left all through the year. And this in obedience to custom and the assertion that "blessed are the meek for they shall inherit"—the withered evergreens.

"Your behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had stolen a holiday kiss. "Ah! forgive me," he replied, "I herewith make it plural."

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## THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

All the Christian world and all the civilized peoples thereof meet this Christmas Day to celebrate the birth of Christ; some with devout convictions that on this day a Son was born to God, and some in the faith that belief in him and his divine qualities is essential to their rescue from unending torment in a world beyond the grave; and some good-natured, jolly folk, not knowing that Christmas Day is an institution owing its existence to a decretal letter of Pope Telesphorus, in the year one hundred and thirty-eight, accept it for the purpose of having a good time. This moving festival of the Church was by the ancient Christians celebrated in April and May, but the good St. Cyril of Jerusalem, under an order of Pope Julius the First, ordered an investigation to be made, and some four hundred years after the marvelous Nativity, the research and wisdom of the Church fixed this great festival of the Christian world on the 25th of December.

We are glad they did, for of all the months and all the days this best suited the writer of this article. In the frosty north-land where we were born, and where our youthful days were spent, December was the only month in which it was proper to have fixed a Christmas festival. It was the month of snow and ice, of snow-balling and sliding down hill upon sleds. It was the month of long, cold nights and of short, glorious winter days. Had it been in April or May, we had been occupied in plowing and planting upon the farm. If it had been fixed by Pope Julian in his month of hot midsummer, we should not have enjoyed it. Santa Claus—God bless him and his benevolent heart!—could never have endured to have clothed himself in furs, and would never have condescended to let himself down chimneys not blazing with Christmas fires, and could never have satisfied the poetic imaginings of our youth, had he been disconnected with his reindeers, sled, and jingling bells.

Christmas Day has always been a jolly one—a day given to feastings and to frolic. In the mediæval age it was celebrated by mummeries, and fantastic mysteries, and grotesque masquerading. Even the Church relaxed its grim and decorous rules and allowed the playing of plays, the singing of canticles, the dancing of jigs to the sound of tambour, guitar, and violin. The old and young, priest and layman, the high and low, the rich and poor, the grand and humble, joined in these December liberties, in which, says the chronicler, everything serious was burlesqued, inferiors personifying their superiors, great men becoming frolicsome, and all illustrating the proneness of man to occasionally reverse the order of society and ridicule its decencies.

Christmas is of all others the children's festival, and in all these later ages and in all our Christian lands, its celebration has been usually for the gratification of the little ones. With us Santa Claus, and in Germany the "Knecht Rupert," distributes his gifts. In England Christmas has always been a religious, domestic, and merry-making festival, the English Church carrying down the festival and its associations from the Church of Rome.

In the olden days there was an "Abbot of Unreason" in the monastery, and a "Lord of Misrule" in the palace; fun, frolic, and festivity abounded through all the land. Glowing fires, great yule logs burned till Candlemas eve, and the "abundance was shared amid music, conjuring, riddles, hot cockles, fool plough, snap dragon, jokes, laughter, repartees, forfeits, and dances; and there were wassail bowls, and bowls of punch, never failing to bring tumultuous joys." In Russia each salutes the other on Christmas morn, "Christ is born," and peasant may kiss his king if first to bring him the joyful news. No noble dame or maid of royal blood may refuse her cheek to the lowly born if he is the earliest to announce the birth of Christ the God.

In the Greek and Roman and English church still survives the custom of decking church and domestic altars with evergreens, in imitation of a pagan custom that come from ancient Druid practices, and in the olden belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the merry-making. The holly, ivy, rosemary, bay, laurel, and mistletoe, furnished the favorite trimmings, which are not removed till Candlemas. We, in America have inherited from our English ancestors their mode of celebrating the Christmas day, toning down to more decorous observance the rough and boisterous sports, and in their place making feasts of fat things, and generous gifts to take the place of the grotesque saturnalia of the "feast of fools."

We have not yet, even in obedience to Puritan severity, been willing to sacrifice Santa Claus to the realism of a bigotry that thinks it wicked to make children happy. Santa Claus, with his frowsy wig, his wrap of furs, his eight prancing reindeer, his bounding sleigh, his merry bells, his load of presents, his miraculous gift of choosing toys, and his more miraculous gift of dispensing them, are all told to the wondering child by the loving mother, as the little, upturned, trusting face receives the heathen tradition in absolute unquestioning confidence in its truth; and after this—this awful romance—the little toddler kneels to say its prayer, through the mediating Christ, beside the mother who has told the thrilling tale, and goes to sleep as firmly believing in the truth of Santa Claus as in the divinity of the crucified and risen God.

Christmas is not quite so jolly in California as it used to be in the old home, where we had pinching winter frosts, and drifting snows, and rousing fires; if not yule logs, yet great logs of beech and maple; if not flagons of wassail punch, yet great bowls of frothy egg-nog; if not roasted head of tusked wild boar, yet a huge Christmas turkey, and such mince pies as never Abbot nor Lord in all of England tasted; if not holly, rosemary and mistletoe. We had prettier girls to kiss under boughs of hemlock, pine, and cedar, than ever blushed at touch of bearded knights.

Perhaps it is because we were young then that we enjoyed all these things. We are growing old and growing fat, but still we think that a California Christmas is not quite the genuine thing it was in our boyhood's days in the other and earlier home. Perhaps, and let us moralize for a line or two, we are all too anxious and too greedy for money, we speculate too much in stocks, we overreach ourselves, we live beyond our means, we are not altogether content with simple things.

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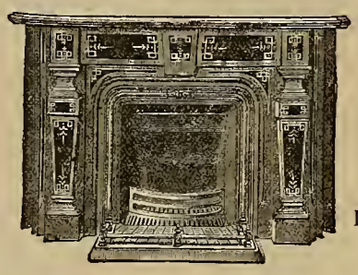

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# TAXES, TAXES,

## 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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# MONTGOMERY AVENUE

## ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880. will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

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# ASSESSMENT

—OF—

## LANDS BENEFITED

—BY—

## WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON

Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

---

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# BAGS.

# HUMMING-BIRD HILL.

## Chapter I.

"Wete ye not wher stondeth a litel toun,
Which that ycleped is Bob up and doun,
Under the blee in Canterbury way."
—*Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*

Down, down sank the sun behind the purple hills of Sonoma, and up and away sprang the rose-flushes of his waning light. Across to the eastern sky they sprang, and mingled with the grey mists of twilight that gathered and grew and wrapped themselves about the hills. Then the firs seemed to shrink together, and hold out their hands to clasp each other through the lonely hours when they would be alone. Down the mountain sides numbers of the young firs had rushed, in some early dawn, seeking to escape from the awful secret whose burden Nature has laid upon their race, pausing where the sunshine burst upon them, and softly laughing, with little trembles of their branches, to think how frightened and foolish they had been, clinging fast to those sunny spots, with the social oaks and blossoming *manzanitas*. But they had grown into tall and solemn trees, and the heritage of their race was upon them. Others were down in the gorges, tossing their arms up wildly to the fading light, cowering and crowding together as the darkness crept on, and stealing fearful glances up to the mountain tops, where some leafless giants of their kind stood outlined against the sky. Paler grew the roses, and bolder the shadows creeping up to the heights in weird procession.

So it all looked to Jeanie Dalkeith, sitting, with her violin in her arms, on the tiny porch of that dot of a white cottage on the hillside. An oak spread its branches all over and around the little house, as if to keep out every evil thing; and there, among her vines and pansies, sat Jeanie with her violin—her voice, she called it. Laying her cheek against it, and closing her eyes, she drew her bow lightly across the strings—the fairies seemed to be sounding their *réveille*, and getting their orchestras into tune for the brief, delicious overture that set all their tiny toes to tapping on their pleasure ground. A pause, another sweep of the bow, and the cry of the pines wailed out across the glen and up and down the mountains, dying deep down in the black ravines. Another pause, and then out blossomed those flowers of melody, the old, sweet Scottish songs that pierce the heart with their exquisite, quaint turns and surprises. The fairies kept motionless to listen, the night deepened, the stars brightened and flashed, the moon dropped her mellow light upon the hills, and still Jeanie drew out the sad soul of her violin.

"Here, Sis, you're too plaintive to-night. Let me take her," said Rob, drawing the violin out of her hands. "Tirr-r-rp, tir-r-rp, tir-rp; tirr-irr-rp!"

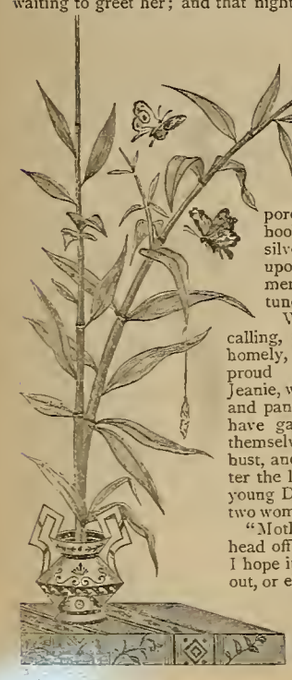
"Wake up, now, old girl, and give us something lively," said he. "'Finnigan's Wake,' ma'am," he added, tipping Jeanie a comical nod, and plunging into the tune.

The very leaves above, and their shadows on the ground, seemed to laugh and dance with the rolicking notes; and when the tune was ended, leaves, shadows, and twinkling stars seemed to draw a long breath after their laughter; and up from the glen came a little thrill of silvery melody that must have been the laughing of the fairies.

"I declare, Robbie, you are an antidote to pines!" cried Jeanie."

"There, Sis, that accounts for the fact that nobody pines for me. Ah, but I'll mount my Rozinante, some day, and set out in quest of Dulcinea; and so, here goes for 'The Arkansaw Traveler'—Rig-a-jig-a-jig-jig, jig-jig-jig!"

"Bairns, it's time ye were comin' in the house!" called the tender voice that had crooned their lullabys, and hushed their baby souls to sleep with the wild music of her Gaelic songs and hymns. Broken and quavering now was the dear voice, full of shadows and plaintive hints of suffering, but still rich and grand. It was the voice of one who had lived a deep, full life, a voice that had a soul in it, and could soar away beyond age and care and loneliness, even to the portals of the life for which she longed; but then, that was not, now, so very far—she was coming near it. Sometimes she felt that she could almost touch the hands outstretched and waiting to greet her; and that night, while she sat reading her Gaelic psalm-book, and turned the old yellow pages to find the songs she loved best, she had not even heard the music of the "bairns" upon the porch. She closed the book, and laid her heavy, silver-rimmed spectacles upon it, and listened a moment, smiling, to Robbie's tune.



When they came, at her calling, she turned her rugged, homely, sweet old face with proud smiling toward little Jeanie, whose black, waving hair and pansy-grey eyes seemed to have gathered the shadows to themselves; and Rob, tall, robust, and ruddy, stooping to enter the low doorway. A sort of young David he seemed to those two women, so grand and comely.

"Mother, I shall knock my head off in that door, some day; I hope it will be when I am going out, or else it'll tumble down the hill and get lost."

"Nay, Robbie, you're no so light-headit but it'll stop at the fence."

"Then Jeanie can ride in haste for the new doctor to come and surge it on again; they say that's his best hold."

"Child, will ye never leave off this Yankee fashion o' talkin'? It gaes ill wi' yer bonnie Scottish accent."

"Oh, mother, what's the difference! The girls can keep up the dignity of the Scotch. I like this droll, unlimited way of speech: it leaves so much to a man's invention; he can fit his own words in to suit himself; and it suits this wild, free life among the hills. I knock my head against the rules of grammar oftener than against these low doors, and I like to be rid of them all."

The mother shook her head, and said seriously:

"Ah, ye stopped too long in the Redwoods."

"I'd like to know why he came back at all, since he likes it so well," said Jeanie, with a roguish smile.

"A man must pay some attention to home duties," said Rob, with a ruddier color on his cheek, and giving a nervous pull at his mustache.

"Oh, of course! Mother, what was that nursery song that Maggie used to sing to us?

'Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!
Gie the babie one.'"

"Cherries are not the only fruit in the country, Jeanie; but you never asked the news from Calistoga."

"Oh, there's no' likely to be anything great happening there," said Jeanie, contemptuously.

"Jeanie, why are ye aye thinkin' such scorn o' this bonnie land?"

"I can't help it, mother; I feel like an exile here. If I owned Napa Valley from one end of it to the other, and Sonoma County in the bargain, I could not feel at home. So it's not because we are poor, though when we had money it was a little better, for that does improve things; but I'll never cease to pine for the old dear home."

The mother's face clouded and her lip trembled; Jeanie drew the dear head down upon her shoulder.

"Mother, dear," she said, softly, "I know what you are thinking; I know it would be desolate for you there, since dear father lies buried here; and perhaps it would seem changed to me; but I feel so lonely and homesick among these mountains, their gloom oppresses me; my heart is like lead within me."

"Or like one of my Redwood biscuits, Jeanie, I know just how you feel," said Rob, laying his hand on his stomach with a ludicrous look of distress.

"Ye're just an unfeelin' wretch, Robbie," said the mother, between tears and laughter.

She understood her boy, and, besides, had seen the furtive movement with which he brushed the tears from his eyes; Rob could never endure to see people unhappy.

"Now gie us the news if ye have any."

"Which I have. Owl's Nest is sold; that's one piece. The buyer is a young bachelor from Nevada; that belongs to it. He has a few head of thoroughbred stock, some leghorns, and a game rooster that steps around the old ranch and crows defiance to hawks! He's a good-looking chap, too—I mean the buyer is, and if I were a young lady," glancing at Jeanie, "I should set my cap for him."

"Oh, yes; no doubt you'd be glad to see me settled at Owl's Nest! Cheerful place, isn't it? Owls hooting around the house, and wild cats and panthers yelling in the woods! If that young man has a game rooster that defies hawks, it's a pity he didn't take him along when he went to bargain for that place; I call it the worst case of hawk that has happened yet. I pity the poor fellow."

"'Pity is akin to love,' Sis; and in my old copy book I used to read it, 'Pity is achin' to love.'"

Jeanie conquered the smile that was struggling with her red lips; "Robert, don't be a goose!"

"No, ma'am, never, with such a snapping-turtle-dove as you are after me! But if you don't like that, there's another case; I keep my eyes and ears open for you, Sis."

"Thank you."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'll only charge you three per cent. on a small sale, and not over five on a large one; and that's better than the real estate men would do by you; for the less you make the more commission they ask; but there's nothing mean about me. Now this case is a gorgeous one; bachelor—rawther oldish, but fine style—sort of an intellectual swell—good clothes, No. 1 cigars; *and money*. You ought to see how respectful they are to him down there! And to think that he has run the gauntlet of Napa and St. Helena, does look like a special Providence, doesn't it, mother?"

"I suppose I'd better ride down to-morrow and see about it," said Jeanie, with intense sarcasm.

"Oh, never mind, Sis; we'll manage, some way. You're just as good looking a girl as there is around, and just as clever; and I should say you stand an even chance if you do live in the mountains!"

"You'd better take Rose Cherry out of my way, though."

"There noo," interposed the mother, to end their badinage, "the best thing ye can do is to tak yersel' off to bed, Robbie, and Jeanie and me'll just do the same, and leave a' the special providence to Providence itsel'."

There being nothing to urge against such sensible advice, they were obliged to act upon it. But in spite of her high disdain, Jeanie did have a dream or two of a beautiful home in the valley—such a wonder of flower, and vine, and luscious fruit, and exquisite views, as only California can give.

The two new comers were each interesting in their way. Mr. Allan Dunallan was a gentleman; intelligent, cultured, traveled. He was not *blasé*. He loved, with enthusiasm, sunshine and the pure breath of the mountains; he loved the sight of mountains, near and far, range upon range of bewildering color; he loved, too, the far-reaching sweeps of valley land, dazzling with the sheen of luxuriant grain and grass, and the tropical growth of the tasseled Indian corn; he loved to come, suddenly, through rocky pass, or over barren ledge, into some silent, smiling nook ablaze with wild-flowers, or cool with trembling shadows on its golden slopes. He liked to move among a free and unconventional people, to find in every life a depth of history, a wealth of experience, to note the different ways in which people of different nationality and class adapted them selves to life in the same country, with the same opportunities open to them. He liked to come, here and there, unexpectedly, upon people of rare culture like stumbling upon a precious stone in a pebble-strewn path. In a word, he loved California; and this little village in the golden hollow of the purple hills—this little village with its capabilities was, he thought, just one of California's surprises; and when, in one of his rambles, he came upon Jeanie Dalkeith, stooping over a spring cut out of the rocks, and drinking from the hollow of her little hand, he thought her another, and the most charming surprise of all.

"Ye gods! what a cup!" he cried impulsively, as Jeanie shook the sparkling drops from her fingers.

She blushed and looked confused. He gravely apologized, and kept right on talking and asking questions, till Jeanie resolutely resumed her walk.

Dunallan respectfully raised his hat, and watched her till she passed out of sight around a curve of the road.

"By George!" he exclaimed to himself, "this is a great country! What a blossom of a girl that is! I've always thought it soft to affect flower-names for women, but if you don't call that girl a pansy, you have lost the exact word to describe her. I wonder where she lives—in the mountains, of course, or she wouldn't be walking alone here; she looked like it too, bright and graceful as a young quail; and natural—no mincing village ways. How she looked at me, the shrewd little witch!" She saw through my stupid questioning, of course; she could hardly keep her face straight as she answered me. I'll find that girl out yet!" Then he turned his face to the forest and walked on, vaguely shaping out a castle in the air, a kind of architecture in which he was well skilled.

"Sometime," he said to himself, "I must put these phantoms into tangible shape—why not here? It is time to build me a home, and why not in this land of 'fair women and brave men,' sit down beneath my own vine and fig tree?"

And his phantoms began to seem delightfully real.

New comer number two, Dick Stevens, was also a rolling stone, or had been thus far; yet he could hardly be called a great traveler, since he had never left his own country, and had knocked about very much according to circumstances, and with the aim of making money, or, at least, of getting a living, never purely for the sake of gaining pleasure or instruction, though he had managed to pick up a good deal of both. He had started, away back East, with "a good common school education," as the phrase goes, and having an active brain, he had improved upon that until he was a very well educated young man, with ideas of his own on all ordinary, and some extraordinary subjects. He was something of a musician, played the violin and guitar, and sang with fine taste, in a rich, pure, tenor; for among the things he had picked up was half a year of vocal lessons. He had, also, in spite of the old proverb, gathered a little moss. How he happened to settle upon poor old dilapidated Owl's Nest, was a mystery; but he liked it. He overlooked the crazy buildings, and skeleton fences, the half cleared fields, and thickets of chemisal brush.

It lay there so serene and smiling, encircled by its band of mountains; a deer was grazing on a hillside; covies of quail flew up out of the grass and away through the sunshine; sometimes a rabbit leaped across the fields to the shelter of the thick brush; a stream of water, coming down a cañon near the house, slipped down a mossy wall into a grotto arched with brake and fern, with sunlit madroños, and a fragrant pepper tree; all the rocky hill-sides that shaded the place were bright with flowers of red, and gold, and purple. Bevies of humming birds flitted through the grove of live oaks around the house, or hovered above the spring. It suited with Dick's mood; he was tired of knocking about, tired of crowds, tired of places filled with hammerings, and ringings, and bargaining, and cheating, and all the rest of it. He thought the place had capabilities, and he determined to try what he could do at developing them. So he bought Owl's Nest, and the first improvement he made was to change the name to Humming-bird Hill.

J. H. S. Bugeia.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT REGULAR NUMBER.]

THE CALIFORNIAN, A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. V. NO. 26. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 27, 1879. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

## OLLA-PODRIDA.

Bob Ingersoll has laid down the broad proposition that the moral, intellectual, and physical development of a people depends upon the climatic conditions of the country which it inhabits. After visiting California, and lecturing at one dollar admission to a great many thousand persons, disturbing all our religious convictions, overturning all our altars and the idols that we have been accustomed to worship, sweeping away all those nice old-fashioned superstitions upon which we were so content to rest, and offering nothing in return, he had the ungrateful impudence to say that, because California had no horrid winters and frosty nights, no occasion for morning fires and tremendous back-logs, no ice, nor sleet, nor snow, and because our climate was genial, soft, and mild, our boys and girls would degenerate, and that, within the next generation or two, the descendants of our best and most pious citizens would be found, with broad-brimmed sombreros, riding double on barebacked mustangs to bull-fights on Sunday; that our boys would become idle and vagabondish, delighting in cock-fights, and content to live on sweet potatoes and watermelons, and such other tropical fruits as our country would produce. Now, we are delighted to find that the theory of the Hon. Robert Ingersoll is just no theory at all, and that the climatic belt producing great men, happily covering that part of Illinois or Wisconsin where he was born, is a fabrication of his own egotistic imagination, and that he will be driven to some other theory to account for his own importance than that he had the fortune to be born in that infernally cold and dreadful climate where men and animals freeze in winter, and are blown to destruction by tornadoes in summer, and where sun-strokes, mad-dogs, and death by lightning prevail.

Climate has nothing to do with it—a new doctrine prevails. A writer in the *Victorian Review* announces that "as is the soil, such are the people who draw their sustenance from it; as is the geological development of a country, such is the biological development of the animal life by which it is inhabited." This knocks Bob Ingersoll into a cocked-hat, and demonstrates that Moses is not the only writer liable to mistakes. There is sense in this geological idea; and if all flesh is grass, and all grass comes from the soil, and the soil depends for its constituents upon when it was formed, and animals live on grass, and man lives and feeds on vegetable and animal food, and our bones, and nerves, and muscles, and flesh, and all our strength, and health, and corporeal fabric come from the ground, then it is philosophical and natural to believe that there is and must be a near relation between the crust of the earth and the form of life which exists upon its surface; in other words, that the physical, mental, and moral characters of man depend upon the geology of the place they inhabit. The science of paleontology teaches that we have been gradually progressing from a very lowly organization. The discoveries of Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin have prepared us to believe that we have, through ever so many cycles of time, been evolving from protoplastic mud, up and through vegetable and animal life—through creeping and crawling things; through reptiles, beasts, and birds; through lizards, monkeys, and orang-outangs, here dropping a link of our tails, and there taking on a new development—till now we stand in the godlike image of the human form. If this is so—and we believe it—then nothing is more probable than that our development and character are largely attributable to the geological formation of the earth we inhabit.

This theory is sustained by observing that human beings have obtained a higher and better development in those places where the richness and variety of earth's productions have attained their highest perfection. Strabo says the Greeks became powerful by reason of the fertility and advantages of the country they inhabited. The writer, whose theory we give, lays down the doctrine, "that the human race has attained its highest phase of development in that region of the world where the soil had undergone its latest elaboration at the hand of nature;" that the early geological formation is the home of inferior races; that the later or quaternary period in geological formation is the home of superior and progressive peoples: To illustrate: The original Indo-European stream flowed in two channels, one to the Mediterranean region, the latest geological development, where it formed a splendid civilization; "and where, as in Greece," we quote from the *Review*, "the conditions of soil and climate, of scenery and situation, were most favorable, the men and women reached the highest perfection of physical grace and dignity, form and beauty. The arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting were cultivated with a success that has never been equaled; while literature, philosophy, mental and moral science also flourished;" while the other branch of the stream, which took a northerly direction and settled in regions belonging to an earlier period of geological formation, the race stagnated and deteriorated, physically and mentally. In Lapland and northern Scandinavia, the soil belongs to an earlier formation, and there the inhabitants are ugly in feature, coarse in figure, poor in intellect, and backward in civilization. The physical and mental inferiority of Russia are contrasted with the physical beauty and intellectual strength in Persia, Circassia, and Georgia. The one country is an old, and the others a later, geological formation. Danes and Swedes differ from Laps and Finns. The geological formation also differs. In northern China the territory is an old formation; in the south a newer one. In the south are found the best types of the Mongol; in the north around Lake Baikal, the common people look more like monkeys than human beings. The same facts are observed in Hindostan: the hill tribes inhabit a primitive region, and are scarcely distinguishable from animals, while in Bombay are found the noblest and most beautiful types in the world—and here the soil is of modern formation. Similar observations, showing different types of men and animals, are made by M. Jules Duval, in France; and M. Trumaux says the finest oxen and horses in France are reared on soils of recent formation, such as those of Normandy, Gascony, and the Isle of France; while in regions of an earlier geological date, animals of the same breed are small and scraggy. So in Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark, the same phenomenon is noticed by M. Tisseraud. In the eastern portion of Brazil an inferior and repulsive tribe of Indians is found inhabiting a region of primitive rock. In another part, where the soil is of more recent formation, the aboriginals are superior. This is true, also, of the western slope of the Andes; in one place the Antis and the Queechuas, miserable races—a hundred miles away, upon a soil of late formation, a race superior in physique and intelligence.

It is held that complexion depends more upon the soil than upon the climate. Dr. Sweinfurth has noticed in Central Africa races of a brown complexion upon a red-brown soil; black where the alluvium is black. The lighter colored negros are nearer to the equator than the jet black. Major Pinto, the Portuguese traveler in Africa, has found, it is affirmed, a large tribe of white people, although the surrounding natives are black as night. In Northern Africa it is observed that half breeds vary in type according to the geological formation of the soil upon which they are reared. Immigrants driven from one country to another never remain the same, never retain the same characteristics; they either improve or deteriorate. The world is full of examples attesting this truth. In Central and South America the descendants of the old Spanish settlers deteriorate. In the Valley of La Plata they improve: the soil is of a later formation. In Louisiana, where the land belongs to the tertiary and quaternary periods, negroes introduced from Africa have diminished by one-fourth their racial difference. In Mexico and Peru the superior race degenerates. This Australian writer, recognizing the truth of the idea that the physique, intelligence, and morale of a race are determined by the geological conditions of the country it inhabits, is greatly exercised as to what will be the future of the people of Australia, and fears that the Anglo-Australian race will degenerate from the old Anglo-Saxon stock because the greater part of the soil consists of paleozoic rock, while a small portion only belongs to the cenozoic time or tertiary period. We shall be very sorry indeed to note the degeneracy of the English immigrants to Australia—the proud Saxon—and shall deeply regret the fact when again these colonists, reduced to the level of the aboriginal people, shall be found naked, chasing the kangaroo with the boomerang. It is painful to believe that the children and children's children of Wilkins Micawber will recede from that standard of high civilization that characterized both Mr. and Mrs. Micawber's families in England before the fourth continent turned up as a field for developing the opportunities of those who, until this time, had preferred to be Englishmen.

And now, tried by this geological test, what is the future of California? This, of course, depends upon whether we belong territorially the azoic or cenozoic time. If underneath our soils lie primitive crystalline schists, or primitive gneiss, then we are done for, and not all our bounties of climate, or productiveness of soils, or energy of people will keep us from certain and immutable decay. But if we belong to the post-pliocene, the tertiary, or quaternary period, then we are all right, our future is assured, and we shall continue to grow great pumpkins, splendid stock, beautiful women, and splendid, well-developed, intellectual men, and the future of California shall be as grand as the imagination of the average rural poet, editor, and land speculator has painted it. We forbear to discuss this question, or to pronounce definitively whether California is to march forward to the magnificent and glorious future, or backward to the time when our descendants shall be eating pine-nuts and acorns, digging roots, and catching fish in willow weirs upon our river banks, like our primitive Diggers with their little heads and swollen abdomens. To those who are anxious or even curious upon the future of those who care to come after us, we commend a careful perusal of Prof. Whitney's first volume of our geological survey to ascertain whether our State of California is underlaid with fundamental granite—whether we belong to the earlier or the later geologic era. We sincerely hope that we do not belong to the primary fossiliferous period, which, as we understand it, is an unhappy middle ground from which we can not be expected to advance or recede, and the result of which will be to fix upon us a population of old fossils. We call the attention of our learned professors of the University at Berkeley to this theory, and beg they will communicate with us upon this subject to the end that we may be prepared for any contingency. Upon the solution of this paleontological, geological, and ethnological question will depend whether we recommend or discourage further immigration to this State.

The Young Men's Christian Association is composed of seven hundred and one gentlemen, and with the exception of a few questionable and hypocritical black sheep, they are men of good character, energy, and earnestness. Its president, Jacob S. Taber, is a most excellent citizen, good merchant, and president of the Board of Trade. He is now engaged in soliciting contributions to liquidate the debt of some $66,000 upon a building, owned by the association, on Sutter Street. The members pay as dues six dollars a year. It has a library and reading room, furnishes lodgings and meals in aid of the destitute, and provides employment to those seeking situations. We have before us the annual report on its twenty-second anniversay, and now let us see what these seven hundred and one young Christians have accomplished; let us estimate this evangelical tree by its fruits, and see if there is not more of faith than works, more prayer than labor, more pretension and profession than charity; in a word, more smoke than fire.

After twenty-two years they have a stone-front building, mortgaged for nearly all it is worth, and costing more for annual interest, insurance, taxes, gas, and repairs by $4,060 06 than it receives for rents. Its library contains 3,514 volumes of dilapidated, uninteresting, and very dirty-looking books. Only 14 new ones were added in the year. During the year, 2,500 lodgings were furnished. This averages about seven a night. It has supplied 1,200 meal tickets. This, at three meals a day, is equivalent to boarding one man. The institution provides street preaching, has a noon prayer meeting from 3:30 to 4:30 P. M. every day, a Bible class every Tuesday evening, a prayer meeting every Saturday evening, and street preaching every Sunday. It pays out $958 70 annually for gas and water; it pays out $1,392 45 for salaries; and it pays out for "charity and general expenses" $741 20. Substract from this amount of $741 20 what is laid out for general expenses, and we figure this pretentious and loud-voiced religious organization's actual expenditure for charity at almost nothing. Where it should have collected $4,206 dues of members it only got $532 20. It gathered from the public in the way of donations $3,682 30. It pays twice as much for gas, and five times as much for salaries, as it expends for charity.

Now, if this institution is not a fraud, a pretense, a humbug, and a hypocritical sham under the cloak of religion, will somebody be kind enough to inform us what it is? Prayers at noon, and in the afternoon, and on two evenings in the week, with street preaching, and a few dog-eared tracts as a free library, may be a good excuse for begging money these hard times to pay salaries and to liquidate a debt, so that a lot of idle young Christians may have comfortable reading and sleeping rooms in Sutter Street. If these young Christians, with Dr. Cox at their head, will turn this building over to the Young Women's Christian Association, to encourage them in their unsalaried and unselfish exertions to do good, we will guarantee the liquidation of the entire debt within the year.

We give the names (as we see them in the report) of some of these young Christians, and we ask them, in all seriousness, if they are not ashamed of themselves for their lack of zeal in God's service? We demand to know if they expect, when they get to Abraham's bosom, the welcome of "well done, good and faithful servant!" We ask them if they expect to get to Abraham's bosom at all. We warn the young Christians that they can't fool good old Father Abraham. And unless the golden pavement is fastened down, and the harps and things chained, we warn Father Abraham that if these young Christians get to heaven he had better keep them in his bosom, or they will clean heaven out of every portable thing they can get their hands on.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN MEMBERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lloyd Tevis, | George E. Roberts, | E. A. Lawrence, |
| A. J. Bryant, | W. W. Stow, | John W. Taylor, |
| Alvinza Hayward, | C. B. Harpending, | Henry Miller, |
| James L. Flood, | Alexander Badlam, | Samuel McCullough, |
| George Hearst, | Richard Berry, | Tiburcio Parrott, |
| Charles Lux, | William B. Carr, | A. H. Rutherford, |
| Mark Livingstone, | Erwin Davis, | Claus Spreckels, |
| William M. Lent, | James D. Fry, | William T. Coleman, |
| D. O. Mills, | Charles N. Fox, | M. M. Estee, |
| Mark McDonald, | George C. Gorham, | and Mr. Pickering. |

Now, if these young Christians do ever get into Abraham's bosom, there will be lively times; but we admonish them that unless they make a better showing than they do in this business they will find themselves on the other side the broad gulf, where there are weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Gov. Stanford has returned from the East thoroughly re-established in health, looking good for many years of hard labor and capable of resisting many hard knocks. Mrs. Stanford, greatly improved in health, spends the winter with her mother and sister at Albany. The Governor has added to his stud of fine thoroughbred horses a number of fliers of good blood from Kentucky, now on their way to his already large number at Menlo. He has purchased and will plant at his country seat some three hundred acres of rare trees and shrubs, gathered from all parts of the world, with a view to demonstrate what may be adapted to our California soil and climate.

It is meanly said of our good friend Dr. T., of San Rafael, who is a mighty hunter, that the shooting season is the only period in which he kills nothing.

## WHEN THE ROSES GO.

You tell me you love me; you bid me believe
That never such lover could mean to deceive.
You tell me the tale which a million times
Has been told, and talked, and sung in rhymes;
You rave o'er my "eyes" and my "beautiful hair,"
And swear to be true, as they always swear;
But the wrinkles will grow, and the roses go,
And lovers are rovers oft, you know,
When the roses go.

I have heard of a woman, sweet and fair,
With dewy lips and shining hair,
And you pledged to her, on your bended knee,
The selfsame vow you make to me.
She was fairer far than I, I know;
She was pure and true, and she loved you so;
But the wrinkles will grow, and the roses go—
How she learned that trouble comes, *you know*,
When the roses go.

You're a man in each outward sense, I trow,
With the stamp of a god on your peerless brow.
You hold my hand in your thrilling clasp,
And my heart grows weak in your subtle grasp,
Till I blush in the light of your tender eyes,
And dream of a far off paradise—
Almost forgetting that ever from there
Another was turned in her bleak despair.
But the wrinkles will grow, and the roses go—
I will answer you, love, my love, you know,
When the roses go.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879. MADGE MORRIS.

## HUMMING-BIRD HILL.

### CHAPTER I.

"Wete ye not wher stondeth a littel toun,
Which that ycleped is Bob up and doun,
Under the blee in Canterbury way."
—*Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*

Down, down sank the sun behind the purple hills of Sonoma, and up and away sprang the rose-flushes of his waning light. Across to the eastern sky they sprang, and mingled with the grey mists of twilight that gathered and grew and wrapped themselves about the hills. Then the firs seemed to shrink together, and hold out their hands to clasp each other through the lonely hours when they would be alone. Down the mountain sides numbers of the young firs had rushed, in some early dawn, seeking to escape from the awful secret whose burden Nature has laid upon their race, pausing where the sunshine burst upon them, and softly laughing, with little trembles of their branches, to think how frightened and foolish they had been, clinging fast to those sunny spots, with the social oaks and blossoming *manzanitas*. But they had grown into tall and solemn trees, and the heritage of their race was upon them. Others were down in the gorges, tossing their arms up wildly to the fading light, cowering and crowding together as the darkness crept on, and stealing fearful glances up to the mountain tops, where some leafless giants of their kind stood outlined against the sky. Paler grew the roses, and bolder the shadows creeping up to the heights in weird procession.

So it all looked to Jeanie Dalkeith, sitting, with her violin in her arms, on the tiny porch of that dot of a white cottage on the hillside. An oak spread its branches all over and around the little house, as if to keep out every evil thing; and there, among her vines and pansies, sat Jeanie with her violin—her voice, she called it. Laying her cheek against it, and closing her eyes, she drew her bow lightly across the strings—the fairies seemed to be sounding their *réveille*, and getting their orchestras into tune for the brief, delicious overture that sets all their tiny toes to tapping on their pleasure ground. A pause, another sweep of the bow, and the cry of the pines wailed out across the glen and up and down the mountains, dying deep down in the black ravines. Another pause, and then out blossomed those flowers of melody, the old, sweet Scottish songs that pierce the heart with their exquisite, quaint turns and surprises. The fairies kept motionless to listen, the night deepened, the stars brightened and flashed, the moon dropped her mellow light upon the hills, and still Jeanie drew out the sad soul of her violin.

"Here, Sis, you're too plaintive to-night. Let me take her," said Rob, drawing the violin out of her hands. "Tirr-r-rp, tir-r-rp, tir-rp; tirr-irr-rp!"

"Wake up, now, old girl, and give us something lively," said he. "'Finnigan's Wake,' ma'am," he added, tipping Jeanie a comical nod, and plunging into the tune.

The very leaves above, and their shadows on the ground, seemed to laugh and dance with the rolicking notes; and when the tune was ended, leaves, shadows, and twinkling stars seemed to draw a long breath after their laughter; and up from the glen came a little thrill of silvery melody that must have been the laughing of the fairies.

"I declare, Robbie, you are an antidote to pines!" cried Jeanie."

"There, Sis, that accounts for the fact that nobody pin 3 for me. Ah, but I'll mount my Rozinante, some day, and set out in quest of Dulcinea; and so, here goes for 'The Arkansaw Traveler'—Rig-a-jig-a-jig-jig, jig-jig-jig!"

"Bairns, it's time ye were comin' in the house!" called the tender voice that had crooned their lullabys, and hushed their baby souls to sleep with the wild music of her Gaelic songs and hymns. Broken and quavering now was the dear voice, full of shadows and plaintive hints of suffering, but still rich and grand. It was the voice of one who had lived a deep, full life, a voice that had a soul in it, and could soar away beyond age and care and loneliness, even to the portals of the life for which she longed; but then, that was not, now, so very far—she was coming near it. Sometimes she felt that she could almost touch the hands outstretched and waiting to greet her; and that night, while she sat reading her Gaelic psalm-book, turning the old, yellow pages to find the songs she loved best, she had not even heard the music of the "bairns" upon the porch. She closed the book, and laid her heavy, silver-rimmed spectacles upon it, and listened a moment, smiling, to Robbie's tune.

When they came, at her calling, she turned her rugged, homely, sweet old face with proud smiling toward little Jeanie, whose black, waving hair and pansy-grey eyes seemed to have gathered the shadows to themselves; and Rob, tall, robust, and ruddy, stooping to enter the low doorway. A sort of young David he seemed to those two women, so grand and comely.

"Mother, I shall knock my head off in that door, some day; I hope it will be when I am going out, or else it'll tumble down the hill and get lost."

"Nay, Robbie, you're no so light-headit but it'll stop at the fence."

"Then Jeanie can ride in haste for the new doctor to come and surge it on again; they say that's his best hold."

"Child, will ye never leave off this Yankee fashion o' talkin'? It gaes ill wi' yer bonnie Scottish accent."

"Oh, mother, what's the difference! The girls can keep up the dignity of the Scotch. I like this droll, unlimited way of speech; it leaves so much to a man's invention; he can fit his own words in to suit himself; and it suits this wild, free life among the hills. I knock my head against the rules of grammar oftener than against these low doors, and I like to be rid of them all."

The mother shook her head, and said seriously:

"Ah, ye stopped too long in the Redwoods."

"I'd like to know why he came back at all, since he likes it so well," said Jeanie, with a roguish smile.

"A man must pay some attention to home duties," said Rob, with a ruddier color on his cheek, and giving a nervous pull at his mustache.

"Oh, of course! Mother, what was that nursery song that Maggie used to sing to us?

'Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!
Gie the babie one.'"

"Cherries are not the only fruit in the country, Jeanie; but you never asked the news from Calistoga."

"Oh, there's no' likely to be anything great happening there," said Jeanie, contemptuously.

"Jeanie, why are ye aye thinkin' such scorn o' this bonnie land?"

"I can't help it, mother; I feel like an exile here. If I owned Napa Valley from one end of it to the other, and Sonoma County in the bargain, I could not feel at home. So it's not because we are poor, though when we had money it was a little better, for that does improve things; but I'll never cease to pine for the old dear home."

The mother's face clouded and her lip trembled; Jeanie drew the dear head down upon her shoulder.

"Mother, dear," she said, softly, "I know what you are thinking; I know it would be desolate for you there, since dear father lies buried here; and perhaps it would seem changed to me; but I feel so lonely and homesick among these mountains, their gloom oppresses me; my heart is like lead within me."

"Or like one of my Redwood biscuits, Jeanie, I know just how you feel," said Rob, laying his hand on his stomach with a ludicrous look of distress.

"Ye're just an unfeelin' wretch, Robbie," said the mother, between tears and laughter.

She understood her boy, and, besides, had seen the furtive movement with which he brushed the tears from his eyes; Rob could never endure to see people unhappy.

"Now gie us the news if ye have any."

"Which I have. Owl's Nest is sold; that's one piece. The buyer is a young bachelor from Nevada; that belongs to it. He has a few head of thoroughbred stock, some leghorns, and a game rooster that steps around the old ranch and crows defiance to hawks! He's a good-looking chap, too—I mean the buyer is, and if I were a young lady," glancing at Jeanie, "I should set my cap for him."

"Oh, yes; no doubt you'd be glad to see me settled at Owl's Nest! Cheerful place, isn't it? Owls hooting around the house, and wild cats and panthers yelling in the woods! If that young man has a game rooster that defies hawks, it's a pity he didn't take him along when he went to bargain for that place; I call it the worst case of hawk that has happened yet. I pity the poor fellow."

"'Pity is akin to love,' Sis; and in my old copy book I used to read it, 'Pity is achin' to love.'"

Jeanie conquered the smile that was struggling with her red lips; "Robert, don't be a goose!"

"No, ma'am, never, with such a snapping-turtle-dove as you are after me! But if you don't like that, there's another case; I keep my eyes and ears open for you, Sis."

"Thank you."

"Oh, don't mention it. I'll only charge you three per cent. on a small sale, and not over five on a large one; and that's better than the real estate men would do by you; for the less you make the more commission they ask; but there's nothing mean about me. Now this case is a gorgeous one; bachelor—rawther oldish, but fine style—sort of an intellectual swell—good clothes, No. 1 cigars; *and money*. You ought to see how respectful they are to him down there! And to think that he has run the gauntlet of Napa and St. Helena, does look like a special Providence, doesn't it, mother?"

"I suppose I'd better ride down to-morrow and see about it," said Jeanie, with intense sarcasm.

"Oh, never mind, Sis; we'll manage, some way. You're just as good looking a girl as there is around, and just as clever; and I should say you stand an even chance if you do live in the mountains!"

"You'd better take Rose Cherry out of my way, though."

"There noo," interposed the mother, to end their badinage, "the best thing ye can do is to tak' yersel' off to bed, Robbie, and Jeanie and me'll just do the same, and leave a' the special providence to Providence itsel'."

There being nothing to urge against such sensible advice, they were obliged to act upon it. But in spite of her high disdain, Jeanie did have a dream or two of a beautiful home in the valley—such a wonder of flower, and vine, and luscious fruit, and exquisite views, as only California can give.

### CHAPTER II.

The two new comers were each interesting in their way. Mr. Allan Dunallan was a gentleman; intelligent, cultured, traveled. He was not *blasé*. He loved, with enthusiasm, sunshine and the pure breath of the mountains; he loved the sight of mountains, near and far, range upon range of bewildering color; he loved, too, the far-reaching sweeps of valley land, dazzling with the sheen of luxuriant grain and grass, and the tropical growth of the tasseled Indian corn; he loved to come, suddenly, through rocky pass, or over barren ledge, into some silent, smiling nook ablaze with wild-flowers, or cool with trembling shadows on its golden slopes. He liked to move among a free and unconventional people, to find in every life a depth of history, a wealth of experience, to note the different ways in which people of different nationality and class adapted themselves to life in the same country, the same opportunities open to them. He liked to come, here and there, unexpectedly, upon people of rare culture like stumbling upon a precious stone in a pebble-strewn path. In a word, he loved California; and this little village in the golden hollow of the purple hills—this little village with its capabilities was, he thought, just one of California's surprises; and when, in one of his rambles, he came upon Jeanie Dalkeith, stooping over a spring cut out of the rocks, and drinking from the hollow of her little hand, he thought her another, and the most charming surprise of all.

"Ye gods! what a cup!" he cried impulsively, as Jeanie shook the sparkling drops from her fingers.

She blushed and looked confused. He gravely apologized, and kept right on talking and asking questions, till Jeanie resolutely resumed her walk.

Dunallan respectfully raised his hat, and watched her till she passed out of sight around a curve of the road.

"By George!" he exclaimed to himself, "this is a great country! What a blossom of a girl that is! I've always thought it soft to affect flower-names for women, but if you don't call that girl a pansy, you have lost the exact word to describe her. I wonder where she lives—in the mountains, of course, or she wouldn't be walking alone here; she looked like it too, bright and graceful as a young quail; and natural—no mincing village ways. How she looked at me, the shrewd little witch! She saw through my stupid questioning, of course; she could hardly keep her face straight as she answered me. I'll find that girl out yet!" Then he turned his face to the forest and walked on, vaguely shaping out a castle in the air, a kind of architecture in which he was well skilled.

"Sometime," he said to himself, "I must put these phantoms into tangible shape—why not here? It is time to build me a home, and why not in this land of 'fair women and brave men,' sit down beneath my own vine and fig tree?"

And his phantoms began to seem delightfully real.

New comer number two, Dick Stevens, was also a rolling stone, or had been thus far; yet he could hardly be called a great traveler, since he had never left his own country, and had knocked about very much according to circumstances, and with the aim of making money, or, at least, of getting a living, never purely for the sake of gaining pleasure or instruction, though he had managed to pick up a good deal of both. He had started, away back East, with "a good common school education," as the phrase goes, and having an active brain, he had improved upon that until he was a very well educated young man, with ideas of his own on all ordinary, and some extraordinary subjects. He was something of a musician, played the violin and guitar, and sang with fine taste, in a rich, pure, tenor; for among the things he had picked up was half a year of vocal lessons. He had, also, in spite of the old proverb, gathered a little moss. How he happened to settle upon poor old dilapidated Owl's Nest, was a mystery; but he liked it. He overlooked the crazy buildings, and skeleton fences, the half cleared fields, and thickets of chemisal brush.

It lay there so serene and smiling, encircled by its band of mountains; a deer was grazing on a hillside; covies of quail flew up out of the grass and away through the sunshine; sometimes a rabbit leaped across the fields to the shelter of the thick brush; a stream of water, coming down a cañon near the house, slipped down a mossy wall into a grotto arched with brake and fern, with sunlit madroños, and a fragrant pepper tree; all the rocky hill-sides that shaded the place were bright with flowers of red, and gold, and purple. Bevies of humming birds flitted through the grove of live oaks around the house, or hovered above the spring. It suited with Dick's mood; he was tired of knocking about, tired of crowds, tired of places filled with hammerings, and ringings, and bargaining, and cheating, and all the rest of it. He thought the place had capabilities, and he determined to try what he could do at developing them. So he bought Owl's Nest, and the first improvement he made was to change the name to Humming-bird Hill.

Then he built snug stables and chicken houses, thoroughly delighting in the ingenious planning and the satisfactory results; for, as his man Jerry said, "he had a mechanical eye on him." Then the fences were repaired and new ones built.

"Now, Jerry," said Dick, "I think we may pitch into that house and knock out a little gloom, and a few other things."

"Wal," said Jerry, with the slow speech and decided tone of one who is accustomed to being listened to, "ye're the boss of yer own ranch; but, ef I was you, I wouldn't bother with no house yit awhile; there'll be time enough for that arter the rain's sot in. Now, thar's that thar field plumb full of stumps and roots; my way'd be to tackle that—chop down them trees and cut 'em up, 'n then, when the ground gits m'istened up a little, grub 'm out and git ready fer plowin'. You ain't no woman, boss, to be skeered of a few spiders and bats, 'n sech. The mountings ain't no place fer to put on frills in, 'n I guess you've camped round 'nough to find that out fer yerself, ain't ye?"

"I guess you're right, Jerry; I'll take your advice anyway."

So they chopped, and sawed, and split up the wood, and every night went to bed "busted," as Jerry said, with his hands on his back. In this way Dick had no time for making acquaintance with the neighbors, who were also busily at work. Rob Dalkeith had paid him a visit or two on Sundays, and he had returned them; but Jeanie had been at her sister's.

The last days of October were passing; the earth was parched and dusty; November came, and with it the blessed gift of rain, down-dropping, slow and gentle as a mother's kiss on her baby's sleep-closed eyes.

The air became soft and balmy, like that of an Eastern spring; the streams gushed anew; and in Fern Cañon, as Dick had named it, the water that had been trickling, drop by drop, down a dirty little channel, and growing red and pungent in its basin with the dead madroño leaves that gathered there, now came in a shining veil over the yellow mosses and long, dejected grass that sprang up, full of fresh and graceful life; the great gray bowlder at the side, all

patched with gold and brown, and clasped and held by a red madroño root, had all its sad-colored lichens wet and glistening with spray; and under its shadow, in the pure water of the little pool, the frogs sang their songs of content. The old dead leaves, and grass, and broken fern—all the debris of the summer's moving-time—was swept down the hills and away. The mountains were veiled in tender gloom; their purple depths of shade were inexpressibly soothing to eyes long wearied by the summer sun.

Plenty of time then for visiting, and for arranging the house. Bats, and spiders, and yellow-jackets fell before Dick's "besom of destruction;" shelves and cupboards sprang up in all available places, and a big window was put in the south end of the sitting-room.

Jeanie—for they had met at last—gave Dick some of her blossoming roses and geraniums, and pretty vines, and a basketful of dainty, trailing things, with a tuft of pink shamrock set in their midst. These made of the south window a glorious place in the little house; and between that and the window to the east Dick had his books, his violin and guitar—his "gay-tar," Jerry called it. A few bright pictures hung on the rough brown boards; and then there was the great fireplace, built of rough stones—there they heaped up the logs and roots, and reveled in their glowing, cavernous depths and weird images.

"What do you think of it, Jerry, anyway?" said Dick.

"Wal, boss, it's pooty high-toned fer the mountings; but I 'low it's ahead of anythin' 'round these diggin's. Why, durn it, it looks almost as if a woman had been a fixin' it up. I reckon it does a man good to hev suthin' pooty and kind o' high-toned when he sets down in the house; he gits into a fash'n of takin' better care of himself—gits a sort of a hankerin' after clean things, and cleanness is next door to godliness. I don't know's I've got that off right, boss—I ain't much on Scripter—but I guess ye know what I'm drivin' at. Now, I couldn't no more set, 'n cuss 'n swar afore that thar winder, with them posies a lookin' at me, 'n I could ef a young gal sot there a listenin'. Ef I'm ever converted," said Jerry, musingly, "I reckon it'll be by some sech preachin' as that."

A great friendship sprang up in those days between Rob and Dick—a love like that of Jonathan and David—and most of their leisure time was spent together.

"What do you do over there, anyway?" said Jeanie.

"Oh," answered Rob, "we fiddle, and dance, and sing, and gamble"—

"Robert, you don't?"

"Jean, we do. Why, the other night, I won Dick's six-horse coach, and pearl-mounted harness; but then, I've lost my valley ranch since that, and my gold-headed snuff-box—that's the kind of gambling we do."

"Goose! go on," said laughing Jeanie.

"Well, then, we read, that is, Dick reads aloud; and Jerry is the darndest old feller," laughed Rob; "he spins the awfulest yarns you ever heard in your life; and we pretend to believe 'em, and cross-question him like two Frisco lawyers; then Dick sends him out, on some excuse, or we skin out ourselves, and laugh till we're sick. Fact is, Jeanie, it's the jolliest place you ever went to."

"Went at, you mean," said Jeanie, with a sharp glance.

"Well, went at, then," answered Rob, defiantly, "and Dick Stevens is a blamed sight more of a man than that old spoon that comes up here and reads What-d'ye-call-him-son!"

"Tenny."

"Well, then, old Tennyson; I never heard such soft stuff; it's enough to make a calf sick."

"So I see."

"Jean, I don't know what you mean by always turning up your nose at Dick Stevens; don't he look like a gentleman? And he's just as manly and pure-hearted as any of those Gallyhads or Ballyhacks, or whoever they are, that Dunallan spouts about; and don't you know, Jeanie," said Rob, dropping his excited tone to one of tender anxiety, "don't you know, Jeanie, that he worships the ground you walk on."

"Why, he can have it for all me," said Jeanie, seriously. "I'll give him my interest in this ranch, any day."

"O sis, *don't* take a fellow up so, and do talk seriously; and tell me, Jeanie dear, are you going to marry that old —"

"Robbie!"

"Well, then, that antique Tennysonian party, the honorable member from Calistoga; are you going to marry him?"

Jeanie looked out of the window at the darkened landscape; the mountains seemed to rise up like walls between her and life; she saw no beauty, only gloom and despair; her face was clouded, and she answered Rabbie seriously enough.

"Robbie, why not? You heard him telling what a lovely house he is going to build; wouldn't you like to see me living in it, with plenty of leisure and money to do or buy any beautiful thing I want. Think of our dear old mother set down once more in the midst of ease and plenty, with nothing to do but fold her darling old hands in her lap and rest! And think, too, what a beautiful start in life he could give you."

"Oh, yes, you bet! It would give me a bustin' start in life to see you married to old Dunallan, and Dick Stevens breaking his heart after you. Jean, I tell you it makes me feel—fiendish! And you needn't preach up mother holding her hands in her lap. I guess Dick and I could manage to give her as easy a life as she wants. I'm going to make some money yet, myself, and I don't want any help from old Dunallan, either. 'I'd like to bust his snoot,' as Jerry says."

"Robert Dalkeith, you are perfectly outrageous! Aren't you ashamed to use such language! And don't you ever again open your lips to me about your Dick Stevens; now mind that!"

And Jeanie flounced out of the room to her own little bedroom, where she sat and rocked herself, and laughed till she cried. When she reappeared, with very red eyes and severe countenance—the sly puss!—Rob was on his best behavior, and using his best English; he was, in his heart, trembling to think that he had perhaps ruined Dick's cause by his violence.

"Oh, dear," he sighed, "you never can tell how to joke 'em! What's meat one minute appears to be poison the next. If I can't understand my own sister, how can I expect to understand anybody else's, that's the question. I guess I'll go and be a nun."

Rob could never be serious long at a time.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## A LADY AND A RUFFIAN.

A Colorado Sketch.

From *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, by that famous horsewoman, Miss Isabella Bird, we extract the following account of her meeting with the no less famous Colorado desperado, Rocky Mountain Jim. Her party were making the ascent of the mountains about Estes Park. After cantering across six miles of prairie they reached the beautiful cañon of the St. Vrain. Its ripples danced brightly in the glittering sunshine, and the musical murmur of the water reminded her of the streams of Hawaii. There were wonderful ascents, over which she was obliged to lead her horse. The wild, fantastic views on every side formed a continual succession of surprises. The air grew keener and purer with every step. The sense of loneliness was intense. A tremendous ascent among rocks and pines to a height of 9,000 feet led to a passage seven feet wide through a wall of rock, with an abrupt descent of 2,000 feet and a yet higher ascent beyond. Wall beyond wall of similar construction, and range above range, rose into the blue sky. Deer, bighorn, and elk come here in the early morning to feed, while the Rocky Mountain lion, the grizzly bear, and the treacherous wolf prowl around at night. Entering a long gulch with broad swellings of grass belted with pines, our horsewoman makes a strange acquaintance of whom we hear a great deal in the subsequent course of the narrative.

"A very pretty mare, hobbled, was feeding; a collie dog barked at us, and among the scrub, not far from the track, there was a rude, black log cabin, as rough as it could be to be a shelter at all, with smoke coming out of the roof and window. We diverged toward it; it mattered not that it was the home, or rather den, of a notorious 'ruffian' and 'desperado.' One of my companions had disappeared hours before; the remaining one was a town-bred youth. I longed to speak to some one who loved the mountains. I called the hut a den—it looked like the den of a wild beast. The big dog lay outside, in a threatening attitude, and growled. The mud roof was covered with lynx, beaver, and other furs, laid out to dry; beaver paws were pinned out on the logs, a part of the carcass of a deer hung at one end of the cabin, a skinned beaver lay in front of a heap of peltry, just within the door, and antlers of deer, old horse-shoes, and offal of many animals lay about the den. Roused by the growling of the dog, his owner came out—a broad, thickset man, about the middle height, with an old cap on his head, and wearing a gray hunting suit, much the worse for wear (almost falling to pieces, in fact), a digger's scarf knotted around his waist, a knife in his belt, and a 'bosom friend' (a revolver) sticking out of the breast-pocket of his coat; his feet, which were very small, were bare, except for some dilapidated moccasins, made of horse-hide. The marvel was how his clothes hung together and on him. The scarf round his waist must have had something to do with it. His face was remarkable. He is a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. He has large gray-blue eyes, deeply set with well-marked eyebrows, a handsome aquiline nose, and a very handsome mouth. His face was smoothly shaven, except for a dense mustache and imperial. Tawny hair, in thin, uncared-for curls, fell from under his hunter's cap and over his collar. One eye was entirely gone, and the loss made one side of the face repulsive, while the other might have been modeled in marble. 'Desperado' was written in large letters all over him. I almost repented of having sought his acquaintance. His first impulse was to swear at the dog, but on seeing a lady he contented himself with kicking him, and, coming up to me, he raised his cap, showing as he did so a magnificently formed brow and head, and, in a cultured tone of voice, asked if there was anything he could do for me? I asked for some water, and he brought some in a battered tin, gracefully apologizing for not having anything more presentable. We entered into conversation, and as he spoke I forgot both his reputation and appearance, for his manner was that of a chivalrous gentleman, his accent refined, and his language easy and elegant. I inquired about some beavers' paws which were drying, and in a moment they hung on the horn of my saddle. Apropos of the wild animals of the region, he told me that the loss of his eye was owing to a recent encounter with a grizzly bear, which, after giving him a death hug, tearing him all over, breaking his arm, and scratching out his eye, had left him for dead. As we rode away—for the sun was sinking—he said, courteously, 'You are not an American. I know from your voice that you are a countryman of mine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you!' This man, known through the Territories, and beyond them, as 'Rocky Mountain Jim,' or, more briefly, as 'Mountain Jim,' is one of the famous scouts of the plains, and is the original of some daring portraits in fiction concerning Indian frontier warfare. So far as I have at present heard, he is a man for whom there is now no room, for the time for blows and blood in this part of Colorado is past; and the fame of many daring exploits is sullied by crimes which are not easily forgiven here. He now has a 'squatter's claim,' but makes his living as a trapper, and is a complete child of the mountains. Of his genius and chivalry to women there does not appear to be any doubt; but he is a desperate character, and is subject to 'ugly fits,' when people think it best to avoid him. It is here regarded as an evil that he has located himself at the mouth of the only entrance to the park, for he is dangerous with his pistols, and it would be safer if he were not here. His besetting sin is indicated in the verdict pronounced on him by my host: 'When he's sober, Jim's a perfect gentleman; but when he's had liquor he's the most awful ruffian in Colorado.'"

The notices of this famous desperado, with whom she was so oddly thrown into company, are among the most peculiar and the most interesting portions of this very peculiar and interesting volume. His father, it seems, was a British officer quartered at Montreal, of a good old Irish family. From his own account he was an ungovernable boy, imperfectly educated, and tyrannizing over a loving but weak mother. When seventeen years old he fell madly in love with a beautiful young girl whom he saw in church, though he had seen her but only three times, and scarcely spoken to her. His mother treated his wish as a boyish folly, and, in order to spite her he took to drink. The girl died within a year, and in his wild grief he ran away from home, entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, after several years, left it because he found even that lawless life too strict for him. He then entered the service of the United States Government, became one of the famous Indian scouts of the plains, and soon distinguished himself by the most daring deeds and bloodiest crimes. He became known through all the West for his proneness to take offense and his readiness with the revolver. He was implicated in all the scenes of violence and blood which were committed in that lawless region. He He was splendidly handsome, and always chivalrous to good women. He described himself as riding through camps in his scout's dress with a red scarf around his waist and a profusion of long curls hanging over his shoulders. When he had got hold of money he would go to Denver, spending large sums in the wildest dissipation, and making himself a terror to everybody. After the money was all gone he would go back to his mountain den, full of hatred and self-scorn till the next time. On one occasion he said to the writer, "You see a man who has made a devil of himself. Lost! lost! lost! I believe in God, and I have given Him no choice but to put me with the devil and his angels. I'm afraid to die. You've stirred the better nature in me too late. I can't change." The impression he made upon the writer was that of a man of great ability, real genius, and with certain remains of gentlemanly instincts. "Mountain Jim" was finally shot a few months after within a mile or two of his cabin, and it was not until after his death that his worst qualities became known to the writer.

## FRENCH BONBONS.

M. de Z., who has prefixed the particle of aristocracy to a peculiarly plebeian name, is telling a story concerning a hunting party to some of his friends.

"There were twenty-two of us in all," he says, "all of us of noble birth except my father."

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Newspaper enterprise with a vengeance:

"All is quiet at ——, to which spot we have, at great expense and with our usual enterprise, dispatched a special commissioner. Should nothing happen our readers will be the first to be aware of the fact."

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A painter who has been spending a few weeks in the country, sketching, returns to town, and, as in duty bound, pays a visit to two old ladies who have patronized him and helped him along.

"I assure you," he says, earnestly, "that this is the very first visit I have made since my return—you are the first people I came to see."

"How very good of you! We are quite flattered!" say the old ladies.

"Yes," resumes the artist; "of course I called round on some of the boys and some jolly folks, you know, but this is the first visit I have made out of pure politeness!"

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King Dagobert having declared war upon a neighboring potentate, sends for his Minister of War.

"I shall command the army in person," he says; "but of course I want a chief of staff—a sort of Moltke, you know, to attend to details. Whom would you advise me to select?"

"Well, your Majesty, General X. is just the man for the place."

"Ah! Is he lucky?"

"No, sire; but when any one has got an army into a beastly mess, he shows an almost superhuman talent in extricating its few bleeding fragments. He's your man!"

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An eminent financier, feeling his end approach, sends for his spiritual adviser, and confesses to him that he has been guilty of many sins of commission and of emission.

"Of omission, you mean," says the clergyman.

"No, of emission—emitting watered stocks and bogus California gold-mining company shares for the lambs to browze on—that's what I mean."

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A young lady visits her milliner to order a new hat, and the artist shows her some startling and attractive combinations, none of which, however, suit the lady, who says: "I want something more simple than that—something in better taste."

*Milliner* (with a haughty sneer)—"Oh, you want something to wear when you are out walking with your husband. Here, Jane (to youngest apprentice), show this person something cheap and virtuous."

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"I do not fear death," said the good man, who had been given over by the physicians; "I do not fear death, but I think heaven might have arranged matters a little differently. I would prefer for my part to have my soul committed to the dust and my body immortal."

So say we all of us.

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"Where have you been so long?. What's been keeping you?"

"Oh, I've been up at the Chamber listening to the debates. X. spoke. Wonderful speaker, X.; great orator!"

"Oh, bosh! He's an ungrammatical ranter—he doesn't even know how to speak French."

"That makes no difference."

"What? That makes no difference?"

"No, of course not. There was Cicero. He couldn't speak a word of French, and yet he was a great orator!"

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*A propos* of the charge that the appropriation of five million francs for the relief of the poor had been used for purposes of political corruption. Scene—Ante-chamber of Relief Bureau:

*Sufferer*—I want to see the superintendent charged with relieving the sufferings of the destitute.

*Clerk*—You can't; you've got no letter of introduction from the chairman of the District Committee.

*Sufferer*—But mine is a very urgent case. I haven't tasted food for forty-eight hours.

*Clerk*—I can't help that.

*Sufferer*—Here, my friend (slips a louis into his hand).

*Clerk*—Oh, if you're in such absolute destitution [illegible] (shows him in).

## ADA VEN'S BUDGET.

San Francisco, December 24, 1879.

My Dear Helen:—When you receive this letter the holidays will have begun, and you, doubtless, be circling in a perfect vortex of pleasure. [We did not circle.—Ed. Argonaut.] I must say I envy you, as there promises to be less gayety here than I have ever known before at this season. I can think of no satisfactory reason by which to account for the prospective dullness, unless it arises from the fact that after years of continuous party-giving, Mrs. Haggin and Mrs. Tevis have ceased to bear the brunt of that style of entertainment, and left a void not easily filled. There are few of us who can not recall some pleasing remembrance of these receptions, which, though so often repeated, were unvarying in points of elegance and exclusiveness. Miss Rita Haggin, the only unmarried daughter in either of the two families, is spending the winter in New York with her sister, Mrs. Lounsbury.

Captain and Mrs. Floyd have recently returned from their country place at Clear Lake, where they have a handsome residence, located in a most picturesque spot near the banks of the lake, upon whose waters the Captain can indulge his nautical tastes. Mrs. Salisbury has returned from Washington, and intends to establish herself permanently in San Francisco. This will give great pleasure to a large circle of relatives and friends; her brilliant conversation has been a feature at many a social gathering in days past. Miss Mary Meares, the handsome daughter of Dr. Meares, will soon break up housekeeping preparatory to leaving town for a stay of two months. The fancy ball, which I wrote you was to take place at Dr. Gwin's, has been postponed, I presume on account of the extreme illness of a lady closely connected with the family. I had spent sleepless nights in trying to decide upon some strikingly elegant dress, in which I hoped to create a sensation. My first choice was a Greek costume; but I had to resign that idea, when I accidentally caught a glimpse of my reflected profile; and then, alas! I knew that the fates had not intended me to personate anything in the classic line, there being no concinnity, temporal or eternal, between my "tip-tilted" feature and any model of ancient or modern times. At the "Author's Carnival," held here a month or so ago, I was greatly amused at the incongruity which I observed between many of the costumes and those that wore them.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Eyre gave her daughter, Miss Belle, a "German," prior to her departure for the East. It was a brilliant affair, rendered peculiarly enjoyable by the fact that it was limited to about twenty couples, all of whom took part in the "German"—that "mighty maze, but not without a plan." The favors were tasteful and novel, and lavishly distributed among the dancers. Chaperones seemed in some happy manner to be placed in a state of unwonted suppression—the few present not participating, except as lookers-on. In this capacity, however, there was much pleasure to be derived from seeing so much youth and beauty as they gracefully glided by. The "German" was led by Miss Eyre and Mr. Horace Platt. My memory does not not prove sufficiently retentive to designate the partners of each young lady. Probably you would like to hear the names of those who took part in this beautiful dance, and, as far as I can, I will gratify you. They were Miss Mizner, Miss Thompson, Miss Edith McAllister—we missed Miss Marion; she was probably other-Wise engaged—Miss Alberta Johnston, daughter of General A. S. Johnston, a young lady who made her début this winter, Miss Rebecca McMullin, Miss Marshall, Miss Pugh, Miss Porter, Miss Fall, Miss Hyde, Miss Crocker, and the Misses Browne. Among your gentlemen friends, I observed the quadrilateral, who have recently changed their quarters from Harrison Street to Post—I wonder if there are any especial attractions in that neighborhood for the urbane Sheldon, the solid and majestic Twiggs, the dashing Pinkard, and the lively tenor, whose name you can guess. Mr. Langhorne was there, looking smiling and innocent as a cherub; I saw Mr. Bayard Smith, threading his way with wonderfull skill through the mazes of the dance; Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Anderson were the representatives of the army. I must now close, as Christmas and its home pleasures have put an end to outside gayeties.

Ada Ven.

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A Sacramento correspondent sends us the following brief account of what appears to be an intelligent and pleasant organization of a kind of which this State has not too many. Any effort to soften the asperities of our too hard and practical life, and mitigate the crudeness of our imperfect civilization and culture, is deserving of encouragement and success: "That you may understand of what the Bric-à-Brac Club consists, we must take you back to last winter, to a cozy little nook called "The Studio," on O Street, owned by three bachelors. Here assembled one evening a number of artists, interested in the advancement and culture of art. The result was the formation of the club, now known in Sacramento as the Bric-à-Brac Club, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Robert Beck; Treasurer, C. M. Prodger; Secretary, Nettie B. Seeley. This club meets twice a month, and has added to the art basis the musical and literary people of the city. The first exhibition was given at the residence of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, in June, at which were present some three hundred invited guests. There were over two hundred works of art exhibited, and a fine literary and musical programme rendered.

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A Roman Catholic journal published in this section has an article on the piety—meaning Catholicism, of course—of great generals, and declares that religious principles—signifying those of the Vatican—and valor are twin brothers, and always go hand in hand. It mentions Prince Eugene of Savoy, Marshal Radetzky, Marshal Pelissier, James Shields, and Pierre Beauregard as devout Christians—that is, as men who carried rosaries with them, and who implicitly obeyed their priests. The list of zealous Catholic captains might have been greatly extended. There was Cæsar Borgia; he was treachery itself—a betrayer of women, a poisoner, a robber, an assassin, a monster of evil; but he was a sound Catholic, the son of a Pope equally infamous with himself, a supreme scoundrel, who never doubted any dogma of the church, and never failed to violate every moral law. Marshal Tilly, who had been educated by the Jesuits and had imbibed their principles, was noted for his cruelty in the field and his devotion to the Catholic cause. He allowed his infuriated soldiers to sack Magdeburg; the city was reduced to ashes, and thirty thousand of the inhabitants—men, women, and children—were slaughtered. Charles V. was so pronounced a bigot that he turned monk, without losing his interest in politics, in his later days, and alternated his bigotry with persecutions, rapine, and wasting wars. The Duke of Alva was a military butcher on a colossal scale; by his orders thousands of men were tortured to death, hosts of women violated, unborn infants ripped from the maternal womb. He boasted that in six years he had caused the execution of eighteen thousand persons; but his hideous barbarities were approved by the Holy (?) See; he was a most exemplary son of the church, and breathed his last in the odor of Roman sanctity. Any number of generals might be cited who have been conspicuous at once for revolting cruelty and most exemplary Catholicism. Our contemporary might have added, in reference to past history, that, in many instances, the principles of Rome and lack of almost every other principle have gone hand in hand.—*New York Times.*

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The reported discovery of truffles in the woods about San Rafael—we do not know if they have been found elsewhere in this State—reminds us that this divine delicacy has a history. According to a French author, who has studied the history of the queen of vegetables, the truffle had become a favorite dish in Egypt long before the time of Moses, and the proof of this is to be found in certain legends which tell of a grand feast made to celebrate the birth of the infant legislator. It appears that the *menu* of this royal banquet has been preserved, first by means of oral tradition, and then by patriotic annalists, down to the present day, and that the tubercle in question figures amongst the dishes in a very honorable place. It must not, however, be supposed that the truffles set before Pharaoh at all resembled the stunted and diminutive products of our time. Unless some strange mistake has been made in the figures, the weight of those which the chief butler handed round, or rather carved, was sometimes not less than seventy pounds, and it must have been a serious and arduous question what was the best method of cooking such a monstrous delicacy. We must descend to the time of Pericles and cross over to the land of Cecrops before we can learn anything certain as to the style of cooking adopted by the ancients. But it is known that the Athenian cooks used to cover the truffle with ashes, and so slowly prepare it for the table, upon which it was served in due course, with a sauce of Chian wine. The Romans invented the more modern use of cutting into slices before subjecting it to the attentions of Vulcan and the manipulations of the head cook. It would take long to mention the great men who, within the past few centuries, have been devoted to truffles, and who have exhausted their ingenuity in devising new uses for them. It is in France, however, where its flavor is most highly appreciated, and, indeed, is considered essential toward the proper preparation of white poultry and game. The Hôtel St. Florentin was, moreover, the one house in Paris which was specially famous for its truffles, as may be understood by consulting the diaries of the royal and distinguished personages who visited the Capital in 1815. The root which is so precious has been very lavishly bestowed by nature upon almost every part of France, where the woods are seldom without subterranean treasures of this sort, ready to be rifled by the aid of the truffle-pigs or truffle-dogs.

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Says the Boston correspondent of the Detroit *Post:* "I read somewhere lately a futile attempt at a definition of the word 'fashion.' It is an impossible task to put it in words, but we see it in facts every day of our lives. But when has such a striking illustration of it been shown in any twelvemonth as during that just past? One short year ago women wore the sheath-like costume, trimmed all over in patchwork style, with long, close fitting basques, and not a sail about the whole craft that was not tightly furled. And now—but let me describe a beautiful lady who rode up town in a horse-car opposite to me the other day. She was tall and graceful, and a blonde. The skirt of her dress was of fine, soft, gray corduroy, with silvery gleams in it. It was perfectly plain, without a sign of trimming of any sort, and was hemmed at the bottom, instead of being braided. There was an overdress of some black material, in points at the sides, and bunched up drapery behind, but it only showed when she rose to leave the car. As she sat, only the plain gray skirt was seen below the black silk mantle, trimmed with rich fringe. She wore a broad-brimmed black felt hat, set back on the head enough to show the light hair parted on the forehead, and waved away from the face in the style of five years ago, and trimmed with a long black ostrich plume, drooping over the right side of the hat brim its entire length, and the end curling upon the looped braids of black hair. Long-wristed gloves of black, undressed kid, and the tiniest of diamond studs in her ears, completed this simple costume. But, beneath it was worn an unquestionable, undeniable hoop skirt! Now, what are we to believe in this matter? One authority says positively that hoops are not going to be worn. Another, just as reliable, says they are, and not so slowly either, being adopted by fashionable ladies on both sides of the Atlantic. Certainly the revival of plain skirts would give some color to the latter statement, for untrimmed dresses are not apt to "hang" very well unaided. But there is time enough. One need not hasten to adopt such an innovation in dress, and especially those who remember by experience the last reign of that despotic monarch, the hoop skirt, will not be too ready to bend the knee to his yoke a second time."

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Charles Sumner was sitting at his desk in the Senate, writing, as Preston Brooks came up behind him and beat him over the head with a gutta-percha cane. "The blood covered the head of the Senator," says Doorkeeper Bassett, through the *Times*, of Chicago, "and he became senseless. I assisted him into the cloak-room. The cane was smashed to pieces, and I have a piece yet in my possession. I read some years ago an account of the presentation of this cane to an historical society in one of the Southern States. The pieces have grown together again, I suppose."

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A dentist's sign—Drawing, music, and dancing.

## A QUEEN IN EXILE.

The following dramatic passage is translated from Daudet's new novel, *Les Rois en Exile:* "Christian gradually falls lower and lower; he finds his companionship among doubtful characters, and involves himself in financial difficulties which only the noble generosity of an old General, whom he had once driven from his kingdom, prevents from reducing him to abject poverty. He sells the decoration, which had hitherto been the pride of great nobles, and the 'cross of Illyria' becomes the property of any bourgeois who is able to pay the price. Frédérique protests, threatens, pleads—all in vain. At length the Dalmatian assembly announces that if Christian will abjure his claim to the throne, his estates will be made over into his control. After some hesitation he signs the document, but is discovered by the queen in the very act. Then follows a scene of great dramatic effect. To the remonstrances of Frédérique the king turns a deaf ear. She hastens from the room and returns leading the little Léopold.

"Frédérique, without a word dragged the child to the feet of Christian I., and suddenly kneeling, placed him before her, clasping his little hands in her own. 'The king will not listen to me; perhaps he will listen to you, Zara. Come, say after me: My father.' The timid voice repeated: 'My father—my father—my king, I conjure you—do not rob your child, do not take from him the crown which he should one day wear. Remember that it is not yours alone; that it comes from above; that it comes from God, who for six hundred years has given it into the care of the house of Illyria. God wills that I be king, father; it is my heritage, my own; you have no right to take it away from me.' The little prince accompanied the eager murmur with the imploring glances of one at prayer; but Christian turned away his head, shrugged his shoulders, and raging, although seemingly calm, muttered between his teeth: 'Wildness—unseemly—turn the child's head.' Then he walked to the door. With one bound the queen stood before him, glanced at the table, which no longer held the parchment, and knew, with a blush of shame, that the act of infamy had been signed: 'Christian!' He continued to advance. She stepped forward as if to follow, then suddenly exclaimed: 'Very well, so be it.' He paused, and beheld her upright before the open window, her feet upon the narrow stone coping, one arm clasping her child, and the other uplifted in menace toward the departing figure of the king. The moonlight streamed in over the group.

"'To the king of the opera, the queen of the tragedy!' she said, in a grave and terrible voice, 'Burn instantly what you have just signed, take oath upon the cross that you will never attempt such a deed—or your race is ended, broken. Your wife and child there—below upon the pavement.' And in her words, her lovely form leaning out into space, there was such determination that the terrified king sprang forward to hold her back: 'Frédérique!' At his father's cry, and the trembling of the arm which upheld him, the child—even then without the window—thought that all was over and that they were to die. He had not a word, nor a murmur, since he was to depart in his mother's embrace. He simply clasped his little hands upon the queen's neck, and turning his head toward her flowing hair, closed his beautiful eyes in dread of the fall. Christian resisted no further. The resignation, the courage of the infant king, who already comprehended his future *rôle* so well, even to die!—his heart was beating rapidly. He threw the document, which he held upon the table, and sank sobbing into a chair. Frédérique, still defiant, read it through from the first line to the signature, then held it to a candle burning it to her fingers, cast the blackened fragments upon the table, and went away to place her son in bed—her son who already slept in his heroic attitude of a suicide."

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### A Merry Christmas.

To the Editor of the Argonaut:—I want Christmas abolished in this country, and I want you to abolish it. It is not of native growth and spontaneous observance. The whole business has been grafted on American life by English parsons and authors, of whom Dickens was the chiefest sinner. In England the social as well as the religious rites of the day are well enough, for there they are a legitimate and healthy "survival" of a spirit far enough removed in point of time, it is true, but closely related in sentiment to the hearts and homes of the present generation. Here the thing is something of a sham—a funereal observance (with crocodile tears and "whatever is necessary") of "a day that is dead," minus its "tender grace." We perform its duties, memorized from English books, in a half-hearted and perfunctory way, secretly wishing the whole thing at the Old Harry, and openly glad when it is all over. There is nothing genuine about it. The "sentiments appropriate to the day" have all a false ring, and are in truth counterfeit. The day is associated with the barbarous custom of present-giving, present-taking, and present-expecting; with solemn family dinners, hollow civilities, and meaningless salutations; with the deception of children and downright lying; with mawkish editorials in the newspapers, warmed over from last year; with mental distraction relieved by flashes of physical prostration. Christmas, as observed in this country, leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and as a relaxation is not noticeably superior to a shuddering drunk. I have experimented with both, and I prefer the drunk. Ambrose Bierce.

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Mr. Edwin Arnold writes in rapture with Buddhism and Buddha. He sums up Buddha's "Five Rules" elegantly as follows:

> Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
> The meanest thing upon its upward way.
>
> Give freely and receive, but take from none
> By greed, or force, or fraud, what is its own.
>
> Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
> Truth is the speech of inward purity.
>
> Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
> Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.
>
> Touch not thy neighbor's wife; neither commit
> Sins of the flesh, unlawful or unfit.

These rules seem to us at least half as good as the Hebrew Decalogue. The wicked would say twice as good.

## FRESH FROM ARIZONY.

Some Account of a Typical "Character."

It's thirty years ago, if it's a day, since the last time I saw Boley Hatton, until a few days ago, when he came to town, fresh from Arizona. He had, in some way, learned of my whereabouts, hunted me up, and was glad to talk about our boyhood together, and everything else that he cold think of. To use his own language, he's "a talker from Talktown."

Boley and I were schoolmates for a little while, away out yonder in the Blue Grass region of old Kentucky, when we were "chuncs of chaps," as he so forcibly puts it; and while he was considered rather a bright and witty fellow, he was as wild as a hawk—didn't take to letters, and hated the rule of three, and especially the rule of a pedagogue; but he loved nature's great book. In the woods, with dogs and a gun, he was happy and at home. He had been sent to our school—Bath Seminary—from Rowan County, in the mountains, by his uncle, his nearest of kin; and he lived with my uncle, and so did I. Even as a boy he was so full of generosity, kindness, manliness, courage, fidelity, and friendship that, despite his ignorance of the ways of the world and his indifferance to an education, I was fond of him, admired him, and wished that I were like him—if all the world would be, too—and, lad as I was, I cried when he told me, one morning early in autumn, when the school term for the season had only been open a few weeks, that he had "hired out" to Colonel Trumbo to go to the mountains and herd bogs while they were feeding on mast.

"Blame books!" he exclaimed; "there ain't nuthin' in 'em for me. I am a born pherlosopher—I think that's what you call it—and I'm a goin' to hunt for happiness whar it's hid for me. You stay here, and some of these days you'll be a jedge, or a jailer, or a schoolmaster, maybe a Congressman er sumpen o' that sort. 'Taint in the books for me, and I'm goin' whar the b'ars an' deers and wild turkeys lives; but I'll be a voter all the same, soon's I'm old enough; and when you come out for Congress you can count on Boley Hatton for one vote all the time. Goodbye"—and he shook hands with me and was gone.

He was right. He knew himself and his nature, and has always been happy. He follows his inclinations; and, having no vicious ones, he has always been happy.

I heard of him often afterward. He lived in the mountains. He was a backwoodsman by nature. When the war raged he was a scout and outrider for the Confederates, under Humphrey Marshall, in Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia. Then he went to Texas; drifted through New Mexico into Arizona, and there he has been living for years, trading with the Indians, making friends of them, and actually getting rich. A passing fancy prompted him to visit civilization, and he came to San Francisco. Two weeks satisfied him, and he has gone back to Mother Nature again. While here he found me out, and, once every day, dropped into my office, puffing and blowing, to tell me of the sights he had seen in San Francisco; and then he would suddenly rush out to see more of them. To say that I was always glad to see him but feebly expresses it. He was innocence in buckskin; and this is the way he rattled on the last time he came:

"Andy Toy is up to everything in town, ain't he? This mornin' him an' me was walkin' up town together, and down here whar the Lawd knows how many of these here town pikes run in together, and I was mighty suspicious of gittin' run over by the kyarts and waggins an' sich, we come to a sort of a monument. Andy jist yanked a sorter of a door knob on the think, and, blast my pictur, if he didn't pull a stream of water right outen a sorter of a brass bar's mouth; an' he drunk it, too! I didn't take any. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I don't want no water outen a bar's innards, even if it's only a iron one. Andy was tryin' to tell me as how it war all right, but jist at that time one of these here hoss kyars came along and I jumped in, tellin' him I was goin' to ride in one of them things, if it took a leg, and show myself off along the road. We rid a piece, an' pooty soon a feller with a cap on, with some figgers on it, came along. Andy give him a bit, an' don't you think the blasted critter pulled up one of these here little old Allen revolver-looking sort of things and was about cockin' the dratted thing in my face? But he wasn't quick enough. I had my navy kiverin' his right eye before he could er said 'Gosh' if he'd a had his mouth open for a starter, and I told him that he couldn't get the drap on me. He looked sorter 'stonished, but just as cool as a north wind. He said he only wanted to punch my ticket. Well, seein' as I didn't have no ticket, I told him he couldn't punch one side er me, and I was jist goin' to reach for him. But Andy kep a laughin' like a durn fool, and pulled me outen the kyar, sayin' that was the place to git off. 'Tween you and me, blamed if I don't think that Andy is weak'nin'.

"Well, I don't see nuthin' so cussed funny in it. What the devil are you laughin' about?

"Down here toads the wharf, yisterday, I picked up a little bag full of coin. Thar wuz a nice lookin' feller standin' close by, and he stepped up to me and said that he'd seed an old woman drop it. And thar she wuz, show-nuff, amblin' along down the street. He said he'd take it to her, and I give it to him. He struck out after her, runnin' like a kiote, and jist as she turned a cornder he tuck through an alley. He was takin' a nigh shute, I reckon. Pooty nice young man, wasn't he? Onist as a sore toe.

"I'm a livin' down here at a place they call St. David's. Andy took me thar. He said it was named after old David in the bible, and that suited me; kase, somehow or nuther, I allers liked that old man—that is what I've know'd of him. A man that could dance, and play a Jew's-harp, and hold a king hand all at the same time allers struck me as bein' a good un. Well, I was standin' in front of St. David's one evenin', and I heerd an awful yell fum a woman, jist over the way. It made my har stand on eend; and, while I was thinking what to do about it, there came a lot more of them yells, jist like the woman was in powerful distress. Human natur couldn't stand it no longer. Leastways my human natur couldn't; so I split across the street and up a par of stairs, and dove into a room whar the noise was a comin' from, and thar sat a nice young woman at a pianer, and a galoot was standin' by, sorter leanin' over and turnin' some picturs. He looked powerful innocent, but I nailed him, and ax'd him him what be meant by hurtin' that gal. 'What gal?' says he; and then we had it. He was game, and showed fight. An' don't you think I had to fling that young feller down stars. The little rucus raised a high old time. Seems to me thar was fo' thousand people, mostly women, about the place, and they all cum a screechin'. But the gal explained that she was right in the middle of one of her best songs when I made my debu'—whatever that is; that's what she called it—and the young feller was a helpin' her. She did seem well, that's a fact, and I reckon I was wrong. The truth is, I ain't much posted on music, nohow. Funny, ain't it? That's what all of us thought 'ceptin' the young feller.

"Tother day I went to see the double-headed gal. The picturs on the walls cotch me. I seed her, but I was sot back. That gal's a darkey as shore as Chili capenas is hot. She's as black as a pair of gum overhauls and as homely as the Queen of Clubs. She can sing in two languages at the same time, and dances in a dozen. She sot me to thinkin'. Thinks I, now, how jam up it would be if all women was doubled up that way; a feller could have two wives and only hafter buy kaliker for one. Havin' two par of hands—that's a good hand, two par—she could milk the cow and git breakfast at the same time; and with so many legs, she could go to the spring and run for the doctor all at once. And wouldn't she be away up for trampin' down sour crout?

"But, come to think a little closer, sposen she was to git mad at a feller. She could jaw him in Mexican and Chocktaw in one breath, and change twice a second at the same time to all the lingo that she knows, and they say she knows lots of 'em. She'd have the inside track thar; and jist think of the stawmpin' she could do, and with all them hands, rollin' pins, broom sticks, oven leds, and skillits would blacken the air. Excuse *me*, old man."

"Have you been to the theatres yet?" I asked.

"Yes; went to the Californy. I seed a chap thar, out in a snow-storm with his throat all undone, and he had plenty of bar skins and sich to a warmed up with, but he didn't do it. He's agoin' to ketch his death a cold if he don't stop it. What's more, he stood with his arm run through a lot of staples, for a door bar, till it all swelled up, ready to bust, and thar was an axe-handle layin' in five foot of him and a gal to hand it to him. I seed the ax when he chopped the door-bar up. He's a good un, though. I like his grit. Usin' his arm up that way made the gal think more of him, and that was his game, arter all. That old coon, the forger, got powerful good arter he found out that the gal was married and he couldn't give her away to kiver up his tracks. There's too many of that sort of people in the settle*ments*, and I'm agoin' back to Arizony. Good-bye. If you ever come to Arizony with that 'splorin' expedition, hunt me up, and you can count me for more use thar than here. Good-bye, and may the Lawd take a likin' to you, but not too soon, old Vissch."

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J. W. GALLY—

Once I thought that I could be a poet.
I got some paper, and I said: "I'll go it."
I writ and writ, the more I writ the worser.
I angered at my muse, and said, "Oh! curse her!"
She answered not, but only smiled demurely.
And then I coaxed and said: "Now, Musie, surely
You'll give me one fine, happy thought to start on,
One glow of glory just to fire my heart on,
One streak of love, or war, or wealth, or duty;
Now won't you, just this once, my buxom beauty?"
She nodded "yes;" then took my pen and wrote it—
The title which you find below; please note it.

WORK.

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"We intend to sing only Rommany to you," said a young Russian gypsy girl to Mr. Charles G. Leland, "and you will hear our real gypsy airs. The *Gaji* (Russians) often ask for songs in our language, and don't get them. But you are a Romanichal, and when you go home, far over the *baro kalo pani*, (the broad black water, *i. e.*, the ocean), you shall tell the Rommany how we can sing. Listen!" "And I listened," writes Mr. Leland, "to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I ever heard—the singing of *Lurleis*, of sirens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love-ballad, and as it approached the end, the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over a rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest roaring over a stormy sea—in which the basso of the *kalo shureskro* (the black captain) pealed like thunder. And as it died away a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement; it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters—a strange contralto witch-gleam—and then again the chorus and the storm, and then another solo yet sweeter, sadder, and stranger—the movement continually increasing, until all was fast, and wild, and mad—a locomotive quick-step, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away."

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This is "the A, B, C of gossip," according to the New York *Graphic*—though C's position is not clearly indicated. Perhaps C is the "guilty one," under discussion:

A.—Have you heard about—?
B.—No. What is it?
A.—You musn't tell a living soul—
B.—No.
A.—That I said it.
B.—Of course not.
A.—Well, she—
B.—You don't say! What a pity!
A.—She might be so—
B.—Yes; with her education and—
A.—I'm very, very sorry, indeed. And you say she really—
B.—Well, I heard it from ——, who heard it from——
A.—Indeed! I'm so sorry. Do you really think she—
B.—Oh, Mrs. —— told me how ——, and Mr. —— said it was certainly true, and all the X's swear it's so.
A.—How very unfortunate.
B.—I am really sorry.
A.—I assure you I'm shocked.
B.—So am I.
A.—You won't say a word about it. I really don't want this report to spread.
B.—Not one word.
A.—Good-bye.

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A man calls his wife Hope because she pulls his boots off, and he says that "Hope is the yanker of the sole."

A little while ago, when the writer was in Baden, the servant girl entered to put the room to rights while he was busily engaged in reading about the probabilities of a war between Germany and Russia. Suddenly he gave a terrific sneeze, perhaps caused by the dust which the domestic raised. At any rate, the reverberation of the explosion had no sooner died away than she crossed herself and said in a low voice, "*Gesundheit!*" Two or three minutes afterward he indulged—rather from compulsion than from any desire on his part—in another nasal report, and again heard the mild voice say, "*Gesundheit!*" Then he laid his paper down, and recalled the origin of that curious and pleasant custom. It was some time in the fourteenth century, we think, that the whole continent of Europe was ravaged by the plague. Neither high nor low were spared, but thousands in all classes fell victims to the dreaded curse. In Pisa you will see to-day large numbers of persons, members of a religious order, whose faces are almost entirely covered with a cloth mask. There are two little holes for the eyes, but those are all. It is a somewhat picturesque but a very uncomfortable headdress, especially in warm weather. Well, these masks are the relics of that plague. The people died in such numbers that they were forsaken even by their nearest relatives. It was fatal for any one to take the breath of the dying. So subtle and powerful was the disease that a single inhalation inoculated the blood, and death was sure to ensue. It was important, however that the dying should confess and receive absolution, and yet it seemed too expensive to spend the life of a member of some holy order every time a man was stricken with the plague. In order to avoid the necessity of taking the sick man's breath, this remarkable headdress, with only two little holes for the eyes, was adopted, and it has been worn ever since. It was noticed that whenever the crisis of the disaster was passed, and the patient began to recover, the first symptom was a violent sneeze. The moment a man sneezed, therefore, his delighted friends cried out, "*Gesundheit!*" or health! and from that day to this the custom of congratulating a person on a good sneeze has prevailed. In certain parts of rural Germany if a man sneezes in company the whole assembly will formally rise and gravely pronounce the word "*Gesundheit!*"

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In the *Memoires of Mme. de Rémusat*, that sprightly maligner says of Napoleon I.: "Although very remarkable for certain intellectual qualities, nothing was more debased, it must be confessed, than his soul. He had no generosity, no true grandeur. I never saw him admire, and I never saw him comprehend, a noble action. He always suspected any trace of a good sentiment. He thought nothing of sincerity, and never hesitated to say that he recognized a man's superiority by the degree of ability with which he could manage to lie.. On these occasions he delighted to tell the story that in his childhood one of his uncles had foretold that he would govern the world because he had the habit of always lying. 'Metternich,' he said at another time, 'is becoming a statesman; he lies well.' All his means of governing men were chosen by Bonaparte among those which tend to debase them. He feared the ties of affection; he tried to isolate every one; he sold his favors only in such a way as to awaken inquietude, thinking that the true way to attach men to himself was to compromise them, and often even disgrace them in public opinion. He never pardoned virtue except when he could overwhelm it with ridicule. * * * I have said that he spoke badly, but his language was ordinarily animated and brilliant; his grammatical irregularities often gave him an unexpected force, which was perfectly sustained by the originality of his ideas. He would warm up in an instant. The moment he entered on a subject he pursued it as far as possible, yet attentive to observe if he was followed, and grateful to any one who understood and applauded. Like an actor who grows animated by the effect he produces, Bonaparte enjoyed the approbation for which he carefully looked in the faces of his listeners."

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Mr. G. A. Sala, himself the most distinguished of journalists, has given a reporter of the Baltimore *American* his views of the newspapers of the United States. He says that they have surprised, interested, and disappointed him. Their free, off-hand, good-humored treatment of serious matters, especially those of government, is entertaining to an Englishman, and, no doubt, is characteristic of the American people; but it detracts from the dignity and influence of the press as an institution. The political articles in American newspapers, he thought, were generally superficial; while those in most English newspapers commanded the consideration even of statesmen, and often shape their course. To this he attributed the lack of the recognition of journalism as fully entitled to stand equal to, if not in the lead of, the other learned professions. Journalists in the United States, in his estimation, had the ability and opportunity, and were entitled to as much social influence as in France or England. The fault often lay in the fact that what they write is not sufficiently serious to be strong. Of the great enterprise and novel interest of American newspapers there can be no doubt.

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### Obscure Intimatioos.

SCISSORS.—We can not again admit you without your name and address. How is your Edward to know but you are old and ugly?

L. P. V.—It *was* published November 1st. Have sent papers, confiscating your stamps.

MATTY.—Will be considered in its season. It is pretty far back in the queue.

O'LEARY, N. Y.—Sorry we can not please everybody else and ourselves at the same time, but it really can not be done.

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### CIX.—Sunday, December 23.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Crab Soup.
Broiled Beefsteak, Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.
Cold Smoked Beef's Tongue, Mayonnaise Sauce.
Baked Tomatoes. Parsnip Fritters.
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.
Carrot Salad.
Bird's-nest Pudding.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, Grapes, Pears, and Oranges.

TO MAKE BIRD'S-NEST PUDDING.—Soak a cup of tapioca over night in three cups of water. When you are ready to make your pudding, pour off the water and add three cups of fresh; boil ten minutes, stirring in a little salt and a tablespoonful of sugar, with the juice of a lemon. Pare and core [illegible] apples, and place them in a baking-dish; fill the hollows with [illegible] pour over the tapioca jelly, and bake until the apples are [illegible] cream.

## AMONG THE GRUNDYITES.

A Homily.

As everybody knows, the vast domain of Society is ravaged by a disease technically known as *cacoethes loquendi*, or "talker's itch;" familiarly, as "gossip." It is as infectious as small-pox, and its scars are as deep and lasting. But, by a curious freak of nature, the person seamed and disfigured is *not* the one who has the disease. There have been numerous efforts to stamp out the pestilence, but nobody has ever found a cure, and nobody ever will. How dear old Thackeray fought it with his shiny cimetar! He could cut off a man's head with one blow, and the poor wretch never felt his hurt, but he could not cleanse so much as one booth in Vanity Fair, nor wipe out the fell plague of Grundy-land. It is worse than the plague of tramps. I am wise enough to enter into no movement against *this* epidemic. It is too deeply rooted. I do not doubt that there were scandals in the ark when its *voyageurs* were *en route* for Ararat, and we all know what naughty tales were told on Mount Olympus, and it is too intangible. We can lay hands on an unwelcome visitor, but who can touch Mrs. Grundy? We sneer at her on paper, but when she wags her sinful old head at us we cower down ashamed and afraid. We look at people who have hit back and defied her; we see what tattered, shabby things they are, and we sneak away and endure her blows. Now, here is Euphrosyne, for instance. She is a modest, quiet woman, who doesn't meddle with anybody, who attends to her home duties, and only asks to be let alone. But some of her relatives have had unpleasant marital experiences. Lo! the whole flock of Grundyites rises and swoops down upon her. They tell her all the disagreeable things they have heard, and lest their witches' pie should not rise promptly, they leaven it with their own leaven. They stir it up with their tongues, they smack their lips over it, and poor Euphrosyne struggles along and weeps over the lies that are told, and grows thin fretting at her false position. Her pride revolts when she sees her family torn to pieces, and she shuts herself away from the world, sad and sick at heart, a victim to the plague of gossips.

The worst of it is that they pretend to be her friends. "I just thought I would tell you," pants Rosa, "because it would put you on your guard," and then she rattles off a string of "says I's" and "says she's," which drives Euphrosyne to the verge of madness. Then Rosa pecks her on the cheek with her false lips, and departs, feeling that she has done a Christian duty.

Euphrosyne was once as trusting and credulous as a woman well could be, who was a clever woman; but she is growing cynical and suspicious, and the change is not becoming. I can not help her; I can only counsel patience.

Lulette is a pretty young girl, brimming over with innocent fun. She is neither fast nor foolish, but one day she wakes up to find her name sent out for a game of "pitch and toss" among the Grundyites, and by the time it comes back to her it is besmirched and scarred almost beyond recognition. It is to no purpose that she settles down into a dull-eyed, demure person, and eschews society; the muddy stain remains, and can not be wiped out. She may not even know what she has done to bring this upon her. If she tries to find out, the cloud vanishes; when she drops her pursuit, it settles down again. If she turns to seek the author of the mischief, nobody has said anything. She has to fight a shadow, and no fight is so wearisome and discouraging. It is not for the hour, but for all time. Lulette will marry and be happy, let us hope, but one day the hole in her reputation, which these society jackdaws pecked, will be uncovered by other daws, and the baleful shadow of the past will fall over her again. Perhaps no one can give the shadow a name, but so much the worse for Lulette.

Rosa gives a lunch party. Then the tongues wag, you may be sure. As our religious brethren meet in synod and conference, to lay out their work for the year and to give good counsel, so the Grundyites gather at lunch, or "high tea," to exchange the items they have picked up, and to take measures for disseminating the same. Laïs tells what she knows about the inner life of the A's and adds her own comments. Her listeners absorb the comments as part of the story, and repeat the compound with variations. Impulsia, who is conscientious but foolish, gives a labyrinthine account of the disgrace which hangs over the Z's, and rembering too late that she has done wrong, compromises with her conscience by swearing the whole party to secrecy. Poor Impulsia! Gushia gives a naughty story, with an affected lisp and giggle, which I would give the end of a rainbow to reproduce. The story is very naughty indeed, and it concerns the happiness of one of their friends, and the morality of society at large; but nobody seems particularly shocked or sorry. The lunch party is only eager for more details. Each Beatrice repeats the tale to Benedick that night, and Benedick tells it at the club next day, and the game goes on merrily. Perhaps the scandal has some foundation, perhaps not. The Grundyites are not particular, and have a reportorial genius for making the most out of a little. Which reminds me that we are a trifle inconsistent in our life-walk. We condemn the *Daily Riffraff* for its sensational blatancy; we send it away from our doors with Pecksniffian virtue, while we entertain Rosa and Gushia and dozens of others who are quite as—well, *piquant*, in their conversation as the *Daily Riffraff* in its news colums. If the Grundyites were relegated to their proper sphere, there would be fewer sensational paragraphs. Shall we appeal to these scandal-mongers on the score of charity? Nay, good friend, they are church members, they are the manageresses of charity fairs, they are the "ox-eyed Junos" of society. They know right from wrong as well as we.

"Well, what's the news?" is the key-note to half the drawing-room conversations. Be sure the song which follows can not be very melodious. The mind of the average society woman runs in the smooth but narrow channels of house, dress, and gossip. If she has blossoming daughters, matrimony is added to the list, and the match-making mamma is the worst type of a Grundyite. She pulls the fine feathers from her darling's rivals, without a scruple of conscience or a pang of remorse. She it is who sends forth the reports of engagements that never existed, the love-knots never knotted, the sly satires that are as slow poison to Lulette and her friends. The country has its gossips, too, but they are tame and spiritless compared with their city cousins. Place Chloe, with her rural babble of swains and sweethearts, and her little plaint of village squabbles, among such fine folk as Mrs. Crœsus, Laïs, and their set, and see her eyes grow round with wonder and her cheek red with shame. But, ten to one, if you give Chloe time, she will set herself to work to learn the "art of conversation" as taught by Mrs. Grundy.

And what shall Daphne do? She is a clever girl, with thoughts of her own and a fair knowledge of men and books; a pleasant talker, too, in her small way. But set her down at the door of the Grundy microcosm, and she is mute and ill at ease. The personalities of its small talk shut her off from interest or sympathy, and her womanly instincts revolt from its *double entendre*, its malicious inquisitiveness, its shallow selfishness. Clearly, Daphne must either learn the ways of this world or be content to stay at home among her pinks and primroses. Let us hope she will choose the lesser evil. And what shall I say of Adonis and Benedick, who spread our pretty scandals in stock board, and club, and office? Woman is a weak, unreasoning animal, we all know; we pity her frailties rather than blame them. But from the heads of families, the lords of creation, we certainly have a right to expect something more, something better. What sort of men and women will children grow into who are inoculated with this foul disease as soon as they can talk? It is not good to see the eagerness with which our fair-haired youngsters pick up any stray crumbs of sensation or scandal; it is not encouraging to hear young ladies, "just out," chatter with each other or with their elders of things "sad, and bad, and mad enough" to burn the fresh, girlish lips in the uttering. The realistic school to which these young people belong is the outgrowth of French novels and American gossip, and, to my old-fashioned thinking, and to say the mildest that can be said of it, is not calculated to bring other people to that perfection which we all desire.

To peer into the dark closets of our acquaintance, and draw forth anything that may turn out a skeleton, or if we find a bag of bones to dangle them before the public gaze, does not seem at first sight to be a very ladylike or gentlemanly occupation. If Jones's mother was a washerwoman, how pleased and proud is the Grundyite who cao first illuminate society with that fact. If Thaïs was somebody's mistress before the married Crœsus, how Laïs and Rosa and all the rest gloat over the story. If Pericles gets drunk and neglects his wife, it will not long remain a secret; but how happy is Laïs to hang on Jones's arm at the party she has given in honor of Pericles, where Thaïs shines in her diamonds. Nobody interferes to reform Pericles, nobody cares to find out the depth of Thaïs's sin, or to preach to her the impropriety of sin; nobody would give Jones's mother a day's washing if she wanted work, but everybody is ready to stand at their backs and fling dirt at them. A contemptible, cowardly business it is! Yes, but "what are you going to do about it?"

PENELOPE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879.

### Saints, Apostles, and Patriarchs.

Nine miles from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, in the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains, is situated a colony of Davisite Mormons, who call their organization the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth. They believe that spirits return and take upon themselves new bodies; that the spirit of Jesus Christ, John the Revelator, John the Baptist, St. Peter, and about half the rest of the old apostles, King David, Moses the law-giver, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have returned and been born over again, and that they have those sacred children in that colony, and are now only waiting for them to grow up, when they shall conquer the whole earth. Davis has a daughter about nine years of age, who, it is claimed, is the Great Eternal Mother of Spirits. She is the mother of her father's spirit, and of all spirits. She is to be "mated" by her father to her own brother in the flesh, who is the Great Eternal Father of Spirits and Creator of all things in heaven and earth, and is worshiped as such by the members, who are obliged to take off their shoes when they appear in the holy presence. They claim a new era, beginning at the birth of the true Messiah, the genuine Jesus Christ, who is now about twelve years of age. The child Jesus is red haired, wears his hair long, is slightly freckled in the face, has a long aquiline nose, a clear blue eye, and a very pleasant expression. Davis holds that he has the power over life and death, that he, and all who believe faithfully in his doctrine, may live as long as they please, and that no one can die without his consent; nevertheless, his wife (the mother of Jesus) died last spring, and Davis himself was complaining of ill health when I saw him last. They never shave their faces or cut their hair, and seldom comb it. They are nicknamed by the Gentiles "the long-haired fellows," "the barber killers," etc.

The men remind me of Mark Twain's unprejudiced jury. They hold their property in common, but Davis holds the deeds. Most of them say that communism is impossible, and would be glad to get out of it if they could do so satisfactorily, which they can not. They do not marry, but they are mated off by Davis; they argue that, as Jesus said, "In the resurrection they are neither married nor given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven," and that, in the Lord's Prayer, Jesus prayed: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and now that the kingdom has come and His will is done on earth, they are not married; but Davis mates them off to suit himself. The people are responsible to him and He (I forgot to capitalize his pronoun before) is responsible to God. In a pamphlet published by him he says: "It is God's will that you do my will for ever and ever." When they ask a blessing they wind up with the following: "These favors we ask through the true Messiah, even Jesus, the son of Davis, Amen!"

Davis is a Welshman; the balance are English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavians, Canadians, and a few backwoods Americans. When I left the camp of Israel, young Jesus and John the Revelator were trying to lasso some young ducks which were running about the barn-lot, and St. Peter and John the Baptist were riding around on stick-horses and mocking the ducks' "quack, quack, quack;" while King David and Moses were making mud marbles. Meanwhile the whole world lieth in darkness which these characters are predestined to dispel, and eventually every tongue shall confess and every knee shall bow before that red-headed little Jesus.

POUKUS E. KOE.

WALLA WALLA, December 2, 1879.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

A young physcian, who had written a *History of the Origin of Medicine*, asked of an old physcian permission to submit the manuscript for his inspection and criticism. The permission was granted, and the manuscript forwarded. Its opening lines were: "Most assuredly the first doctor in the world was Cain." The old physician read no further.

If every shred of wool sheared from the sheep of the universe and every fibre of cotton picked from this terrestrial ball should be spun into yarn, and knitted into one stocking, which would be as long as the bottomless pit is deep, and big round enough to use the equator for a garter, it wouldn't hold enough to satisfy the Christmas wishes of a curly-haired girl of five tender but precious years.

"And how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely-dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms." "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

A lady writes an indignant note to a contemporary, in which, with true rustic innocence, she expresses a belief that editors never go to heaven. We thought even country people knew that journalists never went anywhere. They just sit up nights thinking how to do good, until the tops of their heads wear holes through their hair.

The recently published collection of Dickens's letters brings to light one very happy thing. He did say one kind, generous, heartfelt word of praise for America. He drank the whisky cocktail of our native land, he loved it, and embalmed it in words of commendation. It seems that if the Americans had only kept him a little drunker while he was here he might have loved us.

Woman to street-car conductor, who attempts to help her from the platform: "Vile wretch, unhand me this instant. Your very touch is poisonous. Do not incur my hatred, thou base monster! Take away thy bony fingers from my arm immediately, or I will inform my husband, he who has attained so much fame as a prize fighter."

A death-bed repentance is a good thing as a last resort, but for solid comfort it is a little too uncertain.

Bessie's swinging in the sunlight,
Singing merrily the while,
And the gleam of her striped stockings
Can be seen about a mile.

There is a Dutch society which rejoices in the title of the Worstenbroodmaatschappijen—translated, Sausage Bread-Maker's Society. The test of membership is the pronouncing of the name of the society with a piece of boarding-house beef between the teeth without reducing it to sausage meat.

'Twas midnight. The scene was a Dutch beer saloon. A safe stood in one corner of the room. By the light of a tallow candle a corpulent person with a reddish nose is endeavoring to pry open the doors. After an hour and a quarter of diligent labor its interior is reached. With a cry of delight the thief looks in. A second more and a wail of disappointment rends the air, and he soliloquizes: "Vell, off dis vasan't a bretty biece of pisness I'll be sold oute! Here I hafe been a bicking avay at dis safe for ofer an hour, dinking dot ven I vonce got on der inside I would find lots of limburger cheese und pologna sausages; but all dere vas hid avay here vas a bile of old greenpacks and silver. By jiminy, I vas awful mad abond dis dime!"

The anti-fat medicine men have struck a stubborn case—a three-hundred-pound woman who refuses to be reduced in flesh. But the medicine men are cheerful, and sing: "We'll lank her by and by."

A dental journal says the reason so many men fail as orators is because they have lost some of their teeth. Bosh! Look at a hen; hasn't, and never had, a tooth in her head; and did the dental editor never hear a hen mount the fence and deliver a two-hours' Fourth of July oration over one egg no bigger than a lemon?

*Figaro* relates that when the son of a usurer was sought in marriage by the parents of a woman he had never seen, his father told him to ask $12,000 if she was young and pretty, $16,000 if she was old and ugly, and if there was anything queer about her or her family to demand $100,000. A few days after came a telegram: "The girl has assassinated her father. How much am I to ask."

"Been having your boots half-soled?" asked Tom. "Well, yes," said Ben, who is looking a little seedy, "but they're not half s'old as my hat." And it was three o'clock the next afternoon before Tom understood just what he meant by it.

A wedding-party enters the Mayor's office. The last of the guests, naturally enough, closes the door after him. "Hold on, I say," says another guest; "the law prescribes peremptorily that the door shall be open during the performance of the ceremony." "Ssh! Perhaps the bridegroom may want to avail himself of the informality some of these days."

Mr. Brockbay, while descending the stairs, lost his grip, and counted every step with the seat of his pants. "You're drunk," said Mr. Kendrix, as he scowled upon him. "No I ain't," responded Mr. Brockbay. "Zat's way allus come down stairs."

City editor to dissolute reporter: "It's a pity you should go on so. Be a man, and keep sober and you might make your mark." Dissolute reporter: "Can (hic) do more than that now; can write my name."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I'm very fond of little boys;" and as she tripped on a string stretched across the pavement, she added: "I feel as though I could eat a couple of them this minute, roasted."

A funny scene occurred at General Sherman's headquarters the other day. A Senator was showing the sights of Washington to a country constituent and introducing him to distinguished men. Among other places he took him to see the General of the Army. The constituent shook hands with General Sherman, and remarked in an innocent way, "You were in the late war, were you not?"

## A "CALL" CHRISTMAS STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

'Tis the dark hour of midnight. The fashionable reporter—I mean the social editor—of the *Call* lies in a deep slumber. A knock, light and delicate, wakens him from a dream of a ginger-pop party at North Beach. It is not the knock that awakes him, but the knocker, whose knock he knows. He knows the knock, and he knocks his nose against the elegant bedstead, as he springs from his fashionable couch. He overturns a table in his confusing haste, tramples recklessly on two columns of receptions in Butchertown. He knows that his august chief waits outside. His trepidation leads him into unfashionable mistakes. He loses the calm demeanor of the autocrat of Jessie Street, and, in his embarrassment, he puts his feet into his coat-sleeves, where they stick; he buttons his pants over his head, and straps his suspenders to his waistcoat. He turns the ever vigilant gaslight on at full blaze, and then throws open the door. The Great Chief stands before him.

### CHAPTER II.

Humbly bending on his knee, the meek swell kisses the extended hand of his great Master. Benignly the Great Chief smiles upon him, and is about to wish him a merry Christmas. What means this sudden change? What means the thundercloud that darkens the brow, as black as the raven dyedem that crowns the head? It presages a storm. Then comes the flash of lightning from the eye, and follows the thunder.

"What is this I see?"

"Your slave, Great Chief, at your feet!"

"Did I not tell you always to sleep in your tailcoat and necktie?"

"Pardon, Great Master; but the lemonade of the O'Guffigan family is strong; and, in my inebriation, I forgot my position on the *Call*, and undressed."

"This loses ten minutes," said the Great Chief; "quite ten minutes! Delay not an instant! There is work to do I have discovered a plot—a diabolical plot to beat the *Call*. But we must foil them!"

"Who?" said the excited socialist.

"We shall see—in the next chapter. Buy the *Weekly Call*. It is astonishing what a lot of reading matter—but I forgot my business. I must try and get those interesting leaders out of my head."

### CHAPTER III.

"I am ready, Mighty Chieftain!"

"'Tis well! Listen! But first let us see that we are not observed. I thought a coupé followed me."

They look carefully around; but they were alone, which seemed to disappoint the Great Mogul. Then he took the social editor by the ear and led him into a corner.

"A plot! a diabolical plot! to beat the *Call!*"

"Say you so? What special Providence guards us that we are warned?"

"Great men are always saved. Look at the Czar of Russia! But no matter. 'Tis not a time for comparisons. Listen!"

"Speak on!"

"You have observed that my hair has of late been turning gray."

"The horrible anxiety of such a position as yours is sufficient to turn any man's hair gray."

"True, but 'twas not so. The dye gave out. I took advantage of the change in my personal appearance to play Haroun Alraschid and go about in disguise."

"An idea worthy of your gigantic brain."

"To-night I concealed myself behind the door of the editorial rooms of the *Chronicle*. 'Twas well I did! 'Twas well I did!"

"Great Heaven! You alarm me! You to dare such danger all alone!"

"The benign Providence who always reads the *Call*—I mean who watches over five columns of small adds—I mean who protects the innocent, the good, and the virtuous—owns a special interest in the paper. I am but His earthly manager."

"Then prayer will perhaps raise our salaries!"

"*He* will pay you His proportion in another world. But to business. I waited and watched behind the door of the *Chronicle*. I knew—I felt—that I was to discover something. At last it came, sneaking down stairs, and stole secretly out. It was—"

"What?"

"It was a reporter."

"Great Heaven! What do you tell me?"

"Silently I followed, keeping close to the wall, and watching that figure sliding along Kearny Street. Just for a moment I turned."

"Aha!"

"Yes. I could not forbear to read the beautiful legend on one of those *Call* advertising boards that, true to journalistic habit, leaned against a lamp-post in the still and star-lit night."

"Alas! I know the lean."

"When I turned my head again the figure had vanished."

"Vanished! Where?"

"I don't know—some brilliantly lighted palatial mansion where terpsichorean festivites are indulged in. And now we must beat the *Chronicle*, or you must die in the attempt. I need say no more. Pursue and kill. Go!"

### CHAPTER IV.

It was precisely three minutes after the deep, dark midnight previously mentioned that a figure sped down Natoma Street, spreading a pair of tails to the aforesaid midnight breeze. Mad haste was in every movement, and even the swift policeman who pursued him at a safe distance could not have given a fuller description. Along Natoma Street to Fourth, to Fifth, to Sixth, he flew like the wind. No lighted mansion caught his flashing eye, no music sounded in his ear. A vague odor of whisky outside a palatial residence was all he recognized of his Chief's description. Back again, but still no illuminated palace. Once more he fled toward the Mission; still not a sound of music. Still again, like a flash, he passed along the quiet street—but yet nothing save the smell of whisky. He paused, and narrowly scanned the surroundings. Just stretching out of the shadow of the painted head of a gatepost, a thin dark speck met his eagle gaze. He sprang forward, and, with a grasp of iron he seized—(See next week's *Call*).

### CHAPTER V.

"At last! A trace! He is inside somewhere," was all he said. Here was the stump of the two-cent cigar. He examined it carefully, but there was no *Chronicle* reporter at either end of it. "Foiled! foiled!" He put the stump in his pocket. It was so much gained. Then he thought, would it not be better to take at least as much revenge as he could? He lit the stump and leaned against the lamp post, thinking. An hour passed, and still he thought; another hour passed, and still he thought; a third hour passed, but still the stump was unconsumed. At last, above the palaces of Natoma Street, there rose in the starlit sky a ray of light; then another ray of light, then another. That made three of a kind. He said, "I will wait for a flush;" and, when the flush came, he had reached a conclusion. "I will not be beaten! I will do it!" And he did it.

### CHAPTER VI.

Seeking the "palatial mansion" which contained his hated rival, he had reached the corner, when he saw a figure creep out of a saloon and move stealthily along. He watched. The figure paused where he had so long remained in meditation, and then, making a bee line from the lamp post to the gate post, began feeling along the rail. The *Call* man crept up, and, underneath the lamp, he saw the familiar coat tails, the expansive shirt front, and inside of them the *Chronicle* reporter, looking for the lost stump.

"A merry Xmas," was their greeting.

"As fits the merry Xmas time, I'll stand you another cigar for the stump I smoked. Come."

They moved toward the saloon.

"Not in there," said the *Call* man. "They don't know me there, and I've got no money." * * * * The Judge remarked that if it were not Christmas time he would send them below to repent; but, being the jovial season, he discharged them and wished them a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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### What They Know About Everything.

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime;
And trouble a thing of every day,
And touching every time;
And childhood, sweet and sunny,
And womanly truth and grace,
Ever can light life's darkness
And bless earth's lowliest place.
—*M. E. Sangster.*

Beware of your first impulses; they are always true.—*Talleyrand.*

Very often things are nothing in themselves; the ideas that we attach to them give them their price.—*Souvestre.*

That two men may be perfect friends, they must necessarily attract and repel one another; have great contrasts of character and great harmonies of heart.—*Chateaubriand.*

Those who have no self-love are useless to themselves and others.—*Georges Sand.*

Nothing is less in our power than our heart, and far from commanding it, we are forced to obey it.—*Héloise.*

I have always found the following maxims upon women good to follow: Always speak well of the sex in general; praise those who are amiable; keep silence upon those who are not; see them but little; never rely upon them; and never let your happiness depend upon a woman, whatever or whoever she may be.—*Champfort.*

Man is but a thinking reed.—*Pascal.*

Those who deal with the devil, need not wonder if God leaves them to their master.—*Spielhagen.*

Men are always optimists when they look inward, and pessimists when they look around them.—*Ouida.*

Hope is the nurse of life, and her cradle is the grave.—*Thackeray.*

What is the glory of one sex makes the other blush.—*Duclos.*

The more one judges, the less one loves.—*Balzac.*

In man's maturer years,
When man himself is but a tool,
When interest sways our hopes and fears,
And all must love and hate by rule,
With fools in kindred vice the same
We learn at length our faults to blend,
And those, and *those alone*, can claim
The prostituted name of friend.—*Byron.*

Pleasure—the hyphen which divides our sorrows.—*Eliot.*

Flattery is an infallible means to catch men.—*Shakspeare.*

The woman who makes sport of an honest man will live to be the sport of rogues.—*Ouida.*

I should like to see the burning love that would not be extinguished if a bucket of poverty were poured upon it.—*Spielhagen.*

Romance is always young.—*Whittier.*

Love is a folly, of which the duration does not depend upon ourselves. One can not reason with the heart; we break it or give up to it.—*Rochepèdre.*

Life is a slate where all our faults are written. Occasionally we rub over it the sponge of repentance, that we may commence writing our faults anew.—*Lemèsle.*

Strength among men is insensibility; greatness is pride; calmness is indifference.—*Georges Sand.*

Vows of love prove its inconstancy.—*Marmontel.*

SACRAMENTO, December 20, 1879. N. B. S.

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The Persian salutes you with, "May God cool your eye."

## THE OTHER POETS.

### Transfigured.

Almost afraid they led her in
(A dwarf more piteous none could find);
Withered as some weird leaf, and thin,
The woman was—and wan and blind.

Into his mirror with a smile—
Not vain to be so fair, but glad—
The south-born painter looked the while,
With eyes than Christ's alone less sad.

"Mother of God," in pale surprise
He whispered, "what am I to paint?"
A voice that sounded from the skies
Said to him, "Raphael, a saint."

She sat before him in the sun;
He scarce could look at her, and she
Was still and silent. "It is done,"
He said. "Oh, call the world to see!"

Ah, that was she in veriest truth—
Transcendent face and haloed hair;
The beauty of divinest youth,
Divinely beautiful, was there.

Herself into her picture passed—
Herself and not her poor disguise
Made up of time and dust. At last
One saw her with the Master's eyes.
—*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

### Before Cabul.

Soldiers, yours the work of vengeance,
Slow to spare and swift to slay
Be your arms when next the Afghan
Shall confront you in the fray.

Let your father Viking's fierceness
Quell all thoughts of mercy; say
To the dotards who would stop ye,
We are Odin's men to-day.

Thor and Odin 'gainst Mahomet
Till the accursed walls are flat;
Till our comrades' bones are rescued—
We'll be Christians after that. —*Indian Mirror.*

### L'Ingenu.

I had never thought of her; we walked
With June underfoot and overhead.
I had never thought of her; we talked,
And I never noticed what we said.

I fell on flowers with my lout's long feet,
I shocked the solemn old oaks with laughter;
I droned of weather, the way, the wheat;
Her glance said shyly: And what comes after?

Kind counsels dropped from a clement sky;
The way was made, as it were, for two;
I could only hear the crickets cry;
She heard, higher up, the white doves coo.

I—eighteen, crude, and ashamed to please;
She—eighteen, ripe, with a looking-glass!
The birds sang love to her in the trees,
And the crickets hissed me in the grass!

She rifled berries in many a bush,
The white arm flashed in many a turn;
A sunbeam broke on it like a blush,
I watched a plover rise from the fern.

A brook ran rollicking on our way;
We stopped a moment, and as we stood
The sweet, warm, amorous air of May
Hymned Hymen, Hymen throughout the wood.

Her voice had tender and timid tones,
And a frightened laugh, and a laughing scream;
Her fine feet flew on the stepping-stones;
I watched the trout turn against the stream.

I found not a thing to say—and talked;
I heard her sigh and I saw her smile;
She was beside me, and as we walked
I wished it was over all the while!

We had left the woods ere I saw the red,
Meek mouth, and the face's sea-shell tints;
"Let's think no more of it, then," she said—
And I have thought of it ever since.
—*From the London Fun.*

### Answered Prayer.

Father, whose tenderness has wrapped me round
In a great need, to what shall I compare
Strength thou hast sent in answer to my prayer?
Not to the help some falling vine has found,
That, trailing listless on the frozen ground,
Clings suddenly to some high trellis there,
Lifting itself once more into the air,
With timid tendrils on the lattice wound.
Rather to help the dropping plant has won,
That, weary with the beating of the rains,
Feels quickening in its own responsive veins
The sudden shining of a distant sun.
When from within the strength and gladness are,
My soul knows that its help comes from afar.
—*Alice W. Rollins.*

### God Knows.

It droops and dies in morning light—
The rose that yesterday was whole;
"Ah, whither on the wind of night,
Is borne the fragrance of my soul?"

It sinks upon the ocean zone—
The wind that smote the tender rose;
"Ah, whither has the fragrance flown,
And what shall give my soul repose?"

It breaks upon the rocky shore—
The vast, tumultuous, grieving sea;
"Ah, never, never, nevermore
Can love and peace come back to me!"

It sobs far up the lonely sky,
It faints in regions of the blest—
The endless, bitter, human cry—
And only God can tell the rest.
—*William Winter.*

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Ralph Waldo Emerson has never been considered as a man whose religious beliefs could be classed with those of any denomination. The recent statement of Bronson Alcott, that Emerson is in the full sense of the word a Christian theist, has raised a great row in Concord, the [illegible] of literary vanity of the universe.

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# THE ARGONAUT.

*SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.*

If it is true that in Ireland five millions of people, or any considerable part of that number, are in danger of starvation, it concerns humanity that the citizens of San Francisco should contribute to their alleviation. If it is true that between the land-owners and the land-tenants of Ireland there are laws that render it impossible for the tenant to earn money enough to pay his rent and support his family, then it is not unnatural that the Irish-American citizen should express his sympathy with the oppressed tenant. But these questions are altogether distinct, and in all public meetings this distinction should be regarded. One is a political question, with which we have but little concern. It would be impertinence for any American to undertake by any other than argumentative reasoning to affect English legislation, or to interfere in the matter of regulating the tenure of the property of the Irish land-owner. It should be borne in mind that this is not a question of oppression by the Saxon lord of the Celtic slave, but by the Celtic lord of the Celtic tenant. The owners of land in Ireland are Irishmen, tracing their lineage to the time of Strongbow, and if they will not yield their lands to their tenants, it is not an English but an Irish wrong. The land tenures that now prevail in Ireland are not the result of English, but of Irish legislation. It was the Parliament of Ireland, and not of Great Britain, under which the present system of landlord and tenant was created. The Imperial Parliament has done more to relieve Ireland of its land difficulties in the last eighty years than Irish legislation did for it in eight hundred years. It was after the Union of 1801 that the Encumbered Estates Act left one-seventh of the whole domain open to purchase, and that is still operating in the same beneficent direction. It was the Imperial Parliament that disestablished the Church of England, gave non-secular institutions of learning immunity from tithe exactions, gave freedom to Catholic worship, and threw open to Catholic and peasant-born all the honors and opportunities of public and official life. It was an Irish Parliament that established the electoral qualification of thirty-shilling holdings, in order that by the cutting up of estates into small farms the Irish landlord might send himself or his son to an Irish Parliament; and it is upon these small farms that the distress and poverty now exists—farms of five acres, with cabin and pig, with patch of potatoes and acre of oats, where families subsist upon potatoes and salt, gruel and buttermilk, with an occasional herring, and "never a taste of meat." A large and better class of Irish tenantry is rich, prosperous, and content, and Ireland is not the distressed country that political agitators would have us believe. It is not threatened with a famine; and England is not a country, nor are wealthy Irishmen a class, that would look with indifference upon their starving countrymen. This agitation that now disturbs Ireland, and sends the ripple of its waves to California, is mostly a political one. The party of Home Rule, and the party for the repeal of the Union, and all the parties that hope to make political capital against England, are taking advantage of short crops and hard times in the Emerald Island to put the green above the red. The harps of Erin are never more harmonious and tuneful than when they twang their angry defiance at Saxon oppression. The monster meeting at Union Hall, on the evening of December 18th, in the cause of "down trodden" Ireland, would have had more of American and general sympathy if the belief were more universal that Ireland is either "down trodden" or "oppressed." All that part of the movement that is honest, earnest, and sincere to ascertain if there is danger of famine in Ireland, and that would collect and disburse charitable money to relieve poor and suffering people, will have the sympathy of everybody. But all that part of the movement that is political, that seeks to agitate in the direction of disturbing by illegal acts established land tenures in Ireland, that denounces the English Government in order to advance a purely Irish Government, that invites Mr. Parnell and his associates to transfer agitation from Ireland to America, or that is got up in the interest and for the personal advancement of Irish and Democratic local demagogues, will have the sympathy of no intelligent class, and will draw the money from no sensible or prudent breeches pocket.

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Just why this meeting should have been presided over by Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, a Democrat, and why Mr. George C. Perkins, a Republican, should be its First Vice-President, and Mr. A. J. Bryant should be Chairman of its Finance Committee; and why Catholic priests and Democratic politicians should be sandwiched in together as Vice-Presidents; and why Bishop Alemany and Father Rooney, and Charles A. Sumner, and Judge Toohey, and Robert Ferrall, and Henry George, and Judge Enos should have been the only orators, we can not understand, except upon the hypothesis that there is something in this movement besides sweet charity. The address of Archbishop Alemany was everything it ought to have been. It was in good taste. It was in the direction of a simple movement to relieve want. His compliment to the Irish was not undeserved, and when he said of England. "She loves Ireland little, and will help "her none," it was, perhaps, excusable when we consider his audience. It was dignified, and was in harmony with his expressed sentiment: "It is our duty to suffer with our "suffering brothers, and to extend to them the hand of relief, "when the hour for relief has come." But what shall we write of that most unchristian and stupendously absurd speech made by Father Rooney? How, with respect to his Christian calling, and his clerical robes, and his professions of love to his fellow-men, and charity to all, can we reconcile the brutal sentiments he uttered, and his malicious misrepresentations or ignorant disregard of the truths of history? "The only way that Ireland ever got any thing out of Eng-"land was by the bullet and the sword!" Now, if we read history aright, Ireland has got very little advantage of England by either. Again: "The greatest enemy out of hell "that Ireland has to-day is England. We have a right to "exterminate the accursed enemy." Again: "All that any "Irishman wants, all that Ireland wants, is a chance, and "we will bless the sword that you hold over England's neck "to cut off the crown that oppresses you." This figure of speech is a little confused, and whether the clerical gentlemen wanted to cut off the Queen's head, or metaphorically to cut the political acquaintance of England, or whether it is an Irish bull, we do not quite understand. But we do understand that Lieutenant-Governor Johnson commits a great indiscretion, and, remembering that he is an official of a sovereign State, and a friendly power, he is guilty of a grave offense in listening to the threats of this meek and lowly man of Jesus, who proclaims Ireland's "right to exter-"minate her accursed enemy." Governor-elect Perkins was only a Vice-President, and he was not there, and besides is not yet installed in office. The resolutions of this meeting were moderate, and not seriously objectionable, but we do not at all understand why money collected in San Francisco for charity should be sent to the "National Land League of "Ireland." It is a political and not a charitable organization. Is it not probable that the money would be used for political purposes, and not for charity? Is it not possible that the politicians who are so prominent in this movement intend it for politics? What guarantee has M. H. De Young that his $250 worth of bread cast upon the waters of the disturbed sea of Irish politics, to be returned to him after many days in the way of small advertisements, may not be misappropriated, and his benevolent intentions for the relief of the distressed suffering poor of oppressed Ireland be altogether thwarted, and his tender feelings lacerated by its miscarriage? Why not give this money in equal proportions to Bishop Alemany of the Catholic Church, and to Bishop Kip of the Episcopal Church, to be dispensed through the admirable machinery of their charitable parish organizations in Ireland? This would be quite in harmony with the spirit of the resolutions, which declare that, "the Irish people "of to-day present the sublime spectacle of non-sectarian "unity as a political bond, wherein no more are seen the "enmities of religious or local animosities, but Protestant "and Catholic are found struggling together in the bonds of "patriotism, brotherhood, and benevolence." So we shall have no more of riots in Londonderry, Montreal, or New York, between Orangeman and Catholic. The music of Orange anthems shall call up no more the unpleasant memories of the Boyne Water, and the Roman lamb shall lie down in friendly and loving security beside the Protestant lion. We are glad of it. One thing more, and the world may be at peace. Charles A. Sumner, the late Democratic candidate for Congress, should reconcile himself to the "cursed aristocracy of Great Britain;" then the millennium will come, and his "God bless Old Ireland" may be echoed back to him, and some part of the "seven millions of the best men our country has got" may give this native-born American demagogue an office.

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When we see the contribution of Bishop Alemany, who, as a corporation sole, represents some millions of taxable property in this diocese, and when all the other very wealthy Irish gentlemen of this city who are millionaires, and all the Democratic politicians who expect to make personal gain and political advancement in this movement, have written down their benefactions, and when we are convinced that our money would reach the deserving and suffering poor of Ireland, then the ARGONAUT will contribute one-seventh of the sum given by either *Chronicle* or *Call* to this most deserving charity. We do not mean to be illiberal, but if the Irish who agitate for land tenures in Ireland are not more anxious to secure farms than the Irish who agitate in America, then they are not seriously in earnest. In this State of California there is a very large class of native and foreign born who will not take a farm of one hundred and sixty acres as a free gift. Those Republican measures of homestead and preëmption laws have failed by giving free farms to conciliate the favor of this class of Irish agitators. It might be expedient for the Democracy to devise a mode of donating free corner groceries, with a view to making their residence in our country more agreeable.

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Mr. Bayard's resolution, now with the Finance Committee of the United States Senate, proposes to declare that greenbacks once redeemed ought not to be reissued as legal tender for private debts. Should the resolution be adopted, a bill in the same sense may need to be enacted in order to give it effect. The greenbacks would still remain government I O U's, and might be allowed to remain legal tender for government dues. Under the Resumption Act the holder may now get gold for them on presentation; but then Secretary Sherman claims the right to pay them out, and does pay them out, after having once "redeemed" them. Whereby resumption is made emptiness, and we are found to be embarked on a course of redemption that does not redeem. Meantime the lawfulness of this reissue of legal tender paper money in time of peace has been denied—that is, it is denied that the I O U's once paid off, and afterward put in circulation at the mere will of an executive officer, can be invested with a legal tender character under the Constitution of the United States. This issue is now before the Supreme Court. As the only adequate stock of gold in the country is that in the Federal Treasury, it will be drawn upon by the surrender of greenbacks for redemption as soon as the course of trade shall convert the present foreign influx of gold into an outflow. The greenbacks so redeemed will then not be reissuable—at least not as legal tender for the payment of private debts; and will hence be unavailable as reserve for the National Bank circulation. At the same time the supply of coin for this reserve will be diminished by the current exportation. Now, the National Bank Act requires these institutions to stop making loans and discounts as soon as their reserve (of legal tenders and for coin) falls to the prescribed limit. Hence we should have a double-quick contraction of the currency (with coin and greenbacks simultaneously disappearing), and added to this an enforced cessation of "accommodation" at the National Banks. For this prospective state of affairs, Mr. Sherman is personally responsible; and his responsibility is enforced by the fact that he has wrenched the law from its meaning and from the intention of Congress, in order to bring it about. For had he, during these past months, withheld the redeemed I O U's, their place was being supplied as fast as possible by inflowing gold. This metallic money, already amounting to over seventy million dollars, would have been a substitution of currencies, instead of a mere addition to their aggregate volume. It has now produced the effects on trade of an absolute inflation, stimulating business and speculation, and lifting the plane of general prices to the same extent that the printing and issuing of the same amount of new greenbacks would have done. Had this influx been accompanied by the retirement of the greenbacks redeemed, the stimulation of business, and advance of prices, would still have been experienced, but would have rested on a solid basis, and proceeded to a normal extent only. When the efflux of gold shall begin, the effect of its withdrawal would have been less by as much as the redeemed greenbacks are now contributing to a factitious prosperity. But the chance has now passed—wantonly and gratuitously put aside by Mr. Sherman, in anticipation of the late Ohio election; and it is now plain enough that we are yet to retrace steps that ought not to have been taken. The danger is lest, as soon as the first effects of a sound and necessary policy shall be felt, a clamor shall be raised to postpone for another ten years the final settlement of the whole issue. It is claimed for Mr. Sherman that he is not a financial incompetent. If not, then he is a political trickster, who plays his tricks with things of far too weighty a kind.

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All the reports running through the press, city or country, and all the gossip of Pine Street and Pauper Alley, concerning differences or misunderstandings in the firm of Flood, Mackay, and Fair, are unfounded and untrue. No such misunderstandings ever have existed or do now exist. On the contrary, the relations of the members of the firm, both social and business, have been always and uninterruptedly friendly. There have been some reports of business change: that Mr. Flood would withdraw from the firm, confining his attention to banking, leaving Messrs. Fair and Mackay to work the mines. We state, upon authority, that no such change is contemplated, and that there is to be no alteration in the business relations of the firm.

## AFTERMATH.

When two thieves fall out the devil convicts them both on their own confessions. Kearney and Wellock are out. Ireland and England are almost at war; the Saxon and the Celt are locking horns; the English pot is calling the Irish kettle black. Something more than two years ago these foreign political adventurers—one a wrecker from the Irish coast, the other a dissenting preacher from an English shoemaker's bench—undertook to control the politics of California, and succeeded. They revolutionized parties, changed the Constitution, carried the principal offices of San Francisco, and are now quarreling over a division of the plunder. These two ignorant and unprincipled immigrants, without property or character, one unnaturalized and both devoid of honest purpose, have done more to depreciate property values and disturb business than all other causes combined. Wellock now charges Kearney with mercenary motives, and challenges him to publicly discuss his own acts. Kearney says Wellock is a thief and blackguard. Wellock says Kearney is another. And both are right.

A very singular case of loss of personal identity is reported in the Eastern journals. An intelligent, well mannered, and fashionably dressed man finds himself one morning standing valise in hand at a railway station as if he had just arrived. Whence, he does not know. He does not know who he is, further than that the name "Ralph" is written on a nightshirt in the valise. He does not, in short, know anything about himself up to that time, and in the nine months that have since elapsed he has found out nothing concerning this matter, in which he may be supposed to take no small interest. The local physicians who have attentively watched him say he is not shamming, but there are evil minded persons who do not hesitate to affirm that if "Ralph" could but once remember the name of the station at which he got on that railroad, people thereabout would recall the circumstances of the antecedent plunder of some local savings bank.

A significant incident in the short and simple annals of the gentleman above mentioned is that, having the indiscretion which results from lack of remembered experience, he attended a temperance lecture, and was moved to go up against a neighboring groggery, whose windows he did most calamitously demolish. The patrons of this establishment, imperfectly apprehending the state of facts recited above, fell upon the assailant and drubbed him sore. This incident seems to imply that "Ralph" is perhaps a name not unknown in some far-away asylum for inebriates. Your newest teetotaller is commonly the most aggressive, and the heel most fierce in stamping out the "accursed traffic" usually adorns a boot that is no stranger to snakes.

O'Connell, great in archers' strife
Will write for the *Pacific Life*,
Hired by the week its page to grace,
And shoot the rats about the place.
Oh, Dan, ere you've been there a year,
As *The Pacific* 'twill appear:
You'll take—for your trail's with corpses strown—
Its *Life*, you rogue, to support your own.

We are in sympathy with those seven members of our Board of Education who are honorably striving to carry out the pledges of retrenchment made before election. We are not at all in sympathy with the minority of five, who have called a public meeting to indorse their action. When twelve gentlemen meet in deliberative convention it is altogether unseemly for the minority to masquerade in schoolmarms' petticoats for popular applause. This is demagogism, and nothing else. We do not approve of reducing the salaries of our working primary female teachers to the point proposed. The reduction is too great, and it is a blow to the most earnest, most serviceable, and best deserving of our working teachers. We favor beginning at the top. A first-class cashier, bookkeeper, exchange clerk, and correspondent in a leading bank gets from $100 to $175 per month salary. Lawyers, physicians, and editorial writers do not average the higher amount.

While we appreciate the services of John Swett in managing hundreds of girls in the Girls' High School, and Professsor Wilson, as the director and teacher of twelve hundred boys, we think $4,000 for ten months' labor too high a compensation. All teachers should be reduced; but those who best earn their money are the female primary teachers. Our school economies should take another and a more heroic direction. We would cut Professor Herbst's official hair by cutting off his official head. We would abolish all the cosmopolitan schools and cosmopolitan teachers. We would no longer allow German, French, music, or drawing to be taught in our schools. We would go through the supply department, cutting off all the flummery and nonsense that has been engrafted upon our free common school system, give the machine a turn back to the economy and simplicity of the earlier time. Languages—dead and living—higher mathematics, and all those branches that are beyond the range of the simplest English course, we would dispense with. Economy is demanded; it is imperative. Property can not endure its present taxation. It is not a matter of sentiment, to be discussed in public meetings by demagogue orators, to school masters and mistresses and their sympathetic friends; but it is a question of business, to be considered by the board as representatives of a tax-paying community that is resolved to be relieved of burdens it can not longer bear. Our Supervisors, and all our heads of departments, have come into office under such pledges of economy and reform as touch the personal honor of every man who has made them, and tax-payers are not indifferent spectators to the struggle that is now going on. We know the force and strength of a pathetic personal appeal against the reduction of a salary, or the salaries of a class of officials; but the tax-payers demand it nevertheless; and we say to the school board, and the municipal board, and all officers clothed with executive power, that they have given us their word, and we demand its fulfillment; they gave us the promise, and we demand the performance.

What the public demand in reference to school economies is to dispense with the luxuries and superfluities of the system, and to retain the essentials and the indispensables. If we could be heard in this matter, we would advise the dismissal of eight music teachers, of four drawing teachers, and of eight teachers of foreign languages; we would dispense with the cosmopolitan schools as the most prominent abomination. We would regulate the pay of carpenters, janitors, teamsters, and laborers by the standard of salaries earned by men in like employment working for private persons.

The public do not recognize the propriety of making the school department an eleemosynary institution. A married woman should not use it to support an idle and profligate husband, and it is not an argument against reducing salaries that the teacher has dependent upon her exertions pauper friends and relatives.

We presume every newspaper office in San Francisco has been besieged during the past week with most bewitching young school-teachers. Periodically they overflow their school-rooms and inundate the editorial rooms. They come in elegant dresses, feathered bonnets, six-buttoned kid gloves, and ten-dollar French boots, and look so charming, and talk so delightfully, and make it so apparent that they are a persecuted, injured, and down-trodden race that really one's heart bleeds for them. Still we are for retrenchment; we would rather let our hearts bleed than our pockets. Let the young jades wince so long as our purses are unwrung.

To be serious, fifty-five dollars does not seem so much for the labors of a teacher for a month. It must be an exceedingly trying and wearisome business to have sixty or seventy untamed little he or she bears to worry with all day in the endeavor to cram ideas into their blockheads. We repeat our advice to begin at the top of this business: cut off the superfluities, and reform downward.

While on the subject of schools we would like to invite some one who has the necessary knowledge to write us a brief and intelligible explanation of "the Quincy method" of teaching. We read a good deal about it in our local newspapers, our parsons and pedagogues commend it at public meetings, but we have yet to learn precisely what it is. In truth, its expounders do not seem accurately to know; or if they do, they either have their own reasons for making a mystery of it, or are not blessed by the Author of their being with the priceless gift of lucidity. Perhaps we should have been able to figure it out from the imperfect data already at hand if the *Chronicle* had not interfered with a two-column explanation. What is "the Quincy method," and why?

"On Sunday last there was removed from the fleshy part of the left arm of I. S. Kalloch, about an inch below the armpit, the bullet which was supposed to have lodged in the muscles of his breast or back."—*Chronicle.* They keep in one of the editorial rooms of the *Chronicle* a clean, white skull with a conspicuous bullet hole in the forehead, and this melancholy remain is labeled, "The man who demanded a retraction." Could they not now obtain a section of Mr. Kalloch's sore arm and mark it, "The man who did not?"

The Mormons are preaching that men who commit
Monogamy merit the dire
Affliction of hell. In polygamy's pit
The women are kindling the fire.

There is a little boy in Tuscarawas, Ohio, whose legs are so rapidly petrifying that the doctors are delighted no end. They have never before had the advantage of seeing so novel and interesting a case. But if Nature is going into the statuary business it will be a sorry day for Vinnie Ream and our own Mezzara; there will be no demand for their inferior wares. When the fiat goes forth, "Every man his own statue," the hewers of marble can step down and out.

In refutation of the argument that high official salaries are necessary in order to induce men of first-class attainment to undertake the duties and responsibilities of public office at the sacrifice of the "lucrative private practice," which we all know is of first-class attainments the appointed and invariable reward, we may mention the case of Sir John Holkar, the Attorney-General of England. This eminent lawyer has cheerfully surrendered at the call of duty a law practice of which the emoluments could not have been less than ten thousand pounds sterling a year. Sir John's fees as Attorney-General are twenty thousand pounds sterling a year.

While the late Mr. Tracy, of Pennsylvania, was awaiting the hangman (Mr. Tracy had killed his cousin because he loved her), he wrote a poem, of which the following are the opening lines:

They err who deem the captive's lot confined
To the drear scenes within his prison walls;
For oftimes to the dungeon's occupant
The largest, noblest freedom has been given—
That of the soul's communion with its God.

This is not bad for a poet; but a murderer, one would think, might do better. Some of our local poets, who have not as yet obtained public recognition as murderers, could not do better than confess at once, and date their work from the county jail. It would naturally be tested by a severer standard, but it would at least be read.

It looks now as if Gov. Seymour, of New York, might be the Democratic candidate for President. His last declarations do not look as if he intended to decline the nomination; on the contrary, it would seem that Barkis is quite willing. Horatio Seymour is an eminent and honorable man; he would make a strong candidate, and, in event of his election, would adorn the high office. He could, we think, carry New York. He would not, we believe, receive a very earnest opposition from Conkling or the Conkling party. General Grant's candidacy becomes daily more pronounced, and we can not longer withold the conviction that he is a willing instrument in the hands of an organized party for his renomination; and still we have not changed our opinion as to the prospect of his nomination; nor, in that event, as to the probability of his success. We are still of the belief that it would be both politic and wise for the Republican party to nominate the Hon. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, as its candidate for the Presidency.

Down on the water front may be seen this sign: "Workingmen's Billiards and Pool Saloon." Is there any connection between the great number of similar places in California and the hard times that the laboring classes find so unpleasant?

It is now known that Mr. Crowley's hasty resignation from the Board of Water Commissioners was caused by a dream. He knew certain newspapers were hostile to the whole scheme of which his appointment was a part, and that he must expect nothing less than crucifixion. Meditating on this he fell asleep, and dreamed that he saw something like this:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | C | |
| M | PATRICK | K |
| J.—E—L. | O | J.—E—R. |
| A | W | L |
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| E | E | Y |
| S | Y | ! |

Mr. Crowley took the hint and resigned. Afterward Mr. William T. Coleman was appointed, but having been told about the dream did not believe himself qualified to fill that particular vacancy.

A certain man in Cincinnati isn't as much a smarty as he was. His family were discussing at dinner the decapitation trick of a local magician, when the chief of the family, remarking that it was as easy as falling off a log, seized the carver in his right hand and the conjugal scalp lock in his left, and playfully drew the shining steel across the conjugal throat. The woman will possibly recover, but the children have no higher opinion of their father's attainments as an illusionist than they had before. He, infatuated man, avers that it is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all; but that, if he values the wife of his bosom, depends in some degree on the strength of the back-stitching in that lady's neck.

We are glad to know that the Academy of Sciences has come to grief by its own greed. Being one of the residuary legatees of the Lick estate, it has chosen to hold out against a just compromise accepted by the other residuary legatees, and, after long litigation, has not only lost its case, but in the meantime real estate has so "shrunk" that it is doubtful if, after paying the various bequests, there will be any residue left for it. The managers of this institution must feel particularly pleased with themselves, we should say.

The Board of Supervisors having excluded reporters from its committee meetings, the expression "Star Chamber" has again become familiar to the eyes of the "sovereign public." But the men who write it do not know what it means, all the same.

Mr. Charles H. Voorhies, member of Congress from New Jersey, has been arrested, charged with a felony. We had thought that members of Congress were not subject to arrest for this sort of thing, or how do they obtain a quorum? If members of the national Legislature are not permitted to commit felony, to whom is this suffering country to look for [illegible] what is the use of going to Congr[illegible]

## THE VISION ON THE STRAND.

[AFTER THE GERMAN OF HEINE.]

The night again is approaching
In mists adown the bay,
I hear the waves' plaintive wailing,
And see the foaming spray.

I see a white form arising,
A maiden from the sea;
And in her veil-decked body,
She softly comes to me.

She kisses me and she presses
Till I am sore afraid,
And say: "You press me too tightly,
My sweetest water-maid!

"But, after all, it is charming,
And why am I afraid?
So give my poor heart a warming,
My sweetest water-maid.

"The sea gulls are loudly shrieking,
And now I've fears for thee,
For thy heart is wildly beating,
Sweet maiden of the sea!"

Said she: "Fear not its beating,
So wildly and so warm,
Since I unspeakably love thee,
Thou dearest Human Form."

"The moon grows pale and alarming,
Thy cheeks begin to fade,
And tears in thine eye are forming,
My sweetest water-maid!"

Said she: "The tear that is forming,
And in mine eye you see,
Is but a drop from the ocean
That I brought along with me."

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1879. GEORGE GOSSMAN.

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

A Reminiscence of the Late War.

It was early in the morning of April 4th, 1865, that orders came to a detachment of Sheridan's cavalry for a detail of an officer and twenty-five men, to report immediately, for "escort duty." In the order were inserted these words: "Pick your best looking and neatest men." But for this proviso, probably the writer of this would not have been honored with being selected as one of the escort.

These April days were probably the most momentous in the history of the country. Each day had its movements of great import, and the great game of war was being played with terrible earnestness. We felt sure, when this order reached us, that something uncommon awaited us. For five weeks we had been in constant motion, and every order was "Forward." From the 28th day of February—the day Sheridan's cavalry broke camp at Winchester, Virginia—up to the very hour in which came our notice to prepare for this new duty, we had been almost continually on the march.

My object is not to give in this sketch the details of Sheridan's last grand raid from Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, through central Virginia to the army of General Grant, operating against Petersburg and Richmond, as these details would furnish enough for one narrative. These movements had just culminated, and found Sheridan's splendid cavalry corps in front of Petersburg, forming a portion of the forces henceforth to operate against the army of General Lee, and against Petersburg and Richmond. While thus encamped, and ready and expecting to move forward at daylight, came the order which took the twenty-five men who were destined to perform so honorable a service.

Our orders were to take the nearest road to City Point—then the base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac—and report as escort to President Lincoln, who was to enter Richmond that day. Following a road which led past and through various camps we arrived, at eight A. M., at City Point. Everything here was bustle and confusion. There were large numbers of rebel prisoners captured in the recent movements and battles awaiting transportation to the North. Thousands of our comrades were being brought in from the front for medical treatment, the hospitals then being filled and overflowing. These with other scenes made City Point a busy place, and, in those days, once seen, never to be forgotten.

We soon learned that the Union forces were in peaceable possession of Richmond. Lincoln had come from Washington some days before, to be near the Army of the Potomac during what he and Grant believed were to be the final days of the great Rebellion. The President was already on the steamer, then at the dock ready to take us up the James River. Taking our horses with us on board, the word was given, and, a few moments before nine A. M., we started up that historic river for Richmond.

Ours was the first steamer that had attempted to ascend the river since the blockade had been raised. The trip was considered somewhat dangerous, and our progress slow on account of some few torpedoes which the rebels had placed in the river, floating about with a disagreeable looseness. Soon "Butler's Tower," or observatory, came in sight. From its summit Butler and his officers had often taken a good long squint at the situation and manœuvres of the enemy. This tower was an object of peculiar interest to the rebels, and they gave it considerable attention in the way of shot and shell, but it had baffled all their efforts to destroy it.

Next came historic "Dutch Gap." This was a peculiar object of interest to us all. The press of the country had given us full particulars of its conception, its progress from the time the first spade full of earth had been turned up to the time when it was ready to admit the waters of the James through its channel. It was intended to turn the course of the river, save seven miles of navigation, and leave Fort Darling—a rebel stronghold—useless as an obstruction to the free navigation of the river to Richmond; but when the time came to turn the water into the gap it proved a sad failure—the river refused to be turned, but kept on in its accustomed channel, leaving Butler and his engineers to witness the failure of a scheme that had occupied months of their time and ingenuity.

Leaving Dutch Gap, we soon came in sight of Fort Darling, located on a high bluff, and having complete command of the river. It had been the only formidable obstacle in preventing our ironclads ascending the river to Richmond. Many brave men had fallen in their efforts to capture this stronghold. It had yielded at last. The Union army was not only in quiet possession of Fort Darling, but of the entire line of rebel forts and earthworks from near the Chickahominy on the north to Hatcher's Run on the south, a distance of thirty miles, and with them three thousand pieces of artillery. These things, and much more, were among the fruits of our victory. Our joy was only saddened with thoughts of our comrades who had fallen, brave hearts that had ceased to beat responsive to the shouts of victory.

We arrived in Richmond at 4 P.M. The news of our coming had preceded us, and in consequence the wharf was crowded with people all anxious to get a glimpse of Father Abraham, as Lincoln was universally called by the "intelligent contrabands." Hosts of these people lined the streets. From almost every house the faces of rejoicing freedmen peered through the windows. They seemed to realize for the first time that they were indeed free. The coming of Father Abraham was to them the realization of their long dream of freedom. Lincoln, from his carriage bowed his acknowledgments to the people who were cheering him from all sides. We rode rapidly through the principal streets of the city, through dense crowds, mostly of colored people, who, in the excitement of their joy, lost all regard for decorum; they were shouting and jumping like madmen; hats and bonnets flew in all directions.

Passing the magnificent statue of Washington, in front of the Capitol, we next passed by Castle Thunder and Old Libby Prison. These which had but so recently been filled with Union prisoners were now crowded with Confederates who, as they looked through the bars, did not seem to join in the general enthusiasm that prevailed on the outside. From Libby Prison, we paid our next visit to the rebel "White House," standing on one of the seven hills of Richmond. Here Jefferson Davis had held his court, until the thunders of the Yankee cannon admonished him that it was time to leave.

President Lincoln left his carriage here for the first time, and took a commanding position on the portico of the house, where the dense crowd which surrounded him could get a good view of his face. Near him stood Admirals Farragut and Porter, General Gordon, Weitzel, Shepley, and others, but Lincoln from their midst towered a full head above them all. The form that for years seemed bowed down with care, now stood erect. Having "invoked the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God, with malice toward none but charity for all," he seemed to gaze calmly upon the scene presented, and which to us seemed the crowning glory of his mission.

I will not attempt to describe the scene which was presented after Lincoln had addressed a few kind words to the assembled mass, further than to relate one incident which attracted my particular attention: One poor old slave who stood near me seemed overpowered with the thought that he was indeed a free man, and with the tears falling fast down his cheeks, he cried out from the depths of his soul: "Glory to God! I'm free! No more lashes on the poor slave's back; no more irons on these old wrists; for I'm free, thank God, I'm free!" SAMUEL W. BACKUS.

## CYNTHIE CLARK AND THE PRINCE.

Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

And as Kingsley's Mary went to her fate, so, in another sense, went Cynthie to hers. Cynthie was a maiden who lived, along with numerous other members of her immediate family, in an unpainted, clap-boarded shanty, termed a house and home, by the enterprising and energetic agriculturist, who styled himself farmer, and fondly imagined that he cultivated his dry, barren, and ill fenced acres.

Cynthie was thirteen, tall and lank, with long, straight locks, of the color of weak molasses and water; eyes which were blue, or green, or gray, or yellow, according to the color sense and complaisance of the person describing them; short, light eyebrows and lashes, a pale, yellow complexion, sun-spotted on forehead, cheek, and nose, and with great, bony hands and large, ungainly feet. These were her chiefest charms, enhanced by a toilet which lent a limp sunbonnet to dangle from her neck behind, a scant and dingy frock, of no particular color or material, and cut with a waist, a belt, and an untrimmed skirt, coming rather past the knees, and meeting there white cotton stockings, albeit not *very* white, and perhaps not completely whole, which extended hence to the ample, low-cut, cow-hide shoes, with the neglected ends of their frayed laces dangling at will.

"A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,
Doth more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

Saith the poet; and, on the same subject of delight in disorder, old Ben Jonson himself hath it:

"Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Testing her by such standards as these, let us decide that Cynthie, by her personal appearance, was not wholly precluded from being charming. As to her mind, that was well stored with ignorance and illuminated with superstition. Cynthie was not so far advanced in culture as to say, "the sun moves," or "the earth is not round," it being impossible for her to consider problems of which even the knowledge would have struck her dumb with wonder. But romantic, above all, was our heroine, though nobody guessed it. The fine tentacles of the little creatures in the sea let all else float by and take up just what is good for their own organizations; each organ in the complex human body takes from the flowing blood only what will repair its own waste; and so the brain is subjected to every influence, but is moulded only by what its own constitution renders it capable of absorbing. What a flood of thought and knowledge does every dark and narrow soul in a civilized land live in the midst of, and yet it never absorbs anything from what is grasped as daily bread by another soul, born with wider capacities of assimilation. So was the sentimental fostered in the soul of Cynthie, and every dime novel which came in her way fed the flame which burned on the altar of sentiment in her heart. Cynthie had never loved, for she had never yet seen the hero for whom, her tender years notwithstanding, she already looked and longed with all the wild, foolish fancies which in some other woman, in some other place, and at some other time, might have been deemed worthy of all honor. Every dream of Cynthie's was of her coming Prince, and every sign, symbol, and superstitious rite which she religiously observed, tended to the same end.

So Cynthie, on this Christmas-eve, when the fairies could not fail to bring her the long-looked for vision, put her right foot over the threshold first, for luck, and proceeded down the cow-path to look up and start homeward old Brindle, Spot, and Daisy, with the two yearling calves. Seeing the moon over her right shoulder, for the ninth night in succession, Cynthie proceeded to close her eyes carefully, and, muttering a charm as she went, turn completely around three times between every three steps taken in a forward direction. Having taken a certain number of steps in this manner, Cynthie opened her arms wide, resolving to clasp closely in them the form of her future husband. Her arms, sure enough, closed around something tangible, and she hugged it energetically before she opened her eyes. At that moment the yearling calf, whose head had been thus unceremoniously honored, butted violently against Cynthie, leaving her sprawling on the ground, as it bounded away to where old Brindle looked forth, in placid wonder, from the shade of the scrub-oaks and dwarf willows near by. But when Cynthie regained her feet, with a deep and vindictive "Darn yer!" it was at last to behold, as she verily believed, the apparition of her future fate.

Duly equipped and weighted, in the manner of a modern Nimrod, stood a young man not two paces from her, who, evidently, had elected to come from the city to spend in duck shooting in the San Joaquin marshes this night of venerable memory, the eve before Christmas. Tall, well-knit, and blonde; not handsome, but with a smooth, open face, great ease of manner, and an air of careless but assured satisfaction with himself and with the world at large, stood Cynthie's Prince.

"What the dickens were you doing?" demanded this young man, in an amused tone, which sufficiently denoted that he had been a witness to the somewhat uncommon rites which had had their climax in the embrace of the calf.

Cynthie stood regarding him with round eyes and opened mouth, admiring awe depicted on such portions of her face as were capable of expressing emotion, while slowly formed in her mind this thought:

"Oh, gosh! what a buoootiful man!"

When he spoke she gave a slight start, a dull color stole over her vacant face, and a silly smile crept around the corners of her gaping mouth—which she quite forgot to close and reply with. The Prince gazed a moment, and then, a light smile upon his own lips, he strode on toward the tule-marsh, leaving Cynthie, when she had collected what wits and cattle she possessed, to pursue her meditative way homeward.

It has been long agreed that this matter of love at first sight is a wonderful and mysterious one. Alas! that the sudden shaft fails sometimes to pierce the second heart. All night upon Cynthie's calico pillow-slip tossed a head filled with romantic imaginings, which centred around the figure of her unconscious Prince. All night, beneath Cynthie's gray blanket coverings beat a heart of love and tender adoration for that Prince. Cynthie was happy in the friendship of various young farmers, up and down the San Joaquin, and had even, before now, beheld an occasional duck-hunter from the city; but it was reserved for this moment for the consciousness to flood her soul that she loved.

As to the Prince, after the enthusiastic manner of the duck-hunters, he probably remained all night in the tule marsh, for the next morning, on his way to the railroad station, he stopped to beg a glass of milk at the door of the redwood cabin—styled farmhouse by Cynthie's father. When the request had been made to the mother and her tow-headed group of youngsters, Cynthie suddenly came forward, exclaiming incoherently: "Oh, gosh, the Prince! I know him, marm; I'll fetch the milk."

With a gallant bow the Prince acknowledged the recognition, thereby covering Cynthie with confusion, preventing her from proffering the glass of milk when she had brought it, and compelling her immediate retirement to the farthest rooms of the house. When the Prince had partaken of his refreshment, he was reminded that a considerable interval would elapse before the passing of the train, and the hospitality of a wooden settee, drawn up before a large open fire, being cordially extended, was gratefully accepted, and Nimrod, tired and mud-stained, stretched his shapely limbs in the glow of the fire and proceeded to sleep away the hour at his disposal. It was only when he was a good many miles from the San Joaquin that he discovered, thrust into one of his pockets, the following epistle:

"i du luv u orfull i wil wate tel u say but ef u kant luv me no how i shal di Gudby ure tru luv Cynthie."

The Prince had heard the latter name pronounced in the farmhouse, and so gradually deciphered this specimen of reformed orthography. It was a touching little letter without doubt, and readily touched, if nothing deeper, the sense of the ludicrous in the recipient. And yet, premising that it was an instance of rare consideration on the part of the debonair Prince, it remains to be stated that in less than a fortnight afterward—in truth, on New Year's day, eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, Cynthie received the following note:

"I'm sorry, but I am already married. Good-bye for ever."

That is absolutely all, for Cynthie never saw the Prince again. It is quite certain that the maiden did not die, as hinted; yet it is not to be doubted that a period of great revulsion of feeling and bitterness of heart followed close upon her ardent love of a fortnight, and often did Cynthie aver that never, never again would she trust the attentions of a man! JEAN BALTAZAR.

BROOKLYN, Cal., December 5th, 1879.

## SNAGGLEBY'S WEDDING.

The Old Son Gives Frisbie All the Points.

RAGLIN'S RANCH, December 26, 1879.

FRIZ, OL' BOY :—I don't feel much like spilin' nice w'ite paper arter w'at I've bin through an' feelin' as I do, but I s'pose the boys 'd kick ef I didn't scratch a line or two jest to let 'em know how it came off, so I'll brace up and jerk her through ef I break the centre pole off at the ring bolt. I ain't got more time 'n a session o' the Legislature at $15 a day to give ye all the pints, 'cause ye see we're off on the tower to-morrow mornin' an' ev'rythin's on the rush. We're goin' to take a run down to the Mexican line, somewhar 'round Los Angeles, whar it's warmer an' more salubrious. O' course, it's all over, an' Jim's out o' the reach o' designin' widders an' such. It was a circus an' no mistake, an' the noosepaper ducks ez dropped round 'bout lunch time never let up praisin' the hull bizness 'til it was time fur 'em to mosey down to the dead house an' git the perticklers 'bout the stiffs thet'd bin hauled in sense they war thar last. So I reckin ther'll be a big piece in the papers describin' the gorgeous dresses an' the lovely wimmin thet slid round in the parlors like chips on a duck pond. Talk 'bout gracefulness, them females could jest take the rag off o' the bush on thet racket ev'ry clatter. Most o' them was goodlookin', but ther was one or two thet'd a took prizes at a monkey show. Ther was one in pertickler thet could call the turn on damaged beauty ev'ry time, an' it was jest my blamed luck to hev her hooked onto my elbow durin' most o' the time the weddin' spree was boomin'. She was ugly enough to drive a hearse an' high-toned enough to run a faro bank. The shadder of a skeleton by candle light couldn't a bin more cadaverous, an' ef it hedn't bin fur a crack on the back of her neck thet she'd furgot to fill up I wouldn't a dropped on w'at made sech an an ol' scarescrow look at a feller 'ithout winkin' once in a while. Ye see, Friz, the shadder hed pasted herself all over 'ith plaster o' Paris or somethin' o' thet kind, an' it'd a bin ez much ez her eyelids was wuth to a squinted. She didn't seem to go much on my style, an' I'll swear I didn't on hern. But I hed to grin an' hang on, fur ye see the galvanized corpse was Maud's aunt, an' it wouldn't a bin reglar to a thrown off on the cadaver. Her name is Miss Evangeline Snooks (she ain't no relatioo o' the Snookses o' Hangman's Gulch, though), and Jim says she's risin' sixty-two, but she won't own up to more'n thirty-three. She's goin' to board an' lodge a year or two 'ith Jim an' Maud, an' ef Chief Crowley don't hev to read the riot act in that Rooshen Hill shanty afore the month's out, I miss my guess. Ef it hedn't bin fur this ol' fraud I'd a got better acquainted 'ith Miss Oglethorpe, one o' the best lookin' gals I ever laid eyes on. Lord, but she was scrumptious, you bet. Her eyes looked like two little stars an' her teeth was ez white ez quartz rock. Her hair was tied up in a bow knot behind, an' a big bunch hung down her back like a piece o' merlasses candy. Ez ye know, Friz, I don't go much on the wimmin folks, an' I'm ailus lookin' out for lan'-slides in that direction, but Miss Oglethorpe kinder fetched me. She smiled on me, Friz, an' w'enever the ol' heptagon I'd run afoul of wasn't 'ithin hearin' she'd sidle up and ask me how I was gittin' along, an' how I liked the city, an' all sech neighborly talk, ye understan'.

I don't s'pose it was my good looks thet made her take so much interest in me, an' I ain't allowin' thet it was my winnin' ways, but it must a bin somethin' or other. O' course I was rigged out in the best duds the market could perdooce (Jim put up, ye know, an' he didn't make no bones 'bout the expense), but Miss Oglethorpe was too sensible to git stuck arter sech things ez store clo's. Mebbe it was on account o' me bein' an ol' pard o' Jim's. I'm goin' to find out the fust chance I git. She was one o' the bridesmaids, an' it's my opinion thet she laid over anythin' in thet line outside o' the sweet by-an'-by. But she hed a rooster with her named Short thet I don't go a cent on. He was one o' them ducks thet sport a bay window under his second shirt stud, an' packs 'round a bamboo cane 'ith a little ivory woman's foot unto the handle—one o' them Pine Street roosters thet wears eyeglasses an' owns a seat in the hoodlum board on Poverty Alley. I could see by the way Miss Oglethorp hectored him thet she didn't take much stock in him. I don't blame her a bit. One o' the other fellers I got acquainted 'ith was a jumpin' jack named C. Augustus Rigglepate—his front name is Clarence, I b'lieve, but he's too high-toned to hang it out fur the vulgar mob to blink at, so he parts the hull bizness in the middle, like a bald-headed terrier. He tends a cigar store on Montgomery Street, over 'n 'Frisco w'en he ain't adornin' serciety, an' ef the jew'lry he packs 'round on his clo's wasn't bogus ye'd think his fifteen dollars a week went fur w'at he hed on. I didn't cotton to him from the fust, mostly on account o' his remarkin' to me thet he'd heerd we raised a superior crop o' acorns in Tuolumne, an' cons'-quently the hog bizness was more thrivin' 'n it was in the corn sections o' Stanislaus an' Calaveras, an' askin' me why acorns was better feed fur hogs 'n hulled corn was. I was mad enough to a pulled an' blowed a hole through him right thar, but the thought o' them noosepaper ducks an' the scandal o' the thing held me back; so I only answered thet I didn't know much 'bout the feed o' hogs, but thet sence I'd been down here I'd noticed a breed o' hogs wallowin' 'round thet looked ez ef they'd been fed on gimblets an' corkscrews, they was so sharp an' chipper. Thet shet him up. I'm speakin' perticklerr 'bout this institootion, 'cause I've heerd thet afore Maud went to thet furrin boardin' school she was 'bout half-an'-half engaged to this Rigglepate feller, an' the same thing thet smashed the Bank o' Californy thet time knocked the daylights out o' the perposed marriage—I'm referrin' to the want o' coin. C. Augustus wouldn't starve a poor woman to death, ye see, an' he couldn't do nothin' else on fifteen dollars a week an' keep up the style they sling in high-toned serciety out here in Californy. But Jim an' Maud gittin' hitched didn't seem to bother him much, fur he went fur all thet was in sight on the lunch counter arter the weddin', keepin' neck an' neck 'ith them serciety reporters an' Short, the stock broker.

But Friz, ol' man, ye ken jest tell the boys it was a way up bizness. Maud an' the gals thet stood up 'ith her was dressed all in shiny white, 'ith trails to ther dresses spread out behind 'em like door mats. These yer trails hed a lot o' puckered white stuff sewed on, so thet ef ye wasn't posted ye'd think the underpinnin' o' the skirt gears 'd fetched loose—thet the cinch straps o' ther petticoats hed broke. But I was posted an' knowed better. An' then they was spangled all over 'ith yaller flowers, an' Maud hed a white veil on ez broad an' ez long ez a mosquito net. An' ye betcher sweet life, Friz, she looked grand. Wait till ye see the piece in the papers 'bout her; she was lovely, an' gorjus, an' sublime, an' beautiful, an' all thet sorter thing. I can't git in on the heavy words them serciety gossip ducks uses in all their weddin' biznesses, so I can't give ye no idee of w'at Maud an' them other gals looked like. There was a big crowd at the weddin', representin' all the blooded aristocracy o' 'Frisco an' Oakland an' Milpitas, 'cause ye see, through Phil Raglin, Jim's got solid 'ith all the bigbugs an' stock sharps in the kentry. Arter the weddin' we all pranced down to the lunch-room, an' waded into the grub thet Jim hed pervided fur the occasion. Ther was spring chicken—French fashin, oysters ez raw ez the day they was born, beef—Dutch style, Italian soup 'ith yaller sticks in it thet looked like pipe stems, briled trout, coffee an' conyac (I took four cups o' thet bev'rage), cakes, an' nuts, an' apples, an' cheese, an' champagne till ye couldn't rest. Ther wasn't enough life in the liquor they fetched on, so I jest mentioned it to Jim, an' he tol' the nigger thet waited on us to roust out somethin' else fur my special benefit, an' it was fust class, ye betcher. Then we retired, an' tomorrer mornin' me an' Jim an' Maud, an' Miss Oglethorpe, an' Phil Raglin's *vally de sham*, an' a couple o' Maud's waitin' maids, is goin' to strike out fur Los Angeles, whar they suck oranges three times a day, an' sleep on the roofs the year round 'ith nothin' on but a linen duster an' a mosquito net. It's good livin' down here, Friz, an' the dinner bell don't hev to ring twice to fetch me in on time. Jim's happy, Maud's happy, an' I'm happy. They came to breakfas' this mornin' lookin' like two kittens in a tan yard, only Jim's bald head didn't seem to pair off 'ith Maud's stylish, high-toned way o' screwin' her neck round an' smilin' w'enever anybody spoke o' the weather or asked her to pass the ham an' eggs along. I don't know how it'll all turn out, but I s'pose ol' roosters like Jim an' young gals like Maud hez made the riffle on the milk an' honey bizness afore now, an' p'raps it wasn't Jim's coin, arter all, thet fetched her. It don't look like it now, anyhow; an' ef Maud is anythin' like w'at I put Miss Oglethorpe up to be, it was a squar case o' genooine love an' affection. Thar goes the grub bell, so ye'll hev to wait till ye hear from me agin.

BILL BELCHER.

To E. C. FRISBIE, Rawhide Ranch,
Tuolumne County, *via* Copperopolis.

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Taking an occasional day in bed, simply on account of indisposition, says a French physiologist, is a very simple and rudimentary notion of this glorious institution. But it is the natural domicile of every man—

> In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
> And born in bed, in bed we die.

Bayard, the French physiologist, maintained that man was an animal that exercised the thinking faculty best in a horizontal position. Thus, there are high artistic, social, and intellectual uses connected with an occasional day in bed which imperatively claim discussion. Brinley, the great engineer, when he was fairly bothered and puzzled by some tough problem, always betook himself to bed until he had solved it. Most people have a kindness for Lord Melbourne, who under the affectation of frivolity, used to get up Hebrew and the fathers and imperturbable good humor to bear with his wife, Lady Caroline, while the pretty Byron-struck termagant used to smash the drawing-room furniture. His intimate friends would find the premier calmly taking breakfast in bed, with letters and dispatches strewed all over the counterpane. The poets have been terrible fellows to get out of bed. I suppose it is because the visions of the day and of the night sweetly intermingle.

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The late Prince Alamaya, of Abyssinia, was extremely delighted when, as a little fellow, he first landed in England. As he walked about the dockyard at Plymouth, he exclaimed, with childish glee: "Oh, this beautiful country! I shall never go back!" and he did, indeed, never go back. At the time of his death he had nearly forgotten his native tongue, retaining only a word or two.

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## OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

### The Steam-Engine.

"Whizz-z-z—whip!
I must not slip"—
And the steam-king buckles, and holds his breath,
And braces his sinews for life or death,
And clenches his bands,
Like a pair of hands,
To the long iron rail stretched out before;
While his elbows bend and his body shakes,
And out of his nostrils the black clouds pour—
And says he, "We're off, if nothing breaks."
So he clears his throat with a terrible scream,
And tries his wheels;
And like some huge monster we see in a dream—
A Cyclops, a hydra, a comet at play—
Through city and country he gallops away,
With his long train switching behind at his heels.

"How many people, I pray, grim sir,
Man, woman, and child,
Bearest thou at thy back with less rumble and stir
Than an omnibus makes in its surges wild?"
"Five hundred or more," replies the steam-king;
"And 'twould be very easy for me to fling
All this multitude up to the moon—
Up to the moon, or down in the deep
For a royal crash, or a dreamless sleep—
I could do it very soon."

And on he goes, belching fire and smoke,
Over the hills and leaping the water;
Shaking his sides as his whistle woke
Pale fear in mother and daughter.
On, and on, over precipice steep,
And up the mountains he urges his way;
He clings to the crags like a goat or sheep,
And sports where the catamounts play.
But anon he turns to the valleys again;
He has soared with the eagles long enough;
He has taken a fancy to snuff the plain—
To look at the clover and fields of grain—
So he sprinkles his back and shakes out his mane,
And puff! puff!
A fury is on him—he's struck by the sun—
He shrieks and flies like a crazy one—
With a scream and a bound
He is underground;
And five hundred people go with him below,
As he dives amain to cool his brain
In the nether realms, five minutes or so,
And anon he'll be up again.

On, on, no sleep—no rest;
He never complains, he never tires;
But, a cold-water king, he does his best
To quench with water his inward fires.
He says, "'Tis cold water that makes me stroog;"
And he sings its praises in jubilant song;
"Cold water! cold water!
Whiz-z-z—whip—whew!
Each father and son, each mother and daughter,
Drinks cold water and never gets blue—
You'd never get blue, if you only knew
How old Nick and his boys are after you!"

No epicure he, the great steam-king;
Confections and pies,
Beef and plum-pudding he never tries;
But takes the plain fare that the firemen bring,
And works right on while he eats his dinner,
But dislikes to be scrimped like any sinner.
A mountain pine might serve him *one* hour;
A Mauch Chunk coal-bed *twenty-four*.
Night troubles him not, nor heat, nor cold;
The storm may rage, he careth not.
Clouds may the starry vault infold,
The moon be all forgot;
But he, the monarch of the night,
Lighting his path with his terrible eye,
Toils steadily on as though 'twere light,
O'er dangerous sloughs and mountains high—
Canadian forests or Georgian sands,
New England hills or prairie lands.
From Boston to York, from York to the Lakes,
He waves his streamer of fiery flakes;
And beyond where rolls the father of rivers,
In the land of mosquitoes, pork, and fleas,
Where fever and ague sits and shivers,
And the corn grows up to trees.
Still beyond are the mountains of Ararat,
Where the Ark rested and couldn't get off!
Where the buffalo plays with the panther cat,
And the north wind goes to cough.
'Tis the great backbone of the continent,
But at its foot on the other side,
Softer zephyrs the gods have sent,
And a calm Pacific tide.
Have you heard of Ophir? that is it—
Have you heard of Golconda? 'tis the same—
Of El Dorado, where diamonds sit,
Thick as stars when the stars are lit,
And wink with their eyes of flame?
That is the country I have in my eye,
After which madmen and mad-ams sigh;
The sand of whose rivers are running gold;
And where Hope, cased in amber, never grows old.
E'en the sun, as he quits that Golden State,
Sinks down to rest through a Golden Gate.
But ho, all ye people, awake! awake!
And see what a leap for the steam-king to take!
He has put on his boots and combed back his hair,
And is hungrily snuffing the mountain air;
And he says, "As sure as my ribs are iron,
Let Congress say,
They'll clear the way,
And in vain shall foes the path environ;
For to see San Francisco I have a notion,
And I'll go with a bound from ocean to ocean."

Can he mow? Ah yes—the steam-king can mow,
He can handle a scythe, or a rake, or a hoe;
He can fell the mightiest forest oaks,
And work them alike into beams or spokes.
He can turn the wheels of a thousand mills—
Where the white flour makes the miller white,
Where the glowing forge flashes red on the night,
Where the factory-girl fills
Her bobbins and reels, and wizard looms,
With purple and white,
With cotton and woolen, and linen bright,
With webs for the brides and webs for the grooms;
Where the miner toils and the black gnomes keep
Their revels in caverns so dark and deep,
In the maw of the earth, that the day-god's eye,
With the glory of morning can never come nigh.
Heavy or light he careth not
So you give him work to do.
His sledge-hammer blows fall heavy and hot,
Or he pegs a little child's shoe:
He bores a mountain, or digs a canal,
Or forges a pin as well.

He boasts, besides, "I can handle a ship:
I know every dip
That a bucket can make:
And I care not for canvas to catch the wind,
Nor masts, nor rigging, nor ropes to bind.
Make all fast that nothing will break—
Beams of wood and iron all new—
And good and true
A man at the helm, and a man at the head,
And I will be sure to go-ahead."

So off he walks upon the blue sea,
Whistling a stave to the hoarse north wind,
Snapping his thumbs like a Yankee free,
And throwing the spray; till old Neptune, blind,
With his head in a whirl and reckoning wild,
Yields up his crown like a conquered child.
The great steam-king!
A triple-crowned monarch is he!
And away he goes where the surges sing,
"Old England rules the sea."
The song is hushed, and a thousand eyes
Gaze in mute wonder as he flies.

He compasses the Atlantic broad,
He doubles the capes to eastern Ind;
The islanders call him the fiery god;
But he leaves the Indian seas behind,
And dashes across the Pacific main;
And early in the morn,
With a scream, and a shout, and a whiz again,
He rounds the icy Horn.

Great monarch of land and sea!
Pray, whence is thy wondrous power?
"Look into thyself," says he,
"Body and spirit, I'm the shadow of thee;
But thou art king, and thine the imperial dower.
Burnished iron, and steel,
Piston, lever, and wheel,
Chambers of water, chambers of fire,
Arms and sinews, that nothing can tire,
Powerless and silent for ever must be,
Were it not for my Spirit, by fire set free;
All Progress is born of Mystery."

NO A.

San Francisco, December 26, 1879.

And has the season of spangled ferns, and gaudy leaves, and tissue skirts, and flying feet really come again? Truly, for is not the butterfly nightly born in a bower of ferns, upon which Porter has staked his reputation, and have not Madame Roserli, and all the other queer foreign-named people of whom one never hears except at Christmas time, such frightful colds in their heads that they can't use their feet? By the way, how do they live—where do they dance when there are no holidays? Where does this summer hibernation take place? Where do all these limber-limbed nymphs of the ballet wear long skirts, and only use their twinkling feet for ordinary purposes of locomotion? Do they not sigh for the long winter evenings, for the lights and glitter, for the tarletan and the spangles, for the round-eyed wonder of the matinée children, for the spontaneous expression of the gallery boy, even for the more quiet, artistic enjoyment which is found in the orchestra chairs? But the year rolls round, and the spectacle is here again. What a complex article it has come to be! Time was when the pink clouds, like huge, fanciful grain elevators, the dancers, and the transformation scene were enough; but the youth who invests fifty cents in a Christmas matinée feels himself aggrieved if, besides all this, there be no trapeze, no india-rubber contortionist, no Majiltons, with their phantom-legged diablerie. As for the transformation scene, one follows it through all its tortuous windings of fancy, one gropes through the glitter, so to speak, to catch the artist's idea between each lifting of the gauze; one is dazed with color and blinded with light, and relaxes at last as the prompter's bell sounds for the green curtain to fall, with a huge, tired sigh of kaleidoscopic satiety.

It is an odd thing, is it not, that no one goes to the theatre Christmas Eve? Managers, distracted with millions of emotions, with wrangles with carpenters, scene shifters, musicians, danseuses, imported coryphées, and an infinity of etceteras, are never ready at the last moment, yet strain every nerve to ring the curtain up upon the spectacle on Christmas Eve. And no one goes. That is to say no one, when we speak in our high and lofty way, when we say that every one is out of town, or that no one was at Mrs. Montgomery Cheltenham's party. But what a lot of happy expectant faces are those hanging down over the balustrade of the upper gallery. Saw you ever such eager expectant faces as those looking up from the pit. And you do not recognize the dress circle. You do not recognize the finery on these young women. It has another cut, another air than that we see upon our familiar boulevards, and the wearers take such hearty, honest enjoyment in the wearing of it. Where is the listlessness of the weary belle, where the *blase* look of the ennuied one, who finds it a bore to live in the world, but would find it a greater bore to live out of it. It is not here; it does not belong here. They are hearty, simple, honest folk who go to the theatre at Christmas-time. The spectacle is as much a part of their holiday making as the plum of the Christmas pudding or the stuffing of the Christmas turkey. You may call it by a less homely name, if you will, but they call it stuffing who eat it only once a year, and the sentiment of their expression is right, for the article in question does eke a turkey out wonderfully at a big table full. These are the patrons at the Christmas play, these and the children, the cheery, happy, dear little children, to whom the Christmas-time belongs by right, but that we elders have been wise enough in our day and generation to take a part of it. But Christmas is so big, so generous, that there is plenty of it for all of us, and as for the play let them have it on the feast-day, for the play lasts longer than all other Christmas merry-making, and the play must be a spectacle for the children, and the real Christmas merry-makers will not go to see *Blue Beard* yet. That may be a spectacle for old heads but not for young hearts. Porter's butterfly and the remarkably interesting circumstances which attend its *début* in the bower of ferns are of more attractive metal than the comicalities of Roland Reed; the beauty of Kate Everleigh, the singing of Miss Roseau, and the symmetery of the entire company.

But wait till Monday, when this holiday fever shall have passed away, and you shall see "Blue Beard" establish himself. You will see the *jouesse doree* in the orchestra. The French have not provided a word for this interesting class of people when they grow old; but they do grow old; yet they go to see *Bluebeard*. And how the greybeards do enjoy themselves, either in the boxes or the circle. Why do they so extensively advertise Miss Emé Roseau as taking a quite part? She is far handsomer to look at in drapery, whose adjustment she understands to a nicety. They are all good dressers, these Colville Folly people, but Miss Roseau excels them all in the brilliancy and elegance of her toilets. As for little Ella Chapman, there is perhaps sometimes a too great precision in her style, but she is such an admirable little artist in her line that it really does not seem to matter what she wears or does not wear. The beauty of the costumes and the beauty of the women combined have been accountable for much more than half the success of the troupe. Even with the finest scenic effects at the California, with pretty, petite Louise Beaudet and pert Gertie Granville luring them to see the capers of the *Seven Sisters*, and with a full fledged ballet at the Baldwin, people stay their steps, and hesitate as to whither they shall wend their way.

As to acting, it quite as much out of season as oysters in July. Jeffreys-Lewis is in retirement, pondering upon the success of "Stephanie," and wishing for another play like *Forget-me-not*. Rose Osborne is resting upon the laurels of her brief season, and waiting, like Micawber. Adeline Stanhope has either gone or is going to Australia. As for actors, there are not more than two in the State at present, and they are taking a holiday. The stage is given over to dancers, and tumblers, and scene painters. The nimble-fingered Herrmann bewilders the beholder with some really good prestidigitation, and Mlle. Addie nightly serves as a bullet of an altogether new kind and shape. It is but fair that the actors take holiday while the annuals gather their little harvest. We shall all be better pleased for the change after a season of eye satisfaction, to see Clara Morris once again, or to hear the newly organized Melville Opera Troupe in English Opera. *On dit* that some of the operas which we find among the leaves of old, old music are to be revived, operas connected with the romances of our mother's younger days. But whither are we drifting? All these things are not to come for a long time yet—not till 1880. Its footstep is upon the threshold, but we must all go to see spectacles the rest of the year—all of us who are properly organized and well conducted holiday observers.

Betsy B.

### "Lel" Hits Back.

Mr. Editor of the Argonaut:—Is there a modicum of space in your gallant columns that might be Lel's for the asking? If so, she will take it as a "wee bit giftie," and yield thanks to Santa Claus.

Your verses twain, like bright, keen little daggers, crossed blades, as by some inherent power, in the fine, impalpable flesh of my soul, and, like the twin divisors of a pair of Butterick scissors, cut their gleaming way through the crimson fabric of my heart—all because you would not satisfy me on that tough "dress question." Won't you carve *it*, instead of Lel, for your readers' New Year's feast?

O cruel-kind Argonaut, can you gaze upon your soul-pierced, heart-cleft victim, and your violet eye distill not one single dew-drop? Think how the very clouds have wept for me since the stabbing! You are of sky birth, too; then honor it by shedding a little eye-water, and, while the pearls are falling, Lel will avail herself of your softer mood and ask you yet another friendly one.

Wherefore will several of "Our Own Poets" alternate in the same production the solemn form of the second person singular with the common, and why not confine themselves to one style of address at a time. A few Saturdays ago, one poet, after ambling along on the common palfrey remarkably well, seemed suddenly to weary of the steed, and unfortunately "changed horses" on the last word. A week later, another poet got on and off, or off and on, four times in one verse. Are they in training for a grammatico-rhetorical "go as you please," or were they simply preparing literary mince-meat for Christmas? But, of course, you won't answer, because it's

Lel.

[Fair "Lel," be careful where you poke—
The poets are a pugnant folk;
'Tis better far to let them sing
And buzz at will than brave their sting.
Already we are punctured sore
For stirring up their hive before.
Deaf, henceforth, to their faults and sins,
We stop our ears to save our skins.
No, no, not ev'n for *you* we'll rend
The meanest bard that dares offend—
Nay, no: so much as cuff at all
His shadow thrown upon a wall.
Provoke a poet? Hack his stuff?
No, thank you, Lel, we've had enough.
And yet for *you* we'd brave the wrath
Of any lion in your path,
Happy if in your starry eyes
Two little tears of grief might rise
To fall upon some shred or stain
That (of the lion) might remain.
—Ed. Argonaut.]

Scribes tell of a Washington house in which the hostess is so elegant and attractive, and the rare curiosities so numerous, that nobody who attends her receptions can ever be induced to waste time on luncheon; so that one iced cake does duty for a whole season, and is uncut when Lent puts an end to social festivities. We rather think some of our San Francisco society bucks would remember to pay their respects to that *gateau*. We do, indeed; we even think that, if right hungry, as God knows they commonly are, they might by accident make short work of that elegant and attractive hostess, if she were so imprudent as to get herself within grabbing distance of their gleaming teeth.

## GANYMEDE'S CUP.

San Francisco, December 24, 1879.

Dear Argonaut:—

We have decked our churches with boughs to-night;
They are brightened by children's gladsome light;
For living flowers He loves best to see,
Who said, "Little children, come to me."
And a chaplet of love each heart should weave
For Christ's sweet sake on this Christmas eve,
That may float on the waves of Time's drifting sea
To immortal bloom in eternity.

With the exception of a few dinner parties, the entire week, socially, has been given up to the little ones, whose hearts have been as happy as a whole patch of sun-flowers. If the happy spirits above know what's going on below, Pope Telesphorus must have given a sniff of approbation at the manner in which we have celebrated the festival he instituted. Here in California we have not the merry jingle of sleigh bells, the great fields of white snow, the skating carnivals with their freezing accompaniments, and we do not sigh for them.

Mrs. Requa, of Piedmont, opened her beautiful home to some eighteen or twenty of her little daughter's friends, who danced merrily around a tree that bore each one's favorite fruit. The Freeborns did the same thing. So did Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. Livingstone Baker, and many others. The ladies of the Spaulding family united their forces to make the little ones happy. In all these places old Santa Claus came in *propria personæ*, shaking blessings down into the little dimpled, waiting hands. I can assure you the youth of this State are not far behind the mammas in dress and parties; lace dresses and diamonds are not unfrequently seen; in fact, every luxury is piled upon the little ones, until there is nothing left to give them pleasure, and they are "warne" (as my Irish friends say) and *blases* at twelve and fourteen years. I called to see a friend a few days since, who brought her little four-year-old boy into the room dressed in duchess lace and blue satin. Poor, uncomforable little chick, how much happier and healthier he would have been in a calico gown, making mud pies, and the money his demoralizing finery cost put at interest to educate him with; for the chances are most certain that his parents will drift back into the oblivion and poverty from which they originated, and there will be nothing saved to improve what little mind there will be left in the head that has been stuffed with gewgaws from the time it came into the world. Our friend Mrs. A. J. H. told me that her little daughter (two years old) had already attended eight parties—parties where a child clad in anything cheaper than lace, satin, or silk, would have been out of place and made uncomfortable. Wealthy Mrs. X., who haggles with a poor sewing girl over a few cents change, and only pays her after repeated demands, dresses her little girl in a hundred-dollar lace dress to go to dancing school. What an eternal unfitness of things.

I am reminded of the simple-minded country woman who inquired of a New York milliner for "an old lady's bonnet." "Madame, we have no old ladies in New York." We have no lawn or muslin for dresses—those materials are now used for dressing tables and toilet sets exclusively. But if, by chance, "Mel" secures enough to drape her pretty self in, what bliss it will be to describe her; and she must not forget that oftimes a dowager's diamonds and costly dress are the only apparent materials to write upon, and something must be said. After all, the gifts of the gods are very evenly distributed.

"Mel" has youth and health,
I have pallor and wealth;
"Lel" has brains and likewise wit—
Our F. F. V.'s have not a bit.

I wonder if it is generally known that there is to be a "black-list" gotten up by the ladies who entertain, where the name of every society girl will be engraved in letters as visible as those at Belshazzar's feast. This resolve was formed at that last "elegant party" in that "spacious house," where drawing-room and boudoir were made to do restaurant duty. (See your last week's "Aftermath.") But this appears to me to be a little unkind; for where people have had no advantages they are not always to blame for what they don't know; and if one has been in the habit of eating, drinking, and sleeping in one carpetless room most of their lives, how is she or he to distinguish the difference between a dining-room and a drawing-room? I would continue to invite these creatures; they are untidy, "but we must have have them;" and let the purpose of each room be designated in large letters: "This is to eat in," "This is to sit, walk, or dance in." I presume most of them can read.

Mrs. R. M. S., the versatile, gave a characteristic entertainment last Friday evening. I sauntered in about eleven o'clock. I find that is the fashionable hour in this city. It shortens that weary waste that must be struggled through before eating-time. I hoped to see something new. "Mel" in white muslin and tea-rose natural, would have been most refreshing, but she came not; and I saw only the same capricious and extravagant toilets from the inexhaustible and costly inventions of the "White House" and "Worth's"—masses of gauze, lace, Turk silk, satin, and velvet, whose puffy waves were courageously low, considering. Diamonds sparkled, plumes waved, flowers natural and artificial blossomed, sequins clashed, rows of pearls intertwined, arrows, poniards, and reptile pins shone, snakes coiled lovingly round paste bedaubed necks and arms, beetles' wings glittered, stars of precious and imitation stones quivered on spiral springs, mounted on piles, puffs, and braids of dead people's hair. And I must not forget to speak of the grapes, currants, and gooseberries, that nestle so appetizingly in the *coiffures* of our *taste*fully dressed ladies. Mrs. S. has a very jolly home; both she and her husband are very fond of company, and her musical and dinner parties will add very much to the winter's gayety. Miss S. inherits her mother's talent for music and the languages, and is pretty. Next week you shall have something about the gentlemen who go out calling on New Year's day. Ganymede.

Poor emaciated, bedridden invalids can be restored to robust and blooming health with Hop Bitters, and no one need be out of health if they will only use them freely. Ask your druggist or physician.

Just why the new Board of Supervisors should decline to grant a railroad franchise—cars to be moved with stationary engine and cable wire—if asked for in good faith and by responsible persons who mean business, we do not understand. From the water front through the Western Addition to the ocean there should be a cable on every alternate street. It is the only way that the hill property can be utilized, and it is the only way that the suburbs can be made available for the purpose of residence. The California Street Road, with its perfect machinery, substantial construction, and almost perfect management, has demonstrated the value of such roads. Along this street elegant dwellings are being erected, and this part of the city is improving more and faster than any other. If our Supervisors desire to give value to outside property, increase the taxable wealth of San Francisco, and accommodate its citizens, they should not lightly and without good reason discourage enterprise in this direction.

A Mystery Solved.—There never has been a time in San Francisco when ladies spent so much care and money upon the *coiffure* as during the present season, and never were inquiries so frequent as to who sets forth the many new and wonderful styles of dressing the hair which one now meets at the fashionable receptions. At one time it was deemed to be the work of fairies, and the supposition was strengthened from the fact of our inability to find out the name of the artist from the ladies themselves who had been so fortunate as to obtain his services. But now we, who are lovers of the beautiful, and have fallen under his masterly hand, have no idea of making a mystery of the matter. For the benefit of all we will say that Mr. Stanislas Strozynski, on Ellis Street, under the Baldwin Hotel, is the artist referred to.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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This (Saturday) evening, Dec. 27th, and every evening until further notice, matinee to-day at 2 P. M., a special matinee on New Year's Day, will be presented the world-renowned Lydia Thompson Burlesque, in two acts, as played exceeding 2,000 times, and entitled

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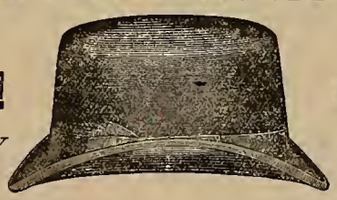

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## MECHANICS' PAVILION.

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2 HOURS LADIES' CONTEST. 2

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### Disappointment.

A girl came up to heaven's gate
And said, "May I come in?"
The good St. Peter told her yes,
If she were free from sin.

She told him all that she had done,
The little sins and great,
And Peter, without looking up,
Began to slide the gate.

She reached around to catch her train—
St. Peter said: "I swear
I'll bang the gate in that girl's face,
For she doth bang her hair."

### The Barber.

Lather me lightly, and speak to me low!
Trust me, barber, the time is near
When barbers may talk from ear to ear,
And no one hear!
Lather me lightly, and speak to me low.

Lather me lightly, and speak to me low!
Oh, interrogative barber mine,
Your close warm breath is strong like wine—
(Lather me here—
Here in the other eye)—speak to me low!

### An Epigram by Canning.

Of whist or cribbage mark the amusing game,
The partners changing, but the sport the same;
Else would the gamester's anxious ardor cool—
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool;
Yet must *one* man with *one* unceasing wife
Play the long rubber of connubial life.

### My Breeches.—By Boston Gobson.

"How cold are thy legs, O my breeches!"
Cried the ink-slinger Jinks, the unsplendid,
As down from the cozy shuck bed he descended;
"I wonder if this ain't the pair that I mended
With leogthened and far-reaching stitches!
How cold are thy legs, O my breeches!"

A leading physiological philanthropist, Mr. Cathcart Edmonds, F. R. S., of London, has recently proposed a plan for the abolition of the liver. His plan for bringing about this result is to place a tourniquet between the liver and the stomach, and at the same time to place a powerful poultice between the stomach and the spleen, and to arouse the attention of the latter with blisters. He maintains that after a brief period a new line of communication would be opened through the spleen, and the liver would become isolated. This is analogous to what Grant attempted to do at Vicksburg, when he tried to turn the Mississippi through a new channel, and thus leave Vicksburg without water communication. Whether the plan is feasible or not remains to be seen. Mr. Edmonds bases his estimates for the work upon the principles of the development theory and the facts of anatomy, and he assures us that the thing can be done safely and with very little inconvenience. At all events, it is worth trying, and a society for the abolition of the liver and the improvement and utilization of the spleen should be organized without delay. Even if Mr. Edmonds's plan does not prove feasible, some other scheme of carrying out the same beneficent purpose may be devised. If men will only join in an earnest effort to get rid of their livers, the means to that end will not long be wanting. Philanthropists talk of the miseries produced by alcohol, and Socialists prate of the tyranny of capital. These are trifling matters compared with the oppression and crime of which the liver is guilty. Let us rid ourselves of this tyrant, and the malarious places of the earth shall blossom with tenants, and peace and comfort shall be the possession of all men.

Gambetta is a bachelor; but he did not live so long without having at least contemplated marriage. The story of his engagement to an heiress in Western France, and its sudden breaking-off, give us a fresh glimpse of his character. From the time of his leaving his humble home at Cahors, till his rise to the highest rank of public personages, Gambetta lived with a faithful, loving, devoted aunt, who had followed him to Paris, and who made, everywhere he went, a pleasant home for him. She was at once his maid-of-all-work and his congenial companion; and he was as deeply attached to her as she to him. His engagement to a handsome and accomplished girl, with a dot of seven millions, was a shock to the good aunt; but she yielded gracefully to the inevitable. When the arrangements for the marriage were being discussed, however, the young lady took it into her head to make it a condition of the union that the aunt should be excluded from the new establishment. She was scarcely elegant enough to adorn gilded *salons*. Gambetta explained how much his aunt had been to him; the rich beauty was only the more obdurate. Gambetta took up his hat, and with a profound bow, "Adieu," said he; "we were not made to understand each other." And the marriage was put off forever.

Two notices, framed, glazed, and suspended upon the walls of a dramshop on the New Canal, at St. Petersburg, close to Mme. Sassetzki's "Refuge for the Homeless," are reckoned among the curiosities of the Russian capital. They run as follows: "I exhort the gentlemen who honor my establishment with their patronage, to forego robbery and theft while within its precincts, nor to thrash one another, and, on the whole, not to make unpleasant noises. Those who act in contravention to this warning will receive punishment in my dramshop, of a sort they will experience no difficulty in feeling." The second notice affords a quaint contrast to the first: "As soon as the cold and rainy weather shall set in, five copecks will be here advanced to each needy and weary man, that he may pay for a bed whereon he may rest his body." The author of these notices faithfully adheres to the text of both. If his customers misconduct themselves he lays it into them with a cudgel; but any poor wretch presenting himself after eight in the evening for assistance receives the promised five copecks after he has exhibited his legitimation papers and listened to a short exhortation, read aloud to him from a religious book.

A paper largely devoted to etiquette says: "Gentlemen wearing full dress at the opera may visit any part of the house in which they have friends; but it is not good taste for them to seat themselves among those not dressed with similar gorgeousness." Gentlemen in full dress, who are in the habit of going out between the acts and permitting a man who wears a sack coat and a red necktie to pay for their beer, should read up in etiquette.


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**SCHOOL AT DRESDEN.**
*MRS. AURELIA BURRAGE, LATE* Principal of the School at 550 Van Ness Avenue, has opened a School for American Girls in Dresden. Terms $50 per month for board and tuition. For particulars apply to Miss West, 1001 Sutter Street, or address Mrs. Burrage, care of Dresden Bank, Dresden, Saxony.

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*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."
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*TEACHER OF LANGUAGES, GIVES* instruction at his house, or at the residence of pupils: also translates books and legal documents to or from the English, German, French, Spanish, or Italian languages. Prof. Gossman having been both student and teacher in France, Germany, Italy, Greece, and Syria, and a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of California, it is to be presumed that he has fitted himself for this department.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada Block, San Francisco, Dec. 13, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 34) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, December 22d. Transfer books closed until 23d inst.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, Dec 13th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 51) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, December 23d, 1879. Transfer books closed until 24th inst.
A. W. HAVENS, Secretary.

*DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF* the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Dec. 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 50) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on SATURDAY, December 20, 1879. Transfer books closed until the 22d inst.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

*OFFICE OF THE BODIE CONSOLI*dated Mining Company, Room 62 Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal., December 17, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was declared on the capital stock of the company, payable FRIDAY, January 2, 1880, at the office of Messrs. Laidlaw & Co., New York, only on stock issued from the Transfer Agency in that city, and at the San Francisco office only on stock issued here. Transfer books will close on Saturday, December 20, 1879, at 12 o'clock M.
WM. H. LENT, Secretary.

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—OF—
## LANDS BENEFITED
—BY—
## WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the Payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California to authorize the Widening of Dupont Street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23d, A. D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

## TAXES, TAXES,
## 1879-80.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1879–80, has this day been received; that the State, City, and County Taxes for said Fiscal Year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

Taxes will become delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY, 1880, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per Cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.

## MONTGOMERY AVENUE
## ASSESSMENT.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT* a Certified Copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate which is subject to assessment to defray expenses incurred by the Opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect the Assessment thereon.

Said Assessment is for the Fiscal Year of 1879–80, and is now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, first floor, New City Hall. All Assessments remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY OF JANUARY, 1880, will have Five per Cent. added thereto.

CHAS. TILLSON.
Tax Collector of the City and County of San Francisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1879.


**EUREKA STONE MF'G CO.**
*EUREKA STONE SEWER PIPE A* Specialty. None but the best brands of English Portland Cement used.
FACTORY, 535 BRANNAN STREET.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.
*QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE* for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ☞ Entrance south side of Court.
A. D. SHARON.

# C. P. R. R.

*Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.*

*COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19,* 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO* Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

*7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-*senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A.M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

*8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M
[Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

*10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-*land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE* Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN* Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.
[Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA* Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phœnix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
[Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

*4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,* Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

*4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH* Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

*4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-*senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

*5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND* Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

## FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| To Oakland. | | To Alameda. | To Fernside. | To East Oakland. | To Niles. | To Berkeley. | To Delaware Street. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| B 6.10 | 12.30 | 7.00 | B 7.00 | B 6.10 | 7.00 | 7.30 | B 6.10 |
| 7.00 | 1.00 | 8.00 | B 9.00 | 7.30 | 10.00 | 8.30 | 8.00 |
| 7.30 | 1.30 | 9.00 | B10.00 | 8.30 | P. M. | 9.30 | 10.00 |
| 8.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | P. M. | 9.30 | 3.00 | 10.30 | 12.00 |
| 8.30 | 3.00 | 11.00 | B 5.00 | 10.30 | 4.30 | 11.30 | P. M. |
| 9.00 | 3.30 | 12.00 | ...... | 11.30 | To San Jose. | P. M. | 1.30 |
| 9.30 | 4.00 | P. M. | ...... | P. M. | | 1.00 | 3.30 |
| 10.00 | 4.30 | 1.30 | ...... | 12.30 | | 3.00 | 4.30 |
| 10.30 | 5.00 | 2.00 | ...... | 1.00 | | 4.00 | 5.30 |
| 11.00 | 5.30 | *3.00 | ...... | 3.30 | | 5.00 | B6.30 |
| 11.30 | 6.00 | 4.00 | ...... | 4.30 | | 6.00 | ...... |
| 12.00 | 6.30 | 5.00 | ...... | 5.30 | | B6.30 | ...... |
| ........ | 7.00 | 6.00 | ...... | 6.30 | | Change cars at West Oakland. | |
| ........ | 8.10 | B*7.00 | ...... | 7.00 | | | |
| ........ | 9.20 | B*8.10 | ...... | 8.10 | A. M. | | |
| ........ | 10.30 | *10.30 | ...... | 9.20 | 7.00 | | |
| ........ | B11.45 | B*11.45 | ...... | 10.30 | P. M. | | |
| ........ | ........ | ........ | ...... | B11.45 | 3.00 | | |

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

| From Delaware Street. | From Berkeley. | From Niles. | From East Oakland. | From Fernside. | From Alameda. | From Oakland (Broadway). | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| B 5.40 | B 5.40 | 7.00 | B 5.10 | B 8.00 | B*5.00 | B 5.20 | 12.20 |
| B 6.30 | B 6.30 | 8.00 | B 5.50 | B10.00 | B*5.40 | B 6.00 | 12.50 |
| 8.00 | 7.30 | P. M. | 6.40 | B11.00 | *6.25 | 6.50 | 1.20 |
| 10.00 | 8.30 | 2.35 | 7.40 | P. M. | 7.00 | 7.20 | 1.50 |
| 12.00 | 9.30 | 4.30 | 8.40 | B 6.00 | 8.03 | 7.50 | 2.50 |
| P. M. | 10.30 | From San Jose. | 9.40 | ...... | 9.00 | 8.25 | 3.20 |
| 1.30 | 11.30 | | 10.40 | ...... | 10.03 | 8.50 | 3.50 |
| 3.30 | P. M. | | 11.40 | ...... | 11.03 | 9.20 | 4.20 |
| 4.30 | 1.00 | | P. M. | ...... | 12.00 | 9.50 | 4.50 |
| 5.30 | 3.00 | | 12.40 | ...... | P. M. | 10.20 | 5.20 |
| B 6.30 | 4.00 | | 1.25 | ...... | 1.00 | 10.50 | 5.50 |
| ...... | 5.00 | | 2.40 | ...... | 3.00 | 11.20 | 6.25 |
| ...... | 6.00 | | 4.40 | ...... | *3.20 | 11.50 | 6.50 |
| Change cars at West Oakland. | | | 5.40 | ...... | 4.00 | ........ | 8.00 |
| | | | 6.40 | ...... | 5.00 | ........ | 9.10 |
| | | A. M. | 7.50 | ...... | 6.03 | ........ | 10.20 |
| | | 7.10 | 9.00 | ...... | B*7.20 | ........ | ...... |
| | | P. M. | 10.10 | ...... | B*8.30 | ........ | ...... |
| | | 1.30 | ........ | ...... | *10.00 | ........ | ...... |

B—*Sundays excepted.*
* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—*Daily*—B5.40—B6.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—*Daily*—B5.30—B6.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M. B—*Sundays excepted.*

"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

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NORTHERN DIVISION
# SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

*8.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

*10.30* A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ☞ At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. ☞ STAGE connections made with this train (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.)

*3.30* P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

*4.30* P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

*6.30* P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

☞ The extra Sunday trains to San Jose and Way Stations have been discontinued for the winter season.

SECOND-CLASS FARE.

Between San Francisco and San Jose... ...........$1 00
On Freight Trains only.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

Sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

TICKET OFFICE.—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, and No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

☞ Passengers for Los Angeles and intermediate points, as also Yuma and all points east of the Colorado River, will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily

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## *SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)*

Commencing SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M., 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—5.30, †6.40, †7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—†5.40, †6.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE $1,

On train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sundays).

A TRAIN will leave San Francisco on Sundays at 5.30 A. M.; the 7.45 Sunday train having been discontinued.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

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## *SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.*

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, (Washington Street Wharf) as follows:

*3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,* Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

*8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, FOR* Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, $1.50; Santa Rosa, $2.00; Healdsburg, $3.00; Cloverdale, $4.50; Fulton, $2.50; Laguna, $3.00; Forestville, $3.50; Korbel's, $3.75; Guerneville, $4 00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.

JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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*ALASKA*

# COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

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*$72 A WEEK. $12 A DAY AT* home easily made. Costly outfit free, Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

*$5 to $20 PER DAY AT HOME.* Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

*$66 A WEEK IN YOUR OWN* town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

$25 to $5000 judiciously invested in ... the foundation for fortunes every week, and pays immense profits by New Capitalization System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & Co., Bankers, 26 Broad St., N. Y.

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## *OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL* STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghae,

| GAELIC. | | BELGIC. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| December | 6 | January | 17 |
| February | 28 | April | 10 |

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

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## *PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.*

The Company's Steamers will sail as follows, at 12 M.

CITY OF TOKIO...............December 27, March 20.
CITY OF PEKING...November 15, February 7, May 1.
FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1 September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,
Corner First and Brannan Streets.

---

## *PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.*

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

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# THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS......................$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,
RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,
H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

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## COMMERCIAL

*INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAL'A,*

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.
CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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# ROYAL, NORWICH UNION, AND LANCASHIRE

*FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES,*

430 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

**Combined Capital - - $22,750,000.**
**Combined Assets - - - 28,000,000.**

FALKNER, BELL & CO.,
General Agents.

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## BOUND VOLUMES
......OF......
# "THE ARGONAUT."

*Vols. I, II, III and IV.*

*ANY ONE CAN BE ACCOMMO-*dated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office, 522 California Street.

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## *THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO*

*Capital paid up*.............. *$3,000,000*
*Reserve, U. S. Bonds*........... *3,500,000*

AGENCY AT NEW YORK..............62 WALL STREET
AGENCY AT VIRGINIA, NEVADA.

Buys and sells Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers.
Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits.
This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

---

## *THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,*

SAN FRANCISCO

*Capital*..........................*$3,000,000*

WILLIAM ALVORD............................President.
THOMAS BROWN..................................Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR...................Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

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# ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,

REGALIA AND LODGE SUPPLIES,

A. J. PLATE & CO.,
No. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET

---

# REMOVAL!

*WE WILL OCCUPY THE PREM-*ises, Nos.

**118 and 120 Market Street, and 15 and 17 California Street,**

On the first of January next.

# JOHN TAYLOR & CO.

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MILLER & RICHARD'S

EXTRA-HARD METAL

# SCOTCH TYPE

Is used upon the ARGONAUT exclusively.

Address No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.
And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

The Type used upon this paper has had over THREE MILLION IMPRESSIONS taken from it.

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**FRANK KENNEDY,**

*ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-*chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, incolvency and all cases attended to. Rents, etc., collected.

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# RUBBER GOODS.

TRADE MARK

**Maltese Cross.**

**Best and Cheapest Garden Hose.**

*FULL STOCK OF EVERY KIND OF* RUBBER GOODS.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, MANAGER,
501 Market Street, San Francisco.

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## JOHN DANIEL,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

**Italian and Scotch Granite**

MONUMENTS.

All styles Marble Mantels and Eastern Grates on hand and made to order at the lowest rates.

Warerooms, No. 421 Pine Street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

SEWING MACHINE.

It is PERFECT in every feature, and COMPLETE in all its details. It embodies all of the MODERN improvements that are of PROVED VALUE.

J. W. EVANS,

No. 29 POST STREET (MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING).

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED

S

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Iostallment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.

12 Post Street San Francisco.

CHICKERING

PIANOS AT COST.

BOYS'

SCHOOL SUITS

An elegant assortment of carefully selected fabrics, well made, and at very Low Prices. Parents need do no shopping this season Come right to

PALMER'S

No. 726 Market Street.

REMOVAL.

*WILLIAM CURLETT, ARCHITECT,* furnishes plans, specifications, and superintendence for the construction or renovation of dwelling houses, and every description of building.

OFFICES 22 AND 23 ACADEMY BUILDING, 330 PINE ST., San Francisco.

BUTTERICK'S

PATTERNS---DEC. STYLES.

Send stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST. San Francisco.

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,

*OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.*

Office hours, from 12 M. to 2 P. M.

J. A. HUNTER, M. D.,

No. 321 Sutter Street, devotes Special Attention to

Catarrh, Deafness,

Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, and all ailments of the Throat, Lungs, and Heart.

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,

COAL DEALERS.

Office and Yard, 14 Post Street.
Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street.

BRANCH OFFICE.

J. Middleton & Son, 419 Pine Street,

Opposite California Market.

All kinds of coal at lowest rates. Orders may be sent by telephone through any of the company's offices free.

ROSS BROS.'

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

We have just opened our stock for the HOLIDAYS, and exhibit this season the largest and finest assortment of DIAMOND WORK, FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES, and DECORATED SILVER WARE ever offered in this State. Especially do we call attention to the many Gems and Novelties embraced in our assortment. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to examine our PRICES. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no deviation is made.

Goods sent to any part of the country, C. O. D.

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.,

110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CHICKERING PIANOS

Perfect in tone, durability, and finish. Over 55,000 in use. Legitimately the Standard Piano of the world. Our new Patent Upright pronounced the very best in use. Sold on easy terms. Exclusive and only agency, 31 Post Street, San Francisco.

L. K. HAMMER, AGENT.

NEW DESIGNS IN JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE!

BRAVERMAN & LEVY,

119 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OFFER FOR THE COMING HOLIDAYS A VERY ATTRACTIVE AND FINE SELECTION OF THE LATEST NOVELTIES AND ORNAMENTS IN JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES, PLAIN AND COMPLICATED WATCHES, AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PLATINUM AND GOLD CHAINS. SILVERWARE, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL, OF THE LATEST PATTERN AND DESIGNS. ALSO, FRENCH CLOCKS.

All goods marked in plain figures at greatly reduced prices.

NICOLL, THE TAILOR

(BRANCH OF NEW YORK.)

No. 727 Market Street, San Francisco.

The quickest, best, and cheapest Tailor in the world. Pants to order in six hours, and Suits in one day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants, from - - $5
Suits, from - - $20
Overcoats, 15 to 50
Ulsters, - 15 to 35
Dress Coats, 20 to 40
Genuine 6 X

TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin Pants, from - $8
White Vests, $3 to 5
Fancy Vests, 6 to 15
Beaver Suits, $55.

Finest stock of woolens in the world. The only house in the city that receives fresh patterns and New York and Paris fashions weekly. Samples, with instructions for self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with cloth and trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

CARMANY & CROSETT,

IMPORTERS OF

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Rich Neckwear, Elegant Handkerch'fs, Choice Hosiery, French Kid Gloves, Eng. Driving Gloves, Fine Suspenders, Durable Underwear, Newest Collars, etc.

ALSO, THEIR FAMOUS CUSTOM SHIRTS TO ORDER.

No. 25 Kearny Street ..... San Francisco.

MILLINERY EMPORIUM.

PIANO FOR $100.

WE SELL SECOND-hand pianos for $100 and upwards. Every one bargains. We also sell a new Decker of beautiful finish and faultless in tone for $435. Also, a new Fischer Upright for only $200. We will sell a beautiful organ for $100, etc.

We sell only the best goods, all of which we guarantee.

KOHLER & CHASE,

137 and 139 Post Street.

NEW!

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.'S

Manufacture of

AMERICAN

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS

Appear in a New shade of RAVEN BLACK, that now places them in the front rank of Black Gros Grain Silks in Style, Purity, or Beauty of Finish.

Before purchasing see that our name is printed in Gold Letters on the end of the piece.

We warrant them not to Cut or wear Shiny.

Buyers of silks are invited to call upon Col. A. C. Reid, at the Palace Hotel, and examine our samples.

JOHN D. CUTTER & CO.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

*NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE* Public are informed that we receive the Genuine LOUIS ROEDERER CARTE BLANCHE CHAMPAGNE direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S. ..... F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,

*DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126* Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

CABINETS $4 AND $5 PER DOZ.

Osmsby

PHOTOGRAPHER,

No. 914 Market Street.

*THE STATE INVESTMENT AND* Insurance Company.—The regular Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the above named company, for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the company, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street, on TUESDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY, 1880, at 12 o'clock M.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

UNDER THE

BALDWIN.